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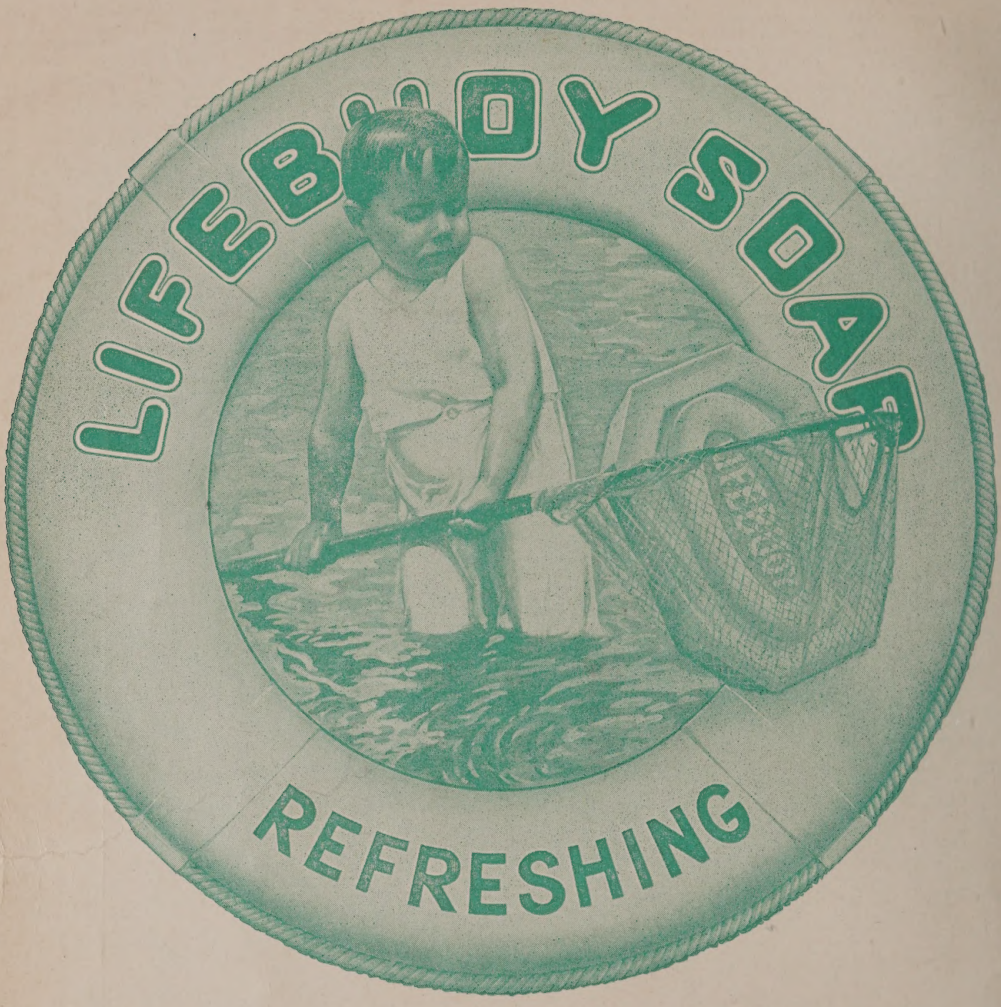

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CONTENTS

Annapolis — City of Solons and Sailors. Illustrated	Catherine Frances Cavanagh	3
Parliamentary and Extra Parliamentary Agitation in Ireland	R. Barry O'Brien	15
On the Rural Route	W. M. Egginton	23
Some Phases of Charitable Work Among Children. Illustrated	M. B. O'Sullivan	25
In Old Quebec. Poem	J. Gertrude Menard	44
The Red Petticoat	Rev. Francis Clement Kelley	45
Comatose France. Illustrated	Susan Gavan Duffy	48
The Industries at Dun Emer. Illustrated	Nora Tynan O'Mahony	56
Our True Position	Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D.	61
Fidelis Ad Urnam. Poem	Amadeus, O. S. F.	68
The "Call" of Charles Walford. Story. Continued	Esther Waggaman Neill	69
Summer Entertainments. Illustrated	John Talbot Smith	77
People in Print. Illustrated		85
The Harp of Dagda Mor. Story	Alice Furlong	90
The Goddess of the Garden. Story	John Austin Schetty	95
Book Reviews		100
Question Box		103

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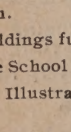

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME L.

Period
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.D7
v.50
1903

INDEX.

PROSE.

Annapolis—City of Solons and Sailors. Illus. ..... *Catherine Frances Cavanagh*... 3

Anti-Emigration Movement. (The) Illus. ..... *Alice L. Milligan*..... 119

Austrian Veto and the Sacred College of Cardinals. ..... *Giuseppe Muccioli* 333

Body Snatching. (The) Story..... *Katharine Tynan* 355

Bridesmaids' Trip. (The) Illus..... *Margaret Howitt*..... 585

Brownson's Quest for Truth. Illus..... *Henry Morgan* 315

Call of Charles Walford. (The) Story..... *Esther Waggaman Neill*.....69, 142

Catholic Actor. (The) Illus..... *John Talbot Smith* 382

Catholic Sailors' Club of Montreal. Illus..... *Gertrude Menard*..... 537

Christ Child The Ideal of Childhood. (The) Illus. *Rev. John T. Driscoll*..... 523

Christmas Myths. Illus..... *Mary Harding*..... 618

Comatose France. Illus..... *Susan Gavan Duffy*..... 48

Cranberry Pickers on Cape Cod. Illus..... *S. Maria Pickering*..... 465

Daughter of Kings. (A) Story..... *Katharine Tynan*..... 530

Daughter of St. Bride. (A) Story..... *Alice Furlong*..... 563

Dispossessed Americans. Illus..... *James Connolly* 107

Dramatic Year Reviewed (The) Illus..... *John Talbot Smith*..... 173

Dun Emer Industries. Illus..... *Nora Tynan O'Mahony*..... 56

Failure of Irving's Dante (The) Illus..... *John Talbot Smith*..... 543

Following the Voyageurs. Illus..... *Rev. J. T. Roche*..... 491

Friend of Bishop Cheverus. (A) Illus..... *Edward F. Harkins*..... 486

Gang's Shanty. (The) Story..... *Walter M. Egginton*..... 410

Goddess of the Garden. (The) Story..... *John Austin Schetty*..... 95

Golden Memory. (A)..... *Susan Gavan Duffy*..... 579

Hades and Ibsen. Illus..... *John Talbot Smith*..... 502

Harp of Dagda Mor. Story..... *Alice Furlong* 90

Heritage of Carn A Grehan. Story.....*Florence M. Wilson*..... 361
House Divided. (A).....*Rev. Hugh F. Blunt*..... 457
Hundred Years Ago and Today. (A).....*George W. Joyce*..... 326
If Dreams Came True. Story.....*Grace Keon*..... 594
Incident in the Life of John Harding, Journalist. (An) Story.....*D. A. McCarthy*..... 198
Ireland's Little Hero. Story.....*Sheila Mahon*..... 259
Ireland Under English Rule.....*William Dolan*..... 433
Irish Gardens. (Some) Illus.....*Nora Tynan O'Mahony*..... 270
Irish Party in the House of Commons. Illus.....*Michael MacDonagh*..... 129
Leaves from the Log of a Ship's Surgeon. Illus...*T. J. Dillon*..... 185
MacGahan, Liberator of Bulgaria. Illus.....*May Lowe*..... 396
Man from America. (The) Story.....*Alice L. Milligan*..... 279
Memories of the Marble City. Illus.....*William Peard*..... 294
Mission of a Rose.....*G. W. Huot*..... 293
Mistakes. Story.....*Catherine Caspar*..... 120
New Bethlehem. (A) Story.....*Rev. Hugh F. Blunt*..... 579
Nun's Advice. (A) Story.....*Magdalen Rock*..... 149
On the Rural Route.....*W. M. Egginton*..... 23
Our True Position.....*Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D*..... 61, 163, 224, 374, 427, 583
Papal Secretary of State. (The) Illus.....*Manuel de Moreira, Ph.D*..... 574
Parliamentary and Extra Parliamentary Agitation in Ireland.....*R. Barry O'Brien*.....15, 114
Passing of Thady. (The) Story.....*Maud Regan*..... 483
People in Print. Illus.....85, 182, 303, 404, 461, 569
Phases of Charitable Work Among Children. Illus..*M. B. O'Sullivan*..... 25
Pius X. and the Gregorian Chant.....*F. P. Delgado*..... 393
Pope Leo XIII. Memorable Anniversaries; His Works; One Day in the Vatican; the College of Cardinals; the Modern Conclave; Opinions of Great Men on His Achievements.....*August Supplement*.....1 to 68
Red Petticoat. (The).....*Rev. Francis Clement Kelley*... 45
Reminiscences of Many Years of Missionary Life. Illus.....*Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O.M.I*.....438, 610
River Poets of Ireland. Illus.....*P. G. Smyth*..... 212
Robert Emmet. Illus.....*Katharine Tynan Hinkson*..... 228
Roman Soldier Saint. (A) Illus.....*E. M. Lynch*..... 602
Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; Some More Memories and Letters. Illus.....*Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J*..... 154

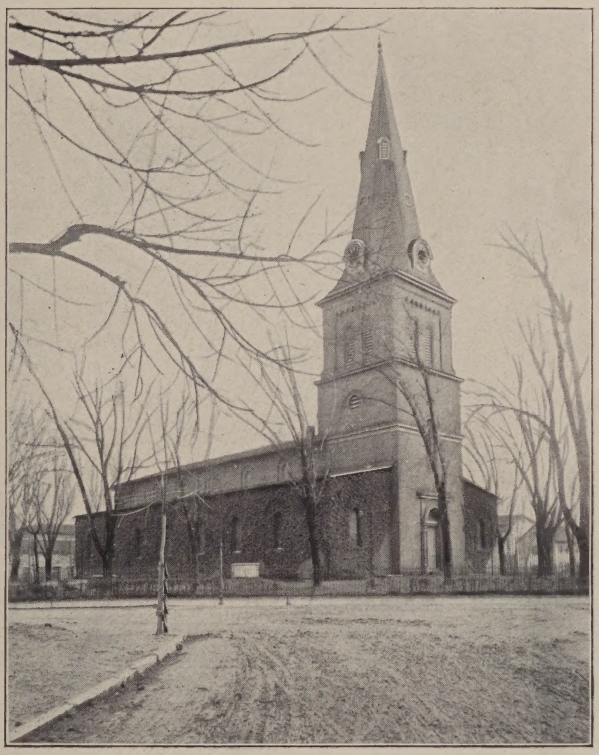
Society Women of France. Illus.....*Anna Seaton Schmidt*..... 366
Soprano at St. Luke's. Story.....*Lelia Hardin Bugg*.....447, 614
Stranger Within the Gates. (A) Story.....*Anna C. Minogue*..... 553
Summer Entertainments. Illus.....*John Talbot Smith*..... 77
Summer of the Passing, the Conclave, and the Coming. Illus.....*Marie Donegan Walsh*..... 327
Theatrical Trust. (The) Illus.....*John Talbot Smith*..... 285
Three Hundred Years of Irish Education.....*R. Barry O'Brien*..... 474
Through the Nine Glens of Antrim. Illus.....*Seumas MacManus* 262
Tom's Success. Story.....*Walter M. Egginton*..... 125
Two Types. Illus.....*Beatrice Oulton*..... 607
West Pointer in the Boer War. Illus.....*Martin Desmond* 509

POETRY.

Awakening. (The) .....*Rev. John J. Donlan*..... 284
Be Happy .....*Thomas Walsh* 381
Centenary. (The)..... *Rev. D. J. O'Farrell*..... 549
Christmas Violets.....*Mary Allegra Gallagher*..... 562
Christmas Vision. Illus.....*Mary West*..... 617
Comin' from the Cuttin'.....*Cahir, O*..... 278
Early Autumn Days.....*R. H. Kane*..... 473
Faith .....*J. J. B*..... 433
Faithfulness is All. (The) Amadeus, O. S. F..... 582
Fidelis Ad Urnam.....*Amadeus, O. S. F*..... 68
Good-Bye .....*Mary M. Redmond*..... 373
In God's Most Holy Sight.....*Amadeus, O. S. F*..... 432
In Old Quebec.....*J. Gertrude Menard*..... 44
In the Lap O' the Bog.....*Cahir Healy* 308
Loyalty .....*Mary West* 292
Mayo Love Song.....*Alice L. Milligan*..... 378
Prisoner of the Vatican. (The).....*Henry Coyle* 211
Pius X.....*Rev. D. J. O'Farrell*..... 424
Song of the Ages.....*Jerome Harte* 223
Song of the Pines.....*Charlotte M. Callahan*..... 395
Thanksgiving .....*D. A. McCarthy*..... 482
Triolet. (A).....*Martha Marie Hildreth*..... 486
What of That..... 501
Where the Fairy Fingers Grow.....*Magdalen Rock* 269

DEPARTMENTS.

Book Reviews 100, 204, 309, 414, 515, 626
Question Box 103, 206, 415, 519, 631



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Donahoe's Magazine.

Vol. L. JULY, 1903. No. 1

PLANTING OF THE COLONY OF MARYLAND
From painting in State House, Annapolis.

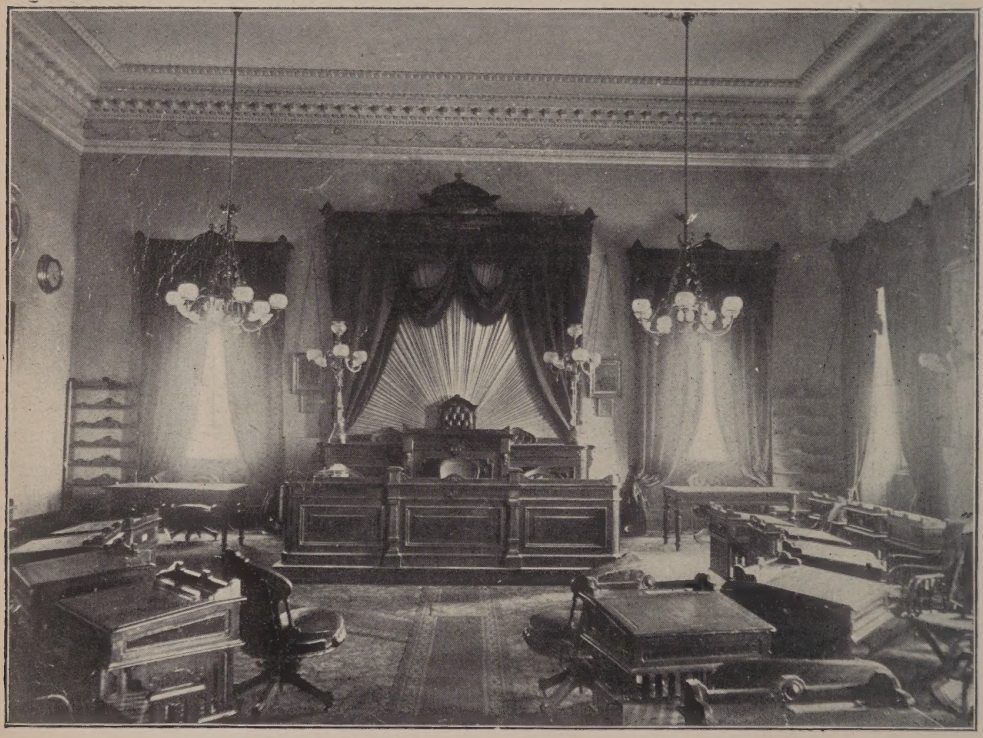
ANNAPOLIS—CITY OF SOLONS AND SAILORS.

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH.

Annapolis, once notoriously gay, is in its old age a most staid and dignified town. You step off at a little station, which you think is merely a branch of some larger depot until you are disabused of this idea, for this is the main station of the town. You ask for street cars. There are none, at present, but some day—the recital about those railways still in the air is broken by the voices of decrepid, ragged, but extremely polite darkies, who bustle you into a "kerridge," and off you go, lickety-split, rocky-rack over the cobble stones, and after many minutes' ride you are drawn up in front of your destination with a flourish unequalled even by the coachmen of royal governors who once ruled the town and the state. At the supper table—they still have noonday dinners in Annapolis—you mention

your ride, and smiles are provoked at its length, for the "hack-drivers," knowing that it was but a comfortable walk to your destination and believing in giving you the value of your money, have taken you around the town, perhaps more than once around the State House Circle. Too well they know that you will not question them, for you are too busy trying to keep yourself together in the interior of the coach to risk a bump on the head by looking out of the coach window. Well, that is one of the little amusements in Annapolis, watching those darkies "giving greenhorns the shake." Annapolis has but two relaxations now, the January opening of the Legislature and the June closing exercises at the Naval Academy. Between times, it dreams, perhaps, of its mad, merry past, perhaps of its future, when the "'lectric cyars" connect it with "Baltimer" and "Washin'." Prodigal in most things, the inhabitants of that easy-going section of Maryland are loth to waste time on prefixes and suffixes, and the astonishing feature of this custom is that instead of displeasing the stranger who has been grounded in respect for the English language, it charms him!

If you have lived upon or near ground occupied by the United States Government, you know that feeling of "home" which is sure to throw its cheering mantle around you in any such place, be it north, south, east or west, be it under the great white dome of the Capitol at Washington or out on the rolling prairie where the starry banner is whipped by the winds as they sweep by the weather-gray flag staff of the insignificant-looking fort. This is



SENATE CHAMBER WHERE WASHINGTON RESIGNED HIS COMMISSION.

the feeling you have in strolling around the Academy grounds, which, while occupying part of the original tract of Annapolis, are shut off from it by a stone wall. Here progress and discipline reign. It is "FUTURE!" that is the cry of the Naval Academy, and it has been sounded to such an extent that in a few more years there will be on the extensive grounds but two relics of the past—the residence of Governor Eden, the last royal Governor of Maryland, and Fort Severn. The former is now used as the home of the library, the latter for the gymnasium. Both will be restored to their original lines. It is but fitting that Fort Severn, built in 1808, and which was the cornerstone of the Naval Academy established here in 1845, should be preserved.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH AND CARROLL MANOR.

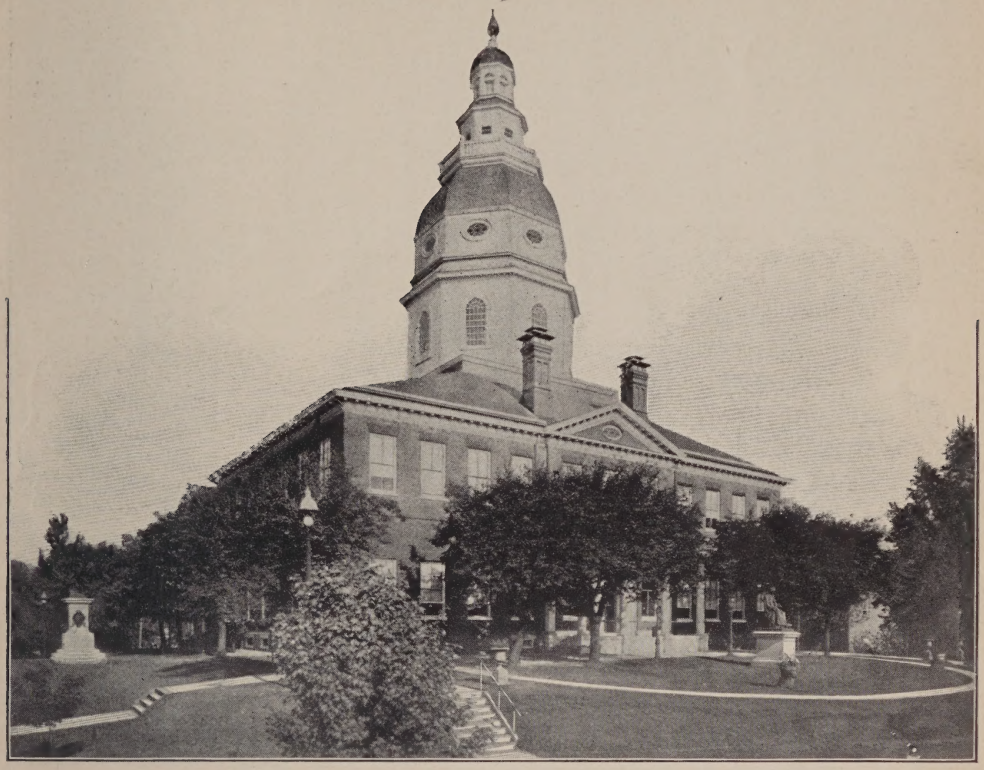
Once outside the Academy walls we lose that feeling of being wide-awake and thoroughly at home. We fall into the spirit of the place and dream, and under the spell of this Lotus Lily of the Severn we wander through the misty past. Though the town was founded by the Puritans or "Dissenters" who took refuge here in the year 1649, it is not of them or their day the past breathes. It has been said "The memory of the Just is blessed!" How fitting then that the unjust should be forgotten. Coming to Maryland's hospital shore, protected by her broad tolerance, under the first Baltimores, they enjoyed both religious and political liberty. But when Cromwell reigned it was a signal for this band, despised by royalty, to show the claws in their velvet paws, and to try them on the favorite of the King, Lord Baltimore. Religion became their

MARYLAND'S ADOPTED SON, DE KALB.

weapon in politics, and, upheld by the ruling powers, they passed an act touching upon religious liberty, which concluded—"such as profess faith in God and Jesus Christ should be protected in the faith and exercises of their religion * * * provided such liberty be not extended to Popery and Prelacy!" Such was the return that Lord Baltimore's colonists met with for their liberal attitude towards all. "Toleration! It is Satan's policy!" cried these Dissenters, thus causing the first black blot on Maryland's fair pages. Later, in 1655, another blot followed, but it was blood red. The first religious battle in Maryland took place at Annapolis, then called "Providence," just twenty-one years to the day of the planting of the colony of Maryland.

Affairs in the "Mother Country" were reflected in the Colonies.. For almost a decade, between 1650-60, the Baltimores were practically deprived of their government. In May, 1660, when Charles II. was proclaimed King, affairs took a turn; the Baltimore government was re established, the power of the Puritans was at an end, and peace reigned until the Protestant Revolution in England, 1688, which was felt in Maryland to the extent that in 1692 royal government began. After holding one session, September, 1694, at St. Mary's, the powers decreed that the capital should be moved to Providence, which was then the more thriving town. But, as if to wipe out every memory of the Puritans, it was enacted that the town, which was in the county of Anne Arundel, so named for the wife of the second Lord Baltimore, should be called Annapolis. It was with protests and tears that the old colonists saw the

FORT SEVERN—BUILT 1808.



STATE HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS, MD.

seat of government removed from "blessed St. Mary's." But the memory of that little town is preserved today in the State House of Annapolis. Puritanism is forgotten, as it should be. The religious toleration on which Maryland was founded is remembered and preserved, and standing before Mayer's painting, "The Planting of the Colony of Maryland," which holds a place of honor in the old State House, we recall the incident, as described by Father White in his report to his superiors at Rome, written one month after he landed in Maryland, with the first Lord Baltimore's colonists:—

"On the day of the Annunciation of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, in the year 1634, we celebrated Mass for the first time on this island (St. Clement's). This has never been done before in this part of the world. After we completed the sacrifice, we took upon our shoulders a great cross, which we had hewn out of a tree, and advancing in order to the appointed place, with the assistance of the Governor and his associates, and other Catholics, we erected a trophy to Christ the Saviour, humbly reciting, on our bended knees, the Litanies of the Sacred Cross, with great emotion."

With the coming of the royal government to Annapolis, the character of the

"MANN'S COFFEE HOUSE" OR "CITY HOTEL."

INTERIOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

town changed. From the few dozen houses of mean aspect which the Puritans erected, it seemed to turn "in the twinkling of an eye" to a town of stately homes, whose inhabitants aped the court in England. It became the rendezvous for wealth, fashion and brains. The planter who had made his fortune on tobacco plantations had no greater ambition than to spend at least part of his time at this courtly city. His sons were sent abroad to be educated, and came home filled with old world ideas, dissipations, and manners, and helped make Annapolis what it was in the first three-quarters of the Eighteenth Century—"The Athens of America but the most dissipated town on the American Continent." Nature, too, an indulgent mother at times, conspired with Annapolis in her headlong career of luxury. At her doors ran waterways to other towns and to the broad Atlantic. The Chesapeake Bay and its inlets are notable for their absence of undercurrents, so that it was with great ease the canoes, pirogues, and other boats, plied their occupation of carrying travelers or maintaining commerce with other communities. Maryland still has poor roads and its trade is largely carried on by water, but the average Marylander, looking with great complacency on his natural highways, asks, with a shrug of the shoulder which is an eloquent answer to his own question—"What's the use?" when strangers suggest that Maryland needs more good roads.

These same waters and their shores give to the inhabitants along them as great a variety of luxuries for the table as can be found anywhere. In the days of Annapolis' prime it was merely a matter of going

out to the front or the back gate in order to secure oysters, terrapin, shad, and many kinds of fish, besides canvas-back duck and other tasteful game. There is a saying that almost everything will grow on Maryland soil, and what the famous Eastern Shore, which Annapolis faces, does not yield, can easily be procured from the mountains where her rivers start. We know, personally, that the native of the Eastern Shore who does not see "a big round dollar in a month of Sundays," comforts his inner man with delicacies which the average person seldom tastes.

No wonder then, that this pampered old town looks indulgently upon the rest of the world with its "improvements." You share its sentiments as its atmosphere gets in your blood. As you saunter over its cobbled roads and brick pavements, which are humps and hollows, because of the liberty-loving propensities of the giant trees which force up the bricks in many places, actually airing their toes, you are amused rather than offended as you trip now and then, for it seems part of the unconventional life of the city which makes up for the strict discipline of that city of sailors behind the Academy walls. You pass splendid old homes, their gardens emitting compound perfume of honeysuckles, which clamber over old walls, "shrub" and boxwood, which form enchanting barriers, and wild clumps of roses which fairly burst with sweetness, and all this beauty and perfume mingles with the salt tang of the Annapolis "roads," the blue of which melts into the sky, softly and gently, with the hand of a master artist, and you are overpowered. You are ready now for a journey into that land of the past—the courtly people, with their airs and graces, and then the sturdy people with their brains and independence. On your way to the State House, the hub of Annapolis, you pass interesting homes—chief among them the residences of Anthony Stewart, owner of the famous ship, Peggy Stewart; the Chase house, occupied by a "signer," the Paca house, also that of a "signer," the Pinkney house, home of the noted William Pinkney, Minister to England, 1807-11, later Attorney General of the United States; the house where Luther Martin, "the bull-dog of Federalism," lived, while in Annapolis, and many other old roof-trees, occupying great squares on the streets, running like spokes from the State House which sits solemnly on its small "Capitol Hill," and invites your notice to its city, that, laid out long before Washington was dreamed of, is strikingly similar in plan. There is a tradition that Sir Christopher Wren planned for a new London to be built on the site of burned London and that Annapolis was modeled on this plan of his which was never used for the purpose originally intended.

The State House was begun by royal order in the fall of 1694. The first legislative assembly met at the home of Major Dorsey and afterwards adjourned to the "ale house." In 1699, when nearing completion, the State House was struck by lightning, during the sitting of the House of Delegates. Several members were painfully injured and one killed outright. The flag and staff were burned, the weather vane hurled into space and the roof set on fire. Repairs were rapidly made, but in 1704 it was again visited by fire and the old records of Anne Arundel County perished in the flames. Then the assembly voted that the building be erected from brick. Though English brick was cheaply purchased, being used as ballast for the ships that came over for cargoes of tobacco, as labor grew cheaper in the colony, many brickyards were established, for Maryland cannot be equalled in her red brick clay, save by Virginia.

In the State Library we find many interesting records of Maryland's history. There is a complete file of the Maryland Gazette, the political and social organ of Maryland from 1727 until 1845. It was the sixth paper in the Provinces, though the first in Maryland. It began under the direction of William Parks, "Publick Printer," who was succeeded by Jonas Green in 1742. Upon Green's death, 1745, his widow and son continued the publication of the paper. Mrs. Green was probably the first newspaper woman in the New World. It was in this paper that Charles Carroll of Carrollton, under the *nom de plume* of "First Citizen" carried on the famous controversy with Daniel Dulaney, who assumed the name "Antilon." It has well been called "A war of essays." It marked the entrance into public life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence. In February, 1765, the Gazette chronicles the arrival at Annapolis of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who at the age of twenty-seven, was coming home after spending about half his life abroad.

Nearly eleven months after "The Boston Tea Party," we find Charles Carroll of Carrollton figuring conspicuously in the burning of the "Peggy Stewart" at Annapolis. He was a staunch friend of the owner, Mr. Anthony Stewart, who in a weak moment imported a large quantity of tea for Messrs. Williams & Co., of Annapolis. That Mr. Stewart, a member of the non-importation association, should allow his vessel to be used for carrying articles unjustly taxed, was regarded as a great offence in the eyes of the patriots, who demanded that he should be punished by burning his ship. He appealed to Mr. Carroll for advice, saying that the public apology which he made should be sufficient to satisfy the populace, but Mr. Carroll advised him to make the burnt offering to Liberty. The ship was run up on a point of land, now in the Naval Academy grounds, and after Mr. Stewart and his friends had applied the torch, he repaired to his home near by, and, with his invalid wife, watched the ending of the Peggy Stewart, down to the last spark. Maryland has cast a glow of romance over this scene, and as a companion painting of Maryland's first memorable event, "The Planting of the Colony," she has placed in the State House a striking picture of "The Burning of the Peggy Stewart." Both of these paintings are by a son of Annapolis, Frank B. Mayer.

When the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act reached Annapolis, May 22, 1765, there was universal joy. The Legislature adjourned to the Council Chamber where they drank toasts to the king. Outdoors, bells rang, cannons boomed, and the night was made bright by the lights that twinkled all over the town. On the 4th of June following, the king's birthday was celebrated in the same manner. It should be remembered that, at this time many were of the opinion that affairs in the colonies would be settled without rupture with the Mother Country. They were yet to learn the folly of half-way measures.

The first Governor of Maryland, Thomas Johnson, was inaugurated at the State House, March, 1777. Care was thrown to the winds, and war was forgotten for one day, as the people of Maryland celebrated this great event, to them, scarcely less greater than the news of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, which four of her sons, three of them citizens of Annapolis, signed. Three volleys of cannon were fired in front of the State House, signifying that the ceremony was completed; then followed thirteen more rounds, one for each state. One of these

thirteen shots proved to be unlucky. A soldier got in the path of the ball and was instantly killed. A feast was spread in Mann's Coffee House (now the old "City Hotel"), and thirteen toasts were given, the first being "Perpetual union and friendship between the States of America." A ball was given in the State House that night, and the old building was as brilliantly lighted inside as candles could make it, while outside the big bonfires threw even the octagonal dome into bright relief against the windy sky.

On the 20th of October, 1781, Count de Grasse sent word to Governor Lee at Annapolis, that Cornwallis had surrendered. Then, indeed, did the people go wild with joy, and the few "loyalists" who still lived in the neighborhood of the town where they held sway under the king's rule, and who had hoped that they would again come into power, gave up that night, in despair. They knew the deluge had indeed come, they heard its roar in the glad cries of the people who, in turn, were deluged with wines and spirits which ran like water. The State paid for all the jubilee—the elect were wined and dined at the State House, and the populace at the various coffee houses, notably Mann's, at the expense of the State. Peace was celebrated in like fashion, May, 1783, and bills exist today showing how many hogsheads of rum, gallons of port, Madeira, claret, and other spirits the State ordered, as well as hundreds of pounds of shoat, fowl, beef, tongue, fish, bread, sugar and cake. Reading over these records, we express the tender hope that there were plenty of doctors as well as lawyers in the old, frisky town.

In May, 1783, the Maryland Assembly made preparations for the coming winter, when the United States Congress would convene at this, the temporary capital. It granted "The Stadt House and Publick Circle, with the Governor's house for the use of the President, and thirteen dwelling houses, with other buildings for the accommodation of the Delegates of the Thirteen Confederate States."

On the 23rd of December, 1783, in the Senate Chamber of this old building, appeared General George Washington, who, in the presence of Congress, the Governor and the Council of State, and many other prominent men, as well as their lovely ladies, bade them all "his affectionate farewell," as he resigned his commission as commander-in-chief of the American Army. The night before a ball had been given in the State House in his honor, and celebrations were in order everywhere in the town—they wished him to see how they welcomed him, whom they knew as a youngster delighting in the sports of the day, and who now came amongst them after having achieved an immortal victory. But the next day, when he made his simple speech, there was not a dry eye in the place, and outside those who caught the spirit of the mood, hurried to the coffee house to brace them in their sorrow as the night before they found an accompaniment for their joy.

In the State House Chamber there is a full-length portrait of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. In front of the State House is a splendid statue of Chief Justice Taney, another son of whom Maryland is justly proud. This great man who rendered decisions as the Chief Justice of the United States Court, from 1837 until 1864, elected to be buried beside his mother on the humble grounds of the Catholic Novitiate in Frederick, Md.

On the other side of the State House is the dramatic statue of De Kalb, erected by the State of Maryland to her adopted son, who, while leading on the Maryland and Delaware lines, August 16th, 1780, received wounds from which he expired

three days later. Maryland is as proud of the fame of her "Maryland Line" as she is of her spirit of toleration, and that is saying much. In some sections of this country there would be almost a civil war were the Legislature to even hint that a Catholic ceremony should be depicted in one of the State House paintings, or that the statue of a man who rests in the grounds of a Catholic novitiate, at his own request, should have the place of honor on the State House green. We can all remember the cry that went up, several years ago, on the movement to place the statue of Father Marquette in the Statuary Hall of the National Capitol, but, fortunately, the spirit of toleration is stronger than that of bigotry and the great missionary discoverer has the place due him.

St. Ann's Episcopal Church, whose foundation was laid about the beginning of the 18th century, sits in the shadow of the State House, on the circle. Before the Revolution, it was the house of worship for the magnates of the county. During the Revolution it was in a sad state of neglect. With the rule of England went the rule of the Established Church, and the clergy, unsupported by the tobacco tax, were not over-zealous in ministering to the people. But St. Ann's was venerated by the citizens of Annapolis, and, as soon after the close of the war as they were able, they began the restoration of the old church. We find that Charles Carroll of Carrollton was amongst those who helped the little church rise again. The records show, under date of July 13, 1797, that Mr. Charles Carroll of Carrollton paid for a pew in the church. The only solution we can find for this act of his, is that, being both broad-minded and hospitable, he wished to have seats reserved there for such of his guests as professed the Episcopal faith.

On the State House circle is the quaintest State Treasury imaginable. It was built for an armory, early in the 18th century. It is a small, vault-like affair, with thick iron doors and bars, huge iron chests, relics of the early days of the colony, and giant iron keys, weapons in themselves. Here the State Treasurer holds sway, combining the bookkeeping of the twentieth century with the treasure chests, bolts and bars of the seventeenth.

Passing the modern-looking Governor's mansion, on the circle, we arrive, after a short walk, in the grounds of St. John's College. Its main building, McDowell Hall, was commenced during the administration of Governor Bladen, 1742-47. He never occupied the building for the colonists rebelled at the tax he proposed to impose on them for the erection of his magnificent home. So it remained unfinished, bearing the name of "Bladen's Folly," until after the Revolution, when the Government donated the building and grounds for St. John's College. This institution was founded for the higher education of the youth of every religious denomination, giving no preference to any of its officers or faculty on account of their creed. The Rev. John D. Carroll was selected as one of the trustees, and four years later, when St. John's opened its doors, the Reverend Father Carroll laid the foundation of the splendid university that crowns the heights of Georgetown, D. C. There, too, the broad, tolerant spirit of the Carrolls has been maintained unbroken for more than one hundred and ten years.

Among the grand old trees on St. John's beautiful campus is a true "king of the forest," more than a hundred feet in height, with a circumference of about twenty-five feet. Here, July 5, 1652, thirty years before Penn signed his treaty with the Indians, a treaty was concluded between the English Nation in Maryland

and the Indian Nation of the Susquehanoghs. This leafy tent is a favorite resting place for the students, as well as for the visitor within their gates, and small wonder is expressed that it was chosen for the English-Indian council on that hot July day over two hundred and fifty years ago. On this campus, too, a great crowd gathered to welcome Lafayette on his revisiting Annapolis, 1824. The State House Circle was all too small to accommodate the crowd of soldiers and citizens on that occasion.

And now we pass out into the streets once more in search of the old City Hotel, known in Colonial times as Mann's Inn, or coffee house. Whenever there was a great celebration in Annapolis, Mr. Mann was in great demand, both as a caterer and host. During the races, for which Annapolis was justly famous, the inn was full to overflowing. General Washington was an old patron, and room 9 was usually held for him. It is here we muse on the human side of Washington, and it is some comfort to the wayward to know that if Washington "could not tell a lie" he could at least indulge in gambling with as keen a zest as any race-track follower of today.

We find that when he went to Annapolis he spent money as freely as any gentleman there. He played cards, bet on horses, paid dues at all the prominent clubs, and treated at drinks. He was a methodical man and kept account of almost every item of expense. On his visit to Annapolis, 1762, his account was as follows: —"Traveling expenses, 2 pd. 10 s. Servants in tips, 17 s. Sundry tickets to play, 1 pd., 2 boxes claret 25 pd., Horse 50 pd., Charity 2 pd., 3 s., Cash lost on races 1 pd. 6 s., Cash for hat for Miss Custis 4 pd. 6 s., Cash to Miss Custis at Annapolis, 1 pd. 5 s. 3 d." It will be noticed that Washington does not gratify our curiosity as to the amount of his winnings at the Annapolis races!

On many of his visits to Annapolis, he was accompanied by Mrs. Washington and Miss Custis; at other times, Miss Nellie alone accompanied him and they spent much of their time at the mansion of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Miss Nellie and Carroll's daughter, Mary, were firm friends, and it was also whispered that Charles Carroll the younger held more than a friendly regard for the sprightly Nellie.

Leaving the old inn, now hemmed in by the march of improvements, we turn our footsteps to the home of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, which is now a part of St. Mary's Catholic Church, being occupied by the Redemptorists who, this spring, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their arrival in Annapolis, taking the place of the Jesuits who for more than one hundred and fifty years, through the stress of unfavorable conditions, labored for the establishment of the Catholic Church in Maryland. We have seen how the Catholics before the Revolution were forbidden to publicly celebrate Mass, and how many gentlemen of means erected private chapels in their spacious mansions. Charles Carroll, the elder, was one such, and on the top floor of the old Carroll Mansion, adjoining St. Mary's Catholic Church, the Carrolls celebrated divine service for over a century. Many relics of this old chapel are in the hands of the Redemptorists who prize them highly because of the trying days when they were used.

After 1821, Charles Carroll of Carrollton spent much of his time between Baltimore and Doughoregan Manor, paying only occasional visits to his Annapolis estate. Writing from Doughoregan, July 20, 1821, he asks his son-in-law, Richard Caton, "When will the brick and

plaster scantlings for the Catholic Chapel at Annapolis be forwarded to that city?" The lot on which this chapel was built was given to his granddaughter, the Marchioness of Wellesley, who donated it to the Catholic Church, and with the assistance of her grandfather, who was ever devoted to the cause of the Church, helped erect this little chapel, which was dedicated to the Blessed Mother of God. The site of this chapel is now occupied by the school of St. Mary's. The beautiful Carroll estate was bequeathed by Charles Carroll of Carrollton to his daughter Mary Caton, who, in turn, willed it to her four daughters. In 1852 these ladies donated the property to the Redemptorists, who were about to locate their new house at Westminster, Md. It was well they came to Annapolis, however, for the town needed them and their influence more than the smaller town of Westminster. With zeal they set about their work, restored the grounds and house to its former beauty and order, established a community chapel in the old Carroll house, added more rooms to the Manor, and then assumed charge of the little chapel on Duke of Gloucester street, which the Jesuits had turned over to them.

Five years after coming to Annapolis, the Redemptorists laid the cornerstone of the present St. Mary's Church. It is noteworthy that all of the work upon this church and the convent, with the exception of the masonry and the plastering, was done by the novices, assisted by the students in their spare time. With such willing spirits no wonder the church and its surroundings are the pride of all true Annapolitans.

To appreciate the beautiful situation of the church estate one must row on the river that flows beneath its terraces and old gardens. The Carroll mansion is not beautiful to look upon, but oh, the memories it recalls! We see the celebrated Carrolls, hospitable, brave, broad-minded. There was nothing small or mean in them, and well may it be said that their old home is a good foundation for this church into which, not only Catholics, but non-Catholics love to come. In the glory of sunrise, on a summer's morning, we rested in the boat below the Carroll estate. The pink flush melted into the deep green of the Spa and the blue of the fair sky; the scent of boxwood and blooming plants came to us on the soft west wind which rested on our foreheads tenderly, like a benediction. In a moment's space, our minds leaped from that far-off day when the colony was planted at St. Mary's, to this day—this morning in an age made tolerant by liberty of thought, and education; and we gave good morning and God-speed to the churches and the schools of dear old Annapolis.

PARLIAMENTARY AND EXTRA PARLIAMENTARY AGITATION IN IRELAND.

BY R. BARRY O'BRIEN,

Author of "Life of Lord Russell of Killowen" and "Life of Charles Stewart Parnell."

The statement is sometimes made that justice can be obtained for Ireland only by Parliamentary agitation. The statement is also made that Parliamentary agitation is worthless. Let us look into the facts, and see what is the truth.

The last conquest of Ireland—"perhaps"—was completed in 1691, by William III. On the third of October in that year the Treaty of Limerick was signed. Its terms may be substantially stated in a sentence. William was to be King of Ireland, as well as King of England; for the rest, the Irish were guaranteed the possession of their lands, civil and religious liberty, political autonomy. The Treaty, as the world knows, was broken. The Irish were beaten mercilessly to the ground, and supreme power was placed in the hands of English Protestant colonists, who looked upon the native race as a Virginian planter of old regarded the slaves whose "backs were blistering in the cane fields."

The Penal laws were passed.

Catholics (constituting the masses of the nation) were excluded from Parliament, from the magistracy, from the municipal corporations; from the University, from the Bench, and from the Bar; from the right of voting at Parliamentary elections, or at Vestries. They were prevented from acting as constables, as sheriffs, or as grand jurymen. They could not serve in the army or navy. They could not be solicitors. They could not even hold the position of game-keeper or watchman. They could not carry arms. They were prohibited from becoming schoolmasters, ushers, or private tutors. It was against the law to establish a Catholic school in Ireland. It was also against the law for a Catholic parent to send his child abroad to be educated. An annuity was offered to every priest who would forsake his creed. A sentence of banishment was passed against the whole Catholic Hierarchy, and against the regular clergy. The right of celebrating Mass was restricted to registered priests whose numbers were limited, and whose rights were abridged. Catholics could not buy land, or inherit, or receive it as a gift from Protestants. They could not hold leases for more than thirty-one years, or any lease on such terms that the profits of the land exceeded one-third of the rent. No Catholic could have a horse of more than the value of five pounds. No Catholic could be a guardian. In a word, notwithstanding the Treaty of Limerick, the whole Irish nation was practically outlawed; the Irish people were made hewers of wood and drawers of water to the English colony. The aim of England was to plunder and degrade the native race, so that Irishmen might never again rise to the level of their conquerors. The foreigner was to possess the land; the native to be his instrument and slave.

"What then," said Lord Clare, in a remarkable speech, "was the situation of Ireland at the Revolution, and what is it at this day (1800)? The whole power and property of the country have been conferred by successive monarchs of England upon an English colony, composed of three sets of adventurers, who poured into this country at the termination of three successive rebellions. Confiscation

is their common title; and from their first settlement they have been hemmed in on every side by the old inhabitants of the island, brooding over their wrongs in sullen indignation."

We have now to see how it came to pass that the "old inhabitants of the island" turned on their tyrants and oppressors, and succeeded in recovering such rights and liberties as Irishmen, at present, enjoy.

The first Catholic organization formed to obtain a relaxation of the Penal Code was founded about 1759 by Dr. Curry (author of "The Civil Wars in Ireland"), Charles O'Conor (author of "Dissertations on Irish History"), and Mr. Wyse, a country gentleman of culture and good sense.

Some time previously, Dr. Curry had been passing through the Lower Castle yard in Dublin. He met two ladies and a little girl of tender years. Suddenly the child exclaimed, "Are there any of those bloody Papists in Dublin?" Curry ascribed the question, at once, to the annual sermon, which used then to be preached at Christ's Church, in commemoration of the "massacres" of 1641. He bought a copy of the sermon, and on reading it came to the conclusion that his surmise was well founded. His first impulse was to answer the sermon, and this he did in an abstract which made a profound impression both on friends and foes. Afterwards he placed himself in communication with Dr. O'Conor and Mr. Wyse, and all three came to the conclusion that an organization ought to be formed to vindicate the character of the Catholics, and to obtain some relaxation of the Penal Code. The organization was, of course, strictly constitutional. The members, who were effusively loyal, petitioned Parliament, and Parliament replied that so long as the Catholics were well affected and peaceable they would receive the protection of the state. But in the same year, 1759-1760, the Catholics were told from the Bench that "the laws did not presume a Papist to exist in the Kingdom, nor could they breathe without the connivance of the Government:" And an order was issued, as Mr. Lecky assures us, "to deface all ensigns of honor borne by persons who had no legal title thereto (i. e., Catholics), and the armorial bearings of Lord Kenmare (a very loyal Catholic nobleman) were erased from his carriage in the very yard of the Castle."

The first Catholic association (from which the aristocracy and even the clergy kept apart, fearing that to ask for justice would only lead to further injustice) attracted little attention, and died of inanition in 1763. It did nothing.

The Catholics had been told that if they were well affected and peaceable they would receive protection. But curiously enough it was only contemporaneously with the beginning of the first agrarian war, — 1761-1771, — and the necessity for raising recruits for the English army, overtaxed by constant wars, that the position of the Catholics received even the slightest consideration from any members of the ruling class. "The conduct," wrote the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Halifax, "which the Roman Catholics of this country are likely to observe in the course of the war with France and Spain is of great consequence." Danger to England always made the Catholics of consequence. About 1760, 1,200 Catholics were enlisted for the navy, and the English government came to the conclusion, that, though Irish Catholics could not be allowed to enter the English army, they might serve in the armies of England's allies on the continent. With the help of Lord Kenmare,— the man whose armorial bearings had been erased from his carriage in the Castle yard,—seven Irish Catholic regi-

ments were raised for the service of Portugal. But it was necessary to obtain the consent of the Irish House of Commons before they could leave the country. One rejoices to think that the House of Commons refused to consent on the grounds that the "withdrawing of so many hands would raise the price of labour and consequently lower the value of the (landlord's) estates." While Kenmare and the Catholic gentry were ready to raise Irish Catholic regiments in the interests of England, England refused to relax the Penal Code.

The main policy of the colony was to prevent Catholics from acquiring landed property and the power which its possession gave. In pursuance of this policy Catholics were not allowed even to lend money to Protestant landlords who were sadly in need of it, on landed security. The result was that Catholics who had made money in trade invested their fortunes in foreign countries. There were sensible Protestants in Ireland, at the time, who believed that even Catholic money ought to be kept at home and used for Irish purposes. Accordingly, in 1761, Mr. Monck Mason introduced a bill in the Irish House of Commons enabling Catholics to invest money in mortgages upon land. The bill was carried by a majority of twelve, but rejected by the English Privy Council. It was reintroduced next session. The Government used the whole of their influence to secure its defeat, and it was defeated by 138 to 53 votes, on the grounds that it would allow Catholics to interfere with the management of Protestant estates. There were bogs in Ireland which needed reclamation, and the landlords thought that Catholics might perhaps, under certain safeguards, be allowed to undertake this work. Accordingly, in 1771, a bill passed into law enabling Catholics to take leases of sixty-one years for fifty acres of bog with half an acre of arable land as a site for a house. But, lest the "Papist" might get too good a bargain, it was provided that "the bog should at least be four feet deep, that half of it should be reclaimed within twenty-one years, and that it should not be within a mile of any city or market town."

In 1772 Mr. Monck Mason again brought forward his bill to enable Catholics to lend money on landed securities, but it was again defeated, the Lord Lieutenant opposing it strongly, asserting that the penal laws should be perpetually maintained.

In 1773 the Catholic association was revived under the leadership of Lord Kenmare. It was constitutional, loyal, law-abiding, but it did no good. Other causes were, however, now at work, which gradually led to Catholic relief.

In 1765 England's troubles with her American colonies began. England resolved to make the Americans contribute to the expense of her wars. An act was passed by the British Parliament ordering Americans to pay money for stamps or legal documents, the same as in England. The Americans protested, denying the right of the English Parliament to tax them, and, in 1766, the Stamp Act was repealed. But, in 1767, another act was passed imposing duties on American imports. The Americans again protested, but this time England would not remove the duties. Between 1767 and 1770 the relations of the two countries remained strained, and, in 1770, England at length removed all the import duties except the tax on tea. But the Americans insisted on the removal of the tea tax, too. England, however, refused to give way. The crisis came in December, 1773, as Boston men know. A ship with a cargo of tea entered Boston harbor. Some fifty men dressed as Indians rushed on board, broke open the tea chests, and flung the tea

overboard. In less than two years afterwards England and her American colonies were at war, and in Ireland this war led to Catholic relief, free trade, and legislative independence. All these "concessions" were obtained, not by constitutional agitation, but by the threat or fear of physical force. I shall make this point clear.

From the fall of Limerick to the beginning of the American War, England and the English colonists in Ireland had combined to crush the native race. England also, with peculiar madness, had legislated against her own colonists, passing laws which crippled their trade. The result was that, in 1775, natives and colonists, Catholics and Protestants, were discontented. The one demanded the relaxation of the Penal Code, the other the relaxation of the commercial code. But England would make no substantial concessions to either.

Some two or three years after the beginning of the American war, Ireland was denuded of troops. England could not protect the country from foreign attack. In these circumstances the Protestant colonists raised a volunteer force for self-defense. The Volunteers soon became a formidable body, numbering 60,000 men, well-disciplined and equipped. England was at their mercy, and they did not spare her. With arms in their hands they demanded free trade. They did not object to the English connection, but they resolved that the connection should be maintained only on their terms. They planted cannon in the streets of Dublin and said, "Free Trade or This,"—England was in a cleft stick. Fiercely struggling to hold her American colonies she could not afford to plunge into an Irish war as well. In this situation the Catholics became an important factor. England was anxious to make concessions to them to draw them away from the Protestant Volunteers; the Volunteers were ready to make concessions to draw them away from England.

The Catholics patriotically and generously stood by the Volunteers against the common enemy. In October, 1777, England sustained a decisive defeat at the hands of the Americans. The English general, Burgoyne, surrendered at Saratoga with an army of 5,700 men to the American general, Gates. In April, 1778, Paul Jones appeared off the Ulster coast, entered Belfast Lough, destroyed the English war ship, "Drake," captured other vessels, and struck terror into the hearts of his foes. As Mr. Froude says: "The dullest pedant in the English Government could no longer resist such a rude awakening," and before the end of the year, the first great measure of Catholic relief was placed on the Statute Book —Catholics were allowed to hold leases of land for 999 years, and to inherit landed property in the same way as Protestants. Concession to the Catholics was followed by concession to the Protestants, and in 1779 free trade was granted. The Americans were fighting not only for their own liberties, but for the liberties of Irishmen as well.

The years following the concessions of '78 and '79 form one of the proudest chapters in Irish history, because they marked the coming together of the Irish nation.

The Protestant colonists were not content with free trade merely. They did not trust England. What she gave one day she might take away the next. Ireland's only hope they felt was in the establishment of an independent Irish parliament, which could alone make and unmake laws for Ireland. Therefore they now demanded legislative freedom. In the struggle that ensued the colonists called upon the Catholics for support and the Catholics cordially responded. By asso-

ciation with the masses of the Irish nation, by dependence on them, the colonists became Irishmen. Edmund Burke has put the case well. "The English interest (in Ireland)," he says, writing of these times, "at first, by faint and almost insensible degrees, but, at length, open and assuredly, became an *independent Irish interest*"; and England "saw that the disposition of the *leading part* of the nation would not permit them to act any longer the part of a garrison."

A united Ireland, armed and ready, faced England. England's fortunes in America grew darker and darker. In August, 1781, Lord Cornwallis surrendered with 7,000 men, to Washington, at Yorktown. In June, 1782, the legislative independence of Ireland was established. The American victory was again an Irish victory too.

England's defeat was Ireland's triumph.

Legislative independence was accompanied by further "concessions" to the Catholics. Catholics were now (1782) allowed to keep schools on obtaining the license of the Protestant bishop of the diocese; the act against hearing, or celebrating Mass (passed in the reign of Elizabeth) and the act against Catholics owning a horse above the value of five pounds was repealed, and Catholics were allowed to become guardians to their own children. These "concessions" were in no way due to the Catholic Committee. They were wrung from England in her necessities by the threat of armed force.

It is melancholy to relate that the Irish Protestants, having won legislative independence, afterwards neglected the interests of the Catholics, and, the American war over, England could afford to despise the Catholic demands. Under the leadership of Lord Kenmare, a profuse loyalist, the Catholic Committee became contemptible, and between 1783 and 1790 the Catholic cause languished. At the close of the year 1790 not a single member of the Irish Parliament could be found to present a petition in behalf of the Catholic body. Dublin Castle returned a petition, which the Catholics wished to present to the Lord Lieutenant, expressive of their loyalty and affection, because it ended with a prayer begging for a further relaxation of the Penal Code. In the beginning of 1791 a deputation of Catholics went to the Castle to present a list of the penal laws which they wished to have repealed. "The deputation was dismissed," says Mr. Lecky, "without the courtesy of an answer." This was the pass to which the Catholic question had come under the purely constitutional and loyal agitation of Lord Kenmare.

But a remarkable man had now arisen in the Catholic body,—John Keogh, a Dublin merchant. And about the same time one of the most extraordinary figures that has ever appeared in Irish public life entered the scene—Wolfe Tone. Keogh was a constitutional agitator. He was the precursor of O'Connell. His aim was to abolish the penal laws and to obtain complete justice for the Catholics. But he did not believe that these ends could be gained by the milk and water means of Kenmare. Like O'Connell, he felt that the true policy was to thunder at the gates of the Constitution until they were thrown open. Professions of loyalty when there was no cause for loyalty were despicable. Justice or revolt was the alternative which ought to be presented to tyrants and oppressors. It was the alternative of the Volunteers, and the Volunteers had won. Kenmare was all for peace. Keogh was all for war. Between 1783 and 1790 the Catholic Committee had grovelled at the feet of English ministers, and during that time not one measure of relief had been granted to the Catholics. It was time to adopt a

sterner policy; to demand, not to beg, for justice. These were the views of Keogh.

Kenmare was shocked. But Keogh held his ground, and the result of the conflict which ensued in the Catholic Committee, between the merchant and the peer, was that the latter with sixty followers retired from the Committee and the former became supreme in its councils. It is pleasant to reflect that at this crisis all the counties and large towns in Ireland passed resolutions supporting Keogh and condemning Kenmare. The masses of the people were saved.

Wolfe Tone was a Separatist. He believed that the one remedy for Irish ills was separation from England. So long as the English connection lasted in any shape or form English interference would continue, parliament or no parliament, and while English interference continued there could be nothing but disaster for Ireland. These briefly were Tone's views, and, to carry them out, he resolved to make a supreme effort to unite all sections of Irishmen, irrespective of class or creed, in a common struggle against English authority. When Tone entered public life he found both Catholics and Presbyterians (who were suffering under disabilities too) profoundly discontented. The principles of the French Revolution had taken root in Ulster, and the Presbyterians were ripe for treason. They were Republicans almost to a man. To bring Catholics and Presbyterians together was the wish of Tone's heart. In September, 1791, he wrote a pamphlet in support of Catholic claims, and in October he visited Belfast and formed the famous "United Irish Society." It so happened that while Tone was thus engaged, the crisis in the Catholic Committee, which ended in the resignation of Kenmare and the "moderates," had occurred. Tone, whose pamphlet had attracted the attention of the Catholics, soon placed himself in communication with Keogh, and an alliance between these two men, between the Protestant revolutionist and the Catholic constitutional agitator, was formed, which resulted in the remarkable Catholic movement of 1791-1793.

Under the influence of Tone and Keogh northern Presbyterians and southern Catholics were brought together, and the union of these forces alarmed the Government. The Catholic question was put in the forefront, though it was Tone's aim to use that question for the ulterior object of inflaming the popular mind against England. "Bring Catholics and Presbyterians together," he said in effect, "in a movement for the removal of religious disabilities, and I shall trust to the fortunes of war to keep them together until the greater work of national independence is accomplished." Keogh concentrated himself on the Catholic question alone. He knew Tone's aims, but did not commit himself to them. He believed that union with the Ulster Presbyterians, treason or no treason, would be advantageous to the Catholics, and he risked the consequences, determined at the same time to keep the Catholic Committee within the letter of the law.

In October, 1791, the Catholic Committee boldly opened the campaign by issuing a public declaration demanding the total repeal of the Penal Code. In the same month, Lord Grenville, showing how completely the Government realized the efforts which were being made to unite the Catholics and the Presbyterians, wrote to the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Westmoreland, "I cannot help feeling a very great anxiety that such measures may be taken as may effectually counteract the union between Catholics and Dissenters at which the latter are evidently aiming. There is no evil that I would not prophesy if that union takes place, in the present moment, and on the principles on which it is endeavoured to bring it about."

Towards the end of the year, the Government came to the conclusion that it would be wiser to make some concessions to the Catholics, the effect of such concessions, they doubtless calculated, might be to draw the Catholics away from the Presbyterians. Accordingly in January, 1792, ministers gave their support to a bill, introduced by Sir H. Languishe, admitting Catholics to the Bar, to the rank of King's Counsel, allowing them to become attorneys, and to keep schools without the license of the Protestant bishop of the diocese, and to intermarry with Protestants, provided the service was performed by a clergyman of the Church of England. This bill satisfied Lord Kenmare, but it did not satisfy John Keogh. He demanded that the Catholics, at least, should be granted the parliamentary franchise: "If Catholics," he argued in effect, "are not to be allowed in Parliament (which is their right), let them at all events be allowed to vote for Protestant candidates." But the Government would not yield. Two petitions, one from the Presbyterians, and one from the Catholics, praying for the admission of the Catholics to the franchise, were scornfully rejected by the House of Commons. Languishe's bill then passed into law.

But John Keogh did not accept defeat. He prepared for a renewal of the struggle. Wolfe Tone was made the paid agent of the Catholic Committee. Richard MacCormick (another United Irishman) became its secretary. The Committee was reorganized on a broad popular basis. The Catholic bishops were drawn into the movement; and Keogh electrified the country by declaring that he would summon a convention of Catholic delegates in Dublin, before the end of the year. The alliance with the Presbyterians was vigorously maintained, and the United Irish Society and the Catholic Committee worked hand in hand for the Catholic cause. Belfast was the centre of activity, and the Government viewed with anxiety and alarm the rising tide of Ulster republicanism. The Volunteers of the north, though diminished in numbers, were still a formidable body. In 1790 the Derry army alone was 3,400 strong, and in 1792 it was found that the whole force possessed no less than forty-four cannon. These volunteers were in favor of Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation. In July, 1791, the Volunteers of Belfast and the surrounding neighborhood celebrated the anniversary of the French Revolution, amid scenes of universal enthusiasm.

In April, 1792, on the rejection of the Presbyterian petition, Catholics and Presbyterians met together in the northern capitol to condemn the action of Parliament and to toast success to the French Revolutionists. In July, 1792, there was another great demonstration in Belfast, attended by Keogh and other members of the Catholic Committee, as well as by Wolfe Tone and the full strength of the United Irish Society. The Volunteers marched through the streets displaying banners showing the motto "Unite and be free." Addresses were voted to the National Assembly of France, and resolutions were passed demanding Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation. Treason was in the air. Defiance was hurled at England.

In September an event occurred fraught with important consequences to the Catholic cause. The allies of England on the Continent were defeated by the French at the great battle of Valmy. Tone realized the importance of the event. "Huzza! huzza!" he wrote in his diary, "if the French had been beaten it was all over with us." Dublin rejoiced. Belfast rejoiced. The Volunteers again turned out, and fired three *feux de joie* "in honour of the day." Both capitals illuminated. But Belfast took the lead, and all over the town might be seen illuminated devices

bearing the mottoes, "Perfect union and equal liberty to the men of Ireland"; *"Vive La Republique"; "Vive La Nation";* "Liberty Triumphant"; "France is free, so may we; let us weld." One of the transparencies was a gallows with an inverted crown and the words, "May the fate of all tyrants be that of Capet." "Belfast," as Mr. Froude says, "was going fast and far." Dublin Castle urged the English Cabinet to put down the "rebels." But the Cabinet flinched. There was trouble brewing for England on the continent, and she was not prepared to risk additional trouble in Ireland. "I am sorry to say," Pitt wrote to the Lord Lieutenant in November, "the news from the continent is far from improving." "Under the present circumstances of this country and of Europe," Dundas wrote in the same month, "it seems to be of the utmost consequence not to lose the assistance of the Catholics in support of the established constitution." To further appeals from the Castle, Dundas replied: "England requires all the force she possesses at home to protect her from the foreign and domestic enemies."

As the year drew to a close the condition of Belfast grew worse. In December the Lord Lieutenant wrote, "The northern countries are growing extremely violent for effecting reform in Parliament, and are raising Volunteer associations with this view. It will, I fear, be necessary to increase our forces in that part of the Kingdom, and I could wish that a frigate were stationed at Belfast to overawe that town." He adds: "The source of all the mischief is the town of Belfast, the merchants of that town are the persons principally at the bottom of it." And then he has a fling at John Keogh. "He is a Reformer and a leveller (connected with the worst agitators) and be assured that no Catholic concession will satisty him." At the same time the Chief Secretary wrote: "There is more ground for alarm in this country than in any part of the King's dominions. Recollect that we have no militia, and that the volunteering system affords every man almost a right to arms." Finally the Lord Lieutenant sums up the situation in this pregnant sentence: "We can carry the Catholic concession; yet it is a concession of fear, and not of inclination."

At the eleventh hour the English Cabinet resolved to surrender. Keogh was allowed to hold the Catholic convention in December. The convention demanded the franchise. Keogh and other delegates went to London to place their case before the English King in person. The King received them, but made no promise. Finally, in February, 1793, the Chief Secretary himself, who had protested against any concessions up to the last moment, introduced a bill admitting Catholics to the franchise, to the magistracy, to the grand jury, in Dublin University, to almost all civil and military offices, and permitting them, subject to certain restrictions, to carry arms.

Just twelve months before the House of Commons had scornfully rejected a petition praying for the admission of the Catholics to the franchise. But now a bill embodying this prayer, and including further measures of redress, passed through Parliament, practically without opposition.

Thus were the efforts of John Keogh and Wolfe Tone crowned with success. As the American war, and the union of Catholics and Protestant Episcopalians, had secured the Catholic Relief Bill of 1778, free trade and legislative independence, so the French War, and the union of Catholics and Presbyterians, secured the Catholic Relief Bill of 1792, and the Franchise Act of 1793.

In another article I shall tell the story of parliamentary and extra parliamentary agitation in Ireland between 1793 and 1903.

ON THE RURAL ROUTE.

BY W. M. EGGINTON.

The mail-carrier sighed.

The horse was climbing a slightly inclined road, slowly. It was a country road, for this was the Rural Free Delivery route, and it wound round the hill, farther up, and was lost to view. On one side of the wagon was a hillside, clad with young trees and underbrush; on the other the ground fell away rather abruptly to a fence that lined a field of wheat. Off in the hazy distance bluish mountains showed against a sky filled with drifting, fleecy clouds. Over all the sunshine fell, like a golden shower, throwing a fantastic shadow behind the creaking vehicle as it moved up the road.

It was remarkable that the mail-carrier should sigh; for he was a man of wonderful geniality and rare contentment of mind.

Every day he drove fifteen miles over a hill and through a country where the morning air was like wine to a man's spirit. Every day he saw nature at close view and all her beauties. Wonders in the earth and sky that most men read about, he saw.

When spring made the roads muddy and "heavy" for his horse, he loved the balminess that was in the air, the fresh and refreshing smell of earth, the peeping blades of grass and the budding trees. In summer, he knew how cool the morning air could be on his hill, before the fierce sun had had time to bake the road and make it dusty. He knew the picturesqueness of the sky when summer thunder-clouds gather, the beauty of sunshine that comes after rain and changes dripping leaves to sparkling diamonds. In summer too, he heard the music of the babbling brooks and tiny waterfalls, and often stopped his horse on rustic bridges just to listen to the tender, murmuring streams.

And in autumn it was glorious. Then, there was just chilliness enough in the air to make it invigorating, and green leaves turned gold and crimson, and the sun seemed more brilliant as it shone on ripening fruit in the orchards.

All these things he loved and they gave him pleasure. But today he sighed.

He reached over, and pulling open the huge leather bag that lay at his feet, drew from it an envelope with a deep, black border. He sat looking at it steadily.

He did not like black-bordered envelopes. They should never have been invented, he told himself. Never had one gone through his hands without causing him actual pain.

If he was the only one that was pained by them it would not have mattered so much. But it was those who took them from him that felt the hurt more than he.

People were generally glad to receive letters; they came from farm-houses and barns and fields, hastening to meet him, with pleased anticipation showing in their faces, and they clasped their letters eagerly as if they were treasures of the rarest kind. But not the black-bordered ones. When he reluctantly tendered one of these, the tragic change that came over the expectant face hurt him keenly.

The one he held in his hand was addressed to J. P. Dodge, and it was postmarked Portland, Maine. There was no need of explanatory notes to tell him the sad truth.

John P. Dodge was an old man who lived at the top of the hill, in a rambling

old farm-house, as attractive as its owner. He was a little man with the brightest face, the happiest, twinkling eyes, and the sunniest nature that the mail-carrier had ever known. It had always been a real pleasure to give letters to John P. Dodge. Always he came slowly down the garden-path to meet the wagon, always his cheery "good-morning" sounded like a bit of poetry, and his lively remarks were a constant delight. Two roads intersected at this point, and this gave the carrier an excuse to stop his wagon and step out and cross the road to the box on the opposite corner and so hear all the old gentleman wished to say.

J. P. Dodge's letters were always from Portland, Maine, and the carrier had learned long ago that they came regularly from "Ben," the twin-brother of the happy old gentleman. The carrier had often wished he knew "Ben." He felt sure his must be another cheery old spirit, because J. P. Dodge was so fond of him. Sometimes, when the interval between letters had been a little protracted, the carrier had seen the old man's eyes grow moist with genuine feeling as his hands clasped the envelope bearing "Ben's" familiar hand-writing.

Surely, never was there a finer affection than that which had existed between these two. Often he would preface his remarks with, "As I was saying to Ben last week—," or "Ben tells me that down in Maine—." So, "Ben" had really become almost a friend of the mail-carrier's through his brother.

Again the carrier sighed. For the handwriting on this envelope was not "Ben's," and it was postmarked Portland, Me. Such a thing had never happened before, and it could only mean one thing, and that was that "Ben" would write no more letters.

The mail-carrier squared his shoulders, spoke sharply to the horse, and then fixed his eyes sadly on the dear old rambling farm-house, the garden and the tree-shaded path.

He drew near to it and wondered why the old man did not come. He felt sure he must be anxious, for no letter had come from Maine for nearly a week, which was a long interval. But the old man did not appear.

Instead, a youngish man whom the carrier did not know, came down the path. Something depicted in his appearance sent vague uneasiness to the carrier's mind, as he held out the letter. Then his eyes, reaching the door of the house, through the trees, he saw, as his horse stopped, the crape.

"It isn't," he said, looking with sudden alarm in his eyes, at the man, "the old gentleman—Mr. Dodge."

"Yes," said the young man who had torn open the black-bordered envelope, "My uncle—he passed away yesterday."

The mail-carrier stood in the road. "I am very sorry to hear that. I used to see him almost every day, you see, and I seem to know him well."

The other man looked up from the letter and spoke slowly, as if with an effort. "This tells me that his twin brother—he lived in Portland—died at about the same time."

Slowly down the road, with the sun behind him and the shadow of the walking horse bobbing fantastically ahead, the rural carrier continued on his route.

OFFICE OF CHARITABLE BUREAU,

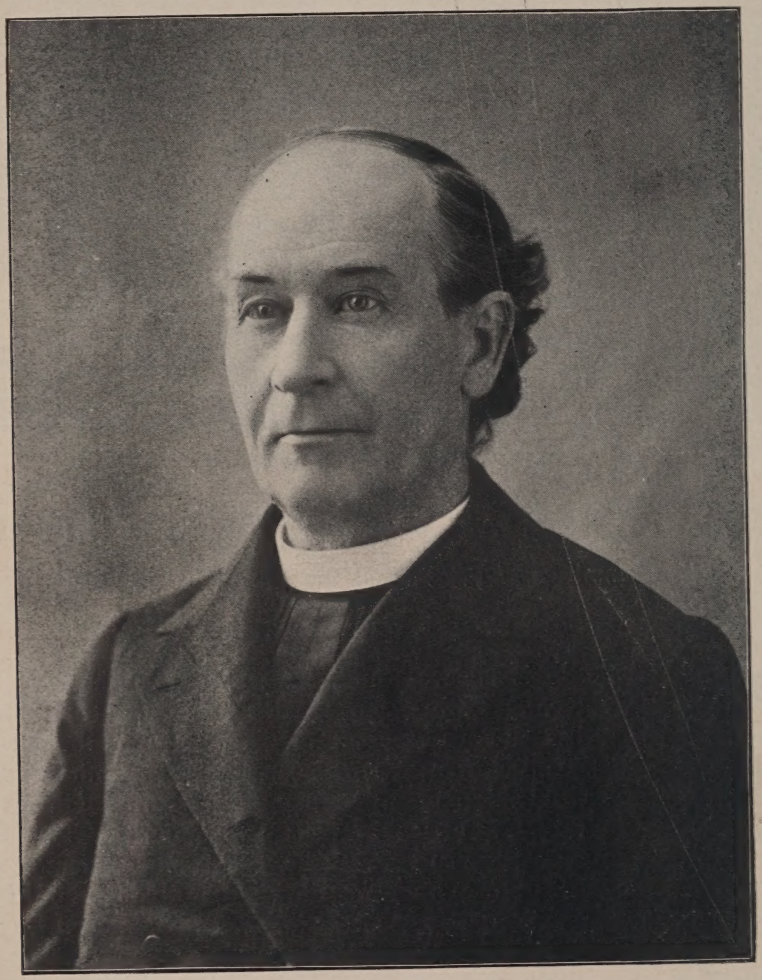
PHASES OF CHARITABLE WORK AMONG CHILDREN.

The Committee of Priests and the Charitable Bureau.

BY M. B. O'SULLIVAN.

EFFORT is achievement. Catholics are daily demonstrating this truth practically, in their ever-growing influence on public questions — particularly such as affect Catholic interests. The time was when state and civic boards generously helped along the work of proselyting, and even today there are few boards dealing with the care of children that do not require vigilant watching. Making all due allowance for the greater tolerance shown, it may be said, in all kindness, that the change of spirit manifested is due in large part to the change in the personnel of such boards, a larger Catholic representation naturally securing fairer treatment of their co-religionists. That thirst for Catholic souls is still consuming zealots is proved by the necessity of organizing Catholic forces to counteract the tactics of the evangelizing sects. To place a Catholic child in a home where he may grow up a Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, Unitarian, atheist if he will, anything except a Catholic, is the cherished ambition of many an otherwise excellent citizen. And the man or woman who can seize on a starveling whose parents are dead, or worse, worthless, and give it clothes and bread in exchange for its Faith is to be lauded to the skies for missionary zeal.

Every country district affords evidence of the successful work of the proselyter, who, through the placing-out system, has defrauded a Catholic child of its heritage of faith. Some years ago two friends spent a vacation in a tiny village quite out of the beaten track of tourist travel, and in the house where they boarded were two children, John Sweeney and Laura O'Neill, whose weekly recreation was attending the Baptist Sunday School across the road. The atmosphere of that remote neighborhood (which was not in Massachusetts) may be inferred from the question put by the postmaster to the owner of the cottage where the strangers stopped. "Aren't you afraid to board Catholics?" he asked; "they'll burn the roof over you." "I gave Sam Connolly all that was comin' to him," remarked the host when relating the incident, "I told him that people who ought to be Catholics an' weren't Catholics were worse 'n' the worst Catholic you could scrape up



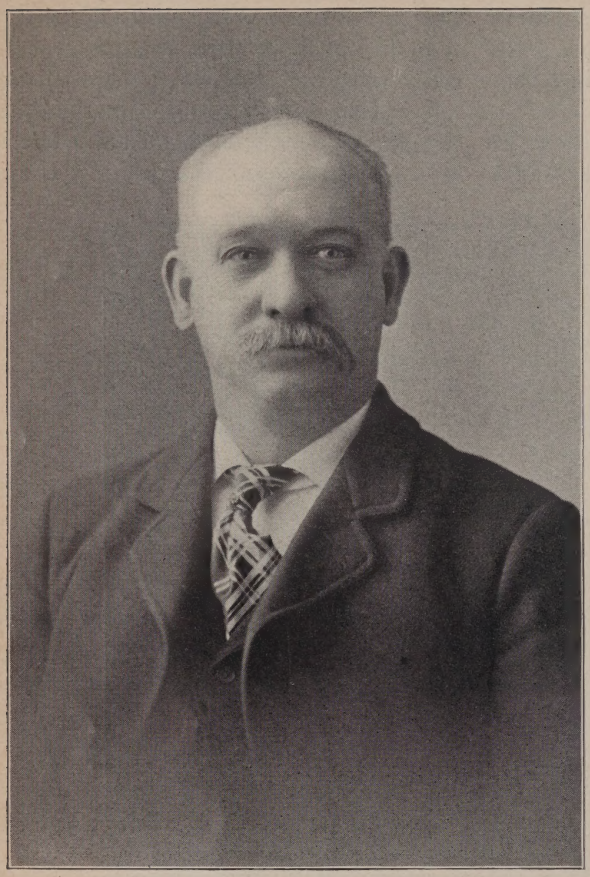
REV. A. J. TEELING, P. R.
PRESIDENT COMMITTEE OF PRIESTS.

anywhere,"—an unexpected sentiment from a man who was bringing up a John Sweeney and a Laura O'Neill in "Sam Connolly's" new persuasion.

These children, aged respectively twelve and thirteen years, were members of that

REV. JOSEPH G. ANDERSON,
CHIEF OF CHARITABLE BUREAU.

numerous class whose spiritual welfare is one of the greatest problems confronting the Church today. They were dependent earning their bread in the sweat of their brow, in all truth. The boy was bright, aggressive, his Irish blood showing in his face and in his volatile spirits; but the girl was an unhappy little creature, weeping often over her tasks in the hot kitchen, and crying herself to sleep in the stuffy chamber under the eaves that was considered fitting accommodation for a charity child. That sad, childish face was enough to make one skeptical for life of the glowing reports issued by departments of public charity. But sadder than the drudgery, the narrowness, and monotony of the daily lives of these little waifs of fate was



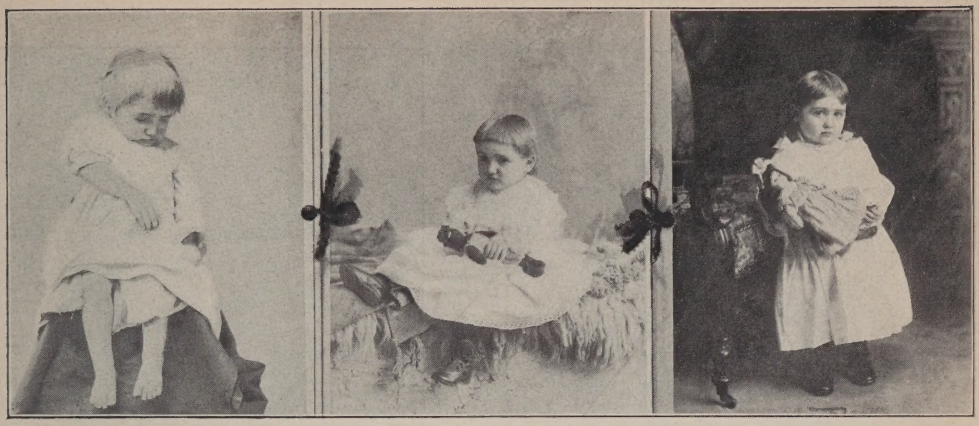
MR. JAMES J. NOLAN,
CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

the fact that through no fault of their own they were lost to the Church. Their story was a common one. Their parents had settled in a part of the country where Catholic influence had not reached, and where in the struggle for a bare existence the good-will of anti-Catholic neighbors and employers was a vital necessity. There are thousands like them, and their neglected condition and dire need account for a large percentage of the leakage from the Church.

In this connection it may be helpful to the purpose Father White had in view to quote here a paragraph from his address to the convention of the International Truth Society of New York, held recently.

"Where some Catholic influence is not felt in these regions of which I speak (the mountains of Virginia, and the plains of Texas) the sturdy faith of the first generation of settlers is weakened in the second and disappears in the third. This is a matter of history. The loss to the Church in the south and west because of the absence of Church and priest has been enormous. The Duffys and the O'Reillys and the Murphys that one finds associated with the Methodist and Baptist and Episcopal churches are due often to this cause. Very early in the existence of the Truth society it was seen that the work of the society must, to be effectual, be not only aggressive but preventative; that not only must Catholic doctrine be adequately presented to those outside the Church who, through ignorance or bigotry, misrepresent her teaching, but that some way must be found of keeping alive the faith in sections of the country where the priests are few and Catholic families scattered. This has been done, we hope, to some extent, through the sending of Catholic literature to those whose names have been sent to us by the priests in these districts. The names of Catholics living in large cities of the east, who subscribe to a Catholic weekly or monthly, have been secured, and these more fortunate brethren have been asked to remail the weekly or monthly which hitherto found its way to the waste basket, to a family whose name we send them. We began in a very modest way, but from the report I am

A WARD OF THE CHARITABLE BUREAU. FOUR MONTHS OLD.



JUNE, 1899. AUGUST, 1899. FEBRUARY, 1900.

This child, aged three years, was found in a small attic room. She had been three days without food or water, had severe opthalmia, and was covered with vermin. The pictures show the gradual change after she was committed to the State, June 16, 1899

about to read you will see that the work has grown to large proportions and we trust will continue to grow.

But it is not the purpose of this article to deal with the loss to the Church by the settlement of Catholic families in remote sections of the country. That phase of the problem has been presented already in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, by the Rev. J. T. Roche, in his paper on "Costly Indifference."

I wish that an equally eloquent and forceful pen had been available at the present time to point out the even greater dangers menacing those little ones of the Fold, who begin life in the courts and alleys of the great cities, and whose one priceless possession is ruthlessly bartered by indifferent or dissolute parents, or lost through orphanage in tender years. These children, too, find their way to the rural districts, as the wards of city or state, or under the guardianship of various charitable and philanthropic associations, representing in greater part Protestant denominations. Take for instance the state of Massachusetts, with more than 4,000 children in its care, in addition to the 1,400 infant wards of the city of Boston. About fifty per cent of these children are or should be Catholics, and the policy of both city and state is to place such children in families of the same religious belief as their parents. But this

A DEPENDENT CHILD, HAPPILY PLACED.

DESTITUTE CHILD, WHEN COMMITTED, APRIL, 1900

THE SAME CHILD THIRTEEN DAYS LATER.

policy has not been carefully carried out, various reasons being given for placing Catholics in Protestant homes, an abuse that grew to such proportions that the Church authorities were finally compelled to adopt measures to safeguard the interests of the Catholic children. The result is an admirably organized system by which every Catholic ward of every city, town and village in this state may be brought under the supervision and protection of a committee of priests, aided by a committee of laymen. In the short space of one year this organization has grown from a small beginning to a powerful association with a membership of hundreds of active workers representing the highest type of American citizenship. To know something of its methods means to be prepared to act as a volunteer in its service; therefore for the information of Catholics, not only in Massachusetts, but in every state where similar conditions prevail, I reprint from an eminently useful manual, "The Directory of Catholic Charities," prepared by Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, of the Charitable Bureau,—and recently issued,—the reasons for the inception of the Association and its mode of procedure.

THE COMMITTEE OF PRIESTS ON THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

History of its Origin and Work.

The bishops and priests of the various dioceses of the State have for some time past realized the need of some united action to prevent the great loss to the faith of so many Catholic children, who in becoming wards of the cities and State are placed out in Protestant families.

The Archbishop at a conference held in the Cathedral in May, 1901, called the atten-

tion of the priests of the Boston diocese to this matter and asked them to furnish the State Board of Charity with a list of suitable Catholic homes to enable the Board to place these children in Catholic families.

In December of that year a committee of priests appointed by Vicar General Byrne, met at the Cathedral to devise plans by which the religious faith of Catholic children might be safeguarded.

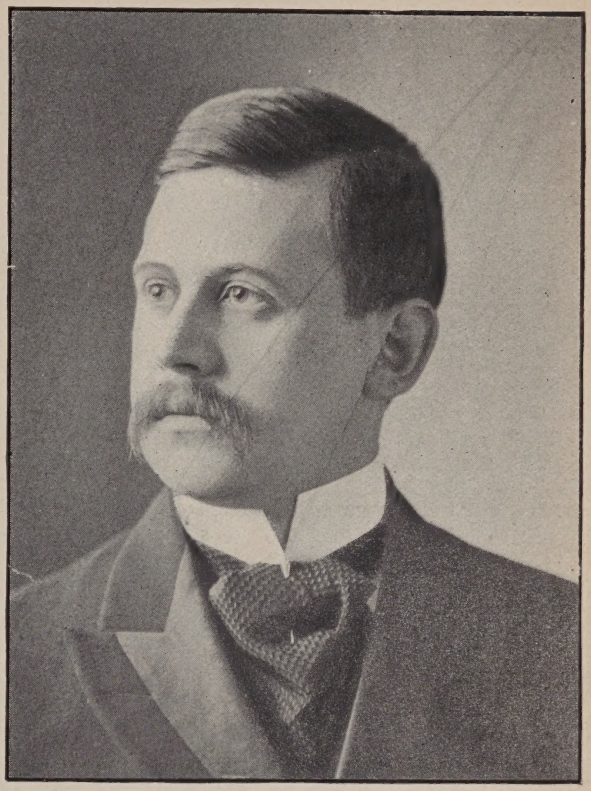
They inquired into the system by which neglected and dependent children are cared for by public authority, and they opened up relations with the State Board of Charity and the Children's Board of Trustees of Boston.

As the work of the State Board covered every part of the State, the committee felt that to do efficient work assistance should be sought from Springfield and Providence dioceses, and accordingly Bishop Beaven and Bishop Harkins were asked to appoint committees to work in conjunction with the Boston committee, thus forming a sort of State Association. Both Bishops readily assented and each appointed a committee of three priests.

This general committee, thus organized, met from time to time during the past year, in Boston, and accomplished much good. Through their efforts much valuable information was obtained concerning these children — certain cases of injustice were corrected — and some children were safeguarded from being numbered as Protestants and placed out in Protestant homes.

A STATE CHARGE, AGED 21-2 YEARS.

The committee, in drawing up its report for the year, submitted a certain plan to the Archbishop and Bishops for their approval, namely, to have a central bureau where all cases of children who become wards of the state and municipal charities might be referred and where all information concerning the location, religious history of these children, etc., might be obtained.



MR. JOSEPH C. PELLETIER, STATE DEPUTY K. OF C.

The Archbishop approved of the plans contained in the report, and the Bureau was opened on the first of January, 1903, in the Colonial Building, 100 Boylston Street, Boston, with the Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, of St. Cecilia's Church, appointed by the Archbishop to superintend the work.

The committee in issuing its report invited all the priests throughout the state to co-operate with them in this great work of charity.

The following is a list of the committee appointed from the various dioceses to look after the religious interests of these neglected and dependent children.

Rev. A. J. Teeling, P.R., President.
Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, Chief of Bureau.
Rev. J. J. Ryan, Secretary.

THIS PICTURE SHOWS A DEPENDENT CHILD (GIRL SEATED) GROWING UP UNDER FAVORABLE CONDITIONS.

BOSTON:

Rev. R. Neagle, P.R.
Rev. J. J. Nilan, P.R.
Rev. Peter Ronan.
Rev. James O'Reilly, O.S.A.
Rev. George Rainville.
Rev. Ubaldus Da Rieti, O.F.M.
Rev. Louis S. Walsh.
Rev. M. J. Doody, P.R.
Rev. James N. Supple.
Rev. George J. Paterson.

PROVIDENCE:

Rev. Hugh J. Smyth.
Rev. James M. Coffey.
Rev. J. H. Provost.

SPRINGFIELD:

Rev. J. J. O'Keefe.
Rev. J. P. Tuite.
Rev. Bernard S. Conaty.

Given such a committee it is not difficult to predict results. The clergymen composing it nobly typify the Church Militant, and stout of heart indeed would be the evangel-worker, who would set up his wiles under the eyes of—for instance—the reverend representative from Lawrence.

The Charitable Bureau recommended by the Committee is now established on a firm basis, His Grace, Archbishop Williams, defraying all running expenses. Although only six months old, it is already an indispensable factor in the charitable work of the Archdiocese. Turning again to the Directory, we learn the features of the work carried on by this agency.

CHARITABLE BUREAU.

Room 406, Colonial Building, 100 Boylston Street, Boston.
Tel. Oxford 1591-3.

OBJECT.—This office has been established as a Bureau of Information in reference to neglected and dependent Catholic children, in the care of State, Municipal and Private Charities. It will be the duty of the Bureau:

1st. To keep a list of all Charitable, or Reformatory Institutions and Homes, public or private, where such Catholic children may become inmates, together with any information that may be necessary concerning the methods and working of such Institutions.

2d. To keep a list of all Catholic children who are placed in these Institutions and Homes.

ABANDONED

3d. To see as far as it may be possible that Catholic children who become inmates of such Charitable or Reformatory Institutions shall not be exposed to influences prejudicial to their faith or morals.

4th. To keep a watchful eye on all Catholic children who are placed out from these Institutions, or by public authority, in families, and to see that such children live up to their Faith, and are properly treated.

5th. To keep a record of these children as to their location, and their religious history.

6th. To ascertain the names of Catholic families who are willing as a work of charity to accept and care for children that may be sent to them from the State, or Municipal Boards of Charity, or from Charitable or Reformatory Institutions, and to keep a directory of such homes, together with the names and addresses of such families, and confidentially of their character, circumstances, etc., and other matters likely to affect the moral or physical welfare of children committed to their care.

ASSOCIATION OF VOLUNTEER VISITORS.

An Association of Volunteer Visitors has been organized throughout the State, consisting of representative laymen whose duty it will be to work in conjunction with the clergy in looking after the religious interests of neglected and dependent Catholic children, as well as juvenile offenders, who are committed to the care of State or Municipal authority.

DUTIES.—The duties of the visitors are:

(1) To keep in touch with the sessions of the courts, and with the Overseers of the Poor, of the various cities and towns, and report to the Bureau all cases of Catholic children who are committed to the care of the State.

(2) To keep a watchful eye on those children after they are placed out in families, and to report from time to time the religious history of each child.

(3) To report any cases of Catholic children placed in Protestant families, or in the care of private charitable organizations.

(4) To find suitable Catholic homes in their district where such children may be placed by State or Municipal authority.

The finding of good homes is an important work, and to establish a connection between such homes and the children who need them it may be helpful to publish here the conditions desired by the State, and the rates paid where the children are placed as boarders.

The conditions of the homes desired by the State are (a) that they are away from crowded sections of the city,—if possible, in rural district; (b) that they have good moral surroundings, and (c) that there are but few children.

The rates paid by the State Board are as follows:

Children from 3 to 12 years of age; $1.50 per week, and suitable allowance for clothing and medical attendance.

Children from 2 to 3 years of age: $2.00 per week, and material for clothing, and medical care.

Children under 2 years of age: $2.75 per week, and material for clothing, and medical care.

The varied phases of the work undertaken by the Bureau are suggested in some of the cases cited. From many at hand I select the following as fairly representative. Each one speaks for itself, and affords abundant evidence of the need that existed for this good work.

This personal testimony, gathered from many sources, makes us realize more fully the mission of the Charitable Bureau, and should incite the desire to aid the Rev. Joseph G. Anderson in his apostolic work. As Chief of the Bureau Father Anderson has labored unceasingly, and through the exercise of his sound judgment, tact, and ready courtesy, has aided materially in the settlement of many a difficult issue involving the spiritual and temporal welfare of dependent children, the wards of State, civic, or denominational charities.

SOME CASES REPORTED TO CHARITABLE BUREAU.

A Catholic woman, whose husband was worthless, was dying of consumption, and a nurse from a local Protestant charity kindly cared for her in her illness. One day she told the dying mother that her children would have a good home in a certain family. But the mother knowing that the family were Protestants firmly refused to dispose of her children in this way. The nurse tried to shake her resolution, but finding it impossible to force her consent she left the house and returned no more. The case was reported to the Bureau, and prompt action was taken.

Another mother, suffering with a lingering illness, was ministered to by these people, and consented to sign over guardianship papers, giving them control of her children, who are at present in a Protestant family. The mother was sent to a health resort, by a Protestant charity, and before going called at the Bureau to ask that the children be given to Catholics if she should die during her trip. She was told that this could not be done as she had given the guardianship to the Protestant society. She was advised to withdraw the children and place them in care of the Bureau, through which agency good Catholic homes would be found for them. This she refused to do.

The influence of the Protestant home on a Catholic child is illustrated in a case reported—a girl who recently wrote to her mother to send her no more beads or prayer books, as she is now a Congregationalist.

A Catholic mother placed her child to board with a Jewish woman, and then deserted it. The woman called at the Bureau, and the child was placed by it in a Catholic institution. Two other cases were reported in the same way.

Thirty-five cases of children placed out to board by the State, on account of the neglect or drunkenness of parents, were reported by Bureau visitors. Without such a Bureau to safeguard their interests these children would have been lost to the Faith.

Numerous cases reported of Catholic children in care of Protestant societies. Efforts being made by Bureau to obtain control of those children.

Also cases where private Protestant societies have taken Catholic children from school and from the family, representing them as neglected children, and obtaining guardianship papers before anyone was aware of their purpose. The parents too ignorant or too destitute to offer any resistance.

The case was reported of children (of a Catholic father) who were not baptized and were living in a Protestant institution. By the action of the Bureau they were taken from this institution, baptized, and placed in Catholic homes.

A priest wanted information relative to a girl who had been sent to Lancaster School three years ago. She is now nineteen years of age, and is working in a Protestant family, having been placed there by the Lancaster School. Her father, a heavy drinker, has gone to Ireland to stay, and as home conditions are much improved by his absence, the girl's mother, a good woman, is anxious to get the daughter back. The priest wrote to the bureau, which communicated with a visitor, appointed from a K. of C. Council, and through his efforts the girl was found, in a very good family. She does not go to church though she would be allowed to go if she wished. The visitor's letter was sent to the priest, and an effort will be made to restore the girl to her mother.

A Protestant lady interested in a boys' club wanted to obtain guardianship of a ten-year-old boy, the child of a mixed marriage. She requested his stepfather to give her control of the boy for four years, at the end of which time he could choose his own guardian. The boy's home was fair, but, fearing that the stepfather might yield, the Catholic visitor wrote to the Bureau, and was instructed to see the stepfather, induce him to take out guardianship papers himself, and assure him that if he wished to place the child the Bureau would get him a good Catholic home. The stepfather was well disposed, showing himself not only willing, but anxious to act on the advice of the Bureau.

A family in Roxbury. Father worthless, mother obliged to go to work, two children, six and nine years, on the street all day. Fearing that these children would be taken up as neglected, Mr. Norris, of the Pere Marquette Council, reported their case to the Bureau, by whom the President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of that section was notified.

In Chelsea, a woman died forty-eight hours after giving birth to twin children. She also left a three-year-old child. The father had no relatives to take charge of children; the mother was a convert, and all her relatives were Protestants. As Protestants were anxious to get the infants the case was reported to the Bureau, by the Charlestown visitor, and was promptly seen to.

A boy living with his stepfather was so ill-treated that he took refuge with a kind Protestant family. The Bureau was notified. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was also interested in the case. Nothing could be gained by bringing it into court as the boy was of age to choose his own guardian, and his Protestant friends had been extremely kind to him. By the exercise of tact and good management the visitor arranged with the family to have the boy attend the Catholic church. Work was found for him, and the Bureau keeps a watchful eye on him.

Reading here and there between the lines of these reports we note the ever-insistent Protestant activity, and the question rises "How do these people become interested in the poor of the Catholic Church while well-to-do Catholics are ignorant of their condition?" There can be only one answer to the question. Our Protestant friends make our business theirs, and we permit them to do it. Responsibility is rarely assumed by outsiders unless those directly concerned show themselves unwilling or unable to assume it. Are lay Catholics unwilling or unable to take care of their destitute or unfortunate brothers and sisters in the Faith? Certainly not unwilling, or the vast charities dispensed by the Church could not be maintained. Perhaps the secret of much lay indifference is that the parish church is looked upon as a distributing agency to care for the needs of the poor of that particular parish, and that parishioners in comfortable circumstances content themselves with giving to the collections taken up at stated periods, or responding to calls made upon them privately for special cases. Catholics have a comfortable way of looking upon their priests, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society as their almoners, and have fallen into the habit of thinking that when they give money they give all that can reasonably be expected of them. "What can I do?" is a question that conscience frequently forces many of us to ask—and that we find it convenient to forget before an answer can shape itself in a practical way other than giving alms.

Those Catholics who plead the lack of wealth and leisure to excuse their indifference, need the example of such a worker as Mr. James J. Nolan, who has proved that neither is essential to the performance of a truly marvelous amount of charitable work. As a philanthropist and an intelligent student of public problems this gentleman acquired a fund of valuable information and experience that he placed at the disposal of the Bureau when he found that its aims were identical with projects that a committee of the Knights of Columbus had in view. As Chairman of this committee Mr. Nolan waited on the Chief of the Bureau, and plans were matured for extending the good work so auspiciously begun. Believing that the Knights of Columbus would be a powerful aid to the clergy, Mr. Nolan cheerfully undertook the task of securing their co-operation. Traveling through the State he addressed Councils here and there, talking publicly and privately until interest was aroused and volunteer visitors appointed from every Council. Each visitor has a district to watch over and to report to the Central Bureau. The wisdom of enlisting the co-operation of those energetic professional and business men has been repeatedly demonstrated. In addition to his platform work Mr. Nolan has obtained information as to Catholic representation on state and civic boards, and has personally investigated many cases and homes. He expresses his enthusiasm for the work and confidence in its results in these words:

> "While the Methodists have shown a wonderful zeal in collecting twenty million dollars to be devoted to evangelization, education, and charity, I feel confident that, if every Catholic layman and laywoman throughout the state will enter into this work in the locality he or she represents, a work infinitely more valuable—a work the value of which cannot be estimated in dollars—the saving of our youth to the Faith—will be accomplished to a very great extent."

Surely such an aim is worth working for. True we have hospitals, asylums, homes for young and old, splendid institutions founded and maintained in the spirit of charity, and administered by men and women whose consecrated lives exemplify the noblest type of charity. We lay Catholics look upon them with pride,

we extol their work, we give of our means generously to support it, and yet we incur and deserve censure for our inertia as regards personal service in parish activities. We neglect a field of labor that zealous Protestants till assiduously for the fruitful harvest they hope to reap among the children. Associated with these active propagandists are many truly good-hearted, charitable men and women, actuated by the kindliest purposes and working for the pure motive of alleviating distress, and bringing a little brightness into desolate lives. Not being of the Faith they cannot realize the irreparable injury they inflict on a little child when they place it not only beyond the reach of Catholic training, but directly under Protestant influence and supervision. The material comforts are foremost in the non-Catholic mind, and the child who is well-fed, respectably clothed and housed, has pretty manners and kindly guardians, is looked upon as provided for, for here and hereafter. Resting content in this belief these good people put theory into practice, and shame Catholics by the extent of their personal work among the destitute and dissolute classes. They found settlements with their ramifying activities of clubs, classes, nurseries, gymnasia, flower missions, etc., and equip them with a working corps to carry their plan of action across the thresholds of wretched homes and reach every member of the family. Their good works need only the Faith to give them an enduring value. They seek out the children, gather them into bands, feed them, clothe them, instruct and amuse them, and when adverse circumstances throw the little unfortunates on the world they willingly assume control of them. It must be remembered that all this is *lay* work carried on generally under church auspices.

It has been repeatedly said that if Catholics would counteract such influences they must study the methods of the evangelizing sects. Do we need to study their methods? Let us glance at the reports of a few of these philanthropic associations to note their working plans and what they have achieved.

From the data on my desk I take at random the report of the Elizabeth Peabody House, in the West End, Boston, for the year 1902. In the opening page we learn that the work of this organization has yielded strong and fine results, and we are referred to the sub-report of the Head Worker for a detailed account. Turning to it, the first sentence arresting our attention is this—"With our lives drawn closer to those of our neighbors, we see more clearly and know more intimately much that cannot but sadden, and yet we would not be without the knowledge that enables us to meet a little more surely a situation for which the utmost limit of human wisdom and strength would not be too great."

When people who have so little to gain from their labors feel this responsibility so keenly, what shall be said of Catholics who do not seek to acquire the knowledge which draws them closer to their less fortunate neighbors, or who, having this knowledge, ignore the obligations it imposes upon them?

Farther on we learn that on the House books there are sixty-two Irish families:

> "And no people in our neighborhood are in such need of friendship and encouragement. . . . A number of well-to-do Irish families occupy houses on McLean and Allen streets, but with those and a few other exceptions, our Irish neighbors, the failures of an earlier emigration, have lost ambition, and must have advantages placed very nearly before their eyes and must be patiently encouraged to use them. Our Irish children are very promising children, and everything possible should be done to lift from them the burden of their parents' hopelessness, which, in too many instances, has led to intemperance—that curse of the Irish race, hopelessness and drunkenness acting and reacting in a vicious circle."

That there are sixty-two Irish families listed at the Elizabeth Peabody House does not mean that sixty-two Catholic families are cared for by it; and again there is the well-grounded suspicion that the number of Irish quoted in any charitable or criminal record is largely swelled by misrepresentation. "What is your real name, Michael Finnegan," asked a Judge, in a New York Court, of a man charged with drunkenness. "Ole Olsen, your Honor," was the prompt reply. Probably there are some Ole Olsens among the sixty-two Irish families registered at this particular House, but making all due allowance for the number to be deducted as non-Irish and non-Catholic no doubt there is still a too large percentage of Catholics, or, to be accurate, nominal Catholics. Their hosts have specified the class to which they belong. But unfortunately the innocent suffer for the guilty in all such cases and the children of these degenerates are in imminent peril of being lost to the Church through participation in the opportunities opened to them by the Elizabeth Peabody House. Turning again to the report, we get an idea of the various enterprises operated by this society:

"We have now in operation twenty-six clubs and classes: eight for younger girls, three for older girls, nine for boys, two for young men, and three mixed classes, in addition to the large Kindergarten Club, containing in all about three hundred and fifty members from six to twenty-five years of age. The subjects taught are parliamentary procedure, civics, current events, history, literature, French, embroidery, plain sewing, home-making, carpentry, basket-weaving, advanced kindergarten work, and by way of amusement, dancing, checkers and whist."

Some of those classes are conducted by Harvard and Radcliffe students. Passing over the various phases of the work for adults let us pause for a moment at the significant statement that the kindergarten is more valuable than any other work undertaken. It has fifty-five children registered, fifty on the waiting list, and one hundred were reluctantly turned away for lack of accommodation:

"The nationalities represented are Jewish and Irish, with a very few Italians. The proportion of children not Jewish has increased during the past year from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent, the result of a larger acquaintance among the very poor Irish of our quarter. Partly as a result of this, and also because we try to select the most needy of the applicants, we have among our number this year many children from very forlorn and wretched homes."

To remedy such conditions and establish a helpful sense of relationship between the homes and the kindergarten the mothers' meeting was established. Mothers "varying from the most intelligent Irish to the least intelligent Russian Jews came together for informal discussion of questions touching on the training of children," and also for the enjoyment of a social half hour.

Throughout the report there is abundant evidence of admirably organized system and unwearying devotion — two forces that should prove irresistible if merely human agencies availed. And yet there is this disheartening admission:

"We have done our best in our neighborhood for another twelve months, but the homes are not yet clean and attractive; the standard of living is not greatly raised; the back-yards and alleys and even the main streets are often indescribably dirty; there has been no political reform to make Ward Eight a shining example in municipal life; the children have not become absolutely honest, truthful, or even well-mannered. Here and there something has been accomplished in individual cases, but the old fight must go on, on the old terms. The same ground must be patiently covered again and again and again. We must continue in a very humble way, trying each year not to do new things, but to better the established work, and, with increased knowledge of conditions, striving to create ideals of domestic, civic, and moral order and beauty."

Take up next the 38th Annual Report of the Boston Children's Aid Society,

which, as its name implies, includes a wide area and limits its activity chiefly to one class. During the past year 1,957 children, representing the destitute, wayward, or neglected, have come under its ministrations. Just what present need there is for this organization (apparently not affiliated with any religious denomination, though having seven Protestant clergymen on the official staff and numerous churches and church bodies among its subscribers and donors), in a city like Boston does not seem clear. The special features of its work are home libraries and a placing-out agency. Why either? Boston has a branch of its public library in every district ,giving to every child who can read too many opportunities for miscellaneous reading; and through its corrective and charitable boards it is supposed to reach wayward and destitute juveniles. The official staff of this Aid Society and the list of visitors give little evidence of Catholic interest in the work, and yet Catholic children come under its operations. Naturally the thought arises, "Who selects the books?" And, still more important, "Who selects the homes?" There are no Catholic names on the committees in charge of these agencies. Among the cases cited is that of an East Boston boy, ten years old, over whom a widowed mother had no control. He was a truant, and his elder brother had served sentences in the Truant School. "Being a Catholic boy he was placed in a fine Catholic family on a Massachusetts farm," where he is still (ten years later), and now earning good wages. It would be instructive to know what has become of other Catholic boys, whose new homes were not selected with the same conscientious regard for their religious belief. For the future such cases will be controlled by the Charitable Bureau, and no doubt the Children's Aid Society will be highly pleased to have its work thus lessened.

Now let us glance at the home libraries. Here is the plan of working:

"Each of the fifty-three little libraries brings a variety of incident and influence to a group of about ten boys and girls from a given neighborhood definitely enrolled in its membership. Once a week the group meets with its volunteer visitor, or the general visitor from the office, and the child-librarian, one of their own number, in whose home the library has been placed. Twenty books at a time are furnished, and, when read, are replaced by a fresh set. The corps of volunteer visitors has included within the year seventy-two men and women."

In one instance a room was rented, for a library, from a family who were being supported by the St. Vincent De Paul Society. Catholic children were grouped into a library band, and one of their number, an altar boy, found special favor in the eyes of the visitor. She took him to her home, entertained him, flattering the mother by the attentions she bestowed on the child, and before the indifferent or careless mother realized his danger this boy was lost to the Church on whose altar he had served.

This result of home library work is not recorded in the report.

The social pleasures are not neglected. We note here and there such pleasant paragraphs as this:

"We are greatly indebted to ladies and gentlemen connected with the First Congregational Church of Wakefield for a fine outing for eighty children, in August."

That the importance of the library work demands its extension is thus set forth:

"The conviction has been growing that the time has come for an extension of the library work. Two paid visitors instead of one, a larger force of volunteers, and a corresponding increase in the number of libraries ought now to be attempted. The little libraries open up the homes and very hearts and lives of poor children to every good influence. Could there be a better field for preventive

effort? Have we fully occupied it? May not the snug little home library be utilized to a larger extent to save children among the poor from that paucity of wholesome entertainment and inspiration which is the fatal feature of their poverty, as the opposite is the most valuable possession of the well-to-do? We want money for another salary, and a thousand dollars to cover the initial cost of forty more libraries at twenty-five dollars each. The increase of the libraries should not even halt temporarily until they reach the total of a hundred."

Visitors render monthly reports, of which two are embodied in this general report, presumably as highly representative of the satisfactory results achieved. The first records the interest excited among a group of Irish and Italian children in Franklin Court, off Norfolk Avenue, Roxbury, in "Library afternoon." These children were loaned pictures to hang in their rooms for two weeks, thus establishing an art exchange on a small scale, and, the stickler for hygiene might say, establishing a fruitful means of communicating disease. The little library members also conducted a sale from which they realized $2.50, which was sent to a Sunshine Society in New York; and ten of the older girls (eldest fourteen years) gave a tea in the coal cellar of the president's apartment house at which the visitor was asked to pour. "We had a large toilet pitcher full of black, strong tea, raw cocoanut cut in triangles, bananas half black, some mixed candy and a baker's pie," chronicles the visitor, joyously earnest.

The other report deals with a group of boys from fifteen to nineteen, "who have read very few of the books sent us this fall," admits their director. "Father Powell of the Brotherhood of St. John told the boys stories of his travels, and a kind lady promised to go down some night and read them one or two Italian stories in the original"—which suggests the locality interested. "These meetings with bright people stimulate the boys greatly," says their friend, who completes his report by announcing his intention to go down to the North End occasionally during the summer and look the boys up. The general report closes with an appeal for an increase of gifts to meet the increasing needs of the Society.

I have given considerable space to reviewing the reports of these two organizations because they are typical of many others working on similar lines, and to know what these lines are is helpful. It is a little like getting inside the enemy's picket and learning the plan of campaign.

Apart from the serious results it records, the literature of some charitable and philanthropic enterprises makes pretty reading. We are indebted to it for two American myths not discovered by Jeremiah Curtis—the poor woman who weeps when presented with a bouquet, and the poor city child who has never seen a cow. The mist of sentiment is a delicate thing, and I hate to dispel it, but, charming as it is, it is at times obscuring, as when it prevents a visitor from discerning that the woman bursting into tears at the sight of flowers is a woman overworked or underfed—or both.

How much of this work has an enduring value? How much of it tends directly to engender pauperism, or to encourage the grasping element, present in every community, and always alert to get something for nothing? It is advisable to ask these questions as some of our coreligionists are exclaiming: "It would be well for us if we had such schemes for attracting our young people. Our boys and girls wouldn't attend Protestant affairs if there was more interest taken in them by the priests." These unreflecting critics should look around them. They will be astonished to find that the best features of the work they so much admire are in active operation under Catholic

auspices, in Catholic parishes all over the United States. Here, for instance, is the "Outing" idea extensively demonstrated:

"Rev. Dennis McMahon, director of the Fresh Air Guild of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, New York, has purchased a twenty-five acre farm at Valley Spring, N. Y., to be used as a summer home for poor children. The Guild has had a farm at Baychester, N. Y., for five years, providing for one thousand children during the season. The new farm already has buildings for two hundred children at a time, or three thousand during the summer."

But we do not need to go outside of Massachusetts for illustrations. Within a radius of a few miles there are more than I can enumerate. Thus in the Cathedral parish Rev. F. X. Dolan, D.D., is quietly perfecting his plans for the summer outings of hundreds of little children from the South End, who are to be his guests on daily excursions and during delightful vacations, when their Sunday School teachers will care for them in the summer Home at Houghs Neck; Father Gasson, S.J., is directing the activities of the St. Elizabeth's Guild among the poor children of the Immaculate Conception parish; the genial Rector of the Mission Church, Roxbury, is rejoicing at the success of Father Hayes' work among the boys, whose Club in the brief time since its inception has passed from an experiment to a permanent basis as a force for good; Father McQuaid of St. James' is extending the scope of the work of the Girls' Industrial Club, and St. Mary's Infant Asylum is growing in usefulness every year under the wise guidance of Father Ronan. Father Paterson of St. Vincent's, and Father Walsh of St. Joseph's, have splendidly equipped houses conducting various clubs and classes. Out in Jamaica Plain Monsignor Magennis conducts a noble work in the instruction of the deaf, dumb and blind,—and in Cambridgeport there is a magnificent monument to the memory of the late Father Scully in the good accomplished by the works he instituted to interest and instruct his boys and girls, and which are being ably administered by his successor, Father Doody. In the North End parishes there are many manifestations of the pastors' zeal in promoting activities to meet the needs of all classes of parishioners.

In every parish where there is a married woman's sodality there is a Mothers' Meeting, often with a membership roll running into four figures, and representing in its personnel mothers drawn from every walk in life, all meeting on the same plane, thus avoiding un-American distinctions of class and caste. It would be difficult indeed to find a parish in the archdiocese that is not carrying on some notable work, including in its benefactions more particularly the needy children of the Church. But too often the entire responsibility devolves upon the clergy already overburdened with the manifold duties of large city parishes.

No, we do not need to borrow methods from our Protestant friends. We can study the vital principles of their philanthropic work, where they originated under the fostering influence of the Church. It is infinitely to our discredit that, while Protestants remember, whatever their ultimate motive may be, we Catholics forget one of the first lessons the Church impresses on her children, the performance of corporal works of mercy. Too often almost the entire responsibility of such duties is added to the burden the always limited number of priests in a city parish are expected to bear. We have the methods, we have the spiritual directors to instruct us as to their best use, but we sadly need more lay workers, more individual zeal, more willingness to give personal service as well as money. The wealthy leisure class of Catholics are sadly derelict in the performance of duties

eagerly discharged by non-Catholic men and women, such as teaching in the Sunday Schools, visiting the poorer children in their homes to learn of conditions there that their more fortunate circumstances may help them to better, caring for the sick, encouraging the hopeless,—in brief, rendering the hundred and one little services that intelligent humane lay people can render unobtrusively and effectively. The singular lethargy manifested by many lay Catholics, particularly among the married women and young men, in promoting parish activities calling for continued effort, is so general that were it not for the working girls, (some of whom are too young and inexperienced to be efficient) the Catholic Sunday schools would be practically without teachers. Contrast this with the activity of the Protestant American who finds his own country too inadequate for the exploitation of his plans, and is therefore engaged in seeking to evangelize Italy through his American Sunday school system.

"Sunday-school work in Italy is at a low ebb," he writes. "There are but few schools, and most of them are only such in name. They know nothing whatever of our advanced methods of work. The Cradle Roll, Home Department, methods of advanced primary work, etc., are without a single illustration here. I have held or attended by special invitation many meetings, and finally the Florence Sunday-school Union is a fact, and promises well, and I believe quite a number of organizations will follow. We have reasonable assurance of one in Rome, Naples, Palermo, and perhaps Milan and Turin."

And yet despite all these "advanced methods" we find American teachers asking for suggestions to keep their classes together during warm weather. One of the suggestions offered by a denominational organ is this: "Provide plenty of good, cold water. Some Sunday schools provide lemonade."

Shall we waste time if we look into the home department for a moment? We get its working in this little story:

"A week passed, and Mrs. Abott had an uncomfortable sensation of neglected duty.

Suddenly the thought came: "I *must* ask some one today. I might ask the woman in the laundry. But how useless! I'm sure she's not one who will study her Bible. But she needs to! Shall I venture? It is not in her line. I'm quite sure I heard her swear when the machine caught. But perhaps, for that very reason, I should ask her."

Going to the laundry, she sat down by the tub, and began:

"Mrs. Terry, do you go to church, or to Sunday-school?"

"Let me tell you about my class," she said. "It is called the Home Department class, and is for people who cannot go to the Sunday-school or the church, but who want to study the Bible. Will you join my class?"

This is home department work in which Catholic women have no part. Individual interpretation of the Bible in the laundry may be cheerfully left to their Protestant friends. But they have other ways of doing good, and here and there, to their credit be it said, they are doing their share nobly. This is as it should be, for there is very much that women can do more tactfully and thoroughly than men in conducting charities dealing directly with domestic concerns. It is to be regretted that the time and energy now wasted on purely social functions are not devoted in more generous measure to worthier purposes. With the ranks of educated Catholics increasing every year there should be a proportionate increase in the aggregate of good they accomplish. The pity of it is that so many young people set up false ideals and centre their ambition on a standard of living that is essentially vulgar, because pretentious; and dangerous to morals inasmuch as it frequently demands the sacrifice of principle to expediency. Graduates of Catholic colleges and convent schools should have a higher aim in life than to shine in society —the most ephemeral of all successes.

There is a wide field for these and all other capable workers in the many activities of the city parish. No part of the work is more important than that dealing with the children of the poor and dissolute —the latter class presenting an almost hopeless problem.

When I say the poor I mean the destitute. In every large parish there are hundreds of homes suggesting poverty in their limited environment and sparse furnishings, and when crises in family affairs occur, compelling a temporary suspension of some of the domestic processes, the scenes they present are not indicative of scrupulous regard for order and neatness. Yet these homes are all right. There is no dirt in them that soap and water can't wash off, when the mother has time "to pick up and straighten out" as she would say herself. She may be preparing her girls for First Communion or graduation, or some other important event, and minor matters must wait on the making of the outfit, every stitch of which she sews herself. But this is how the situation impresses the lady visitor, who leaves her well-appointed home in the care of servants while she pays an early visit to what she is pleased to call "the slums."

"It was perfectly dreadful!" she confides to her intimates over five o'clock tea, or to the circle in the vestry room. "The little boy on the steps looked so neglected! His shoes were unlaced, and he was eating a pickled cucumber. Such a big cucumber! almost as long as himself! But it gave me an excuse to see what kind of a woman his mother is. You know we want to establish a home library in that neighborhood if we can get a suitable room. So I dropped in in a friendly way, to tell her how unwholesome pickled cucumbers are for little children. These Catholic mothers are so ignorant and so idle! Ten o'clock in the morning, and the dishes weren't washed! And I'm almost sure that the beds weren't made! And there was the mother sewing on some white stuff, while the baby was digging ashes out of the range with a tablespoon. He was as black as the stove!"

There is a chorus of exclamations: "How shocking!" "Those dirty Catholics!" "Wouldn't you like to give him a bath!" "If we could only get him into the lend-a-hand nursery!" "Or arrange a week for both of them at the Mother's Rest," etc.

With all their education and superficial refinement these people do not realize that to intrude on such a home would be a gross impertinence. The woman who administers its affairs is competent to do so. She combines legislative and executive functions, and accomplishes more in a year than those fine ladies do in a lifetime. She is a heroine, and in the history of American growth there is nothing stronger and finer than her work in rearing boys and girls to sterling manhood and true womanhood. When her husband gives her his pay envelope with the seal unbroken he gives her all that she needs to carry out the plans devised by her quick intellect to maintain a decent, self-respecting way of life. It is only when the envelope ceases to come, or when its contents are passed over the bar instead of into a wife's careful hand, that her difficulties overwhelm her. Then indeed she needs help, but not the charity of strangers, or the scheming interest of proselyting meddlers. The friendly assistance and sympathy of those of her own belief should lighten her burden, and it should be the privilege of her sisters in the Faith to sustain and encourage her.

But most needy of all, most insistent in their appeals to the hearts of all good men and women are the children of the dissolute. We cannot deny that many of them are Catholics, so many, alas! that our asylums and homes cannot provide for them

all. So much more reason for lay endeavor. God alone knows the depths of misery these little ones sound before public charity intervenes in their behalf. They are practically at the mercy of the monsters who gave them life. During their parents' drunken frenzy they are beaten, starved, driven out into the streets in all kinds of weather and at any hour of the day or night, or abandoned ruthlessly, even infants being left to perish for want of food or from exposure. Cast upon public charity while their natural protectors are serving time in penal institutions, these unfortunate children are dragged back to squalid rooms, by their parents, on their release, or pretended reform, only to be again thrown on the world when vice once more claims its votaries. What wonder that the little creatures turn with affection and confidence to the kindly men and women who come to them in their dire need, and open to them homes that, in contrast to what they have known, are as ante-chambers of heaven.

And such they will be in all truth if they are homes informed by Faith, where good Catholic fathers and mothers exert their beneficent influence in training young lives in a knowledge and observance of God's laws—such homes, in brief, as this association of priests and laymen have set themselves to secure for the misplaced or homeless children of the Church. Let it be the earnest effort of every Catholic man and woman to aid them.

IN OLD QUEBEC.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

In old Quebec when evening steals
A sad, gray shade, from door to door;
And when the bellman softly peals
The quavering chime he learned of yore;
The sentinel upon the hill
Grows drowsy with the watch he keeps;
A strange spell tempts his lagging will,
The river lulls him—and he sleeps.
Then slowly through the quiet town,
In quaint, fantastic, brave array,
From narrow highways bent and brown,
From leaning mansions mossed and gray,
A hundred noiseless phantoms slip,
A hundred ghosts that time nor space
Nor any rite of hand or lip
Shall banish from their ancient place.
Once more stern warriors sword to sword
Defend the bastion lone and bare;
Once more slim squire and velvet lord
Parade with gay disdainful air;
Ecstatic monk and nun apart,
Tall chief and hunter pacing slow,
Bestir the city, till its heart
Grows warm with joys of long ago.
In old Quebec the midnight wind
Sweeps down with sudden ruthless shock.
The river moans and tries to find
A higher fissure in the rock.
The drifting mists in white clouds rise
To where the upper ledges shelve;
And with a score of shivering sighs
The watchman wakes and mutters "twelve!"

THE RED PETTICOAT.

BY REV. FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLEY.

Some years ago a good parish priest went off to Ireland on a well-earned vacation. Before leaving he had the temerity to promise that, on his return, the congregation would get all the news he could gather of the "auld dart," in the form of a lecture in the school hall. Of course when he did come back he tried to escape the consequences of his rash promise; but some had good memories, and the Altar Society was in need of funds. Father Tom had to come to it. Just as he was about to step up to the platform a good old lady of the parish, alone in the world, but renting a whole pew, came to whisper a word into his ear. She must have been related to that other delightful old soul who remarked that the Lakes of Killarney were "very pictherskew." "Father Tom, dear," said she, "don't say a word about the red petticoats." "I won't," said Father Tom. And he didn't.

Bless that good old lady's heart, she had for many years worn the same red petticoats, and I'll wager looked well in them; but now the drugget was discarded for the silk and she wanted to forget. But it was the drugget that made a woman of her.

"She was too vain?" you say? Well just a bit, but she was also human, and therefore again I say: Bless her good old heart. Then, too, the rest of us have just a taste of the old lady's disease. The red petticoat is a worry to many an alderman's good wife, and sometimes it troubles the minds of the judge's pretty daughters who were educated at the Madams' and are above all that. That's most human too. I could bless their young hearts with as great an unction as I do that of the old lady, and smile kindly, without the suspicion of a sneer.

Yet I don't want to forget the red petticoat myself. Not for an instant, even if I do wear a silk tile and my tongue refuses to be trained to the sweetnesses of the brogue that floats like music all around the Emerald Isle. Alas! that latter is perhaps my misfortune but I hope I'll never be so lost to a sense of the beautiful as to boast of it. Still I was not born in Ireland, nor was my father before me, but I had dear old grandparents who were, and the tales of "how Kelley fought the spirit," of the ghostly funerals, of the keeners, of the Stand at Limerick Hill, and all the rest, are still potent to bring smiles and tears. No, thank God, I don't forget the red petticoat.

"Now what are you driving at?" breaks in my practical friend, Father Tom himself.

Oh, just this. I sent a sketch to an editor of a Magazine. It was accepted all right. But you see it dealt with the Red Petticoat period in Irish annals, and my hero used the brogue and was given to tasting a drop from a black bottle now and then. Of course I reformed him and made a man of him, but—well just hear what the Editor says: "You'll catch it for your brogue just as soon as the story appears in print. Let me warn you that A. B. was severely criticised for his story. We must forget that the brogue was ever used by 'Our Race.' When I ask Mrs. H.— for a story now, I suggest that she take her characters from the Peerage. This is to satisfy our own in America, who object to brogue in any shape or form—etc.—etc."

"He's right," emphatically cried Father Tom. "You'll catch it and you deserve it, for writing such stuff instead of preparing your sermons and studying your

Theology. Here's a case of Conscience now—"

Father Tom could tell you how many angels might dance on the point of a needle, and tell it too in Ciceronian Latin. When I had a knotty point for conference I always let Father Tom solve it for me. It was much easier on me—and it pleased Father Tom. But that's off the present discussion; and besides Father Tom never forgot the Red Petticoat. So I had no quarrel with him. He remembered it all in a different way. If we all do that I am satisfied; but God help us if we forget it.

It seems to me that one of the faults of Celtic blood is that of "going it too strong." Our very loyalty is extreme. Was it thirteen who were recently jailed in Philadelphia for venting their indignation a little too strongly over "Muldoon's Picnic" or some like dramatic outrage? I know that it was an outrage; and because we want to crush out the repetition of that we go to the other excess. We carry the thing to the bitter end. And the end is often very bitter indeed.

There ought to be some wise one to mark the bounds and arrest us at the line of danger. I wonder if we are really ashamed of the brogue? Are we to forget our humble ancestry, and remember only the lordly progenitors of the race? Is Earl O'Callaghan to take the place of plain Barney in our literature? Must the leprechaun give way to the aristocratic ghost who walks when "graveyards yawn"? Must the banshee's wail be drowned in the jangle of the spinnet? Is the good old Irish reel to yield to the graceful tomfoolery of the minuet? Take care, my brother, lest in your zeal you destroy the very soul in the Celtic story, and replace it by mock pride and hopeless lust for blue blood. No cultivation could make the Irish blood anything but healthy, pure and red. Go on and prosper, but don't—don't forget the Red Petticoat.

Yes! Yes! I know. I'm not closing my eyes to the glory of Ireland a Nation. I know of Murdach and Milesius and Connor and the rest. I know of Clontarf and Benburb. I know of the saints and the doctors, the minstrels and the harpists, the Thane and the gallowglass that were the glory of former ages. But these do not make the Celtic story worth remembering. Nor do they draw one loving tear from the stranger's eye, nor receive more than a passing glance from the historian who is used to meeting great warriors, learned priests, and sweet singers in his literary wanderings. That is not the Ireland humanity dares not hate, but perforce must love. If it were we, too, like the expatriated Englishman, Russian or Swiss, would forget the old land in the splendors of the new; or remember it only to boast like false-hearted braggarts. Even Sarsfield could not win us a loving word till he died an exile and wept that it was not his own land that greedily drank his soldier blood. Our hold on the affections of humanity got its first power from such sights. It is the Ireland that thus leaped into being which is our pride and joy, if we only realized it, and our best claim on the world's admiration. And all that is from the land of the Red Petticoat.

Perhaps I am wrong, but with the blood that knows a nobler fight than Clontarf in me how can I help loving the humble cabin that I realize was so long my only ancestral castle; and why should I sigh for the lordly walls that protected the might of the Hy Maines? There is sweet music to me in the silver notes of the Irish brogue. It's better than the Gaelic, for it tells a better and truer story. It's a softening of the harsh gutturals of the invader. It makes his very language Irish and improves it in the transfiguration. It ever proclaims that he has not conquered, but that even yet Union

may mean his own subjugation. They say that in Dublin the English language is spoken at its best. I believe it. English never knew its own beauty till it rose into tender music under the baton of Moore, till its cold measure was warmed into love and light beneath the gentle fire of Goldsmith's Sweet Auburn. No Englishman could have written the Melodies. It was even the Celt in Burns that made him sing a tender song to a wounded daisy. Without the Celt, particularly the Irish Celt, English patriotism would still sing of roast beef and braggadacio.

What beauty is in every legend wrapped up, not in Castle Daly, but in the cabin of Patrick Daly the peasant. If the Oriental had better he did not tell them in the Arabian Nights. If the world has tenderer love stories, stronger heroes, and purer heroines, why does the world not boast of them? Hans Anderson could not invent such fairies no more than Milton could reach the sublimity of Ossian. For the depths, or for the ripple, the Irish story stands unrivalled.

Superstition? Of course it is. Grand, glorious superstition, that never descended to the thirteen-at-table or the don't-pass-under-a-ladder jackassery.

And for the vein of real religion, many a word might be said. But let the only word be that it is the Red Petticoat period that shows it at its best. Small glory for prosperous Ireland to have been peopled with saints and doctors. It was the natural fruition of a good seed, well planted in rich soil and carefully tended. But it is in humble Ireland, Ireland oppressed, Ireland bleeding, Ireland sold, Ireland ignorant, Ireland heart-broken, Ireland hopeless, that it shows to the admiration of the centuries and the ages.

If we forget that Ireland of thatched cabins and brogue we forget it all. Even the glory of Castle Daly will not recompense us for the loss. To forget it would do an irreparable injury to literature. We are but beginning to learn of the rich field for sympathetic treatment that is in that Red Petticoat period of Irish history. Let it not be forgotten that, in the bishop, priest, statesman, judge, alderman, millionaire, lawyer, merchant, farmer, if the blessed touch of the humble "Paddy" is gone he is nothing more than a "success." You can't be what God destined you to be if you forget the Red Petticoat.

For me, though I never saw Ireland, the smell of the turf smoke, the taste of the buttermilk, the fun, the frolic, the slaughter of Donnybrook, the blarney, the wild legends, the ballads, the fairies, the quaint speech,—for only there can I get the love, the laughter, the honor, the kindness, the generosity, the bravery, and the VIRTUE that glorifies the Story of the Gael.

Here's to the Red Petticoat.

COMATOSE FRANCE.

BY SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY.

In spite of the graphic newspaper accounts of the operation of M. Combe's Law against the Congregations, it is impossible for any one outside of France to quite realize what is going on just now in this (formerly) most Catholic country. The Republican Trinity of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, is for the moment as openly outraged and set at naught as the Blessed Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Whose worship and very name are abhorrent to the men who direct the affairs of the state. Deeds are daily done here under cover of the law which in the ages of Faith in France or even in the present incredulous age in most parts of the civilized world lead to revolution. But the twentieth century Frenchman, even when he is what is here termed *pratiquant,* is apparently not composed of the resisting material from which martyrs are made. The closing of convent chapels, and driving out of religious orders of which his brothers or sisters may be members, are met not with indifference perhaps but with sullen submission, or at best with a flutter of half-hysterical indignation bubbling up and dying down without being organized into effectual opposition, and rarely achieving any practical result. The battle, if it can properly be called battle, where the fighting is almost entirely on one side, is carried on at frightful odds. The Government (aided as one may well believe by the arch enemy of mankind) has so well laid its plans that when the hour for resisting some gross injustice arrives, the men who ought to bring all their strength to the encounter, are already weakened and discouraged before the contest begins.

It is easier far to face death in some bold stroke for faith and freedom than to pass safely through the network of petty persecutions which encompass a practical Catholic in all his comings and goings in this land of liberty. To begin with, a black mark is set against his name if he is brought up at a Catholic school (a disqualification against which the beneficent state desires for the future to guard at all costs its young citizens) and he is heavily handicapped by his religious convictions in each succeeding step of his career, his faith and his courage in many cases weakening as the road he travels becomes more and more difficult. Preference and promotion in official positions, and above all in the army, are practically reserved for zealous Anti-Clericals "*Que voulez vous mon ami?* You are a *devot,* you go too often to Mass" is considered a fair and sufficient reason for refusing advancement to an otherwise eligible candidate. The simple fact of being on friendly terms with his Curé, still more the graver misdemeanor of inviting a priest to dinner, would be enough to render any one in the Government service obnoxious to the authorities. From thenceforward he would be under observation, with prying eyes to spy out, and ready tongues eager to report anything which could be used to his disadvantage. This system of Espionage, and the kindred system of Protection, which enter so largely into French ethics (Clerical it must be admitted as well as Republican) are altogether contrary to the spirit of fair play which more northern nations have been taught to regard as a jewel.

From a schoolgirl going up for her brevet to the candidate for the highest post at the disposal of the Government it appears to be at least as essential to be well-protected and recommended, as to be able to pass the necessary examination, or to possess particular fitness for the position. In either case, and in the thousand intermediate ones, every available influence would be brought to bear on the

AVENUE DE LA GARE, NICE, SHOWING NOTRE DAME.

question, and friends, and the friends of friends, would be interviewed and begged to intercede with the examiners or with the minister who had the patronage at his disposal. To leave the applicant to be judged solely on his or her merits would appear to the average French mind to be wilful and culpable negligence.

This is a long digression. Let us come back to the persecution of the Congregations, and the curiously apathetic attitude of Catholic France under its tyranny. Here in Nice, from whence I write, it may be that the inhabitants, lulled by the seductive charms of azure sea and sky, enervated by winter sunshine, intoxicated by the perfume of ever-blossoming flowers, have degenerated into mere lotus-eaters incapable of defending their rights, and careless of anything beyond the enjoyment of the passing hour. But this apathy is not local to the pleasure-loving Riviera. It is spread throughout the length and breadth of the country. St. Martin Vesubie, where I spent the last two summers, is a village high up in the Alpes Maritimes. In winter time it lies under deep snow and is shut in from the outer world by great white mountains. During the more genial portions of the year, when it is crowded with visitors, the peasant population have to work hard for their livelihood, tilling the ground, irrigating, haymaking, and so on, from earliest dawn to sundown. The centre of the village is occupied by the parish church where at four o'clock in the morning most of the villagers assemble to hear Mass, and not only to hear it but to sing it in Latin, before setting off on their day's work. And eight o'clock in the evening brings them together again for night prayers. M. le Curé and M. le Maire between them rule the community without much difference of opinion, for the St.

SOLDIERS EXPELLING SISTERS FROM SCHOOL ON THE ESTATE OF MARQUISE DE MACMAHON, SULLY

Martinois are fortunate in having a *bon Chretien* as chief municipal officer. Sodalities of various kinds flourish, Children of Mary, Apostleship of Prayer, Holy Family, Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Black Penitents and White, in short every sodality which has been found helpful in forming the young to habits of virtue and in drawing their elders together in community of good works.

But beyond everything else, St. Martin Vesubie was happy in the possession of a little band of nuns, Sisters of St. Joseph, one of the active modern orders which are not even semi-cloistered, but go abroad doing good, becoming the teachers, nurses, servants, guardian angels of the people among whom they settle. These particular Sisters besides having charge of the local hospital, the girls and infant schools, the care of the church, etc., nursed the villagers in their own homes, directed the choir, gave the older girls lessons in domestic economy, took charge of the little ones while their mothers worked in the fields, helped everyone who needed help of any kind, and refined the rough manners of the mountaineers generally. There was not one person in the village who had not received some benefit of nursing or teaching at their hands, and they were loved and trusted accordingly, the Reverend Mother in particular being held in the highest affection and veneration, for, though not much more than a middle-aged woman she had taught the mothers of her present school children and had even given their earliest lessons to the village fathers. When one day in their wisdom the authorities in Paris decreed that the schools were to be forthwith laicised and the nuns dispersed, there was mourning and lamentation in the land. In my ignorance of French methods I assumed that the pious St. Martinois would rally round the convent and defy M. Combes and all his works and pomps. Though the protest would probably have been ineffectual, it seemed to me to be due not only to the devoted nuns, but no less due to the manhood of the villagers themselves, even though a few heads should have been broken in the attempt But French *paysans* appear to have more regard for the safety of their heads than is the custom among peasants of a race I am better acquainted with. It was another

A STREET IN THE OLD TOWN.

PROCESSION OF THE WHITE PENITENTS.

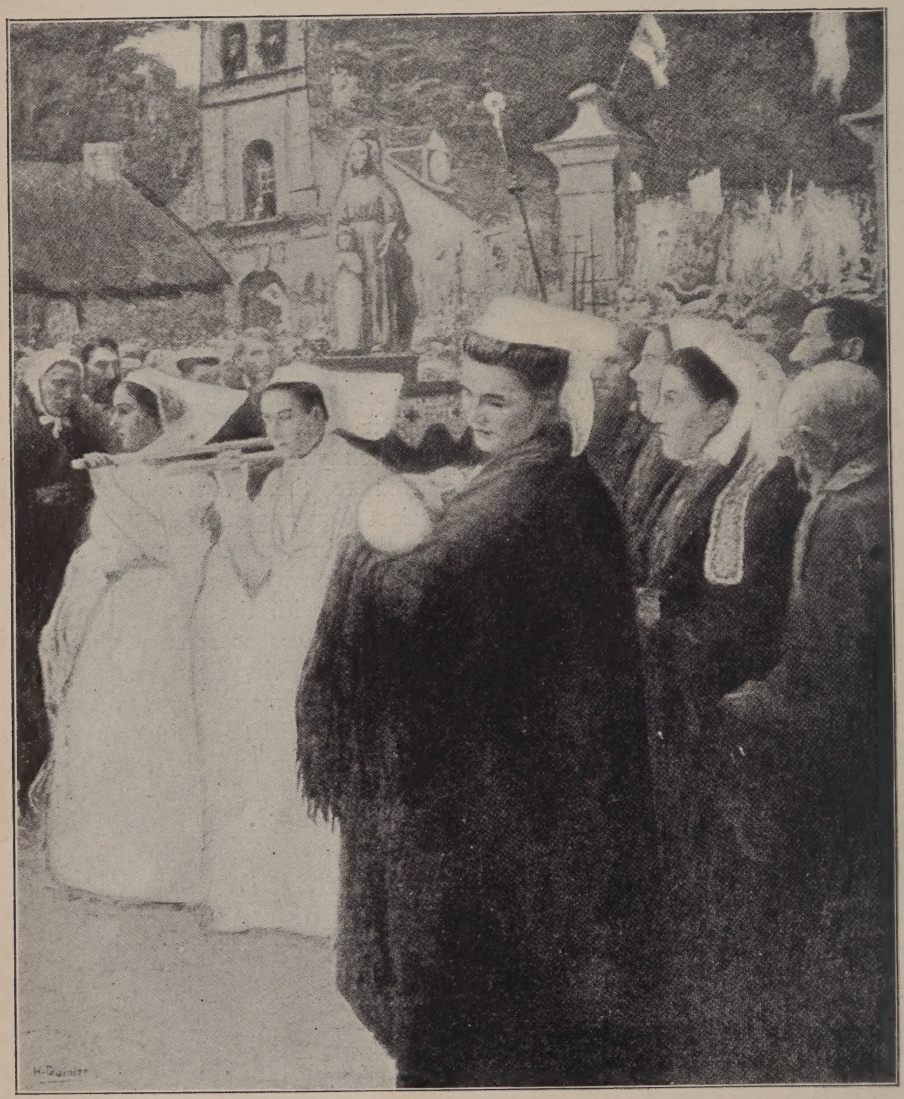
case of "*Que voulez vous?*" The government had spoken and there appeared to be nothing to be done but to submit. The villagers, men and women, wept and gesticulated over *les cheres Soeurs*, but all the same they permitted them to be driven out of the convent to find shelter where they could, without striking a single blow in their defence.

A MARKET WOMAN.

Since my return to Nice I have become inured to these outrages, as the law against Congregations is being enforced here with inveterate vigor. The clearance is carried on with order and system, and, beginning with the monks, will surely reach the nuns as soon as the men are dealt with. The Franciscans from the beautiful old monastery at Cimiez have been turned adrift and the communities at St. Barthelemy and St. Pous treated in the like drastic fashion. In each case the Superior alone has had permission to stay on as Curé in charge of the parish, and only on condition of ceasing to be a monk and becoming a secular priest. The proverb tells us "That it is not the cowl that makes the monk," but the habit counts for something, especially if it has been worn from youth to old age, and among the many trials the secularized Fathers have had to endure is the wearing of hats and boots, which they find irksome and unmanageable, accustomed as they have been from their noviceship to go bare-headed and bare-footed. One hardly knows which is more to be pitied, the poor monks driven out of the monasteries to

live as best they may, or the secularized Superior who remains alone in the great empty building, bereft of his spiritual children, and full of anxiety as to what may become of them in the wicked world into which they have been forced to return.

At a short distance from Nice is the shrine of Notre Dame de Laghet, for many centuries a favorite pilgrimage from all the towns of the Alpes Maritimes and the Italian frontier. Until a few weeks ago it was in charge of a Carmelite community, but they too have been dis-



ST. ANNE'S DAY PROCESSION.

NOTRE DAME DE LAGHET, FROM WHICH A CARMELITE COMMUNITY WAS RECENTLY DRIVEN OUT.

banded. The same fate awaits the Christian Brothers, and the Institution of Dom Bosco, where three hundred boys, waifs picked up in the street, are housed, fed, taught, humanized and trained to useful trades. The Oblats of Mary Immaculate had a little community, and a beautiful chapel much frequented by Catholic members of *la Colonie Etrangére*, a cosmopolitan gathering of people from all the ends of the earth. The Oblats have been dispersed, but the chapel which was to have been closed a month ago, is still open with one of the Order as Chaplain. This baffling of the enemy is due mainly to the zeal of an American lady, who, with the aid of some of the men among the congregation, organized resistance and absolutely held the chapel, day and night, while terms were being made. On one occasion she had been so long shut up in the chapel without food that her servants, becoming alarmed, sent the American Consul to the rescue, but he could not reach her. As the prosperity of Nice depends on the visitors it attracts, the *Colonie Etrangére* is naturally much considered, and this fact was relied on when the ladies, other than Frenchwomen, belonging to the chapel, went in a body to interview the mayor of the city, who is also a senator. And truly we were an imposing deputation, all *en grande tenue,* to produce an effect, and numbering in our company three princesses, a duchess, half a dozen countesses, a marquise or two, and a baronne, besides such military titles as Madam la Generale, and a sprinkling of untitled personages of more or less importance. Almost every European country, except France, was represented, and America and Australia sent contingents. M. le Maire looked very uncomfortable while several of the ladies in turn harangued him. We told him if our chapel were closed and we Catholics denied the rights accorded to Protestants of various denominations, and to Jews whose temples were not interfered with, we should have to seek sunshine in some freer country. We were in no way bound to Nice, and would not submit to tyranny. The remedy was in our own hands and he might count on our applying it. In short we spoke to such purpose that M.

ST. MARTIN-VESUBIE.

le Maire promised to go to Paris to interview M. Combes on our behalf. The result of our efforts was crowned with success, the chapel of the Sacré Coeur remains open to this day. The French portion of the congregation are glad to preserve the chapel on any terms, nevertheless it is a bitter humiliation to them that in their own country their feelings and desires should be less considered than those of strangers.

For so far the parish churches and the secular priests remain undisturbed, but there is an uneasy feeling abroad that when the orders are disposed of, further aggressions will be launched against religion. And in the meantime the nuns are to be dealt with, for French politeness has not considered it necessary to yield *place aux dames* on this occasion, and the monasteries have been the first to suffer. Here where the instruction of young girls of every class, the charge of orphanages and penitentiaries, the care of the sick, the aged, and even of the insane, is the work of different Sisterhoods, each one devoted to a special *oeuvre,* and carrying it on only as work can be carried on which is undertaken for love of God and of one's neighbor, it is impossible to conceive all the educational and charitable institutions laicised. The Sisters are so essential a part of the social fabric, almost every one having dealings of some kind with them, that it seems as if their banishment would herald universal chaos. It is difficult to believe that the thousands of practical Catholics who throng the churches on week days as well as Sundays will not be aroused to action when the teachers of their children, the devoted nurses of their sick, the helpful friends of all who need aid of any kind, are driven out of their convents without any provision to enable them to live in a world whose ways have grown strange to them. Many of these religious have grown old in the service of God, their kinsfolk are scattered or dead, and after lives ungrudgingly given to succoring others they cannot surely be turned adrift without an effort being made to save them. Catholic France is not dead, nor is it in the power of M. Combes to kill her, if only she takes courage and rouses herself from the dangerous inertia which makes her an easy prey to her enemies. Heaven helps those who help themselves.

IN SUMMER.

Photographs by Miss Gleeson.

THE EMBROIDERY CLASS AT WORK UNDER THEIR TEACHER, MISS S. YEATS. (The central figure.)

THE DUN EMER INDUSTRIES.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

REAT has been the progress of a very interesting enterprise lately started at Dundrum, County Dublin, by some Irish ladies. Miss Gleeson, a member of the Irish Literary Society in London, came over to Dublin in the autumn of last year, and with the view of setting up some new Irish industries, took over Dun Emer House. Dun Emer (the fort of Emer) is called after the beloved of Cuculain, who sang of her love:

"As the sea draws down the little Iolka*
So thou, O Cuculain, drawest me!"

and is situated close to Dundrum village, almost at the feet of the Dublin mountains.

Here, with the assistance of the Misses Yeats,—the clever daughters of Mr. John Butler Yeats, the well-known artist, and sisters of W. B. Yeats, the poet,—Miss Gleeson has started a school of embroidery, tapestry-weaving, and tufted rug-making. Miss Elizabeth Yeats has also a printing department, and in the autumn she expects a lady bookbinder to join their scheme. Isn't it Kipling who says somewhere—"I like people who *do* things"?—

*The Iolka is a river on the north side of Dublin city, and joins the sea near the mouth of the Liffey.

a sentiment in which most of us share. And certainly Miss Gleeson and her clever co-workers deserve our highest admiration and praise.

Just far enough from the city's noise and turmoil to give the necessary quiet and freedom from distraction, and yet not too far for reasons of convenience, Dun Emer is an ideal place to work in. A large, old-fashioned country mansion, standing in a pleasant lawn over-shadowed by tall trees which show but glimpses of the misty purple hills, and surrounded by gardens and greenhouses, its many windows framed in green shutters set back against the white walls, it gives a pervading sense of coolness and quiet. Within all is artistic and beautiful, from the broad winding staircase with its bold handsome curves,—they knew how to build houses in Dublin in those olden days,—to the curious, oak-framed, circular-topped doorway which leads from the dining room to less important apartments. The tasteful coloring of the walls, smoke blue like the mist on the mountains, or delightful dull gold, or soft green the color of moss, makes a most fitting background to the ancient oak furniture, the fascinating book-shelves, the quaint mantel-pieces which seem made for just such a house as this. Beautiful pictures and curios and old china are everywhere; in one of the queer round windows stands an Irish harp; in another, an old Irish spinning-wheel; and in the dining room our attention is held by a charming old dresser in carved oak. But if one were to attempt to describe even half of the beauties of Dun Emer there would be no space left to speak of the industries. In a little room off the large drawing-room we were given tea out of delicate hand-painted china cups, by our hostess, a very charming personality; and here she told us of how the idea came to her in London of start-

PUPILS AND TEACHERS AT DUN EMER.

ing the industries, and of the many difficulties that had to be first encountered and overcome.

The two workrooms,—one devoted to the printing press, and the other to the embroideries, weaving and rug-making,—are both upstairs. The embroidery room especially is a delightful place to work in, a spacious, handsome apartment well lighted by four large windows, two on each side of the house. There are at present eleven girls working here, besides Miss Gleeson and the Misses Yeats.

DUN EMER PRINTING PRESS WITH MISS ELIZABETH YEATS AND ASSISTANT AT WORK.

Two of the girls assist Miss Elizabeth Yeats at the printing, which is done in an old type on Irish linen paper especially manufactured for Miss Yeats at the Saggart Paper Mills, County Dublin. The first book to be published here is a volume of poems by W. B. Yeats, entitled "In the Seven Woods." The edition will be three hundred and twenty-five copies, and it will be partly printed in red. Miss Yeats is printing the whole of the book herself, with the help of her two village girls, and expects it to be ready early in this summer. The printing room is bright and sunny, its walls decorated by many wood-cuts, and with curious fanciful sketches by Mr. Jack B. Yeats, another and a younger artist, who is only a little less famous than his famous elder brother. One whole wall is occupied by a characteristic fairy scene from the brush of Mr. George Russell (AE) the painter-poet.

In the larger room the embroideries are presided over by Miss Yeats' sister, and Miss Gleeson takes charge of the tapestry-weaving and tufted rug-making. We were shown some delightful rugs, with a

thick, soft luxurious pile like the Donegal carpets which now fetch such high prices. One, with a design of delicate shades of green and blue on a pure white ground, with here and there the faintest touch of red, was especially charming, while no less fascinating was a smaller rug, showing, as design, an ancient Irish animal, half-snake, half-hound—a terrifying beast which made one doubly thankful to be living in the days *after* Saint Patrick. Here too were shown some of the weaving, very beautiful work reproducing the tints and designs of the old arras tapestries.

GIRL AT TUFTED RUG-MAKING.

The most interesting feature of the embroidery department is undoubtedly the banners, of which Miss Yeats hopes to make a specialty for church purposes, societies, etc. We saw some of those which were finished, notably one of St. Brigid, a beautiful grave little figure worked in silk and wool on a gold ground, the face and hands being painted in silk. There was another, the boy St. Patrick as he herded swine on the hills of Eire; these, as well as most of the banners, being worked from designs painted by Jack B. Yeats, whose clever wife designed another of the banners shown to us, St. Ita, with the child St. Brendan carrying a ship in his arms. Two others, one of St. Patrick and one of St. Columcille, were unmistakably and characteristically the work of A.E.

Besides the banners there are embroideries for other and more commonplace purposes, such as cushion covers, portieres, embroidered collars for dresses, etc. Here too the work is very beautiful. One piece covered with pink and white carnations, intended as a cushion cover; and

GROUP OF PUPILS AND TEACHERS.

another, a long strip with a unique and charming design of an orchard with apple-trees in bloom, the pink and white blossoms standing out against the vivid green of the grass and leaves; remain especially in one's memory.

In addition to all this Miss Elizabeth Yeats has every Saturday a brushwork painting class, to which all the workers come, and outsiders upon payment of a guinea a term. She told us that the young girls, who are only fourteen or fifteen years of age and have never had a paintbrush in their hands before, are delighted with the painting, and have made wonderful progress. Picturesque little figures they are too, in their working smocks, with bright, happy, clever little faces. They paint from real flowers, and design every second lesson.

When one considers that all this work was begun as recently as last December, one feels amazed at the remarkable progress already made, which certainly does infinite credit to the capabilities and industry of the ladies in charge. As we examined the work and admired the beauty of the designs, and their execution by these Irish village children, we thought involuntarily of the Book of Kells and of the talent which made it immortal. And we felt glad to think that there is so much real talent in the country still, alive though latent, only waiting to be kindled into flame by the clever brains and hands of such teachers as these.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XIX.

CEREMONIAL OF THE MASS EXPLAINED (CONCLUDED).

III.

It would perhaps be well, at this point of our investigation, to explain briefly for those who are not fully acquainted with it, our doctrine regarding the Holy Mass; otherwise it will be impossible for them to form a correct notion of the ceremonial itself. One of the great difficulties in this and similar cases is that the great body of separated brethren form very strange ideas of our belief; they often attribute to us what we either condemn, or reject as absurd. I know that in the past it was somewhat difficult for them to procure accurate information, and it has been frequently found that those who were most in error were those who imagined themselves best acquainted with our tenets. For a complete exposition of this great central doctrine of the Catholic faith, I would refer my readers to the last four issues of this Magazine. I would here simply repeat that, in the first place, Catholics believe in the Transubstantiation; and secondly, they believe that the Body and Blood of Christ thus made present are truly offered in our behalf in the sacrifice of the Mass. We Catholics believe that the Body of Christ is present really, truly and substantially on our altars, after Consecration, and not in its natural mode of existence. St. Paul, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians (XV. 35) in the following verses makes this clear. Here the apostle treats of resurrection after death. It is a doctrine of the Catholic Church that all men shall rise in the same identical bodies which were theirs during their mortal pilgrimage; the bodies in which they shall arise will be truly, really, and substantially the same which they had before death; yet they shall be changed in their mode of existence: "it is sown a natural body, and it shall rise a spiritual body." (I Cor. XV. 44). That is to say, its identity will continue, but its manner of subsisting shall be changed; its attributes and qualities will not be such as they were during its natural and mortal state, but shall resemble those of the spirit world. Here is the testimony of Christ Himself. In Sts. Matthew XXII. 30, Mark XII. 25, and Luke XX. 36, He says: "In the resurrection they shall be as the angels of God in heaven." They shall be no longer subject to the laws that govern bodies in their natural mode of existence, but shall be ruled by laws peculiar to the spiritualized state to which they shall have passed.

We Catholics know and believe that Christ arose from the dead, and that His Body is no longer in its natural but is now in its spiritualized mode of existence. We know of no absurdity more ridiculous than to argue respecting the Body of Christ as if it were subject to the laws which govern those bodies that are merely in their natural state. We know that the glorified Body of our Saviour entered the chamber in which the disciples were, though the doors were closed, (St. John XX. 19-26). We also believe that though the Almighty has established general laws by which bodies produce upon our senses what we call appearances, still these laws are not so uniform and constant as not to admit of some exceptions. But let us suppose no ordinary exception. We believe,

as every intelligent Christian should, that the Creator Who made those laws has power, when He thinks proper, to except one or more cases from such law. This is proven in the Old and New Testaments.

We Catholics, therefore, hold that no difficulty can arise from our doctrine of the Real Presence and the principles of natural philosophy, because these principles only apply to bodies in their natural state of existence, which is not the case of the Body of Christ in the Eucharist, because this Body is endowed now with the qualities of spirit of whose relation to space, if any, we are totally ignorant, save that we know *One Spirit* that is whole and entire at every imaginable point. *He fills all space by His immensity,* and yet He leaves room for all creatures; He is everywhere, and yet He is, as it were, multiplied in every spot of the universe. We also know that created spirits manifest their correspondence to certain points of space, without being circumscribed as bodies are in this mortal state. St. Augustine says of the human soul, that not only is it whole and entire throughout the body, but it is whole and entire through each and every part thereof. Besides, we have manifest scriptural evidence that our blessed Saviour, after His resurrection, was in at least two distinct places at the same time. Our Protestant brethren say that it is impossible for Christ to be present in the Eucharist because St. Peter declared that He must remain in Heaven until the times of the restitution of all things (Acts III. 21). Granted, so far as it declares that Jesus Christ in His glorified flesh remains in heaven, forever sitting at the right hand of God, (Heb. X. 12). But we are also informed in the same book of the Acts of Apostles, (Chap. IX. 17), that He appeared to St. Paul on this earth on the road between Jerusalem and Damascus, whilst He was also in Heaven, (Chap. XXVI. 16). The apostle shows that it was not a mere spiritual vision, for he founds upon this bodily exhibition, the argument of the truth and reality of the resurrection.

The only fact now remaining regards the fact of Christ's declaration that His Body would be really present in the Eucharist. Upon this point I have already given the most conclusive proofs in my articles on the *promise* and *institution* of the Real Presence.

The prayer which now follows is that which, from the beginning, has been used for producing the divine Victim, and it is therefore called the Prayer of Consecration. The celebrant, making several times the sign of the cross over the offerings, entreats the Almighty that not only would He receive the oblation that is about to be made, but also that He, in His mercy, would make it beneficial to us. He knows that it will become the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, but he begs that for us it may be made so; that is, that we may obtain the fruits of redemption by this means. This is asked through Christ Himself.

The deacon now kneels at the right hand of the celebrant; torch bearers frequently surround the holy place; the thurible bearer is prepared; the last notes of the angelic anthem of the "Sanctus" have died upon the ear; all are in the attitude of homage and devotion whilst the celebrant recites the history of the institution; and at the recital of the Saviour's words, in the Saviour's person, by the priest, He vouchsafes Himself to fulfil His promise. He is now on the altar under the sacramental emblems. A silver-toned bell usually rings out to give the notice; the celebrant adores, he lifts the Host. He kneels, he rises, consecrates the chalice, he adores, he elevates the chalice, the bell continues to ring, the people are prostrate in adoration. The ancient Fathers of the Church are ecstatic in their de-

scription of that awful and mysterious moment. St. John Chrysostrom tells the people of his day that they should look upon the sanctuary as if the heavens themselves were unfolded to their view, that they might behold Christ and the bands of angels that attend upon Him. He says angels assist there, for their King is present Who mthe surround, as His body guard. Here indeed, says Simon of Thessalonica, in the name of Jesus Christ every knee bends and every tongue confesses that our Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father. St. Ambrose describes what is produced as the flesh of Christ, which the faithful adored in the mystery, and which the apostles adored in our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. St. Augustine describes it as that flesh of which no one partakes previous to adoring it. This adoration continues during the Canon.

The custom of elevating the Host and chalice immediately after the Consecration was not introduced till after the heresy of Berengarius, Archdeacon of Angers in France, who, about the middle of the eleventh century, began to raise doubts concerning the Real Presence. Then the piety of the faithful introduced this custom as a testimony against his errors. The ancient usage was what is now called the second elevation at the conclusion of the Canon. This agrees with that of the Greek and several of the oriental rites.

The custom of ringing a small bell was introduced soon after that at the first elevation. The Church in England seems to have been the first to adopt it. We have a letter of Yov of Charters in 1114, in which he expresses his gratitude to Maud, Queen of England, for the bells she had given to the Church of our Lady at Charters.

After the Consecration, the officiating clergyman expands his hands; he will not, except for the purpose of again taking the Victim, Which has been mystically slain by the sword of the word, disjoin those fingers that have touched the Holy Sacrament until he shall have washed them after the Communion. The deacon assists at the book whilst contemplating the sacred symbols; the celebrant, in his prayer, calls to mind the passion, the resurrection, and the ascension of the Saviour. If he makes the sign of the cross over the Victim, it is not to bless or consecrate the Source of all blessing and the Author of all sanctity, but to evidence his belief that He Who died upon the cross is present and that every blessing which we can expect must be derived from His merits. He therefore, by the five figures of the cross which he makes, being reminded of the five wounds inflicted upon the hands, the feet, and the side of the Saviour, presents in the name of the people, to the Eternal Father, this great Mediator of the New Testament, Who entering into the heavens behind that veil which during the ages separated them from this earth on that great day when it was rent as He consummated His offering in the midst of the aspirations of the hoary patriarchs, the venerable sages, the enraptured prophets, His blessed Mother and astounded disciples, with the fragrance of His own merits,—did carry the smoking blood of expiation into the midst of adoring angels to be poured as a rich oblation before His Father's throne, so that being invested with an eternal priesthood, He might come forth to bless a world made penitent and redeemed.

Bowing down in a posture of humility, the priest earnestly supplicates that Jesus Christ would present this offering on high, especially in behalf of those who are to approach the Holy Communion. After this, with his hands joined before his face whilst he stands erect, he prays in spirit for those deceased members whom he desires to commemorate. Their names were

read in many of the ancient churches from the dyptics. The custom has fallen into disuse and now prayers are requested for the deceased and sick, after the Gospel or after the Communion. Slightly elevating his voice, the celebrant, after praying for the dead, strikes his breast, saying: "Nobis quoque pecatoribus," by which he asks mercy for himself and other sinners. The prayer entreats that he may be admitted to the fellowship of the saints whose names are mentioned, and the favor is asked through Jesus Christ our Lord. If new fruits were to be blessed, they were presented at this time; and at present the holy oils are blessed on Holy Thursday by the Bishop, at this part of the Mass. The prayer therefore refers occasionally to these blessings, but always to that better gift, the great legacy of His Body and Blood, bequeathed to us by the Saviour in that testament which He confirmed by His death. St. Thomas Aquinas explains the three crosses now made with the Host over the chalice as emblematic not only of three hours during which the Saviour of the world was exposed upon the cross, but chiefly of the three great acts performed by Him immediately before the consummation of His sacrifice. First, His prayer for His enemies: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." The second, His exclamation: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" And the third, when He resigned Himself to the last agony with the expression: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." The celebrant then raises the Host and chalice together for the second elevation, but not as high as was formerly done. And the conclusion of this ceremony with its appropriate prayer, terminates the Canon.

IV.

After the termination of this most solemn service, the preparation for Communion followed. Frequently there were in the Church public penitents who had been tried and found worthy of reconciliation; this was then the time of performing that rite in their regard; but previously thereto, the celebrant turned to the altar and expressing his unworthiness presumed to address God as "Our Father" and recited the Lord's prayer. The deacon stood behind him until his ministry was necessary at the altar; and therefore when the prayer was near its termination, he went up to his right hand side to assist in preparing the Holy Eucharist for Communion. The sub-deacon goes up to the same side to deliver the paten which he had hitherto in charge, and having given it to the deacon, the scarf is withdrawn from his shoulders and he returns to his place.

The celebrant now, animated with the sentiments of the prayer just recited, beseeches God to deliver those who assist him, from past evils which are sins, from present evils which are temptations and disasters, and from future evils which are the eternal or temporal punishment of crimes. He also begs the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary and a few other saints, to procure from God peace in this life and remission of sins for the other, through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ.

During this prayer, he holds the paten in his right hand and makes the sign of the cross with it upon his person; after which he kisses it because it is an instrument of peace upon which He Who is meek and peaceful, He who can give to us a peace that can never be procured from the world, a peace to which the criminal, the proud and the ambitious are strangers, is about to be placed. The celebrant then puts the paten under the Sacred Host and uncovering the chalice, he adores, after which, rising, he breaks the Host into three parts whilst he concludes the prayer

in a loud voice to afford the people an opportunity of giving their assent by the "Amen." He then puts one particle of it into the chalice saying: "Pax Domini sit semper Vobiscum,"—May the peace of the Lord be always with you,—to which the people answer, "Et cum spiritu tuo." Covering the chalice previously to the repetition of his homage, he prays that this mixing and consecration of putting the two sacred things, the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ together, may be the means of bringing eternal life to those who are about to receive Holy Communion.

The rite of breaking the Host is coeval with the divine institution of the Mass, and hence the sacrifice itself was known amongst the first faithful, by the name of the "breaking of bread" (St. Luke XXIV, 35, Acts ii. 46, Acts XX, 7; 1 Cor. X. 16). From what has been previously stated, it is manifest that the Body of Christ, which is impassible, is not injured or broken by this division of the sacrament, and that He is whole and entire under the appearance of each particle, as St. Augustine says of the human soul: "It is entire through the whole body and it is entire in each part of the body." This rite of breaking the Host has continued uninterrupted in the Church through every age, with this difference, that at certain periods the number of particles were more numerous than at other epochs. Among the first Christians it was broken into three parts, one of which is put into the chalice, and one of the other portions was reserved for the Communion of the sick. During the centuries, however, it became the custom to consecrate a sufficient quantity of small hosts, to serve for the communion of the faithful, whether in health or in sickness, and to keep what had thus been consecrated in a vessel called a pix or ciborium. The other portion served for the Communion of the celebrant and his attendants. Now the priest takes the whole Host for his own Communion.

Mystic writers inform us that this breaking of the bread typifies the death of the Saviour upon the cross, when bowing His head after He had declared that all was consummated, He gave up the ghost. As the apparent separation of the Body from the Blood represented the lamb as slain, so now would the union of the bread and wine show to us, His resurrection after He had slept in death; and the sign of the cross made thrice over the mouth of the chalice with the particle, while peace was besought for the people, expressed the three days that He lay entombed, having procured for us peace and reconciliation by His death. The union of the body and blood represents the manner in which Jesus Christ, reuniting His soul to that body which He made perfect by the resumption of all that properly belonged thereto, now lives to die no more. Pope Sergius I, A.D. 687, directed that during the breaking of the Host, the choir and people should sing the "Agnus Dei," —"Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us." This was sung thrice and a custom prevailed in that each time they who repeated it struck their breasts. In Masses for the dead, the petition to the Lamb of God was to give eternal rest to the deceased. And the year 1100, when the peace of the Church was in some places disturbed, the last petition was changed from "have mercy on us," to "give us peace."

The celebrant, bowing down before the altar, recites a prayer beseeching from the Lord Jesus Christ that peace which conduces so much to the charity of this life, the sanctification of souls, and the salvation of the elect. The prayer regards also the unity of the Church and the mutual affection of its members. It was not generally introduced before the tenth century. Whilst the celebrant recites it, the deacon

kneels at his right hand side and at the conclusion rises and kisses the altar whilst the celebrant kisses it at the same time to receive that peace which he is about to give to others, and then embraces the deacon, saying: "Peace be to you," to which the answer is "and with thy spirit." After which, paying his homage to the holy sacrament, the deacon descends to give the salutation of peace to the sub-deacon and to the rest of the clergy or to the first of each order. Meantime the deacon and sub-deacon go to the altar where the celebrant has begun to recite the two prayers before the Communion. In Masses for the dead, this prayer and salutation of peace are omitted because at those Masses the attention is occupied with suffrages for the deceased.

This salutation was, at all times and amongst all nations, considered a token of affection. The early Christian assemblies saluted with a kiss, to let all men know, by their mutual love, that they were the disciples of Jesus (St. John XIII, 35). As has been previously remarked, there was a separation of the sexes. About the twelfth century, however, in some churches the separation of the males and females began to be neglected. The ancient salute was then discontinued as inconvenient and unbecoming. A new mode was later introduced of kissing the crucifix or some other pious object which was sent about. This custom spread all over Europe and still exists in some churches, though in general the giving of "the peace" has altogether fallen into a disuse amongst the laity and in several places amongst the clergy, with the exception of those immediately engaged about the altar. The lesson taught by this ceremony is as obvious as it is important. The necessities of society and our convenience may demand the distinctions of rank and position during our mortal career, but we should ever remember our equality of origin, not only from a common parentage, but from the same material of clay,—all made by the hand of our common Father. Temporal distinctions will, therefore, cease in mother earth to which we must speedily return. Besides, we have a common Redeemer Who has, through His merits and His Church, called us to a common heavenly abode. We should then each bear with the failings of our brother, as we expect to have our own failings overlooked; and we should try and be animated with that charity for each other which was manifested for us by Him, Who, for our sakes, when we were His enemies, gave Himself as the ransom for our iniquities.

The two succeeding prayers have, within the last eight hundred years, been graderally selected from many that, in the private devotion of the clergy, were formerly used as a preparation for Holy Communion; and to create uniformity custom has restricted the celebrant to those two. The moment for Holy Communion has now arrived, and taking the sacred Body in his hand, the priest says: "I will receive this heavenly bread, and I will call upon the name of the Lord." Then recollecting his own unworthiness, he thrice strikes his breast, adding, "Lord I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof, say but the word and my soul shall be healed." Then making the sign of the cross with the Sacrament, he says: "May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve my soul to eternal life, Amen." After which he receives the Sacred Host. Then meditating for a moment, he prepares to take the chalice. The deacon uncovers it, and the celebrant carefully gathers from the corporal any particles which may be upon it, and conveys them to the chalice, saying: "What shall I give to the Lord for all that He hath given to me? I will take the chalice of salvation and I will call upon the name of the Lord, and

I will be saved from my enemies," (Psalm XV). Then making the sign of the cross with the chalice, he says: "May the Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve my soul to eternal life, Amen." And holding the paten under the chalice, he reverentially receives the contents of the sacred vessel.

The beautiful expressions of these prayers are calculated to excite the most perfect devotion; the acknowledgment of unworthiness blended with the expression of humble confidence is taken from the Gospel of St. Matthew (VIII. 8.) We have reason to believe that it was, at a very early date, used upon this occasion in the assemblies of the faithful. St. John Chrysostom, in his homily upon St. Thomas the Apostle, exhorting the faithful to go with proper dispositions to Communion, has the following passage: Let us say to the Redeemer: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; yet as Thou willest to be received by us, relying upon Thy indulgence, we approach Thee." And Origen in the third century says: "When thou takest the holy Food, that uncorrupted banquet, when thou enjoyest the bread and the cup of life, thou eatest and drinkest the Body and Blood of the Lord; then the Lord entereth under thy roof; and do thou, therefore, humbling thyself, imitate the centurion and say: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof."

If Communion is to be given, the general form of confession is said, and the celebrant prays for the pardon of the penitents in the accustomed form; then kneeling to adore the Blessed Sacrament, which is now uncovered upon the altar, he rises, holds the vessel that contains it in his left hand, and taking a particle of the Sacrament between the fore-finger and the thumb of the right, he exhibits it to the people, saying: "Behold the Lamb of God; behold Him Who takes away the sins of the world; Lord, I am not worthy, etc." Then going to where the communicants are ranged, he puts the Holy Sacrament upon the tongue of each of them, the deacon or server holding a silver paten under the chin for the purpose of keeping upon it any particle of the Sacrament that might fall during the administration. During Low Masses, the faithful remain silent. At solemn service, it is customary to sing a psalm or hymn. This is considered one of the earliest usages of the Church. This psalm has received the name of "The Communion." After the participation and distribution of the Sacrament, the officiating clergyman has wine poured into the chalice, which being used to purify it he subsequently consumes, and also some wine and water which are poured upon those fingers with which he had touched the Sacred Host. After this his assistants cleanse the chalice, wiping it with a purifier.

The celebrant, after the purification of the chalice, reads the passage of the sacred Scripture sung at the Communion. That and the Post-Communion or thanksgiving for benefits received are read and chanted at the Epistle side, to which place the book has been removed. He salutes the people before the Post-Communion, to give them notice of the thanksgiving. The deacon then, turning to the congregation, sings the "Ite Missa est," to tell them that the office being terminated they are at liberty to depart. In penitential times, "Benedicamus Domino,"—Let us praise the Lord,—is substituted therefor; the answer to each is "Deo Gratias,"—Thanks be to God. In Masses for the dead, he sings "Requiescant in pace,"—May they rest in peace,—which is answered by "Amen." On the two last occasions he turns to the altar and not to the people. In the first case the office was to continue, and in the others the obsequies were to follow.

The officiating clergyman, bowing down before the altar, prays that God would vouchsafe to make the sacrifice that has been offered useful to him and to those in whose behalf it was presented; and then turning to the congregation and making the sign of the cross over them, he prays that the Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, would vouchsafe to bless them. This blessing was added in the first ages of the Church at the request of the people, who also through devotion for the Gospel of St. John, requested that its commencement should be read after that blessing, which is done at the Gospel side; unless some other lesson is required by the occurrence of two solemnities on the same day. The three "Hail Marys," the antiphon, "Hail, Holy Queen," and two closing prayers which are usually said in the vernacular, were added by our present illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII.

If a prelate is present within his own jurisdiction, and be not the celebrant, he gives the last blessing. However, his form of blessing differs from that of the priest. He commences by the versicle "Sit Nomen Domini benedictum,"—May the name of the Lord be blessed. Answer: "Et ex hoc nunc et usque in saculum,"—From henceforth and forever. "Adjutorium nostrum in Nomine Domini,"—Our help is in the name of the Lord. "Qui fecit coelum et terram,"—Who made the heavens and the earth. Then he makes the sign of the cross thrice; once at the name of each of the Holy Trinity, and towards the several directions in which the people surround the altar, and entreats that they may be blessed by the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Such, dear Protestant friends, are the ceremonies of the great Sacrifice of the New Law,—the Holy Mass which is the life and the light of the Word.

FIDELIS AD URNAM.

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

My life is lonely now, indeed;
My days are dark; the way is long;
Of thy support I know the need,
For I am weak, and thou wert strong.
No more thy gentle face I see;
No more thy kindly hand I touch;
Thine eyes no longer look on me,
And I of grief have overmuch.

Thou wert the comfort of my days;
Thou wert the light that shed for me
Effulgence over all my ways,
And helped me higher paths to see.
My love enwrapped thee; safe, I thought,
From shade of pain or harm wert thou;
But Death, unreckoned foe, has wrought
The waste of grief that fills me now.

Dear faithful one, in life thy hope
Was for my betterment; but I,
Deprived of thee, must henceforth grope,
Although I feel thy presence nigh!
Watch o'er me now, as through the years
When thou wert truest friend and guide;
Direct my steps; blot out my fears,
And let me soon with thee abide!

THE "CALL" OF CHARLES WALFORD.

BY ESTHER WAGGAMAN NEILL.

CHAPTER XIV (Concluded).

For an hour or more Walford sat immovable under the faint steady glow of the lamp, a black solitary figure preyed upon by the everlasting, never resting forces of conscience and passion.

At last he arose wearily, grasping the pew for support, but as he walked down the aisle his step was steady and he held his head more erect. He had nearly reached the door when the old priest came from the deep shadow of one of the marble pillars and holding out one of his wrinkled hands he said simply: "I have prayed with you and our prayers have been answered?"

"Prayed?" Walford repeated. In that long fateful vigil it had not occurred to him to pray.

"But you have conquered?" the priest went on, "Is it not so?" Walford grasped the kind outstretched hand. His own was as cold as ice.

"It is for her sake—for her sake," he said, turning and walking towards the door of the church.

"Let it be for Christ's sake," came the pleading voice of the priest.

CHAPTER XV.

AT THE SEASHORE.

During Tommy's convalescence, Walford went every morning to see his little friend, but he always chose the hour that Frances was absent at the market. Her zeal for marketing and the length of her trips caused no end of comment in the household, but she made no explanation of her daily visits to the distant church. These were the most peaceful moments of her day, and during them she renewed the strength of which she so much felt the need. Nor did any one notice the careful timing of Walford's visits. To Kate and Ralph it seemed most natural that he should go to sit with the invalids when they were left thus alone. But when Tommy's sturdy strength began to reassert itself, and he was up and able to return these daily visits with interest, Walford's calls at the Somers' grew less and less frequent. He was very busy writing a book, he said. Ralph complained bitterly of his old friend's neglect; Frances heard him silently, while the good Doctor, always alert for mental as well as for physical ills, watched her white face with grave thoughtfulness. Her failing strength perplexed him, and at last, finding that all his prescribed tonics were of no avail, he advised a change of air.

He said that he had lately come into the possession of a cottage by the sea and he offered it to Frances for the season. He went on to explain that the cottage was a small one situated in a remote corner of a fashionable summer resort. It had been built by an old bachelor, whom the doctor had attended gratuitously for years. His hypochondriacal patient was a cynic and he scorned the enjoyments and the society of his fellow men, so when the seaside hermitage was built it was made conspicuous by its isolation. When he died he left his favorite retreat to the Doctor—"the only friend," he added in a codicil, "who had never sent a bill."

Frances hesitated at first to accept the Doctor's urgent offers. And until he had made inquiry and assured her that the little chapel would have a daily Mass she refused to listen to any talk of her going. Even then she was reluctant to make the

change. To move Ralph in his helpless condition seemed a stupendous undertaking, but the Doctor insisted that the change would benefit him; he also added, with charitable guile, that Tommy needed sea-baths, and then, with a wily wisdom born of long knowledge of women, he made her feel that any opposition on her part would be useless and little short of criminal. He had determined to send his patients away, and his plans for their comfort were full of enthusiasm. He would see to the moving of the invalid, he would travel with them as far as their destination, and after seeing them duly installed in his inheritance he would return to town and leave them in peace, since he was too busy to absent himself for more than a day or two. Tommy was gleeful over the prospect of a change, and even Ralph roused to some interest and sent for an upholsterer and ordered new cushions for his rolling chair. And then, before Frances could remonstrate, the impulsive Doctor was buying their tickets, packing Ralph's meagre wardrobe, and making all the arrangements for the journey, even to the menu for the invalid's first meal.

Frances found it restful to have some one think for her and to obey his orders, for of late she seemed incapable of individual effort. On the day before their departure the kind eyes of the Doctor scrutinized her closely, and noting with growing alarm her attenuated, shadowy appearance, he said, "Do you know that I am sending you all away chiefly on your account. You need a change more than the rest of them. You are looking like the wraith of an angel and I'm too mundane to like that."

She smiled sadly. They were standing at the wide window in the hallway. "I—"she hesitated, "I think I wore myself out nursing Tommy. I was so anxious about him that my imagination ran wild. I did not know what I thought or felt—I was not normal." She spoke as if she were explaining a culpable state of mind.

"Of course—of course"—said the Doctor soothingly, and his shaggy eyebrows nearly met over a puzzled frown. An old suspicion was growing upon him with renewed force. "We had a hard time with Tommy. I doubt whether we should have pulled him through if it had not been for Walford."

He saw her give an almost imperceptible start.

"He was very kind," she said, and her voice was calm, though she spoke with a slight hoarseness. "Ralph has missed him very much of late."

The Doctor was watching her now with a painful intensity, but she did not notice; she was idly stripping an ivy spray of its leaves.

"He has been very busy at the mines," he went on with conscious carelessness. "I believe he is doing a good work among those men, but the trustees of the church do not approve of his efforts and I believe he will be forced to leave. He has insisted upon some improvements in those shanties, and he has put the Valkirk Mining Company to more expense than they care to acknowledge. Now he has appealed to the state to forbid child labor. This town will never see his like again, but I believe he would be wise to go."

For a moment she appeared not to hear him, then she said, in the dull tone of one repeating a lesson, "Yes, I think he would be wise to go."

There was another silence and the Doctor left the house abruptly; when he stepped into his buggy in the glare of the mid-day sun he looked older and more haggard than his years should have allowed. He sank wearily back upon the worn leather cushions, and picking up the

reins he started his horse, with a prayerful ejaculation.

"God pity us all!" he said.

The next morning Kate and Walford were at the station to see the travelers start on their unaccustomed flight. Ralph was sitting in one of the chairs of the parlor car, propped with pillows, seeming to have gained strength from the novelty of his surroundings. He called Walford aside.

"I feel so much better already," he said, "that I'm afraid it's a change before death." He laughed mirthlessly, then added, "I know you have been very busy, but I have had a hard time without you. If I should get worse and send for you, will you come? A dying man ought to have a clergyman, you know, and I would like to feel that Frances and Tommy had you near them when I—go."

Walford glanced at Frances, who was standing at a little distance, talking to Kate; he noted the unusual pallor of her face, the unconscious grace of every movement, he heard the sweetness of her voice, and then looking down into the eager, upturned eyes of his friend he was seized with a wild impulse to tell Ralph everything: to say—"I can never see you again, *never—never*. You ask too much. I fear my own weakness. You ask me to stand by a loved one's side, to witness her grief, to feel her dependence, when my arms are pinioned, and I dare not try to comfort her for fear my love would burst from its bonds, and I would speak to her in words which could only bring her passionate pain. To be near her and yet to keep an impassable distance,—to hear her sobbing when my heart is on fire,—to know her womanly tenderness in which I can never share,—to feel delight in her presence, and yet to pass from her into the darkness of denial. You ask too much—I cannot come."

To Ralph he said quietly, "What croaking! You have no intention of sending for me."

"But I'm serious, Walford. Indeed I am serious. Will you give me your word?" His tone was pleading and resistless.

Walford took his hand tenderly. "Of course, Ralph, I will come as soon as you send for me," he said simply. "It is enough for you to express such a desire. You do not need my word."

And then the bell of the engine began to clang a warning, there were hurried good byes, peremptory orders to leave from the conductor, a few last words through the car windows as the train began to move, and then, long vacant lines of track, a cloud of dust, a blur of black in the distance and the loneliness of desertion and the thought of the emptiness of the years to be.

Not once during the journey did the Doctor mention Walford's name in Frances' presence, and she seemed, in a mute way, to be grateful for the omission. As she began to note some of the old familiar landmarks on the way, some of her natural gayety reasserted itself, but whenever Tommy or Ralph began to talk of Walford the Doctor noticed a change come over her face. Her spontaneity was lost and she was silent, though several times he had seen her lips move as if she was trying to join in the conversation, but the words died upon her lips before they were well formed. And while the Doctor watched, his solicitude for her comfort grew in tenderness, and though, at the time, she seemed oblivious to his kindness, she was not unmindful of it; for a week later, when the Doctor had returned to town, she wrote to him, thanking him for all that he had done and, "for the brightness of the sand, the sea, the sun,—for Tommy thinks you created this part of the world," she added.

When the Doctor received this letter he

rubbed his hands vigorously together, a way he had of expressing his satisfaction, and sitting down before his desk he penned an old-fashioned reply in which he begged her to send him weekly bulletins. The bulletins were so favorable that they exceeded even the Doctor's most sanguine hopes, and though Frances said little about herself the tone of her letters reassured him. Tommy was in paradise; he learned to swim, to float, to dive; he built sand forts, of original architectural designs, chased wild-eyed sand crabs, and fished tirelessly for a whale with a bent pin and a piece of clothes-line; while Ralph, invigorated by the salt air, consented to being wheeled down the board walk in his rolling chair, where he could watch the eager crowd of pleasure-seekers that rarely penetrated as far as the isolated cottage. In time he became the centre of a little circle, composed of a number of intellectual men and women, who had drifted naturally together. Drawn by sympathy, at first, to Ralph, they afterwards discovered that he had a place among them, and they sought after him; for the agility of his mind and the helplessness of his physical state appealed to them all. He had lived so long in his weakened condition, believing that he had no part in the outside world, that the company of these strangers did him more good than any amount of medicine or eloquent arguments could have done. In the early days of his invalidism he had repelled all friendly advances; feeling that they were compelled by pity. But this morbid sensitiveness had worn itself out, and Ralph was happier than he had been for years.

"If Walford were only here," he would say sometimes in the midst of a heated argument. "I would so like you to meet Walford. He would enjoy being here so much. I believe I will send for him, he will think I am dying and will come."

And when the friend looked a little puzzled, he went on. "I'm foolish about Walford. You see we were boys together, before I became a useless member of society. Everyone thought I had a career before me. Now, I have a superstitious feeling that Walford has to represent us both in the world. Every man has two or three different temperaments warring with one another, and if one man does the best he can with his two or three, isn't he equal to two or three men?"

The friend said, "Well, I believe I would like to find some one to relieve me of the responsibility. I think I have heard of this Walford—Minister, wasn't he? Wrote some startlingly strong articles on the labor question and got turned out of the church in consequence."

Ralph looked up surprised.

"I did not know that. When did that happen?"

"I am not sure that it has happened," the friend continued, "I only heard a rumor."

Ralph smiled sadly.

"Rumors don't count," he said, "I heard the rumors before I left town."

And there the conversation usually ended, as Ralph always became silently meditative when the subject of Walford's banishment was broached, for he was conservative enough to feel the disgrace of such an eviction. Walford wrote seldom, and for the last few weeks Kate's letters to Frances had contained dread forebodings. She would send pages devoted to descriptions of fashions, plans for her wedding, Jennings' prospects, the news of the town, and then, suddenly, her tone would change and her real love and anxiety for her brother become apparent. To one of her latest letters she had added this postscript:

"There is typhoid at the mines and Charles spends most of his time nursing those miners. He is looking far from well

himself and I can't tell whether it is sickness or natural worry. He is in trouble again with the trustees—something about the store at the mines. I believe it is owned by the company and they sell goods to the miners at exorbitant prices. It seems unfair, and Charles has explained how unfair it is, but I never remember mathematical details. At present Charles is chumming with a Popish priest whom he has met in the miners' homes. He looks harmless enough, but I discover at the sewing circle that he is dangerous to Charles's faith and morals."

Again she wrote:

"The worst has happened. The miners have gone on a strike for bonnets or cages or higher wages—I can't gather the reason in the vernacular. I am afraid C— is getting himself more and more involved, and he doesn't realize it. He persists in looking on the brightest side. Dick tells me to get him out of town, but I am helpless. Perhaps Ralph could persuade him to visit you all for a day or two. I am afraid of serious trouble."

"I'll get him here," said Ralph with decision when he read this. "Write him a line, Frances, and ask him to come."

Frances was sitting on a low stool at Ralph's feet. In her eyes there was a growing look of alarm.

"To come here?" she repeated. "I don't think he will come." Her own words reassured her.

"But he promised me that he would."

"Promised you that he would?"

"If I sent for him."

"But I hardly think we have room in the cottage for him and Kate."

"Then they can stay at the hotel. I want to talk to Walford. He is letting his enthusiasm run away with his judgment. I want to find out what he is about."

Frances arose from her seat and, standing with her back to Ralph, seemed intent upon watching a schooner that was lazily rolling its way out to sea.

"But perhaps he would not care to come," she said gently.

"Why not?" asked her brother, looking curiously at her.

She still stood with her back turned towards him.

"He—may be too busy to leave."

"But he promised that he would come."

"But then he did not foresee any serious trouble at the mines, perhaps. Now his influence may be needed to quiet the men."

"But he has told me that he had very little influence with them."

"Perhaps he wanted you to contradict that humble statement." She forced a mirthless little laugh.

"I don't see why you don't want him," began Ralph, and his tone had grown fretful. "He has been most kind to us, and now that he is in trouble—"

"But I don't see how we can help him."

"Well, I think it is very plain how. If the men have gone on a strike and resort to violence, Walford will be accused of abetting them. If we get him away from the scene the trustees cannot accuse him. I wish you would write for him as soon as you conveniently can," he persisted.

She turned with sudden resolution.

"I wish you would get Tommy to write for you," she said. "He would like to do it and I cannot, he would not understand—," and with this enigmatical speech she left him sitting on the sand-strewn piazza alone.

Ralph did not stop to analyze her words or actions. His thoughts were all for Walford. He called Tommy, who was playing on the beach in front of the house, and sending him to the living room for pen and paper he ordered him to sit down upon the vacant stool and write, or print when his knowledge of writing failed him.

Tommy made a futile effort to conceal the pleasure he felt at this important position.

"I can write anything you give me," he announced proudly, "but I ain't sure of the spelling. Some words ain't at all like they seem."

"Very true," admitted Ralph, drily. "But you are young to find that out. Go on, now. Write—Dear Walford—"

"Don't I put m. r.?" asked Tommy, pausing long enough to spatter his stocking with ink.

"Tommy," said Ralph, "listen to me. There is nothing quite so unpleasant in life as the man who gives advice gratuitously."

"I don't know what you mean," said Tommy, a trifle aggrieved.

"Well then it makes no difference. We will return to the letter."

And so the invitation was written by Tommy's willing hand and punctuated with many blots, and, though the spelling was altogether phonetic, it had the advantage of being easily read. The letter was peremptory in its tone and seemed to admit of no delay, and though it reached Walford at a crisis in his own affairs, remembering his promise, it never occurred to him to hesitate to obey what he believed to be the last summons of his life-long friend. He telegraphed a reply saying that he and Kate would arrive on the evening train.

Ralph was jubilant when he received this message.

"He thinks I am dying," he said, "and I want to surprise him by going to meet him. Do you think that you can push my chair so far, Frances? It runs easily on the board walk, and the station is only half a mile from here."

"Shall we go to meet them?" she asked.

"How can they find the cottage if we don't go?"

"They might inquire. It will be dark before the train arrives."

"It will be bright moon-light," he said fretfully. "You don't want the trouble of rolling me so far? Why don't you say so, outright?"

"Oh, Ralph," she began, remorsefully. "You know that I did not mean that? I only thought if I went to meet him he might—" She stopped short; the truth was on her lips. "Where is Tommy?" she asked irrelevantly. "I must send him to the store for more provisions if we are to have company. Of course we will go to the train tonight. It will make him so happy to see you looking so well, and it always makes me happy to take you anywhere, Ralph. You know that."

After these broken sentences she left him, to go in search of Tommy, seeking relief from her thoughts in trying to concentrate her mind on practical affairs. She found Tommy at last, sitting on the kitchen table, busily engaged in excavating some sugary remains from the depths of a preserving kettle. The fat cook, who diversified Bible stories with the lightest seaside gossip, was recounting the latest sensation.

"Shure it is a very strange thing," she was saying, "that a man should have been drowned on the beach, and nobody know his name nor his whereabouts. He must have taken a fit in the water for nobody heard him holler nor seen him go down till the waves brought his body to shore."

"Did you see him?" inquired Tommy.

"That I did. He was lying on the beach and the doctor standing over him trying to blow breath into him with a pair of big bellows. Just as if the Lord didn't know when to stop a man breathing."

Tommy was full of interest, and asked innumerable questions. What did the man look like? Was he big? Couldn't he swim? Why didn't anybody know his name? Didn't he write it down in the book at the hotel? Did he come in the

cars all alone? Did he get drowned in his clothes?

The cook laughed at the absurdity of the last question.

"Shure the clothes were left in a heap in the bathing house, and the postmaster towld me he sent a telegraph to his wife."

"How did they know her?" demanded Tommy.

The cook went on to explain that there was a card in the man's pocket, and added that telegrams were inventions of the devil, who could find anybody anywhere.

At this point Frances, who had been listening absently in the door-way, interrupted the harrowing narrative.

"Don't you think you can save the rest of that dreadful story for another time, Tommy? I want you to run to the store for me with this list of things. Mr. Walford is coming this evening, and you would not want him to go hungry."

"No," said Tommy, jumping down from the table and displaying an unusual eagerness to start upon his errand. "Maybe the shop-keeper saw the man too." He still grasped the preserving kettle, and before relinquishing his hold upon it he ran his small tongue around the sticky edge. "Did you know, Frances, that a man was drowned dead on the beach this afternoon?"

Frances stooped and kissed the sugary upturned face.

"I'm sorry for those who love him," she said softly. Then, as Tommy hurried off down the board walk toward the shops of the village, she slipped away, across the few vacant squares that separated the little chapel from the cottage. A sense of dread and a fear of wrong had hung over her ever since the dispatch of Tommy's letter, and it had deepened and intensified since the receipt of the telegram announcing Walford's coming. When he found Ralph so well would he understand? Might he not fancy that she, too, had missed him and had wished to have him come? All day the remembrance of that unfortunate morning scene on the stairway in the old house had haunted her, and each hour it seemed to stand out clearer and clearer. Was she not again exposing him to the danger? And might he not again prove pitifully weak? The firmness and the directness of the teaching of her own faith, the power of daily, hourly prayer, the grace of the sacraments,—all these had lent her strength and had preserved her in her period of trial; and now she had no fears for herself. But he was without her supernatural supports, and if he proved weak again—was she not to blame? She had given in to Ralph, because she could not pain him by either a confession or an unexplained refusal; and she had been moved, too, by the feeling that perhaps, as Ralph had said, it was for Walford's own good to come. Had she erred? Was not the other and the harder course her plainer duty? It was now too late to change what had been done, and she could only pray.

CHAPTER XVI.

ABOVE THE DEAD.

It was after nine o'clock when Frances and Ralph started for the station. Tommy had not yet appeared, and they had begun to worry about him, for his appetite rarely permitted him to remain out at tea time. But the cook relieved their fears somewhat, by waddling out upon the porch and repeating the story which she had related to Tommy earlier in the evening.

"It's horrible if it's true," said Ralph, shrinking further back among the cushions of his rolling chair. "But it explains Tommy's absence. The boy has probably stopped to attend the inquest."

"We shall be sure to find him somewhere in the village," said Frances, with

forced cheerfulness. "He has no doubt stopped to hear all the harrowing particulars, and when he begins a tour of investigation he forgets everything else. Are you ready to start, Ralph?"

"Of course I'm ready. We are late now. You have been waiting for Tommy, and now we won't be able to reach the station in time for the train unless you hurry."

"Then we will run," she said smiling, and tucking a steamer rug about his feet she grasped the handle of the rolling chair and moved swiftly down the broad board walk.

Away off in the distance she could see the clustered lights of the village shining through a thin screen of mist, but the sounds of summer revelry, the gay music from the open pavilions and the wheezy notes of the merry-go-round did not penetrate so far. The walk was deserted. Ralph's chair ran noiselessly on its rubber tires, and only the monotonous moaning of the importunate waves disturbed the silence of the night. But when the moon rose from behind a billowing mass of cloud all sense of loneliness was lost; the stars paled visibly and flickered out before this flood of light; a silver sinuous path led across the breaking waves into the mysterious boundaries of an enchanted world.

"I do not wonder that men try to walk upon the water," Ralph exclaimed, delightedly drinking in the beauty of this tremulous roadway. "And since I cannot walk, if I had a boat I believe I would try to sail to the end of that moonbeam."

"And what would you expect to find?" Frances asked, striving, as she always did, to enter into his happier moods.

"All my dreams and fancies materialized—all my hopes and ambitions fulfilled. And for company I would meet the myths of the ages, the sea serpent, the man in the moon, the wandering Jew. But I don't believe I would like to start tonight," he laughed with some of his old spontaneity. "You forget that Walford will be waiting for us at the station."

No, she had not forgotten. They were half way there. Perhaps they would be in time after all. In any event, they would meet him, for there was no circuitous route to the cottage. She talked on rapidly as if she feared a silence. In her soft eyes there was a growing look of pain; she was glad that Ralph could not see her face.

He began to calculate the distance that still remained to the station, and tried to remember the time at which the next train arrived, supposing that Walford had missed the six o'clock train.

Frances listened dully; she was still haunted by a sense of dread at the possible outcome of this meeting, to which she was unwillingly led. She had almost forgotten to worry about Tommy, until the sight of a crowd of people gathered before the little gable-roofed life-saving station recalled him to her mind, and then all her fears for his safety returned with added force. She quickened her steps, fearing the revelation that an inquiry might make, yet striving to be calm for Ralph's sake.

"Tommy may be there," she said hoarsely, pointing to the crowd, with a trembling finger. "I must go see. I'll push your wheel against the flag-staff—now the chair cannot roll. I will be gone only a moment." She was breathless from the exertion.

"Don't stop now," Ralph said impatiently. "We shall be late. Stop on the way back."

But his plea went unheeded; she had passed out of hearing.

"What has happened?" she asked of a man who stood upon the outskirts of the crowd.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER ENTERTAINMENTS.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

THE GRAND CANAL.

At a low estimate seventy-five thousand people visit New York city for one purpose or another every day; as business hours are over by sundown the visitors devote their evenings to entertainment; hence the tremendous efforts on the part of the managers to catch the dollars of this immense crowd in exchange for all sorts of theatrical amusement. Theatres are building in pairs about the uptown hotels, and new hotels are rising in the vicinity of the theatres. Their number is bewildering. Most significant fact in connection with the business of amusing both visitors and residents is the prominence of the Jew in the theatre, as actor, playwright, manager and financier. This means that there is much money in the theatre, and opportunity for the finest business talent; the Jew, blest with commercial genius, is less devoted to the mere pursuit of the dollar than to the exercise of the racial talent. He has organized the theatrical trust, and is making great efforts to secure the monopoly of popular amusement over the whole country. If he fails, it will be because the nature of things is against him. The trust of any sort is foredoomed in this country, and a theatrical trust, dealing with the most peculiar people on earth outside of gypsies, independent, shiftless, careless, reckless, can live only in its name.

The fact that a trust has been attempted, that the Jew is at its head, proves that the cleverest business men of the world see a great future financially for the business of amusing the people. As an example of the prospects and of the methods employed by the parties interested, no better illustration can be found than the new entertainment provided at the Madison Square Garden under the attractive title of *Venice in New York* with the magic name of Duss and the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House added thereto. "My aim," said Mr. Frederic Dean, as he mentioned with bated breath the number of daily visitors to New York, "is to entertain one-tenth of the number every night in this garden during the entire season." He looked over the transformed amphitheatre with profound satisfaction. Mr. Dean is the general manager of the Venetian entertainment, whose business it is to know only its virtues, and to trumpet them in silvery and seductive tones to the four winds of heaven. The enchantment which he has flung over the famous Garden is worthy of

much trumpeting. The savage arena, where lately the glories of the circus were displayed, has disappeared, and in its place lives a moonlit dream of Venice. The illusion is very captivating. As one enters upon the scene he stands for a moment under a grapevine trellis, whose pillars were actually brought from Venice to serve this purpose; just beyond rises the famous Rialto bridge, crossing a real canal whose blue waters sparkle in the soft light, and are broken by the regular passage of the gondolas; from the bridge opens out a fine view of Venice, the island of San Giorgio, and the glittering Adriatic. The scene is night, and in that wonderful sky shine the brilliant stars; over them filmy clouds are passing at intervals; on the shifting waters of the sea the moonlight falls in wavering flashes; to the right and left are ancient houses, a pretty harbor, old ships, and a view of the famous campanile that stood until recently near the Doge's palace. The grand canal encloses an island which is reached by two bridges at either end. At the far end of the island is a semicircle of graceful pillars, festooned with encircling lamps; in this brilliant enclosure sits the orchestra of the Metropolitan; on the dais in front nightly Mr. Duss takes his stand with magic baton; and over the blue waters, in that enchanting moon-

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN TRANSFORMED INTO VENICE IN NEW YORK.

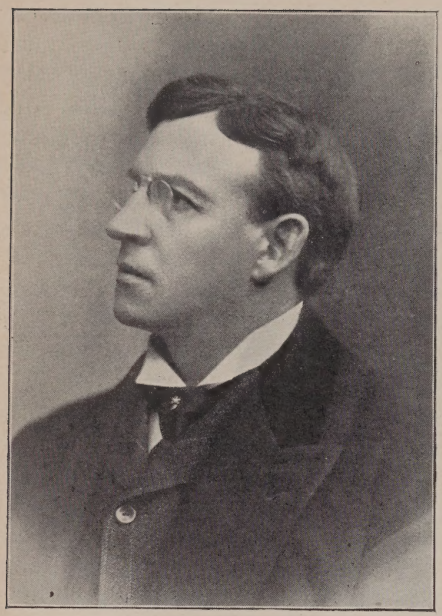
light, to the accompaniment of gliding gondolas, flitting around the canal, the music evoked by the leader floats in ecstasy. A hundred little details add to the strength of the graceful illusion. Red lanterns hang from upright posts in the canal, hitching-posts for the gondolas; passengers embark for the trip around the island at intervals, and the gondolas linger at times in the shadow of the music as it were, to catch the sweeter strains.

police in the Venetian uniform wander about; the roof of the theatre is draped to look like a mass of blue cloud; the galleries and boxes are painted to resemble the grand theatre of Venice; here and there and everywhere are sculptures direct from Venice; the gondoliers are real Venetians; little tables are scattered about for social parties; the whole scene is a wonderfully successful reproduction of just that particular view in Venice which might show the visitor the campanile, the buildings on San Giorgio, and the Adriatic on some lovely night in June.

THE COLUMN OF ST. MARK.

The opening night found twelve thousand people so struck by the announcement of this novel entertainment that they were eager to attend. Nordica and Edouard De Reske sang, the famous prima donna graciously making her appearance in a gondola, from which she stepped to the stage; and thereupon the ultra critics derided both singers for thus catering to the simple tastes of the multitude; as if there were any difference artistically between the real gondola and real water of the Garden and the canvas sea and boats with wheels in the Grand Opera House except a difference in favor of the Garden. These great singers lost nothing one way or the other, in pocket or in fame, by their condescension. The music provided by Conductor Duss during the month of June was of the very highest character in matter and in expression. Thus through the summer season the metropolitans will be provided with an entertainment as simple as and more refined, than a trip to the most exclusive beaches; and beside an Italian sea in the light of an Italian moon, with breezes from electric fans, they can defy the summer heats for a few hours. The example of the lengths to which our entertainers are prepared to go in the business of amusing their patrons will serve. It is only the beginning. The managers will yet distance the Roman emperors in their public shows, but always with the gentle and thoroughly modern difference, fifty cents for general admission.

Twice during the past month actors and playwrights carefully demonstrated American inability to write interesting farce in three acts. Perhaps that form of drama named the farce is constitutionally unfitted for the second and third acts. There seems to be no reason for such a conclusion. The dramatists think so anyway, and each season they turn out a few farces on the French plan, which make the critics wonder if the sources of humor



J. S. DUSS,

CONDUCTOR METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE ORCHESTRA.

and fun have dried up in the American dramatist. *The Earl of Pawtucket* is still drawing large audiences, and yet Augustus Thomas's farce would have been a flat failure had any other than Lawrence D'Orsay played the chief rôle. At The Garrick Mr. Henry Dixey appeared in a sketch, *A Welsh Rarebit,* and in a farce, *Facing the Music,* which the managers declare scored a laughing success. It is perfectly true that from one American farce you may learn the character of all the others. Consider the plot of *Facing the Music.* Two Mr. Smiths and their wives provide the complications. The first Mr. Smith is a soft-headed minister, whose dignity is of greater importance than himself; the second Mr. Smith is a lively gentleman of the turf, the very contrary of the minister; the parson's wife begins the trouble by taking possession through a mistake of the other Mrs. Smith's house. The other Mrs. Smith is put down as a swindler and an adventuress in claiming her own: from these circumstances spring incidents of all kinds, cross purposes bring about a terrible tangle, and all common sense being withheld from the characters until the close of the play the trouble continues until the end.

Will no dramatist ever again invent a blunder whose effects may flourish for half an hour without outraging the good sense of the audience? The playwrights are as superficial in concocting a farce as in evolving a drama. They have only two ideas in their theory of farce-building, complication and situation; and they seek these from without rather than from within. Their theme, in other words, does not supply incident, or complication: these are dragged in forcibly from the note-books of the authors. Mr. Dixey did very well with the leading part, and his support was adequate. As the turfman he had to portray a personage of bland and brazen assurance. The portrayal was funny enough to draw the willing laugh. All the situations, for the most part artificial, took on verisimilitude under the deft treatment of this efficient actor. The quality upon which playwrights depend to cover up their deficiencies of plot and incident is swiftness of action. The auditor gets no leisure in which to reach the meaning of an incident or a scene, and thus discover its inherent absurdity. Pat, pat, pat, go the lines, and the incidents fly across the stage like a flock of sheep; and the audience laughs at a climax hardly with knowledge of the object of their mirth. Yet the laugh is there, and the New York audience will travel miles in any weather to secure the laugh which wearies the diaphragm.

The second farce of consequence, and all farces this year have been consequences of *The Earl of Pawtucket,* was provided by George Ade and Edward E. Rose at the Herald Square with the title

"JOHN HENRY," ACT I.—ROTUNDA HOTEL GOTHAM.

of *John Henry,* and Mr. Dan Daly in the leading rôle. It may be characterized at once as an utterly stupid affair, redeemed in parts by flashes of humor and sense, and carried well by the ability of the company. But what can sensible people, in whose head the light of reason still burns, do with a story of this kind? Mr. Jefferson buys a villa for an Italian countess. His intimate friend John Henry uses the incident and the villa to further the love affairs of both. Mr. Jefferson is in love with a girl whose papa will have naught to do with Jefferson, and threatens to send his daughter to Egypt if she but smiles on her lover. To save her from this exile John Henry informs her father that he has bought a villa out of his savings, and would like to marry the young lady. He is accepted with enthusiasm. John Henry is in love with a girl whose uncle is somewhat opposed to their union. The old gentleman is propitiated when informed that the young man has bought a villa for his future bride. The old men and their wives are so deeply interested in this villa that they all go to see and inspect it at the same time and make up their minds to do the furnishing of so delightful a home. While John Henry is busy keeping them apart, the Countess arrives on the scene, and a hurly-burly follows which no sane mind can keep up with. There is a burglary, the interference of the police, the escape of the riotous John Henry and Jefferson; and the cataclysm winds up in a general explanation and reconciliation.

It should be funny, but there is too much of a tangle. The incidents as usual follow one another with frightful rapidity. The laugh is smothered by the sense of confusion. No one takes time for anything. Yet with all this fantastic speed the farce arrives nowhere, and it will probably get to the shelf with the close of

the season. The curious thing about a farce is this: that while it makes people laugh, the events of the play are perfectly serious to the players, and the various characters take everything seriously. John Henry is perfectly serious in representing the villa as his own, the old gentlemen are serious in their inspection and intention to furnish it, the lovers serious in their hopes to get something out of the fibbing, and the Italian countess placidly unconscious of the fun going on. The encounters of all these characters are in themselves unpleasant, irritating, and maddening. Why then does the farce fail? Because the sense of probability is utterly destroyed for the audience. To conceal the lack of logic and sense, the incidents are multiplied out of all proportion, and fatigue by their extravagance and swiftness. Dan Daly is a rather good actor, cadaverous, odd-looking, but droll. He played a familiar part in an unfamiliar way, and lied with fine solemnity; but it was not in him nor any other to put life in a dead goose. We are farther away from the healthy laugh-producing farce than ever before.

DAN DALY AS JOHN HENRY AND FLORENCE ROCKWELL AS CLARA.

In the more serious dramatic field the novelty of the month was the appearance of a Yiddish tragedian, Jacob Adler, as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*. The event attracted attention naturally, for the actor played his part in Yiddish while the supporting company played in English. This incident is common enough in the metropolis when the stars of magnitude appear on the horizon. Salvini played his famous Othello in Italian, with so wonderful an art that one hardly missed the vernacular. The Yiddish tragedian is not so eminent, but the character of his language excited interest; and in addition his success was sufficiently marked to warrant a renewal of the enterprise in the Academy of Music later on. There are now four Yiddish theatres in this city, the East Side Jews having captured the old German Thalia, the Windsor, the People's, and built a new one in good style on Grand Street. As these people spend no money that is not sure to return fifty per cent better than it went, it is easy to see how well the Yiddish play is patronized.

The Shylock of a Jewish actor is bound to be somewhat different from the Shylock of a Christian. Adler played the part with conspicuous ability, and his language did not lack either dignity or music. Naturally he read his own conception of the character into the part, as all actors do. The Shylock of the first Shaksperean representation was the low comedian of the play, jeered at and mocked in his heaviest misfortunes, badly dressed, a miser and a villain. Thus the populace regarded the monied Jew of earlier times. Successive generations of actors have changed that character for a more poetic conception. Now Shylock stands for the virtues and faults of his race, for the relationship of that race to

the Christian world; and all the sad consequences of both find a pathetic representative in him. Booth's Shylock was of this kind. It was not the Jew of Venice that appeared before you, but the unfortunate Jewish race, harried from without and within by cruel neighbors and its own sins.

Adler was more realistic, presenting a hard-headed man of business with just enough sentiment in the deeps of his nature to prompt him to tragedy. He made the audience laugh a little at some of Shylock's peculiarities, but touched their pity easily in the portrayal of his distress. The taste for Christian blood did not have the note of tragic vengeance as with Booth, but rather it seemed the accidental escape of a long-smothered irritation, whose consequences the old man regretted, and would have fled from, but for his pride. The test-scene in any portrayal of Shylock's character is the famous monologue on his ducats and his daughter. Booth was almost a failure in that scene, making it a mere oratorical antithesis, whose refrain became monotonous; whereas it is a complex thing, expressing every emotion of which the old Jew was capable. Mr. Adler did better than Booth, which is not saying a great deal; but on the whole his portrayal was solid, varied, and adequate; and it had the singular merit of winning attention and respect under the disadvantage of the unfamiliar Yiddish tongue. Some of the critics declare his Shylock the best that the stage has seen.

"FACING THE MUSIC."

The Irish literary society had the courage and the good taste to provide the poet Yeats with a hearing in the theatre of the Carnegie Institute, and set forth three of his plays with a competent cast of actors in the first part of June. The plays made interesting acting, and the critic of the *Times* allowed them an actable quality which is not always apparent in the poetic and literary drama. His praise does not seem to be justified in the opinion of others. No question but the ideas of the poet were beautiful in expression, and the action was much better than it would be in one of Howell's dramatic sketches, or in Maeterlinck's purple dreams of symbolism; but still that dramatic action without which a play is not a play seemed to be absent. The three plays presented were *The Land of the Heart's Desire, A Pot of Broth*, and a fine bit of symbolism with the title of *Cathleen-ni-Hoolihan*. Of the first it need only be said that it hardly acted at all, being a poem pure and simple in the form of a drama. The second is a farce founded on an ancient story which has gone the rounds of all nations and all the generations of them since history began. It is the story of the beggar who first provided the recipe for Stone Soup. Entering a cottage one day he asked of the old woman in charge the privilege of using her fire and pot for the making of a stone soup. The good woman's curiosity was at once aroused to see how soup could be made from a stone. The beggar got the water boiling, into which he dropped a smooth round stone and a little salt. As it boiled he described its merits, showed how the addition of onion, parsley, potato, etc., improved its quality, and secured these vegetables from the old woman. The soup turned out to be of excellent quality, and the beggar presented the stone to the old lady in exchange for cold chicken and a bottle of gin.

The third play came nearest to being the play which touches the public heart. A young fellow has just received the dower which comes to him with the sweetheart he is about to marry, and with his old parents he is rejoicing over his good fortune when an old and forlorn woman comes to the door. She is invited to enter, and the good people offer her milk and bread; when food does not satisfy her the old man offers her money; that being refused she is asked what will satisfy her need, whereupon she asks for the young man himself, crooning a song of praise and mourning for the youths that in the past have given themselves to her. As the shadows begin to fall she departs with her eyes on the young man, who stands gazing after her wistfully; his sweetheart enters and throws her arms about him; a cry arises that the French ships have landed on the coast; far down the road the old woman has suddenly been turned into a vision of youthful beauty; and the young man flies from parents, sweetheart, and fortune to fight for his country, Cathleen-ni-Hoolihan. The pathos and strength of this simple drama were remarkable, and won hearty applause. The Irish literary society deserve the greatest credit for this charming enterprise. It is through services of this sort that the popular drama rises by degrees to better things. With Adler and Yeats the serious dramatic season let fall the curtain. The roof-garden and comic opera reign noisily supreme.

Photograph by courtesy of San Francisco Monitor.

RT, REV. MONSIGNOR NUGENT.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Nugent met with an enthusiastic welcome home on his return from an extended tour through the United States. In the course of an interview he remarked that he had visited nearly all the principal cities from New York to San Francisco, spending three months in California. Wherever he went he was greeted by people originally hailing from Liverpool, many being old inmates of his Boys' Refuge or members of the League of the Cross, now settled in comfortable positions or filling responsible and honorable posts. He alluded also to the unbounded opportunities yet to be found there by men of energy and determination of character. The advances made throughout the Western States

were simply marvellous. At Graceville, Minnesota, where a number of Connemara emigrants were settled by him in 1880, aided by the Liverpool fund, most of them were now in affluence, some worth from 10,000 to 30,000 dollars, and owning from 160 to 460 acres of land.

Many friends congregated on the landing-stage to await the monsignor's disembarking. The boys of the refuge in St. Anne street, accompanied by their excellent band, were also in attendance, giving their venerable founder a hearty cheer on his arrival. A large crowd, principally of working-class men, surrounded and followed the vehicle conveying him to the

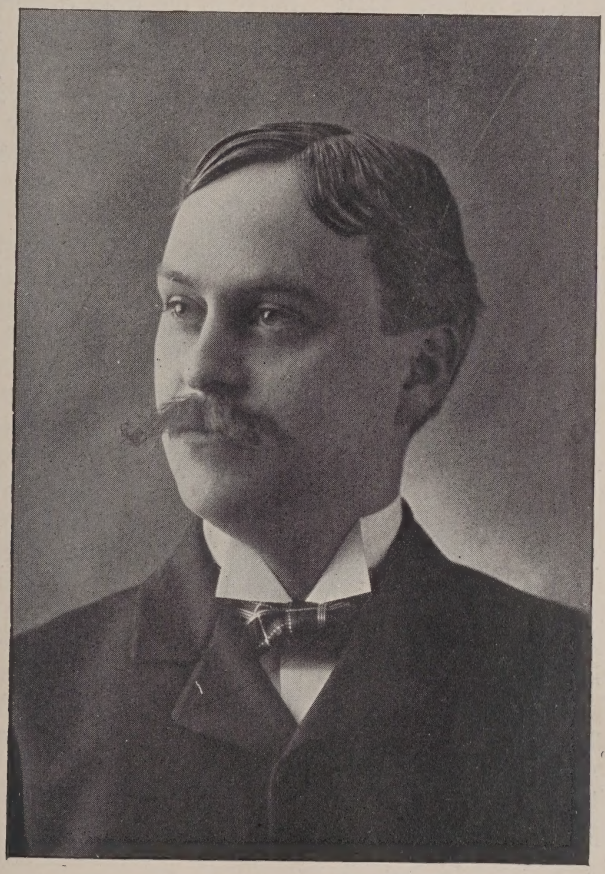
REV. JOHN J. DOWNEY,
SUPERINTENDENT OF WORKING BOYS' HOME.

Exchange railroad station, making the journey from the pier to the station partake of the character of a popular ovation. On all sides the respectful demeanor and hearty salutations on the route strongly evidenced the esteem in which Monsignor Nugent is held.

It is difficult to realize that "Father Nugent," as he is lovingly called by his friends, is now in his eighty-second year, his vigor and energy betokening one who has not yet attained three-score-and-ten.

The appointment of Rev. John J. Downey as Superintendent of the Working Boys' Home was received with decided satisfaction by the friends of the institution, for this young priest possesses in a marked degree executive ability and a faculty for looking ahead.

In assuming charge of the home Father Downey takes upon himself a heavy responsibility. For years it had been the aim of those affiliated with the home to make it an ideal institution of its kind,



EDWARD L. HEARN,

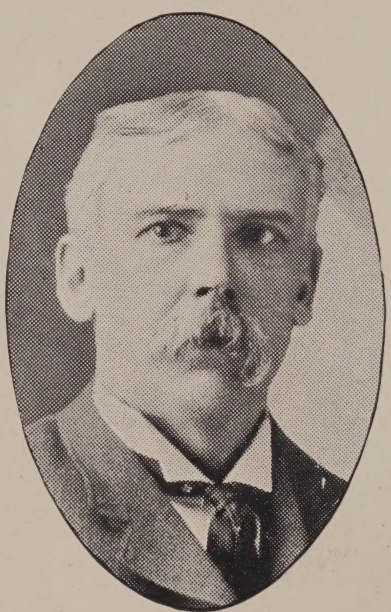
FOR THE THIRD TIME ELECTED SUPREME KNIGHT.

and this was done by incurring an expense which, it is said, at the present time reaches above $160,000.

The institution consists of a large home on Bennett street, Boston, and another large industrial school and home in Newton. The former is a home in every sense of the word, while at the Newton home the boys are taught various branches of trade to enable them to cope with the world in future years.

Father Downey expresses his appreciation of his predecessor's work and his own plans for the continuation of it, in these words:

"By the appointment of His Grace, Most Reverend John J. Williams, Archbishop of Boston, I have undertaken the great work of caring for homeless and destitute boyhood. The few weeks which have elapsed since entering upon my new duties have aroused a deep appreciation of Father Ford's earnest efforts and generous self-sacrifice. He died a martyr to a noble cause. It is my ambition to place the grand institutions to which he unsparingly devoted his life upon a firm financial basis, and in the hope that charitable readers will not disappoint me I make an earnest appeal to each, individually, to give me at this time hearty support and encouragement."



THOMAS DOWNEY,
PRESIDENT NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION MANAGERS.

Father Downey was born in Jamaica Plain, February 2, 1864. He was graduated with the class of 1885 from Boston College. The following autumn he entered St. John's Seminary, Brighton, and at the midsummer ordinations of 1889 was elevated to the priesthood. St. Cecilia's parish at that time was forming under the direction of the late Rev. Richard J. Barry, its first pastor, and the Catholics of the district worshipped in Mechanics building. Father Downey was appointed by Archbishop Williams to assist Father Barry in the work of forming the parish and erecting a church. That they succeeded well is evidenced by the beautiful edifice which now stands in the Back Bay section. Father Downey assisted Father Barry for eleven years, when the latter died, and Father Downey was temporarily in charge of the parish.

During his early days in the Back Bay section Father Downey made hosts of friends among all the people. He is regarded as one of the most powerful and effective preachers among the clergy.

Confronted as he is with a tremendous debt upon the home, it is to be hoped that Father Downey's difficulties will be lessened through the practical co-operation of the charitably inclined.

Though sorry at his going from the Back Bay, the parishioners and others with whom he had come in contact, showed that they were friends and helpmates in the arduous tasks which he has assumed.

At the twenty-third annual National Council of the Knights of Columbus, held at New Haven in June, Mr. Edward L. Hearn was again elected Supreme Knight, a distinction that has been conferred on him for three terms.

In his address the Supreme Knight reviewed the work accomplished by the Order in the past year, and demonstrated its effectiveness in promoting Catholic interests at home and abroad.

"From the view-point of organization and increase," said Mr. Hearn, "the year 1902 has been very busy and prosperous. Since January 1, 1902, we have extended our field of operations into California, Texas, New Mexico, Louisiana, Georgia, South Carolina, North Dakota, Washington, Oregon and the Province of Ontario. Before the lapse of a month we will have instituted Councils in Indian Territory, Mississippi and the Province of Manitoba. From January 1, 1902, to May 25, 1903, we have instituted 127 Councils, 43 of them having been instituted since the first of the present year. These additions bring the total number of Councils to 730. I need only say that the new territory opened up in the latter part of 1901, and during 1902, bids fair to be the best territory acquired to the Order since the acquisition of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts."

The labors of the Knights of Columbus to establish a fund for the maintenance of a Chair of Secular History in the Catholic University are nearing fulfillment. The sum necessary for this work is very nearly completed. "The resolution adopted by the National Council on March 7-8, 1899, to donate $50,000 to the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., did not meet with the ready and general approbation we had looked for," Mr. Hearn explained. "It was fully believed the fund would be in hand before the close of the year 1899, but four years have passed and the fund is not yet complete. It is now only a question of months, however, when the pledge of the Order, through its National Council, to the authorities of the Catholic University will be redeemed.

The work is certainly a most worthy one, and the members who have acted so generously in the matter of subscriptions will feel amply repaid in the great, good work which will be accomplished in giving to the world the truth regarding the gigantic labors of Catholic individuals and of the Catholic Church in the progress and development of this continent. Impartial historians are a scarcity, and the important part played by Catholics in the history of this continent has never been frankly admitted by the historian of different creeds. But the establishment of this Chair of Secular History in the Catholic University will go far to dispel the obscurity into which the Catholic pioneers of this continent have been thrust by biased writers of history. For this project $40,000 has been raised."

The annual meeting of the newspaper circulation managers is always one of the brightest assemblies brought together by a community of interests, and to be appointed President of the National Association is a signal honor. Therefore Boston is to be congratulated on the choice of Mr. Thomas Downey, of the Boston Globe, for this responsible office. Mr. Downey was greeted with cheers as he responded to a call for a speech. He thanked the Association for the new honor bestowed upon him and promised to show his appreciation by giving his best and most enthusiastic service to the promotion of the interests of the organization. He expressed the hope that he might meet all the members at the convention next year, each one bringing one or two new members, fresh ideas, and a determination to work harder than ever before.

The newly elected President was born in Ireland, December 22, 1846, and was brought to New York when he was six months old. His family proceeded di-

rectly to Boston and settled in Charlestown, where young Downey received his education in the public schools. Soon after his graduation he entered the dry goods business, holding responsible positions with a leading house. Twenty-five years ago he became associated with the Boston Globe and was given charge of the circulation department. No better proof of his executive ability could be advanced than that he is still engaged as circulation manager of this Boston daily. Mr. Downey's genial personality has won for him hosts of friends.

THE HARP OF THE DAGDA MOR.

BY ALICE FURLONG.

(Founded on the ancient Legends of the wars between the Fomorians and the Tuatha De Danaan, the fairy-people of Erinn, and following as close as possible the diction and idioms of the old tales.)

It was at the Battle of Moytuiré that the Harp was taken. This was the manner of it. The dark, wicked, vengeful Fomorians were upon the one side; the fair Folk of the gods of Dana upon the other. There was bad blood between them, on account of taxes and tributes.

The Kingship of the Island was with the Fomorians when the fair Folk came there, an enchanted wind carried them—the Red Wind of the Hills it is called, and it blows unto this day, a slua-shee, or fairy-blast. The Fomorians had no knowledge of their coming until they saw them approaching Tara in bands and companies. Like the rising of the sun of a morn in May was the coming of the Tuatha Dé Danaan.

"It is better that we should share our great Duns with them than that they should be putting us down in the little Duns with the stone roofs upon them," said the wise men of the Fomorians. The little duns were the cairns where the dead lay in their sleeping.

"That is a good saying," made answer the King of the Fomorians. He did not want to be taking treasure from his treasure-store to reward smiths and artificers for the turning and casting of long sharp shining spears such as the Tuatha Dé Danaan bore in their kingly, white, hero-hands.

So the wise people of the Fomorians parleyed with the fair Folk of the gods of Dana. It was agreed upon that they were to live together in Erinn like brothers in the one house.

But Bress, the King of the Fomorians, was a niggard. He took tributes of the people, both native and stranger, and he never gave them the shelter of his shield nor made for them a wounding with his spear. He called his law-maker to him one day, and he said:

"Make me a law that will fill my keeves with an abundance and no stint of the best of milk."

The druid made the law. The law was proclaimed to the people of Erinn. It commanded that the milk of every hairless dun cow was to be made over to Bress, the King of Tara. The people did not disturb themselves over that. The merry folk raised a laugh, and the loudest laugh of all came from Munster, for there were many dun cows, and plentiful milkers, in that province, but none of them hairless.

The word of their scorn was brought to Bress. He sent for his filé.

"What's this that you have done upon me, O Filé!" said he to him. "You have given me a bad return for the food and drink and keeping you have had of me."

"Not so," said the druid. "Give me a swift horse that does not whinny, a charioteer that is not talkative, and a chariot with greased wheels, and let me go through the Province of Munster."

He got what he asked for, and he went through the Province of Munster; with speed he passed over it in the silence and the darkness of the night. But in every pasture and every place where herds were gathered, he made a fire of ferns, and he drove through the same all the dun cows he found with the herd. Between the waxing and the waning of the moon, he went out from Tara, and returned to it.

The Munster people raised a great ululu when they saw what had been done. But their sorrow was joy and gladness to Bress, the King. He sent his tax-gatherers round about to every chief and every strong man of the Province. The hairless dun cows were driven to Tara, and the keeves of Bress filled with an abundance and no stint of the best of milk.

That was not enough. Corpré mac Etaine, the yellow-haired poet of the Tuatha Dé Danaan, came to the court of Tara. He was vestured for a king's company. Snow-white was the tunic upon him; his mantle glistened and shone with embroideries of gold and silver; in his slender hand he carried the poet's stave, made of the lasting red yew, and graven with the signs and symbols that were devised by the wisdom of Ogmé. It was Corpré, the file, that could interpret the signs of Ogmé, on flags and staves, and read the stars, and command the minds of men in faintings and trances.

He was led to a chamber, small and dark. No pleasant fire smoked up to the roof-tree, no couch nor curtain was by the wall. There was neither music nor good company in that chamber.

"I seek the hospitality of the King," said the filé, Corpre mac Etaine. "It had ever been my custom to grease my knife at the table of a King, and to drink bountifully of good heady ale from his royal vat. I have never yet sat to meat without the music of minstrels and the companionship of noble men and women."

"Not such is the hospitality of this Court," made answer the door-keeper.

The son of Etaine, yellow-haired Corpré, was left to himself for a long time, sitting on a block of wood in that dark chamber with neither fire nor light to comfort him. After that, the King's servant set before him three dry wheat-cakes, without honey or butter, or as much as a dish under them. Corpré rose up and he spoke a satire against the King of the Fomorians. This is what he said:

"No meat of swine; no flesh of deer;
No ale; no wine; no milk of steer;
No stories fine; no roof, night near;
The song is mine: for Bress, the cheer."

When he had made an end of his speaking, he went out of the place. He traveled the plains of the Five Provinces, and he recited his rann in the hearing of the fair Folk of the gods of Dana. That was the first satire made in Erinn, and better was never made before nor after. Them that had been living as brothers at peace in one house, then became like unto brothers in one house when there is contention for the mastery thereof.

But the Folk of the gods of Dana were much skilled in magic. They laid a spell of fear upon Bress, the King, so

that he rose and fled out of Tara. They put their own King, Nuad, in the royal Dun; and he exercised hospitality, and bounty, and no man went hungry from his doors. But Bress betook himself to his father, Elatha. He got from him a company of warriors: dark, large, mighty men they were. Balor Balcbeimnech was the head and chief of them, the glance of one of his eyes gave death. He began to build the fortifications of Bress, in the north-west part of the island; he built them on the verge of the high, green, glassy billows of the sea.

But the Tuatha Dé Danaan made their preparations in Tara. Giobniu, the smith, and Creidne, the artificer, and Luchtine, the carpenter, fashioned for them spears, sharp and shining; javelins, grey and green; and shields, round and well-turned, rimmed with red gold, and bossed with crimson and blue. When all was ready, the druids raised a vast white mist about the whole army (so that in all Erinn no man saw the sun for the space of three days). In the covert of that fairy-fog, the wise Folk marched to the plain of the north, which is named Moytuiré. They were within a league of the Fomorian camp when the mist dispersed and discovered them to the watchmen of Bress. These gave the word to the great, powerful, large men. The Fomorians came together on the borders of the camp.

"I see a warrior coming towards us, driving over dark bogs and heaths," said Indech, one of them. "This is the appearance upon him: a star, bright and keen-pointed, shining between the day and the night; and many a lesser star is along with him."

"That man will be Ogmé, a champion of the Tuatha Dé Danaan," made answer Bress, the King of the Fomorians.

Indech turned himself about to the right, and he said:

"I behold another warrior approaching, he comes by the margins of woods and dim branchy forests. Like to the full moon standing in the middle of the heavens, I behold him; and it is only the greater one of his company I can espy, for his light is very brilliant and glorious."

"That will be Lugh-lam-fada, the master of the manifold crafts," made answer Bress. "No small help will that man render to the side upon which he places himself; and it would better become him to be with us in this camp, than in the following of Ogmé, for his mother was of the Fomorians. By the oath my people swear, I wish he were upon my right hand in this battle!"

Indech turned himself about to the left, and he said:

"There is yet another warrior coming with speed over the mountains and hills. The glory of morning and evening are gathered together into one brightness to make the light that is round about him in clouds and radiant vapors! Such is the splendor of his appearance, that he is like the sun with the whole heaven to himself in the noonday!"

When he had listened to this word, there was shame and sorrow upon Bress.

"We will taste the bitterness of death before night!" said he, and he lifted his shield up against his face. "That man will incline the beam of battle against us, and bring destruction upon us, for he is the Dagda Mor, the prime wizard and sorcerer of the Tuatha Dé Danaan!"

That was a true saying. The fight began on the Feast of Samhain: for the space of four days there were men crying out their souls on the black plain of Moytuiré. There was clashing of spear upon shield, and the noise of the whiz-

zing of strung javelins, and tumult and clamor. The birds flew away out of the trees, and the kine would not drink of the well-waters nor the river-waters, for they were running red with the blood of men. Dark ravens and the spectres of the air screamed overhead, exulting in the flowing of the red blood from the fair white flesh of the warriors and heroes.

But when it was the evening of the fourth day, the Sword of Tethra, one of the kings of the Fomorians, fell into the hands of the Dagda Mór. The beam of battle then inclined against the Fomorians, and they fled away into glens and coverts and dark places, and their countenances were pale with fear, and their knees tottered and knocked together. They left Balor Balc-beimnech a dead man upon the field, with the sling-stone of Lugh-lam-fada in his Evil Eye. Then the Morrigan, the ancient grey raven of battle, proclaimed and cried aloud to the fords and river-mouths and chief waters of Erinn, and made a vaunt of the victory of the fair Folk of the gods of Dana.

After that, those yellow-haired champions and heroes gathered in the banquet-hall to a feasting. And Ogmé unsheathed the Sword, and made it relate to the company all its deeds and exploits: it spoke with a voice, for there was a demon hidden in the Sword. And when they had made an end of that, there was a call for music from the Harp of the Dagda Mór. But when they sought it in its own place, behold, it was not there!

"An evil thing has come to pass," said the Dagda Mór. "For the Fomorians have laid hands upon my sweet-tongued Harp; but it shall be a silent mouth with them, until I find it."

Then Ogmé and Lugh-lam-fada rose from their silken couches, and they said:

"If it were to be over hills of glass and lakes of smothering fire, we will fare forth with thee on that seeking."

They took spear and shield, and they went hot-foot after the Fomorians. They were going from a night-fall to a night-fall; and they crossed nine high hills and nine dark valleys and nine broad, perilous ford-mouths before they found the Fomorians. It was eating and drinking they were, but that was a sorrowful banquet. There was neither music nor story-telling, but the heaviness of death was upon them all, both men and women.

And in the midst of them was hung the Harp of the Dagda: a silent mouth, for not even the most skilful of the Fomorian minstrels could draw music from it on account of the spells and enchantments it was under. Of a sudden, the three bright-faced heroes of the Tuatha Dé Danaan stood in the banqueting-hall. The Dagda Mór opened wide his slender willow arms. His eyes became like to sparks of lightning. He spoke to the Harp, and he said:

"Come, Murmur of the Apple Tree! Come, Hive of Melody! Come, Summer; come, Winter, from the mouth of harps and hollows and pipes!"

The Harp sprang to him. Nine foemen rose up in its path: it gave death to the first and the last of them. It leaped to the bosom of the Dagda Mór, and it was like a son running to his father, or a maid to her sweetheart. He drew his hand over the strings of the Harp, and he played the Goltrai, the plaintive tear-song. It was then that the dark, vengeful Fomorians, both men and women, forgot their hatred and their battle-fury. The warriors drew their mantles over their countenances to hide their weeping; and the women wept three showers of tears, so heart-rending were the strains of the magic Harp.

"Give them another kind of music!" said Ogmé, the champion.

"I can do that," made answer the Dagda Mór.

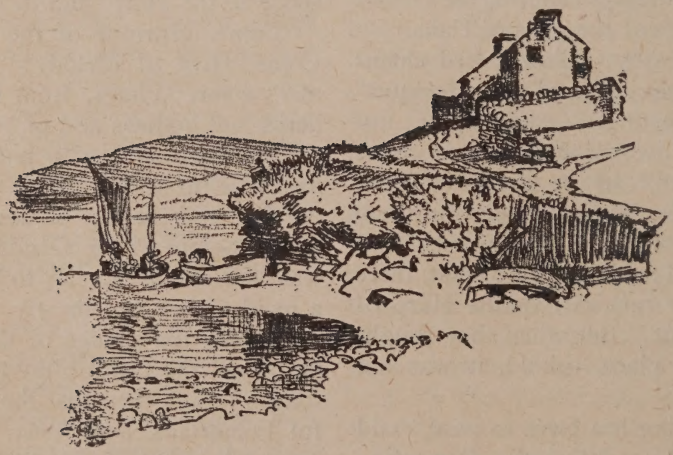
Then he drew his hand over the strings, and he played the Gentrai, the mirthful music, until the young men and the women shouted and laughed for the delight and the joy of it. Such was its power that if every man and woman in Erinn had their father and mother lying dead before them, they would have to laugh with gladness for that melody.

"Give them the Suantrai, and let us be going away with ourselves!" said Lugh-lamfada, the master of the manifold sciences.

"I can do that; none better than myself to do it," made answer the Dagda.

Then he swept his hand over the strings of the Harp, and it answered him with the music of sleep. Creeping, crooning, soothing strains of murmurous music it played for him, until the heads of the Fomorian warriors fell down upon their breasts, and the women sank into deep and heavy slumber.

The Dagda Mór carried his Harp forth into the darkness, and returned with his companions to his own people. That was the last time there was a battle between the Fomorians and the fair Folk of the gods of Dana. And the kingship and sovereignty of the island remained with those last, until the son of Miledh came over-seas, and drove them into the raths and Shee-mounds, where they live to this day, an invisible, enchanted people.



THE GODDESS OF THE GARDEN.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

He was forty perhaps, not bad-looking, and a prosperous lawyer well-known to metropolitan fame; and because his physician had said he was overworked and in need of a rest he found himself miles away in the country, this bright summer morning, gazing admiringly at his neighbor's garden. He knew nothing about flowers or gardens, except that he loved the former instinctively and admired the latter as a novelty. Outside of the law, which most persons agreed he knew pretty thoroughly, old and rare books were his passion. It was said he was quite an authority on them. But he was absorbed in the charms of the garden.

"How well-ordered it is," he murmured. "This side isn't! I wonder why? What beautiful roses down there near the wall! I love roses. There are hosts of them there. I am impelled to break the law and steal one. I wonder would the goddess mind?—for of course, only where a goddess presides could there be such a garden!"

It was in truth an ideal little spot. There was a winding flower-bordered walk, with great red blooms nodding riotously on either side. Pompous peonies of a blushing pink added color to the scene. A little arbor covered with the clambering vine known as virgin bower stood invitingly at the farther end in the domain of the roses.

"My lady sits there to dream love fancies," determined the lawyer. He gazed at the neighboring house. It was as neat and trim as the garden. No one seemed stirring.

"It must be very early," he thought; "I imagined rural folk arose with the lark." He strolled down toward the roses, filled with a sudden joy of life. The bracing air of Vinedale had already performed miracles. The physical weariness of the last months seemed to have left him over night. Birds were caroling to the new born day which had but kissed farewell to night. A delicious coolness filled the air, and a butterfly brushed his cheek with its downy wings.

"This is life!" he murmured gratefully. The wall dividing him from the beautiful garden was built of stone. Where he stood it was low enough to vault over, but where the roses clambered it rose to a greater height than the man, as though to protect them.

"But I am going to have one, nevertheless!" he said, determinedly. "I will make ample restitution, if the goddess demands."

A rose nodded invitingly above the wall. "I'll get a foothold—there are hollows in the wall." And forthwith this metropolitan pillar of the law set forth to violate it with all the ardor of a boy. The door of his abode opened and the lady of the house gazed in mute astonishment at her city boarder clinging to the wall and kicking his heels in very undignified fashion as he sought to climb higher.

"I declare them city 'uns is the queerest critters—that's fun for him I s'pose!" She felt her respect dwindling, therefore turned back to get his breakfast. Meanwhile the man struggled. He meant to get a rose, and was too busy to see the door of the trim little house open and some one saunter down the garden path. Just then he got to the top. There were roses galore, but he wanted a particularly choice one. He was forced to stoop over and reach down, and when he grasped it

the flower refused to part from its parent stem. More, its thorns pricked him rebelliously.

"Like many human roses," he commented, "though beautiful you can wound! I must get my knife." The next moment, flushed, stained, but victorious, he sat upright with his spoils—to give a startled exclamation! Standing before him, very near the wall, stood a young woman in an attitude of dignified surprise. But it was not the attitude so much as the woman herself with her long braids of thick clustering brown hair that, framing either side of her white neck, fell in two long plaits over her breast and hung below her waist. Her simple morning gown of some light summer material clung about her slim, well-moulded figure with a charm he had never observed in any imported gown of fancy price. But this was only secondary to the charm of her oval face with its delicate blend of color.

"Good morning!" he began imperturbably. "You're the goddess, and I'm, well I'm—the guilty one! You've caught me in the act. What shall I do to be forgiven?"

For a moment the goddess trembled between her love for dignity and the humor of the situation. Her face grew stern, but her eyes and lips smiled; then she unbent and laughed merrily.

"Keep it," she said.

"Thank you ever so much," he cried. "You can't think how I'll prize it, now! You are rewarding instead of punishing me."

"If you really like them so much, take another," she suggested, generously.

"No! More would be vandalism. You have forgiven. That is enough."

"You have determined to reform? Well, I am going to cut some for the table." She turned to the flowers without more ado. He watched her graceful figure with admiration as she stooped to clip a rose here and there. When she leaned forward her long brown hair swung to and fro like pendulums. She straightened up suddenly, and met his scrutiny with a hidden challenge in her own eyes. It was not dislike, and he took it to mean an invitation to farther friendship.

"Your garden is beautiful," he said.

"You like it?" she asked, fondling the roses.

"It is fit for a king!"

"We have no kings—in Vinedale," she said demurely.

"But they have queens!" he flung back quickly.

She raised her eyes; they met his in a quick magnetic glance that thrilled him with pleasure. "You must have attended a good many of them to flatter so readily."

"Is that a rebuke?" he demurred, half vexed at her doubting him.

"Where do you come from?" She parried his question with another. "New York, I suppose?"

"Right! My lady of the garden. I arrived last night and—"

"You are staying with Mrs. Bond." This with a half smile.

"Yes, why? Is it going to be bondage?"

She laughed. "Oh, no, I didn't mean that. Only she is not a very lively person." She clipped a few more roses, then with her arms filled turned smiling to him.

"There—don't move!" he begged. "Oh, what a picture you are. A perfect Esmeralda. I want to fix you as you are now, forever in my memory."

"How very silly. I am going." She moved away, but he knew she was pleased.

"But promise to come back, tomor-

row," he begged. She stopped, and suddenly flung him a rose.

"Perhaps," she said, and sped up the winding path to the house. He hoped she would turn to look at him again, but she did not, and Mr. Jeremy Weston climbed down from the wall, tingling with pleasurable emotions. "I always raved over golden-haired women," he commented, "but now I know I meant brown-haired, brown-eyed ones all the time."

Mrs. Bond proved gaunt, stolid, and given to grunts instead of conversation.

"What's the name of the young lady next door?" he asked.

A prelude of three grunts, then, "She thet you wuz just a talkin' to? Rosalie Dale. She thinks a powerful lot o' herself, Mr. Weston," snorted the lady.

"Don't blame her," said Mr. Weston, cheerfully.

In the afternoon he took a long ramble through the hills of the countryside, and coming down by way of the village stopped for a glass of milk, when he saw Miss Dale pass. With a gurgle he put down the glass and sped out. She looked up wonderingly as he caught up with her.

"I've just come from town," she said, wearily, "and oh, I'm tired, real tired."

"Come in here and have some refreshment."

But she declined, saying she must get home speedily.

"You look annoyed," he said.

"It's warm and tiresome in the train," she answered, evasively. Together they sauntered up the road and he could not help but see that she was troubled. She was no longer as gay as in the morning. Her beautiful hair was tucked away under a plain little hat, leaving one with no idea of its profusion. Altogether she was the same, yet not the same. He sought to linger at the gate, but it was plain she was anxious to be within.

"I want to see more of you, Miss Dale," he said abruptly. "Some time I want to make restitution."

She lifted her eyes with something of that same dignified surprise that had greeted him in the morning. Then the candor of his face seemed to melt her reserve.

"You know my name. I do not know yours, that isn't fair!" she protested, closing the gate.

He told her. "Now I hope we can be friends, the best of friends," he said, "and you will be in the garden tomorrow?"

"I do not know. Perhaps. Good night!" She was gone, so there was nothing to do but go home and dream about her.

* * * * * *

Next morning she was in the garden and he was overjoyed to find her arrayed with the same simplicity. She seemed cheerful again.

"I always cut some flowers for the table," she explained, "they both love flowers."

"They? Who?" he demanded.

"My grandparents."

"Oh!" he exclaimed with relief. "I feared you meant boarders, men!"

She looked startled. "What an idea. We never have kept boarders, but—" her face clouded suddenly and all the brightness left it.

"But what?" he asked.

"Oh nothing, I must go now. There!" She tossed him a rose. He caught it deftly. "Come back, do," he cried.

Thereafter she tossed him a rose every morning, and at the end of the week they were very good friends. Later he was admitted to the house to meet a sweet old lady and white-haired old man, who were so devoted to each other and so rejoiced in each other's company that he fell in love with them at once. The house was delightfully quaint, old-fashioned and

neat. A towering old clock stood in the hall, and there was a spinning wheel in the sitting room which the old lady said her own mother had been wont to use. Looking at these things Weston felt a sudden distaste for the city's turmoil. Having passed muster at his first visit he was admitted to greater intimacy. There was no longer need of his standing on the other side of the garden wall. Instead, he and Rosalie trod the winding path together. The days passed into weeks and what had been expected to be a dreary exile from the city's joys, became instead a Paradise. He put the thought of return from him. There was work awaiting him. What of it? Nothing could make up for these glorious summer days. Mrs. Bond saw little of her guest, for he frequently dined with her neighbors.

Meantime with all the placid calm of the Dale household Weston knew there was something that troubled them. Some burden of grief or care which they did not choose to share with him. And he would have counted it a favor to help them. A month had gone by, when one day he came unexpectedly upon Rosalie, weeping in the garden.

"Dear little girl, what is it?" he asked, tenderly.

She saw it was useless to deny there was something, unless she cared to betray a lack of confidence in him.

"I will tell you," she said with a smothered sob. "I suppose I am very silly, but it is the mortgage. It is eating our hearts out."

"Why did you not tell me!" he demanded. "I would have been only too glad to help."

"Oh no, that would never do. They would die if they thought I had told you of it. Promise me you won't say anything of it." She grew so agitated that he promised.

"But tell me more about it. Perhaps I can advise."

"I wish some one could advise," she said drearily. "I can't see any way out of it, I get despairing. It is all so hopeless that, that—" she choked.

He had never seen her so cheerless before. It touched him.

"I have to pretend cheerfulness," she continued, "for their sakes. They are old and they have done so much for me that I cannot bear to see it breaking their hearts. And they love this old place so much."

"What is the amount of the mortgage?" he asked.

"Eight hundred dollars," she replied tragically, "and all we can possibly get together is two hundred. I have been to see Barter & Company. They have not been hard, they have even extended the time a month, but half of that is gone now. I can't think of anything more. Somehow all hope just died out of me today."

"You must not despair. Trust to me. It will all come out right," he said blithely. He had a wild plan of making her accept his aid. He could readily afford to and he would cheerfully expend eight hundred dollars if need be to restore that lovely face to its wonted cheerfulness.

"I wonder if she loves me," he thought. "If she did, matters would promptly clear." But he was not venturesome enough to ask her in her trouble.

"You must promise to leave it to me," he said, desperately. "You must. I'll help you somehow."

"But—" she began.

"No buts. You must, you will! Unless you mistrust me."

"Oh no, I do not mistrust you," she said softly. "I'm glad I told you now."

After she had gone into the house, he wondered how they were going to straighten out the tangle. "I can't let the

old place be sold over their heads," he resolved, "no matter what their pride may be. Even if I have to take it myself." If the city friends of staid Jeremy Weston could have seen the extravagant lengths to which he was ready to go because of a girlish face and a rose garden they would have wondered indeed.

Next morning Rosalie was to go for a row on the lake.

"You might just as well get your mind off that confounded mortgage," he explained solicitously, "worrying won't help it. Some one has said the world's a mirror to be smiled at, if you want it to smile back at you. Besides I told you it would all come out right."

"Yes I know," she said. "I am trying to believe it because you said it."

"I wish you would pin your faith to me in all things," he ventured with sudden boldness, trying to seize her hands; but she broke away with a merry little laugh, to get her hat she said. In a ferment of emotion he turned absently to a small rack of books that lined the wall, and thoughtlessly pulled one out. It was old, but his attention suddenly became fixed as he caught the title.

"Horsemander's *Negro Plot*, New York, 1774. 'Pon my soul! Where on earth did they ever get this?" He moved over to the light, turning the pages with a keen, critical eye. When Rosalie reentered the room he was handling the book in a dainty way as though it were something very precious.

"Where did you get this?" he asked with great gravity.

"That old book? It was my father's. It is the only thing belonging to him I have."

"It's something worth having, indeed," said Weston. "That book," he waved it solemnly, "is a treasure, a real abiding treasure."

"What do you mean?" gasped the girl, with whitening face, for the prospect of possessing a treasure just then seemed too good to be true.

"I mean," said he, a tender, glad light in his eyes, "that this is a priceless old rarity. Why, it's bound by Lortie, a perfect gem. Little girl, I know a man who will give you a thousand dollars tomorrow, if need be, for it. Cheerfully, cheerfully, too!"

"Oh," cried Rosalie, covering her face with her hands. "You are really, really serious?" she asked, coming over to him. "Think what it would mean, to me, to all of us!"

"I never was more serious," he replied. "I shall prove it speedily."

Of course there was no boating that day. Instead Weston went down to the city, taking the book with him, the two conspirators meanwhile resolving to keep the matter to themselves until their suppositions were proven correct. When he returned he had a check for one thousand dollars, payable to Rosalie Dale, and certified by a well-known metropolitan bank. In the afternoon they both went to Barter & Company's where the debt was cancelled, leaving a snug little balance. Then they went back and told the old couple, who were overwhelmed at the realization that their home was their own for all time.

* * * * * *

That night Weston stood in the rose garden. He held Rosalie's hands in his own, while the scent of flowers and the soft sounds of the summer night wrapped them about like a beautiful dream.

"I am glad you stole my roses," she said, softly.

"But I never made restitution to the goddess of the garden," he whispered. "I am going to, now—if she will have it."

"That depends upon what it is," she said roguishly.

"It's nothing very valuable," he deprecated, "just myself."

"That will do, best of all," she whispered.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Instinct and Intelligence in the Animal Kingdom. A Critical Contribution to Modern Animal Psychology by Eric Wasmann, S. J. Authorized Translation of the Second and Enlarged Edition. Herder, St. Louis, 1903. $1.00.

Father Wasmann occupies a high rank among German scientists, especially for his careful and constant studies of ant life. He is, perhaps, the greatest living authority upon the nature and habits of the *Formica* tribe, and his writings thereon have received the most generous praise even from his adversaries. In this work Fr. Wasmann takes up the much-mooted question of instinct and intelligence in the animal kingdom. We are all familiar with the loud declarations of a certain school of modern scientists who declare that intelligence is not limited to man and the higher natures, but that it is shared by the members of the brute creation. The author claims that much of the opposition among modern scientific writers is due to a lack of correct and clear definitions and he, consequently, labors to establish upon a sound basis the meaning of the words *instinct* and *intelligence*. "Intelligence," he informs us, "is the power of formal conclusion; instinct is a sensitive impulse to actions that are unconsciously adaptive." After a masterly exposition of some of the assertions of popular psychology pertaining to the subject, Fr. Wasmann concludes that in view of biological facts, six different forms of learning have to be distinguished, three forms of self-dependent learning and three forms of learning through outside influence. All six forms are found united only in man. In animals, both in ants and in the higher mammals those forms which alone offer a real argument for intelligence are lacking and hence it is impossible to grant that brutes are endowed with this priceless gift. The book is one that was much needed in view of the vaunted teachings of many scientists and we congratulate heartily the author upon his scholarly and logical production, while we thank sincerely the enterprising firm of Herder for publishing works of this nature, in which the Catholic position is fully and fairly presented to the reading public. In a new edition we hope that a few expressions which hang together rather clumsily and which are somewhat quaint in style will be amended.

"The Circle," by Katherine Cecil Thurston. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. $1.50.

A new Irish writer, Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston, contributes to the notable fiction of this year a rather remarkable novel, "The Circle." The quotation, "In youth we dream that life is a straight line; later we know it to be a circle, in which the present presses on the future, the future on the past," explains the choice of title, and suggests the motive of the story, which in plot and treatment is out of the ordinary. It possesses the high degree of merit of not only beginning well, but maintaining throughout strength and dramatic intensity. The story opens under the most favorable circumstances—a stormy night, an original girl of sixteen years, her father, a Russian-Jew, who keeps a curio shop, a fugitive seeking refuge from his pursuers. Anna Solny, the antiquary's daughter, is in revolt against her isolated, eventless life. She is possessed with the desire to "see things," and the gratification of this wish comes to her indirectly through Johann, the hunted man, who finds an asylum in her father's house. He is the victim of circumstances, and Anna in her effort to aid him meets the arbiter of her fortunes, Jeanne Maxstead, a woman of magnetic personality and dominating force of will. She sees great possibilities in the Jewish maiden, lures her away from her home, and after five years presents her to the world as an actress, who immediately scores a triumph, winning the renown of being "the greatest actress in Europe." Just here the love story begins, with the meeting of Maurice Strode and Anna Solny, and in its progress the theatrical career is almost lost sight of, though it is through the stage the chivalric Maurice finally learns who Anna is. Mrs. Thurston draws her characters admirably, investing each one with an individuality that commands attention.

To Maurice Strode, simple, earnest gentleman and ardent wooer that he is, she assigns the part of unconsciously awakening in Anna a sense of duty towards the father she had forsaken, and the determination to go back to the old life, offering in atonement the sacrifice of her public career. Johann, reticent, subdued, full of hidden depths, is a curious study, alternately exciting contempt for his cowardice or challenging admiration for his heroism. The pathos of the story centres round the solitary old Russian who had lost home and health and wife in the Jewish persecutions, and finally, his reason when he roused himself from his books to learn that his little daughter had left him. Her return, the old man's illusion that she is his wife, the penitence of Johann, the death of the antiquary, the coming of Maurice, are pictured graphically and the climax leaves nothing to be desired.

"A Blighted Rose," by Joseph F. Wynne." The Angelus Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

A noble novel indeed, portraying vividly the tyranny of those capricious mothers who, deceived by worldly motives, interfere in the sacred choice of a state of life. The story deals with life as it is, not as it is sometimes thought to be, and the result is a work of real value both artistically and morally. Tactfully, skilfully. and with a wealth of original combinations, the author has produced a book which deserves the highest praise.

"The Playwater Plot," by Mary T. Waggaman. Benziger Brothers, New York. 60 cents.

Another story for young people is "The Playwater Plot," by Mary T. Waggaman, a writer who has done so much for juvenile readers that they will surely welcome this latest book. It tells the story of a little boy, rich, pampered, feeble in health, and warped in temper who comes under the influence of two splendid mountain boys full of life and mischief. Every boy and girl will want to read this pleasant story and few will be found to criticise the one or two rather impossible situations that give zest to the narrative.

"The Unraveling of a Tangle," by Marion Ames Taggart. Benziger Brothers, New York. $1.25.

Marion Ames Taggart, whose "Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet" found so many admirers, has brought out another book, "The Unraveling of a Tangle," which, as the name indicates, is full of pleasing mystery and varied adventure. Amy Alden, a young American, is almost too independent, and her determination to return to the residence of Mademoiselle Merlet, despite the advice of her elderly friend, is a piece of wilfulness justly punished by her subsequent difficulties. Of course she is finally extricated from the snares of her foes, but not even the change of heart she works in the Count Fontanges can excuse her foolhardiness in placing herself in his power. "It would make me so happy," she says, "that I should only be glad of all my strange adventures here if I could think when I went home that you were a great deal better, stronger man for my visit to Paris." Young readers will applaud this noble sentiment, but their seniors will be rather skeptical of such a radical reformation as that effected in the Count

The Heir of Pilkington. By Anna T. Sadlier. New York, Benziger Brothers, 1903. $1.25.

Though the abducted infant heir is a well-known feature of fiction, few novel-readers weary of him. He is always an interesting figure to follow through amazing adventures before his steps are finally directed in the way that brings him back to his own. Miss Anna T. Sadlier in "The Heir of Pilkington" has worked up this popular plot in most attractive form. The story is full of interest, and the action rapid from the moment when the gallant captain is killed to the final scene which restores the boy to his mother and his lawful heritage. Of course there is a male relative covetous of his child-cousin's inheritance, and the minor conspirators, Jim and Lucy, aid him only too well in carrying out his nefarious plans. But through Father Aubril and Father Christian the identity of the stolen boy is fully established, greatly to the joy of his widowed mother, and the conclusion is reached in a home-coming and festival worthy of the great occasion.

The story is one that will be read with enjoyment by young people, and by their elders as well.

The Talisman. By Anna T. Sadlier. New York, Benziger Brothers, 1903. 60 cents.

It is pleasing to associate the title "The Talisman," with such a thoroughly Catholic story as that Miss Anna T. Sadlier tells under the caption so long considered the special property of Sir Walter Scott. The story opens in the town of Hartford at a time when religious intolerance was so strong that Catholics were obliged to practice their religion privately. Thus Edward Manners, the boy hero of the book, was counselled by his mother never to repeat the Hail Mary to any one outside the household. And his first Communion was received under most unusual circumstances which form the subject of the introductory chapter, "A Visitor and a Gift." Very wholesome reading indeed for modern boys is this tale of a boy of the past whose experiences were so marvellous, and who suddenly issuing from the seclusion of his home life became a hero and a participant in patriotic deeds.

"The Untrained Nurse," By a Graduate of Bellevue Hospital, now a Sister of Mercy. Angel Guardian Press, Boston, 1903. 75 cents.

This little book must prove a treasure to mothers. It is replete with useful information on home nursing, medicines, chest diseases, diseases of the heart and blood, home surgery, eyes, ears, children's diseases, and many other ailments on the treatment of which home-makers are in sad need of instruction. The writer definitely states that the book is not intended for the use of trained nurses or to take the place of a doctor. Its purpose is to help those who, un-

able to hire a trained nurse, yet feel most keenly their own ignorance, and know that trained nursing may be necessary to save a life, particularly in cases of typhoid, pneumonia and diphtheria. Doctors sometimes take it for granted that many things are known which are not known to the average mother or housekeeper and "The Untrained Nurse" is specially planned to supply this information. Of special interest to Catholics is the chapter describing the preparations that should be made when a patient in danger of death is to receive the last sacraments.

"The Volunteers and the Irish Parliament." By John P. Gunning. Limerick, Guy & Co., 1903.

As we seem to be approaching the final act of the stirring tragedy which for over seven hundred years has been enacted in Ireland in the struggle for national life, it is fitting that the various actors in that grand drama should receive recognition. Mr. Gunning depicts for us in detail the history of the Irish Volunteers, a body unique for its exalted wisdom and calm vigor. What this band of earnest men, under the guidance of the Irish patriots, accomplished is well-fitted to arouse the warmest enthusiasm. The author's style is clear, his presentation scholarly, and his sympathy contagious. The volume will be welcomed, not only by every loyal Irishmen, but by every thoughtful reader of history. It is to be regretted that the book was not more durably bound.

There was issued, early in May, a book of love stories by Ethna Carbery (Mrs. Seumas MacManus), under the title of "The Passionate Hearts." This book shows all her power as a prose writer; all the tenderness and sympathy with which she treated beautiful sentiment. Her book of poems, "The Four Winds of Eirinn," which was published last summer, and which has had such a phenomenal sale—a sale not attained to by any Irish book for a long time—is now in its ninth edition. The cover of "The Passionate Hearts" presents a beautiful design in three colors, by the mystic poet, "A. E." The book was issued at the popular price of one shilling, and two shillings (paper and cloth boards), and may be had from "Irish Nights" office 70 Gt. Strand street, Dublin. It will be sent post free to any address abroad for 30 cents, paper cover, and 60 cents, cloth boards.

"A Directory of Catholic Charities of Massachusetts" is an indispensable reference manual for all interested in the charitable work carried on in Massachusetts and neighboring states. In concise form it gives a list of the various Catholic institutions, class of inmates, conditions of admittance, etc. This little book also contains a list of the clergy in the Boston, Springfield, and Providence dioceses, information on the State and Civic laws in regard to children, certain information about State and City institutions, and a list of the visitors connected with the work of the Charitable Bureau in behalf of neglected and dependent children. The Rev. J. G. Anderson, in providing this little book which condenses in one hundred and fifteen pages answers to almost every question connected with the special classes it treats of, has fully realized his wish to supply a long-felt want. For priests it is specially valuable as it enables them to decide at once how certain cases shall be disposed of.

The book is durably and neatly bound. Flynn & Mahoney, Boston. Fifty cents.

Much interest is excited by the announcement that among the coming books is "The Life and Letters of St. Catherine de Ricci," the Dominican Mystic of the sixteenth century. The scholarly writer, F. M. Capes, has many friends in America who will eagerly await publication of this volume. Very Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P., has prefixed to it a short treatise on the Mystical life, and spiritually-minded readers will find in its pages much to satisfy and uplift the soul.

QUESTION BOX.

What is the meaning of the phrase, "And lead us not into temptation" in the Lord's prayer?

Commentators, as a rule, regard the use of the word "lead" in this petition as a peculiarity of the Hebrew language, in which *permissive* verbs are expressed *actively*. The meaning, consequently, is: "Do not, O Lord, permit us to be led into or overcome by temptation." We pray, therefore, for those graces, both external and internal, which will help to keep temptation at a distance, or should it approach near to us, we pray that we may be given the necessary strength to come out of the trial as victors.

What is the meaning of the word *cemetery?*

It means literally a resting place. The Church calls places of burial *cemeteries*, because the bodies of the faithful are to rest, as it were, in these hallowed spots, until the day of general resurrection. It is a beautiful expression and marks our intense belief in the resurrection of the body.

Who prayed that he might never be rich?

Reference is probably made to Prov. 30, 8—"Give me neither beggary nor riches; give me only the necessaries of life; lest perhaps being filled, I should be tempted to deny and say: Who is the Lord? or being compelled by poverty, I should steal, and forswear the name of God."

What Queen was crowned after her death?

Inez de Castro was crowned six years after her death. It is held by historians that Don Pedro, son of Alfonso IV of Portugal, married in 1345, Inez, a daughter of Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro, a descendant from the royal house of Castile. Pedro's first wife, Constantia, to whom Inez had been maid of honor, died in 1344. The following year Don Pedro married Inez, but secretly, for fear of incurring thereby his father's displeasure. A few years afterwards Don Pedro revealed the fact of his marriage with Inez to King Alfonso, who was so incensed thereat that he resolved to have the unfortunate lady put to death. Accordingly, while Pedro was absent on a hunting expedition, Alfonso, with several wicked associates, went to Coimbra, where Inez was living with her children, and there in 1355 she was foully assassinated. When Pedro returned and found his wife a mangled corpse, his rage was beyond description and he solemnly vowed that he would have the dark deed fully atoned for. This he could not accomplish in the lifetime of Alfonso, but when the latter's death in 1357 opened the way for Pedro's ascent to the throne, he immediately took steps to vindicate his injured wife. The assassins, with one exception, were arrested, cruelly tortured, and put to death; then their hearts were torn out of their bodies, their bodies were burned and their ashes scattered to the winds. But even this was not enough in Pedro's eyes. After publishing the details of his marriage both in a solemn council at Castanheda and all over his realm, he ordered the remains of Inez to be exhumed. The corpse of the murdered princess was placed upon the throne, attired in royal robes, and solemnly crowned. After the coronation the nobles of the kingdom came one by one to do homage to the queen of Portugal and to kiss the hem of her royal vesture. The remains thus honored were afterwards interred with elaborate ceremonies at Alcobaca. The people, with lighted torches in their hands, formed a line which extended, it is reported, from Coimbra to Alcobaca, a distance of sixty miles.

Lawrence, Mass., June 13, 1903.

MR. EDITOR:—

Permit me to call your attention to what I consider a remarkable statement made by James A. Leroy, in the current number of "Out West."

Charles F. Lumis tells us "Mr. Leroy was with the second Philippine Commission, from its appointment till January, 1902, as private secretary to Dean C. Worcester, now Secretary of the Interior in the Insular Government. He resigned on account of ill-health. Both Governor Taft and Secretary Worcester testify unequivocally to his ability, integrity, discretion and intimate knowledge of Philippine affairs."

Mr. Leroy, in a five-page article on "Some Philippine Questions," complains that the American Publishers and Editors do not take sufficient interest in the affairs of the Philippine Islands, and then, as if to say "you are allowing the Catholics to get in their side, why don't you bestir yourselves?" proceeds to tell them what they would learn if they were more alert.

"At one time, in December last, it looked as though the Catholic schism in the Philippines, the native priests' "Philippine Inde-

pendent Church," which is a new form of the anti-Friar movement, might result in a new outbreak of general disorder in the Islands. Suppose it had: How many in the United States would have understood the nature of this movement, the character of its leaders, and its significance in general, not as an attack on American authority, but on the Friars? How many editorial wiseacres would have gone astray in writing about it? Furthermore, what have we heard of the adroit diplomacy of Governor Taft, which has averted the disorder which seems certain to arise? What have we been told of the irritant effects of the Pope's Bull in the Philippines? How many in the States know that the schismatics have won a majority of followers in at least half the Christianized provinces? That Monsignor Guidi's mission as a conciliator is already a failure, unless he performs herculean labors as a diplomatist, or there is a right-about-face at Rome? That Rome is already able to see that it was a mistake not to take Taft's offers outright last July? There are sensational developments possible at any time in the Philippines touching this matter. Why are not our newspapers, magazines, etc., in touch with the situation?"

. . . . . .

"We should know, too, that Otis' foolish toying with Monsignor Chapelle, and a dozen similar things, were used by the insurgent leaders as proofs that the United States, like Spain, would be "led by the nose by the Friars," and that the Friars would be brought back to their parishes under protection of our guns; and that this belief was wide spread among the people, led to the prolonging of the opposition to us, and had to be combatted by the Taft Commission from the first. He, who doesn't know that this 'Friar Question' is at the bottom of the Philippine insurrections from 1896 on has not yet begun to master the situation."

This I consider letting the cat out of the bag. Taft had promised the Federalists to get rid of the Friars. He tried the straightforward, bold-above-board plan at Rome, but failed. He then adopted different tactics, the American politicians' plan, and has accomplished with less publicity and with practically no opposition that which we all said at the time Rome would not allow to be done.

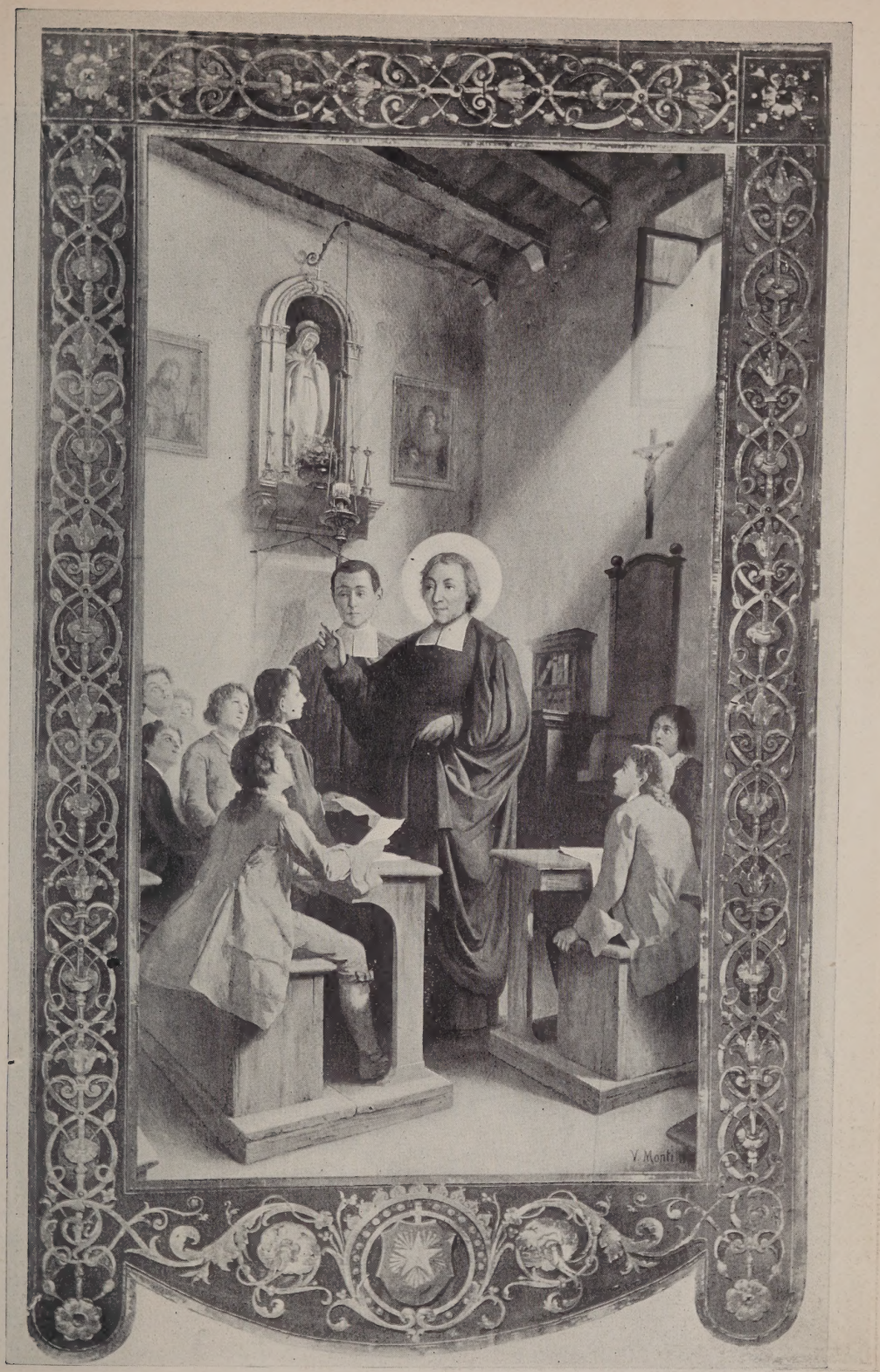
The Friars have not been allowed to return to minister to the people, though as the ladies of Manila say, "there are a thousand petitions in the Bishop's House from the most respectable people of the Islands, asking for their return," simply because Governor Taft must keep his promise. The Friars are going. Twenty-five that we know of left March 17, fifteen left May 12.

Every steamer to Spain and China takes some of them away. Their places are left vacant, and the people in the Philippines are allowed to suffer.

A voice from within says: "There are sensational developments possible at any time in the Philippines touching this matter."

"Why are not our (Catholic) newspapers, magazines, etc., in touch with the situation?"

JAS. T. O'REILLY, O. S. A.



STANDARD OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST LA SALLE, CARRIED AT THE CANONIZATION, MAY 24, 1900.

"Without religion, there can be no moral education deserving of the name nor truly efficacious. Wherefore to wish for souls endowed with good morals and to leave them at the same time deprived of religion, is as senseless as to urge people to virtue after destroying the basis thereof.

"Your children cannot be allowed to seek the benefits of education from schools which ignore the Catholic religion, or are positively antagonistic to it; from schools wherein its doctrine and fundamental principles are repudiated . . . . Every school of that kind is condemned by the Church because nothing can be more pernicious, more calculated to destroy the integrity of the faith and to turn away youthful minds from the paths of truth."—LEO XIII.

From a steel p'ate by John A. Lowell & Company.)

HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

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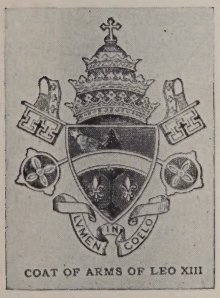
Donahoe's Magazine.

Memorial Number.



COAT OF ARMS OF LEO XIII

When Leo XIII, with "soul moved by the deepest perplexity and perturbation," accepted the office of the Supreme Apostleship, he addressed to the College of Cardinals and to the Christian world the following beautiful tribute to his predecessor, Pius IX.:

"That great ruler of the Catholic fold," said the visible Head of the Church, "had always contended for truth and justice with such invincible courage, and had labored so long and with such exemplary fidelity in administering the affairs of the Christian world, that he not only shed a lustre on this Apostolic See, but filled the whole Church with love and admiration for his person, thereby perhaps excelling all his predecessors in high and constant testimonies of public respect and veneration paid to him."

There is a special fitness in recalling here words that not only aptly epitomize the career of the Pontiff eulogized, but that are equally applicable to the administration and character of his successor, the illustrious Leo XIII.

Twenty-five years have passed since these words were spoken, and today from all the civilized nations of the earth "testimonies of love and respect" and of profound sorrow are directed towards Rome, where the Apostle of Peace lies in state, his work accomplished, nearly a century of noble living crowned by a death that has edified the world.

The Sovereign Pontiff on his accession pledged himself to guard sacredly the deposit of the Catholic faith, to watch faithfully over the rights and interests of the Church and the Holy See, to labor for the salvation of all, and to be ever ready, for all these purposes, to undergo any fatigue, to draw back from no discomfort. Millions of tongues and pens tell how well this pledge has been kept; two hemispheres bear witness to the valorous deeds wrought for justice and truth and peace, and ever with the invocation of "the help of God's grace"

and entire submission to the Divine Will. From the very beginning of his pontificate Leo XIII. set himself to combat the manifold evils assailing society, bringing to bear on the study of conditions the remarkable acumen that marked all his deliberations and public utterances. His first encyclical shows in a marked degree the wide range of mental vision that placed the Holy Father in possession of a knowledge of affairs in all parts of the globe, and the spiritual insight into the hearts of men that enabled him to divine their motives and to raise a warning voice before they could compass their own destruction. Thus he deplored the wide-spread subversion of the cardinal truths on which the very foundations of human society repose; the wicked disposition of men's minds impatient of all lawful power; the perpetual foment of dissension, begetting strife and war; the contempt of the laws of morality and justice, the insatiable yearning for the transitory things of earth; the inconsiderate administration, squandering, and upsetting of public property and revenues; and the deceit of men seeking self-advancement under the pretence of promoting patriotism, liberty, right of any kind. And all these evils the Holy Father attributed to man's contempt for and rejection of the authority of the Church.

His great heart throbbed for all humanity. Through all the long years of his pontificate he championed the cause of the weak and oppressed, from nations writhing in the grasp of despots to the women and little children whose inalienable rights would have been denied them were it not for the voice of the Church asserting God's law in relation to the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage bond. With the love of a father, with infinite patience and skill, and, when occasion demanded, with the authority he knew so well how to assert, Leo XIII. counselled, directed, and influenced, swaying to his will men who submitted their judgment to that of no other ruler.

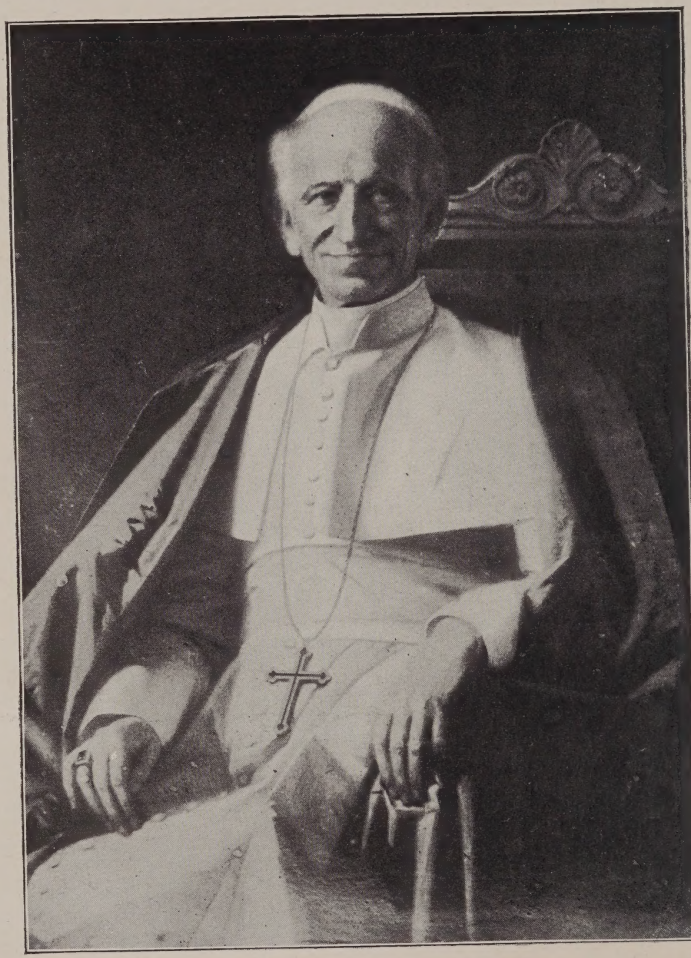
The relations of the Sovereign Pontiff with the Slavonic races, with the Eastern peoples, with the European nations, displayed consummate statesmanship, combined with exquisite courtesy, kindliness, and unswerving purpose; his policy was ever to pave the way to victory by wise conciliatory measures and the employment of every means to move men's hearts to the performance of deeds of justice.

And yet when death came the Holy Father grieved that ninety-three years had not sufficed to give form to all that he would have done for the betterment of the world. "There is so much to do," he said in the beginning of his illness; adding immediately, "but if it is God's will I am prepared to go."

Prepared to go surely, after living for God and the world, and with his last conscious thought one of joy that his sufferings, his "blessed illness," had brought together warring elements, their discords forgotten in a common sorrow.

And so the end came, the holy, tranquil surrender of the spirit for which the Church prepares her children, from the Sovereign Pontiff to the humblest peasant who has lived according to her laws. Fortified by the sacraments, confident of the divine mercy, and gladly as a child goes home to his father, Leo XIII, the peace-maker, beloved of nations, entered into the Kingdom of eternal peace.

POPE LEO XIII. IN HIS STUDY.
(Taken in the earlier years of his Pontificate.)



LEO XIII AT THE TIME OF HIS ACCESSION, 1878.

CARPINETO, WHERE POPE LEO WAS BORN.

POPE LEO XIII., LIFE AND WORK.

The childhood of Leo XIII., like that of many great men, does not seem to have been particularly remarkable, but passed in the blessed uneventfulness of a happy childhood in a happy home, encircled by the love and tenderness of family ties. It was a life altogether secluded from the world, too, in that town of Carpineto, where the fourth son of Count Ludovico and Countess Anna Pecci was born March 2nd, 1810. For, though only a short distance from Rome now by our much abused but useful railway, we must remember that in the Pope's childhood railways were unknown and the lumbering old "diligence" which started from the market-place of the town on certain days of the week was the only link between Carpineto and the outer world.

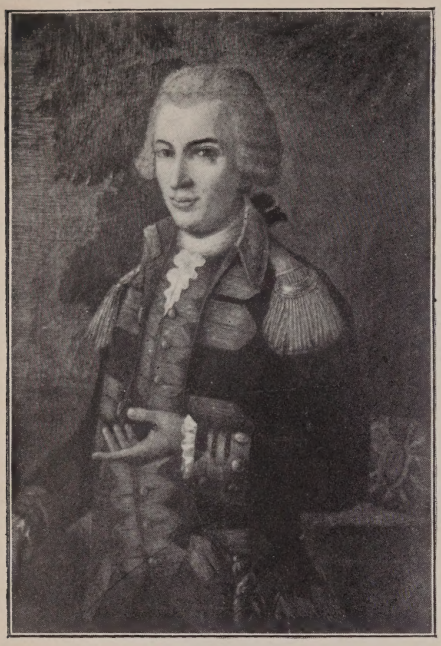
It was among surroundings of nature's fairest loveliness, under the care of a tender mother who first moulded and trained his youthful character, that the child spent his opening years; and perhaps to that healthy, out-of-door life he led among the woods and chestnut groves of his father's estate the Holy Father owed his wonderful vigor and longevity.

The wisdom which advises a study of the mothers of great men would find in the Countess Anna a model either as wife, mother, or chatelaine. Her home was a sanctuary, and she the almoner of all the countryside, always working for the poor, as her son testified, "unique and incomparable woman," as her husband wrote upon her tomb. Her intelligence was as active as her charity. Her mind seems to have been vigorous and resourceful and when the stress of Revolution robbed the landed proprietors of Italy of so much of their wealth, it was she who decided to take up the cultivation of silk worms on the estate at Carpineto in order that her sons might be educated according to their rank and their destiny.

"I wanted to make a general of him," said Count Ludovico sadly to his wife when young Joachim began to give signs of his call to the priesthood.

"Well, you will make a Pope of him," promptly replied the Countess.

As a child the little Pecci was of a



COUNT PECCI, FATHER OF LEO XIII.

COUNTESS PECCI MOTHER OF LEO XIII.

quiet, dreamy disposition, already evincing the studious tastes of the litterateur and student.

Showing a decided vocation for the priesthood when still quite young, Vincenzo Pecci was sent to make his studies at the Seminary of Viterbo, with his elder brother, Joseph (afterwards the learned Cardinal Pecci). The young student passed some years there, a zealous scholar then as always, devoting all the energy of his serious and ardent mind to the studies he loved so dearly, and which to him were the first steps in the vocation to which he was called. His application, earnestness, and great ability, as well as the simplicity and uprightness of the youth's character, endeared him to both professors and students in the Seminary, and they saw even at this time that Pecci was marked out for no ordinary career. The mark of mediocrity was never destined to cloud that broad forehead, or dim the light of those searching eyes, and the "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam" which was already the main-spring of the boy's life set its seal of success on all his endeavors.

Only one dark sorrow clouded those happy student days—a grief which cast its shadow for many a day over the youth's affectionate nature,—the loss of his beloved mother, who died before her heart's desire of assisting at her young son's first offering up of the Holy Sacrifice was accomplished.

It was decided that Vincent Pecci should complete his studies for the priesthood in Rome, at the Roman College, and while following the course there he resided at the Palazzo Muti, under the care and protection of Cardinal Sala, who was always his friend. When his brilliant course was completed the young man was ordained at the Palace of the Vicariate, in the private chapel, by the hands of Cardinal Odescalchi, then Vicar-General of Pope Gregory XVI.

Monsignor O'Reilly, in his "Life of the Pope," thus describes the scene:

"Let us enter the novitiate and hasten to the sanctuary, where Cardinal Carlo Odescalchi is about to confer the sacred order of priesthood on Joachim Pecci. The chapel is on the first story and comprises not only the room in which Stanislas died, but the two adjoining little apartments. It is still, with these additions, but a diminutive sanctuary. The members only of the Pecci family, with a few dear friends, and the Jesuit novices who have succeeded Stanislas in this nursery of Apostolic men, are privileged to be present. Joseph Pecci, the beloved brother and companion of Joachim, is there in his simple black Jesuit cassock, his soul deeply stirred by the solemn rite about to be administered, as well as by the sweet and dear memory of the years these two had spent together at Carpineto and Viterbo. Count Ludovico Pecci, already within the shadow of death, is also there, recalling the worshipped image of the wife and mother. * * *

"Between the altar and the company of worshippers there is barely space for the Cardinal and his assistants to move freely. His is a saintly presence, recalling in very deed the person and virtues of his model and patron, St. Charles Borromeo. Before him, at his feet, kneels the deacon, Joachim Pecci, in his alb and stole, with his pale, spiritual features overspread with a light that is not of earth. You might fancy that the venerable Cardinal and the young Levite had stepped out of one of Fra Angelico's canvases, so like are they in feature and expression to the creations of the inspired Christian artist."

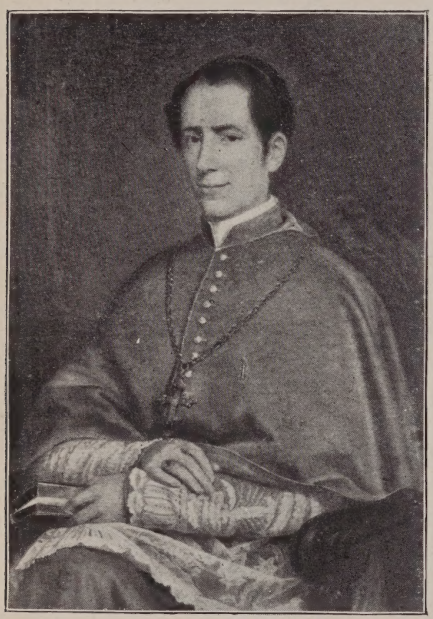
ALTAR OF ST. ALOYSIUS IN THE JESUIT CHURCH AT VITERBO, WHERE LEO XIII. MADE HIS FIRST COMMUNION.

On New Year's Day, 1838, the young priest said his first Mass in the exquisite chapel of St. Stanislas Kostka in the church of St. Andrea. It was in the very room once inhabited by St. Stanislas in the Jesuit Novitiate and on the spot where the young saint breathed forth his soul to God that the future Pontiff first offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Imagine that New Year's morning sixty-five years ago! the faint glimmering of dawn shining through the windows, the group of kneeling worshippers, among whom is the young priest's elder brother, Joseph, a Jesuit Father, and the brilliantly lighted altar with the radiance shining down on the pure face of the new priest rapt in silent communion with his God, descended on the altar for the first time at his bidding. He had assumed the responsibilities of the priesthood with a keen sense of their exactions. "This important step," he wrote to Cardinal Sala, his friend and patron, "fills me with dread when I consider the height and sublimity of the sacred office and my extreme unworthiness. Do not forget me, your eminence. Pray earnestly and

desire the prayers of others for me. I sincerely assure you that I wish to be a true priest, to serve God and to show true zeal for His glory."

No one who has seen Leo XIII. say Mass can ever forget the impression of intense fervor and devotion produced upon his mind by it. It seemed as if he were completely apart from the things of earth—the Creator and the creature, the



POPE LEO XIII.,

When Mgr. Pecci, Archbishop of Damietta, Apostolic Nuncio to Belgium, 1843.

Master and the Vicar, in perfect union—a living embodiment of prayer and supplication.

So we can picture what that first Mass must have been to the young and fervent spirit eager for labor in the Master's Vineyard, but all unconscious of the high destiny awaiting him! One wonders if no foreshadowing of the future presented itself to the minds of any of the spectators on that memorable occasion, that they were assisting at the first Mass of a future Vicar of Christ, that over the head bent low in adoration shone the aureole of the papal tiara, and that the outstretched hands just consecrated with holy oils were one day to hold the destinies of a kingdom more wide-spread than the realm of any earthly sovereign.

After his ordination the young priest, faithful and fervent, became an example in the priesthood as he had been in the college days, and he enjoyed the esteem and affection of all who came into contact with him. His great abilities marked him out at once, and those who had taken an interest in the youth's career from the first especially Cardinal Sala, perceived that though young in years, this ecclesiastic, through the wisdom and sagacity he possessed in an extraordinary degree, was ripe for both arduous and difficult missions.

The reigning Pontiff, Gregory XVI., was personally interested in the young man, and before long we find him chosen for the position of Papal Ablegate to the town of Benevento, on the borders of the Papal States and the Kingdom of Naples. The post was no sinecure, for the population of Benevento was a somewhat lawless and turbulent one, needing much firmness as well as the greatest tact and diplomacy to deal with and control it. Wiseacres shook their heads over the choice of so young and inexperienced a man, but subsequent events proved the wisdom of the Holy Father's decision. Difficulties in plenty the Ablegate had indeed, but under his wise and firm rule the condition of the town was considerably ameliorated, and the inhabitants learned that courage and firmness are not to be estimated by personal appearance, for within the slender frame of the mild ecclesiastic was a brave, undaunted spirit and a determination to do his duty at any cost, combined with admirable tact and

LEO XIII., WHEN NUNCIO AT BRUSSELS, SURROUNDED BY HIS RELATIVES.

conciliatory power, winning for him first the respect for his "pluck" which all brave men instinctively admire, and then the love of those wilful subjects.

Thus discovering the administrative powers of the Ablegate the Pope reserved him for still further honors—a diplomatic career was to be the field of his labors in the future. Successive posts of importance followed that of Benevento; first, Spoleto, which was changed before he went there to that of the Ablegateship of Perugia, and then the young Ablegate was recalled to Rome, and consecrated Archbishop of Damietta by Cardinal Lambruschini in the Church of St. Lorenzo in Panisperua, preparatory to being sent as Papal Nuncio to the Court of Belgium. For this church of his consecration to the archbishopric Leo XIII. always held the greatest affection, and on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee he caused it to be restored and beautified.

Archbishop Pecci filled his position as Nuncio with remarkable ability for many years, treating the most difficult diplomatic relations with consummate tact, and advancing the Church's interests in every way possible. As in Benevento he was universally respected and admired, but with his always retiring disposition and scholarly tastes the Nuncio never courted popularity and social success, though in every relation—religious, political, social—he invariably acted with wisdom and prudence. Great were the regrets in Belgium when Archbishop Pecci was recalled to Italy once more to discharge a still more arduous duty at home—that of governing the large diocese of Perugia. It was a charge of an altogether different kind, but this zealous worker loved the care of souls, and took up his new task with all his characteristic energy, amid difficulties which would have discouraged many another in his place. But the steady

will never faltered till he had carved his way through all difficulties, aided by the personal magnetism and goodness of heart that never failed him.

For many years the Archbishop labored in the diocese of Perugia, which became dearer to him than any other charge, and in the year 1853, Pope Pius IX named him a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals. Words cannot describe the delight of the people of Perugia when their beloved Archbishop returned among them once more as Cardinal Archbishop, —their own still, in spite of the new dignities which never changed his fatherly heart towards them. In all their troubles he was with them, strengthening, encouraging, guiding, with his tender charity and apostolic heart.

In 1877 Cardinal Pecci was nominated Cardinal "Camerlengo," a most important post in the Sacred College, for to the Camerlengo is entrusted the charge of the government and affairs of the Holy See during the interregnum on the death of a Pope, and also the direction of the Conclave held to elect a new one. Pius IX. desired Cardinal Pecci to reside in Rome when he was appointed to this office, so from that time till the death of Pius IX. in the following year he stayed in Rome at the Palazzo Falconieri.

CATHEDRAL SQUARE, PERUGIA.

Showing the great fountain, the Municipal Hall on the left and the Cathedral on the right, where Leo XIII. was bishop for thirty-two years.

It may be interesting to give a short account (not generally known) of how Leo XIII. spent his last morning in Rome before entering the Vatican, which, little as he knew it, he was never to leave again. On the 7th of February, 1878, Pope Pius IX,, being seriously ill, fell into a critical state, and the Cardinal Camerlengo was immediately advised of the fact. Not apprehending, however, any imminent danger, Cardinal Pecci said his Mass as usual, then fearing that perhaps the change might be more serious than he first realized, he caused his carriage to be brought in haste, went first to confession at St. John Lateran, to his confessor Padre Daniele, and then hastened to the Vatican, where he found such a number of persons assembled in the "Sala Clemen tina," waiting for news of the Pope's state, that he could hardly pass through. However, they soon made way for the Cardinal Camerlengo, who went in at once to the bedside of the dying Pontiff, with whom he found Cardinals Billio and Panelianco.

They told the Pope that the Cardinal Camerlengo was there, and he made a sign of recognition to Cardinal Pecci, smiling without speaking. The Cardinal remained near by till the death of Pius IX., which occurred shortly after. So, as he drove through the streets of Rome on that cold grey February morning of 1878, Cardinal Pecci took his last outside glimpse of the Eternal City.

ST. PETER'S.

Then came the Conclave, in which the Cardinal Archbishop of Perugia was solemnly elected Ruler of the Universal Church, February 20th, 1878.

The Pope's first appearance in public to give the Papal Benediction took place immediately after his election, in the balcony inside of St. Peters's, between the two clocks at the end of the church, where from an early hour an anxious crowd had been waiting to hear the new Pontiff proclaimed—Leo XIII., Pontifex Maximus, the first prisoner-Pope in his own city, and the only one in the long line of

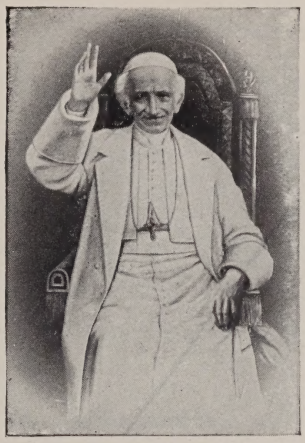
THE INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S.

the successors of St. Peter unable to give the benediction out in the eyes of the world, in view of that glorious horizon of the papal city and the eternal hills beyond.

But the loyalty of his children assuaged the bitterness of his imprisonment, for to few of the occupants of the See of Peter in any age, has been given in the same degree of the loving homage and heartfelt devotion accorded the prisoner-Pope in his quiet home at the Vatican. On the 3rd of March, 1878, the final ceremonial of Leo XIII's coronation took place in the Sistine Chapel in presence of the Cardinals, prelates, papal court dignitaries, and a vast assemblage of persons.

After the ceremony was over the newly-elected Pope, in all the pontifical vestments, and wearing the triple crown, was solemnly borne through the closely-serried ranks of people, giving his benediction to right and left and greeted at the portals for the first time, by the shout of "Viva Leone XIII., Viva il Papa- Re," which has re-echoed within those walls so many times during the last twenty-five years.

The history of the Pontificate of Leo



XIII. in more recent times is so well known that it is not necessary to dwell upon it here, for the Holy Father has spoken for himself in those famous encyclicals. We all realize too the peace and unity his wise and prudent rule brought the Church, and by his example, his fervor, and last, but by no means least, his strong personality and influence, the Pope made the light of the Church to shine before an unbelieving generation in the eyes of men hitherto contemptuous of, if not hostile to her teachings.

The dream of universal unity, which was the dearest wish of his old age, Leo XIII. did not live to realize, for even in this century the "mills of God grind slowly." But his was the privilege to sow the seed which will in good time bear its fruit, and his will be the reward for all eternity.

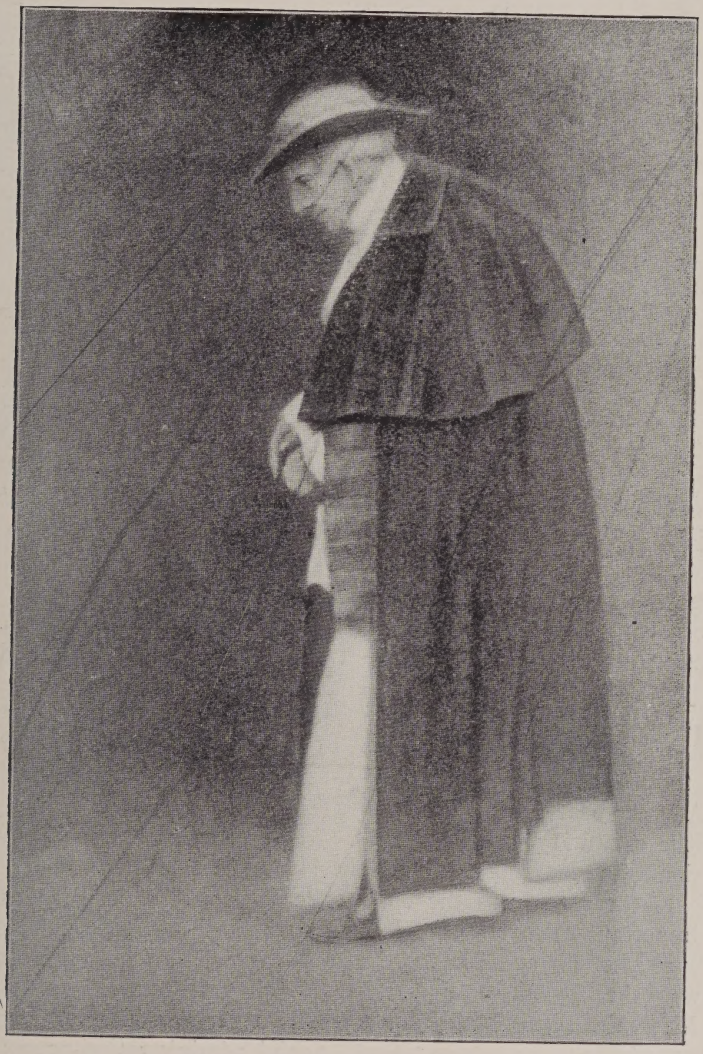
His Pontificate was cast in troubled times. The "Roman Question" which has been a constant cloud on the political horizon seems to grow darker and darker as the years go on, but none could have been found better able to cope with the needs of the times than the late Pope, who from the first day that he accepted the responsibility of the Pontificate never abated, or yielded to the insulting policy of an invading government, an inch of his dignity and prerogative, never acknowledging their right in the Eternal City, by touching one centime of the allowance appor-

THE PIAZZA OF ST. PETER'S ON THE EARLY MORNING OF CHRISTMAS EVE, 1900.

WORKING-MEN PILGRIMS AT DINNER IN THE 'SANTA MARTA HOSPICE IN THE VATICAN," ROME, HOLY YEAR.

tioned to the Pope, on the taking of Rome.

Many are the memories, almost too many to record the hallowed anniversaries that marked the life of the Pontiff



HIS HOLINESS' LATEST PORTRAIT.

of the years of Peter. But Leo XIII. treasured them all in that phenomenal memory of his, and could describe them fully, even to the slightest detail, circumstance, and person. The first notable event (after that of the notable birth-date of March 2d, 1810, in the hills of Carpineto) was perhaps the first link in the predestined chain of apostolic anniversaries, for on it most probably came to the child in the seminary the first inspiration of his vocation, the day of his first Communion, the feast of St. Aloysius, June 21st, 1821. This solemn event in the life of the future pontiff took place in the

A little Indian from Montana who appeared at a papal audience in Holy Year, in all the glory of the daughter of an Indian chief, fur, feathers, moccasins and all. On seeing her His Holiness exclaimed admiringly "Who is this child ?" and showed deep interest in her.

church of St. Ignatius, attached to the Jesuit College of Viterbo, where young Vincenzo Pecci was a pupil. Even now in that interesting mediæval town, the modest altar of St. Aloysius, carefully restored, is constantly shown to visitors, an inscription near the altar recording the event which took place here almost a century ago. A great peace seems to dwell about this little sanctuary, as if the tender benediction of that Holy Communion still lingers there to bless the spot.

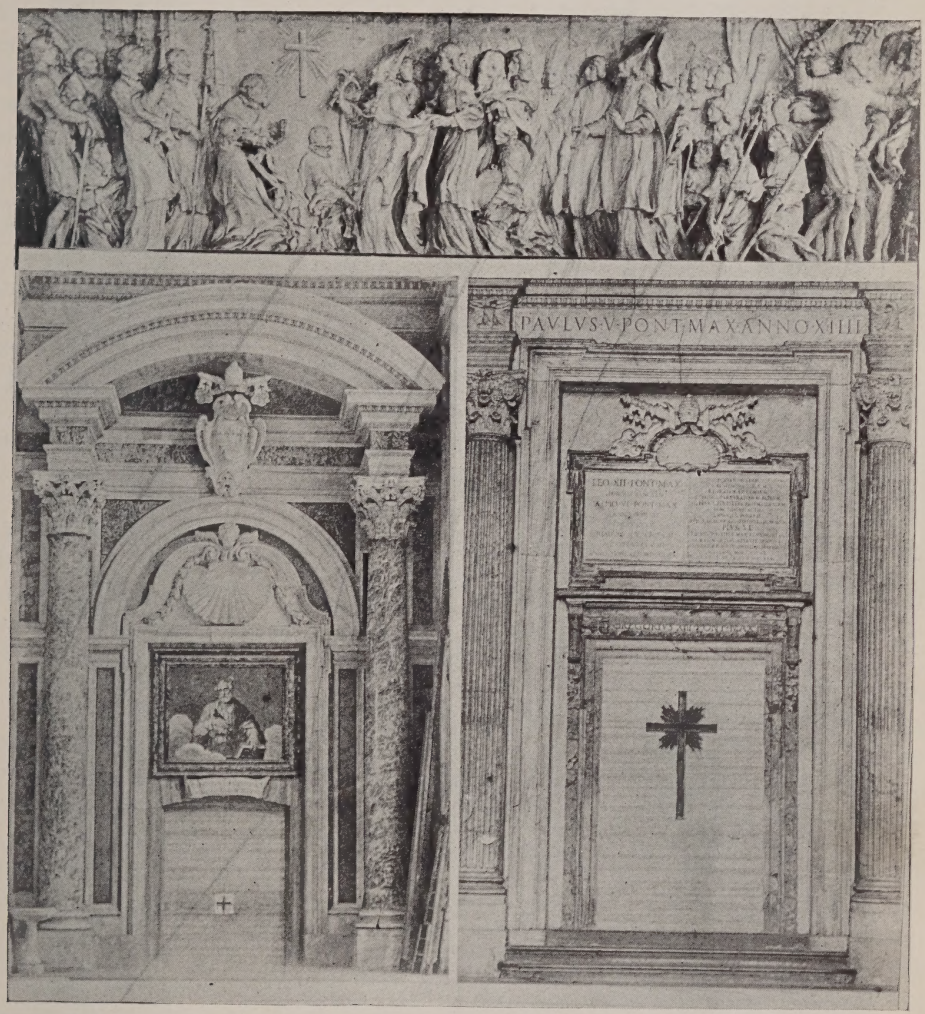
The first important celebration by Leo XIII., ten years after his accession to the pontificate, was the fiftieth anniversary of his first Mass, the Sacerdotal Jubilee, January 1st, 1888.

A number of celebrations marked this first jubilee, canonizations and beatifications took place during its course, and innumerable pilgrims visited the Eternal City. The Vatican exhibition of costly jubilee gifts to the Pope was long remembered by all who visited it. Many of these gifts, embracing offerings of every description imaginable, from every part of the world, were redistributed by the Holy Father to convents and charities, the most precious and artistic being placed afterwards in the Vatican library. At that time papal celebrations had long been a thing of the past in Rome. How could they be carried out successfully when the Sovereign Pontiff remained a prisoner in the Vatican? Indeed it was imagined by many that few pilgrims would come to offer their homage to the Holy See under the changed conditions. However, the wise rule, personal influence, and wonderful administrative power exercised by Leo XIII., combined with the masterly diplomacy of his relations with the Powers, and his unswerving dignity maintained under difficult and sometimes almost impossible conditions during ten years, had produced their effect. Those

who had hoped to paralyze the influence of the Papacy by robbing it of the temporal power were surprised to find that the Rome they had so carefully reorganized on a new basis was still the "Rome

freedom and improvements of the new regime.

The first jubilee formed a splendid object lesson of the everlasting triumph of the Papacy, besides showing to the world



INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF THE HOLY DOOR OF ST. PETER'S, CLOSED BY POPE LEO XIII. ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1900. (THE BAS-RELIEF SHOWS THE OPENING OF THE HOLY DOOR BY POPE CLEMENT X. ON HIS MONUMENT IN ST. PETER'S.)

of the Popes," and that more pilgrims and prosperity came to the new Eternal City through the feeble old man in the Vatican than through the enlightened

that instead of being lessened, devotion and adherence to Christ's Vicar were increased. It was an auspicious beginning to the various jubilees the Holy Father

afterwards celebrated. At first, when those around him offered their wishes

think of it, these things are as God wills." But latterly it came to be His Holiness'

GERMAN UNIVERSITY STUDENTS IN THEIR PICTURESQUE COSTUMES, FORMING PART OF THE GERMAN PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

that he might live to see many such celebrations, Pope Leo was wont to shake his head dissentingly and say, "We will not

own wish that he might attain the years of Peter before saying his "Nunc Dimittis." And God granted the prayer.

The next celebration in the Pope's pontificate was his Episcopal Jubilee in 1894, His Holiness having been consecrated Archbishop of Damietta on February 19th, 1843. This jubilee was likewise celebrated with the greatest pomp and magnificence. Apropos of the jubilee, January, February and March, especially the two last, were always eventful months in the life of Leo XIII. His ordination to the priesthood took place December 31st, 1837, his nomination to the cardinalate on December 19th, 1853, January brought the anniversary of his first Mass, on New Year's Day, 1838. February 19th, 1843, saw his Episcopal consecration; February 20th, 1878, his election to the pontificate, while March 2nd and 3rd solemnized respectively the Sovereign Pontiff's birthday and his coronation as Leo XIII.

PAPAL CHAMBERLAIN OF THE CAPE AND SWORD.

Another notable anniversary year for the Holy Father was that of 1898, when he celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his election and his coronation, as well as the sixtieth anniversary of his first Mass. Crowds of Romans, also strangers from every part of the world, thronged to St. Peter's to assist at the magnificent pontifical Mass where Leo XIII. gave the benediction, "Urbi et Orbi." All present wondered if such an occasion might ever come again, for the frail figure before them seemed little likely to weather the storms of another winter. Still there was one more great event in the Church's history that the aged pontiff desired ardently to see, the solemn opening of the Holy Year of Jubilee. The intense gratification experienced by the Pope in the fulfillment of this desire was made known to the Catholic world by the Bull on the Holy Year, inviting all Catholics to Rome; and the throngs who availed themselves of the spiritual advantages of the jubilee brought more consolation to Leo XIII. than any event in his long pontificate.

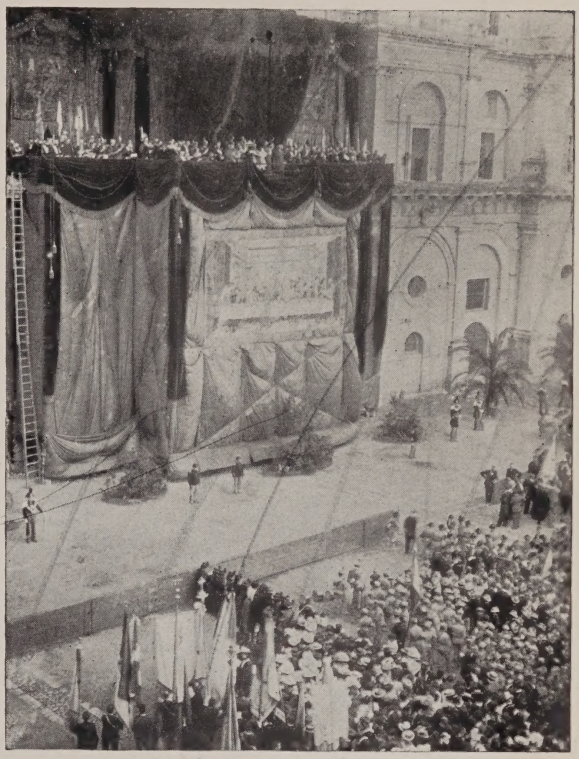
One after another the peoples came from the ends of the earth; Italians from every province and island of the fair peninsula, in costumes varied as their dialects; French, Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, weird and wild-looking as a race of mountain bandits but peaceful and law-abiding apparently, Maltese, Portuguese, dark and sombre; Dutch; Dalmatians, Belgians, Canadians, Swiss,

Roumanians, picturesque to a degree, Spanish, Slavs, Croatians, English, Copts, Bohemians, Americans, Sardinians, Greco-Ruthenians, Irish, Albanese, Mexicans, Poles, Bavarians, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese; French and Germans stood together in a pilgrimage audience; while Scots, Tyrolese, and Austrian-Poles, vied with Bohemians, Lucca pilgrims and French

A LATE PORTRAIT OF HIS HOLINESS, LEO XIII.

Venezuelans, Russians, Alsatians, Scots. a polygot mixture which made Rome a very Tower of Babel. Some of the contrasts were extreme. For instance, the Brooklyn pilgrims encountered the Poles, workmen in the same week's Jubilee visits. The pious rivalry between nations was oftentimes apparent, especially when St. Peter's resounded to the pilgrimage hymns of many nations. An illustration

of this occurred at an October audience there. English pilgrims filled one part of the basilica, Spaniards another, and to beguile the time of waiting for the Pope's coming hymns were sung by the pilgrims. With characteristic Anglo-Saxon push the English took the initiative and sang steadily through their repertoire of English hymns, "Faith of our Fathers," "Star of the Sea," etc. Every now and then when they paused for breath, the Spanish tried to find a hearing, but not altogether successfully, their plaintively beautiful strophes being drowned by the solid volume of sound from the English throats, which continued when the Pope came into the church, for His Holiness liked to hear the varied hymns of the nations. But when the audience was over, when the closely packed ranks of people had begun to pour out through the doorways, the Spaniards remained in their places to sing the hymn of which they had been heretofore deprived. Loudly-clear the fine chorus arose above the stir and movement of departing feet. Some paused to listen, others went their way unheedingly, and the benches were cleared away by the busy "Sanpietrini," but the Spaniards sang on, serious and unmoved as if they, that little group from sunny Malaga, were alone in the great basilica, raising the tribute of praise to God. Even as the crowds descended the steps and separated in the Piazza the distant sounds of singing continued. It was equally characteristic with the English stolidity, and yet people say the Latin races have no firmness or tenacity of purpose.



Leo XIII., surrounded by the pontifical court, giving his Jubilee blessing to the school children, in the Court of the Belvedere at the Vatican, July 6, 1902. No hall in the great palace was large enough to contain the numbers assembled, so a vast tribune was erected outside the windows of the Vatican Library, and from this His Holiness imparted his blessing to the densely-massed crowds beneath.

Twice more then was the Pope carried in state through St. Peter's to bless the faithful, at the beginning of the Holy Year and at its close, and none had ever seen the venerable pontiff look better and stronger than at the end of that most fatiguing year. At the time of all these celebrations the Pope's remarkable longevity was considered phenomenal, and few dared to hope that he might he spared to see the years of Peter.

The celebration was almost an unique one in the annals of St. Peter's successors, that of completing the years of the pontificate of the first Vicar of Christ.

"HIS HOLINESS PASSES." (THE SWISS SALUTE.)
At the door of the "Armoury" in the Swiss quarters in the Vatican.

"SERGEANTS OF THE SWISS GUARD WITH THEIR BANNER."
(Under the Borgia gateway to the Swiss barracks, in the Vatican.)

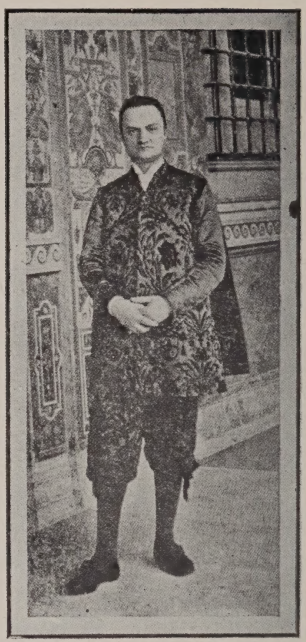
By a strange coincidence Pope Pius IX., the predecessor of Leo XIII., solemnized this event, not only attaining but surpassing the years of Peter, having reigned thirty-two years and some months. Every visitor to Rome who has lingered before the famous statue of the Prince of the Apostles, in St. Peter's, must have noticed the mosaic medallion portrait of Pius IX., which, together with an inscription recording the event, is placed on the wall directly above the statue. Now another companion picture and tablet must be placed beside it.

LEO XIII. SAYING HIS LAST MASS IN HIS PRIVATE CHAPEL IN THE VATICAN, IN PRESENCE OF THE PONTIFICAL COURT.

Preparations were long on foot in Rome for the grand solemnization of such an important event as the Pontifical Jubilee. Naturally the principal celebrations took place in the anniversary months of February and March, but on the sixth of July last a ceremony was observed which may be counted as amongst the most touching, the most intimate and fatherly, of the jubilee rejoicings, the reception by the Holy Father of all the children, schools, colleges and institutions of the Eternal City, to receive his jubilee blessing. These thousands of children and young people were assembled in the grand "Belvedere Court" of the Vatican, no inside hall, corridor, or "loggia," of the great palace being found capable of containing such numbers. A vast loggia or tribune was erected outside the windows of the Vatican Library, overlooking the "Cortile," and from this, surrounded by the members of his papal court, His Holiness imparted his blessing to the densely-massed crowds beneath.

February 20th, 1903, was a memorable day at the Vatican. Every instant of the morning was occupied in receiving per-

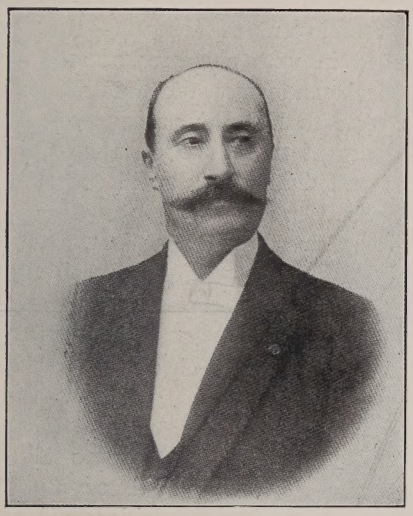
LE CHEVALIER PIA CENTRA.
The Pope's Valet de Chambre.



A BEARER OF THE POPE'S LITTER.

sonages, deputations, and pilgrimages. There were present thousands of pilgrims from Italy and all parts of the world, and a special deputation representing His Most Catholic Majesty of Spain. The Holy Father in reply to the presentation address made a short but touching Latin address, every word of which could be distinctly heard.

In the afternoon of the accession day the *people's celebration* of their Father's twenty-fifth anniversary took place—the solemn Te Deum for the preservation of Leo XIII. to the Church. Not celebrated with pontifical state, not even in the presence of the Pope, and without the grand music of the Sistine choir, a Te Deum in St. Peter's is yet one of the most thoroughly impressive sights to be witnessed in Rome. Every year this function takes place, but naturally in the jubilee years it is more imposing. All kinds and conditions of men went to make up the vast concourse that gave thanks to God on this 20th of February. Pilgrims from all lands were there mingled with the Romans. A splendid gathering of representative Romans—presidents, deputations of every parish, every confraternity, association, society, and club—walked in procession to the papal altar, two by two, with lighted candles, forming, during the Te Deum, a guard of honor around the Apostle's tomb. His Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla, intoned the hymn of praise, and instantly thousands of voices took it up—an epitome of thanksgiving, more thrilling far and more devotional than any elaborate choir music. No need for the accompaniment of organ or orchestra. It would have been overpowered, when that great human voice uplifted and surged

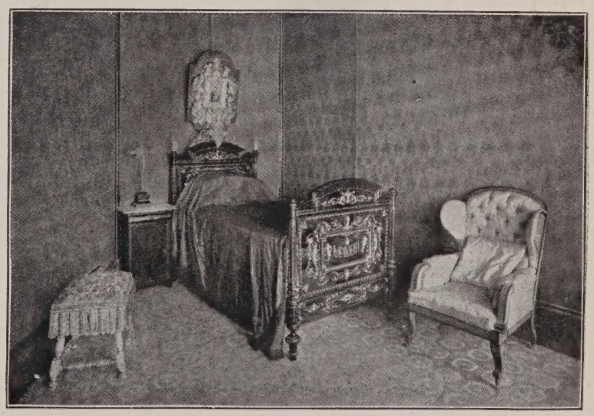


DR. LAPPONI,
Who attended the Holy Father.

through the mighty Basilica, representing the Catholic world's thanksgiving for the blessings of that jubilee day.

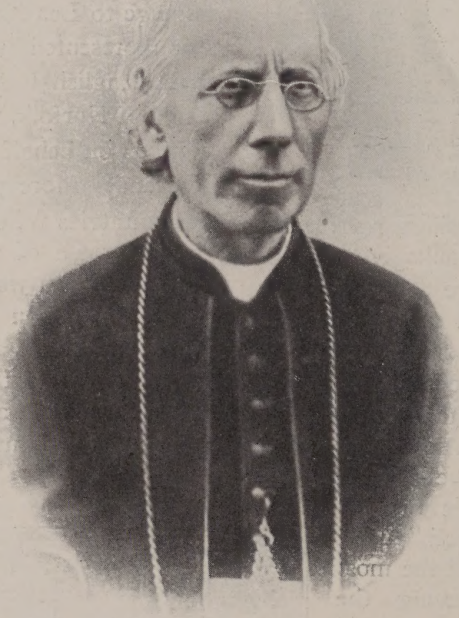
Each day in the end of February, and into March, brought some especial celebration in honor of the jubilee. Among the most striking of the religious events was a solemn triduum of thanksgiving celebrated by all the parish priests in Rome, in the Basilica of the "Santi Apostoli," upon which occasion three of the most prominent orators among the clergy preached the eloquent and stirring sermons. Constant pilgrimages took place, a large South American pilgrimage led the van in the first days of February; then on the 9th Italian pilgrims from Puglie, Andria, and Benevento (where Leo XIII. was papal ablegate at the beginning of his career, in 1838, a fact lovingly recorded to His Holiness in their pilgrimage address); a large Lombard pilgrimage arrived on February 18th, together with French pilgrims from Autun, headed by Cardinal Perraud. The Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna brought the "Romagnolo" pilgrims on the 27th, and the pilgrimage from Ferrara was present at the papal ceremony on the 20th of February. Still larger numbers arrived in time for the 3rd of March, prominent among them being the Belgian pilgrimage. On account of delicate health Cardinal Vaughan was not able to satisfy his earnest desire of presenting his personal homage to Leo XIII., but His Eminence was represented by a deputation of prominent English Catholics headed by the Duke of Norfolk, who presented congratulations on behalf of all the Catholics of England. More pilgrimages from various countries followed later on.

The crown of all the jubilee celebrations in March was the Coronation Mass in St. Peter's on the third, where Leo XIII. celebrated, in full pontifical state, for the twenty-fifth time, the anniversary of his coronation as Pontiff and Ruler of the Universal Church. This grandest of



BEDROOM OF POPE LEO XIII. IN THE SUMMER VILLA

papal functions usually takes place in the Sistine Chapel, but this year, to celebrate the unique event with all possible magnificence, and also to give more room for the thousands who were desirous of assisting on such an occasion, it was decided to celebrate the Mass in St. Peter's. Pilgrims from France, Austria, Belgium, Prussia and the Italian dioceses of Liguria, Tuscany, Venetia, Romagna, the Marche, and Umbria, came for the eventful date. By the earliest hours of morning every seat was filled. At first only the members of the Catholic clubs (in evening dress with the silver badge of their club in their buttonholes) were on duty, showing persons to their places, while the pontifical gendarmes were on guard at the entrances. A few Swiss guards were posted here and there at intervals, so motionless that occasionally one observed a country pilgrim plucking furtively at the motley sleeves of black, red and yellow, as if to assure himself that a real man and not a colored statue stood there pike in hand. the very essence of mediævalism. Presently the pilgrimages arrived, with their moving forests of many colored banners, passing slowly up the church, to be grouped near the pontifical throne. Then the remainder of the papal troops marched in with a clatter of steel,—the pontifical gendarmes, the Palatine Guard, who were to line the passage-way from the doors of the church to the "Confession," and finally a splendid company of the Swiss Guard.

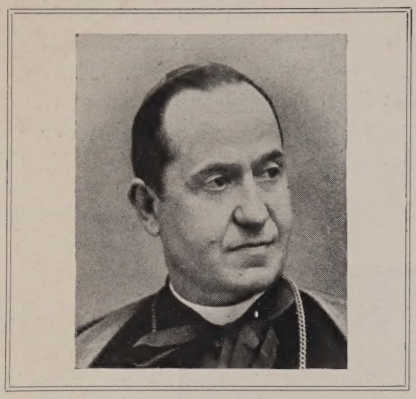


CARDINAL OREGLIA DI SAN STEFANO.
CARDINAL-CAMERLENGO.
The only cardinal still living created by Pius IX.

Almost unexpectedly at last, after the long waiting, the procession began to enter the church, at half-past ten. It was almost impossible to take in all of the kaleidoscopic spectacle, slowly though the procession moved, —the heads of the religious orders, the papal chaplains, the consistorial advocates, and the chamberlains of the Cape and Sword; then came a picturesque group following the prelate who acts as Master of the Apostolic Palace —and the auditors of the Holy Rote,—the violet-clad prelates carrying the tiara and mitres to be used in the ceremony, the symbols of pontifical state being escorted by mace bearers. The reflection of a thousand candle rays, aided by the white lustre of the electric lamps in the ceiling, cast lightning-like flashes on the moving pageant of ecclesiastical state. The jeweled papal cross carried by the

Master of the Sacred Hospice signalized the beginning of the actual papal court—the slow passing of the cardinals. What a change there has been in the Sacred College since the jubilee of 1888! Even since the jubilee of 1898, and the ceremony which ushered in the Holy Year of 1900! Many vacancies have been filled, but several well-known faces were missing, such as that of Cardinal Parocchi, so long the beloved Cardinal-Vicar of Rome; and stately Cardinal Ledochowski, the princely Polish cardinal, Prefect of the Propaganda; both of whom died during the course of last year. Every one looked with redoubled interest at the one cardinal who is Pope Leo's compeer, having been created by Pope Pius IX., Cardinal Oreglia di San Stefano. The defile of the cardinals was longer than usual, the members of the Curia being reinforced by the cardinal archbishops of the various dioceses, who had come with their pilgrims.

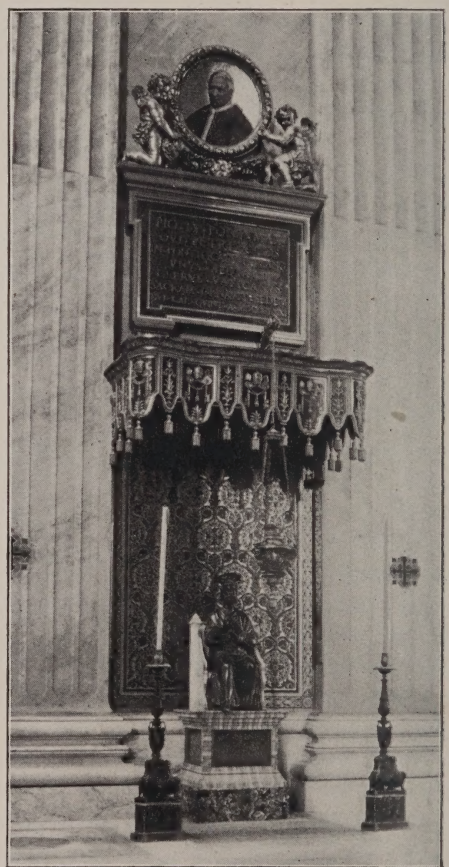
CARDINAL RAMPOLLA, SECRETARY OF STATE.



CARDINAL SERAFINO VANNUTELLI,
Vice Chancellor of the Church.

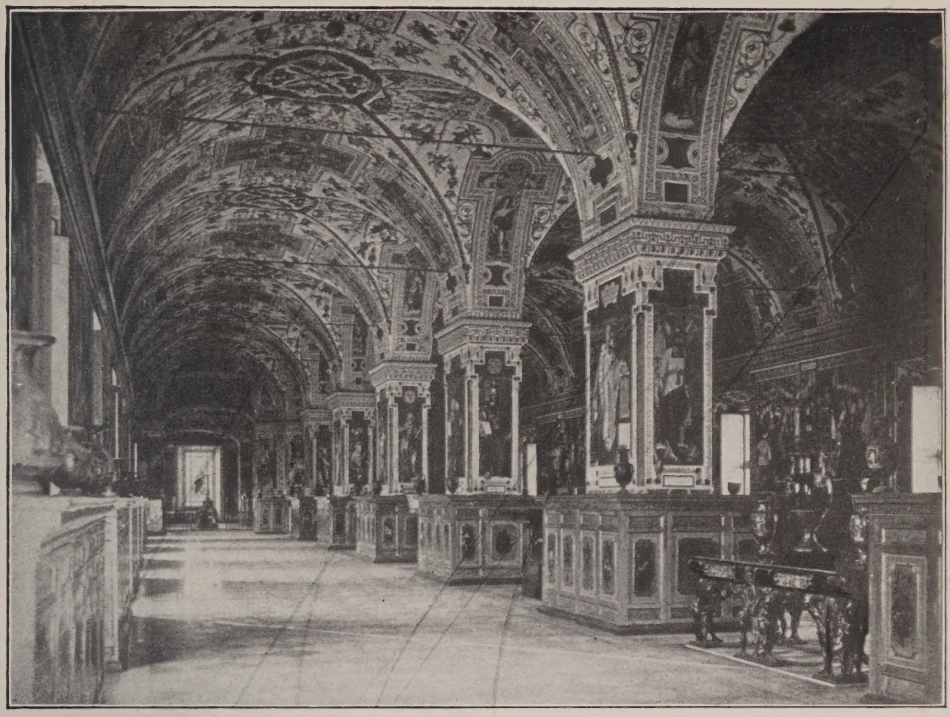
A significant halt broke the procession, as the last two cardinals appeared from under the draperies of the Pieta Chapel. Then the crowds knew what was coming. It needed no burst of clear-voiced trumpets, floating out with that strange triumphant vibration, to tell the faithful that the jubilee Pontiff was in St. Peter's. When the expected white vision against its white, gently-undulating, feather background rose up in sight, above the heads of the spectators, with hand uplifted in blessing, a very passion of enthusiasm broke out. The Holy Father was vested in full pontificals, the richly embroidered feather weight cope of cloth-of-silver, offered on the occasion of the last canonization, and the tiara just presented to His Holiness. The papal court of prelates, princes, nobles, and soldiers with drawn swords, made a splendid group around the "Sedia Gestatoria," but as usual they passed almost unnoticed.

When Leo XIII. was present not an eye wandered from that wonderful face. It was strange to those who had seen him often, to note the difference in the Pope since some years back, and those present at his accession noted it still more. His mouth was the only feature denoting extreme age; the unearthly transparency of complexion, once so characteristic and almost alarming, had disappeared completely; while the extreme languor and weakness, which formerly appeared at times to almost overwhelm him, were much less apparent. The eyes when in repose had lost with age their piercing incisiveness of glance, their expression being altogether benign and gentle. But when the Pope spoke, as I heard him speak quite recently to a pilgrimage from the "Castelli Romain," all the old fire and energy were there. He was young and



THE STATUE OF ST. PETER AND THE JUBILEE MEMORIAL TO POPE PIUS IX.

At the Coronation ceremony, March 3, 1903, Leo XIII paused by this statue to give his blessing, and for a moment his glance went up to the statue of St. Peter and the medallion above it of Pope Pius IX.



THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

Leo XIII. gave great encouragement to learning by opening the Vatican Library and Archives to stu lents of history from the civilized nations of the world.

vigorous again, younger than many of the young men around him.

When the papal procession arrived at the throne, Cardinal Langenieux, of Rheims (the first cardinal created by Leo XIII.), began the Pontifical Mass, His Holiness kneeling at the faldstool, bowed in prayer. At the Introit the Sovereign Pontiff ascended the throne, and at the "Gloria in excelsis" a memorable scene was enacted as the glorious music of the Sistine choir, led by Abbate Perosi, filled the church. The Sacred College of Cardinals one by one advanced to the steps of the throne, to renew their homage and fealty to Leo XIII. As the crimson-clad train defiled before him, the thoughts of the Pope must have gone back musingly over a quarter of a century to that first coronation day in the Sistine Chapel, when from the great white pontifical throne under the shadow of Michelangiolo's fateful Judgment picture, he received the cardinals' homage for the first time. The deep solemnity of this retrospect dwelt on the face of Leo XIII. as his gaze wandered over the splendors of the basilica. It was with him when he knelt in adoration at the papal altar in the hush of the Elevation, broken only by a single clash of arms as the soldiers throughout the church saluted and the notes of the silver trumpets fell softly from the dome. It was with him still as amid the enthusiasm of the crowds the Sovereign Pontiff was borne out once more into the nave of the church, when the Mass was finished and the last notes of the "Te Deum" had died away. Most of all was it with the Pope as he paused by the statue of the first Vicar of Christ, to give his apostolic benediction "Urbi et Orbi." Drawing himself up to almost majestic height the pontiff raised his hands towards heaven, then stretched them slowly outward in blessing, while

THE COMMANDER OF THE PONTIFICAL GENDARMES, CAVALIERE TAGLIAFERRI.

his voice rang out startlingly clear and distinct, to the utmost limits of the church. Not a person present missed a word of the benediction or failed to realize the intense solemnity of that blessing. For a second, as His Holiness blessed the people under it, his eyes went up to the statute of St. Peter and the medallion above it of Pope Pius IX.

In another second that memorable picture of the three jubilee pontiffs which may never again be seen in St. Peter's, had vanished, and the Pope had passed once more from the plaudits of the people, inside the Vatican.

The night of the 3rd of March, the churches, buildings, institutes and Catholic homes of the Eternal City were illuminated in honor of Rome's rightful sovereign. The grand architecture of the countless "campanili" on the Seven Hills stood out in lines of light, as well as the windows of historic palaces and the lanterns and candles of modest dwellings, while the streets were full of leisurely, orderly crowds of Romans and strangers, abroad to witness the "Pope's illuminations."

Other celebrations of the pontifical jubilee, religious, philanthropical and social, followed in the early days of March, and three of Italy's most celebrated orators, Cardinal Satolli, Monsignor Radini Tedeschi, and Padre Zocchi, S. J., preached the discourses at the triduum of

SUPERIOR OFFICER OF THE "NOBLE GUARD." (IN NEW UNIFORM).

On the death of a Sovereign Pontiff the noble guard is at the disposition of the Conclave (each cardinal being during the time of interregnum a possible Pope). Among their duties is that of escorting the Sacred College each day into the Conclave. An officer of the Guard is also told off every night to guard the cell of each individual cardinal. Another special privilege of the Noble Guard, bestowed on them by Pius VII., is the carrying of the nomination to the cardinalate, and the "Red Hat" to Nuncios, Papal Ablegates, or Archbishops, who have been created Cardinals, and reside in foreign countries. Various members of the Guard have come to the United States as bearers of the "Red Hat" — to Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Satolli and Cardinal Martinelli.

"THE FRONTIER OF EX-TERRITORIAL KINGDOM." ITALIAN SOLDIERS ON THE WALL, SWISS SENTINELS AT GATEWAY.

Inside the arch leading to the gateway of the Vatican are the long, low buildings of the Mint, formerly, like the rest of Rome, the property of the Pope. The Mint now belongs to the Government, though literally within the walls of the Vatican. It is one of the contrasts of modern Rome to see the Swiss Guards and the Italian soldiers—bayonets at rest — looking at each other across the narrow strip of roadway.

thanksgiving for His Holiness' preservation, at the church of the Gesu, on the 6th, 7th and 8th of March. A solemn "Accademia" or religious, literary and musical gathering in honor of Leo XIII. took place on March 5th at the basilica of the Santi Apostoli. Addresses, poems, and music, especially composed in homage to the Pope, were delivered by prominent personages. Don Lorenzo Perosi directed the musical portion of the celebration, and a number of cardinals, prelates, and members of the social and diplomatic world of Rome were present.

The Pontifical Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. will live long in the memory of those who witnessed its celebration, in the city where all the events it solemnized took place. Though not present in person the heart of every Catholic all over the world turned to the aged Vicar of Christ, who, almost on the threshold of his centenary, attained the years of Peter, on April 28th. His Holiness was granted the rare privilege of seeing his three jubilees, sacerdotal, episcopal, and pontifical, and it was the prayer of his people that Pope Leo might live to see the anniversary of his one hundredth year. With the closing of this long pontificate a signal epoch in papal annals has passed into history, made memorable for all time by the personality, government, and wisdom of the ruler raised up by God to be "a light in the heavens" in these latter days.

THE POPE AT HOME.

Some years ago, Mr. Bernard Morgan, then living in Rome, prepared for DONAHOE'S a paper describing in detail an ordinary day in the life of the Holy Father, the greater part of which may fittingly be reprinted here to supplement the information given in the foregoing history of notable events.—[EDITOR.]

A minute more and the little clock on the credence table, in the *Sala dei Bussolanti* begins to strike—one, two, three

THE PALATINE GUARD AT THE VATICAN ON PARADE.

To the Palatine Guard is deputed the office of acting as escort to the Prince Marshal of the Conclave, on the death of a Pope. Count Camillo Pecci, nephew of Pope Leo XIII., is the present commander of this Guard.

—seven o'clock, but before it has finished, its call is answered by a number of others from the neighboring rooms, and the air is alive with the tinkling notes, chasing, catching, and blending with one another like a choir of sprightly fays, while the great mellow bell of St. Peter's booms a musical bass to their lively treble.

Among the group of attendants who begin to bustle at the sound of the clocks you may single out one figure, who, crossing the room, takes a key from his pocket and opens the door of a private passage, which enables him to avoid passing through the Sala degli Arazzi with its world-famed tapestries, the Sala del Concistorio where papal allocutions are delivered, cardinals created, and bishops confirmed, the Sala del Trono where distinguished guests are received in private audience, and the three other rooms hung respectively in yellow, blue, and red silks which serve as antechambers to the Pope's bedroom. Here he takes another key from his pocket and opens another door, and you know now that this tall young *simpaticone* in the purple cassock is Centra, the Pope's personal attendant —and jailer.

"Jailer?" You query in surprise. It is, however, really so. To all intents and purposes Leo XIII. is a prisoner in his own room from dark till daylight. When the evening closes, the Pope shuts himself in with a key of which he is sole possessor, while Centra locks an outer door with another which never leaves his person, except in the rare event of his being absent from the Vatican for some days.

A bell rings from within and Centra enters to answer the inevitable question: "*Che tempo fa?*—What is the weather

like?" The answer, *"Fa bello"* or *"Fa brutto, santo padre,"* means a good deal to the aged pontiff, whose health and powers of work for the day are materially affected by the weather, especially if it chances that the *Fa brutto* means the breath of the sirocco as Romans call it now or the *plumbeus Auster* (the leaden south wind) as Horace used to call it, long ago.

Centra's first task is to assist the Pope in putting on the white woollen cassock, arranging the gold chain over his shoulders and fastening the pectoral cross in front. Then the pontiff kneels at the prie-dieu in his room and reads the prayers *ante* missam. This finished, he moves into the next apartment with a lighter step than might be expected from his years and cares. The room is arranged as an oratory with an altar and vesting-

SWISS GUARDS, IN FULL AND UNDRESS UNIFORM, ON GUARD AT THE VATICAN.

When the death of a pope is formally announced by the Cardinal-Camerlengo, the commander of the Swiss Guard, in the name of his troops, presents a petition offering their services to the Sacred College, and during the Conclave they remain at the disposal of the Camerlengo, its head.

CAPTAIN OF THE SWISS GUARD IN ORDINARY UNIFORM.

table, and benches for the few faithful who are fortunate enough to secure admission to the Pope's Mass. Mgr. Cagiano da Azevedo or Mgr. Bisletti (his private chaplains), is there to assist him in vesting, and in a few minutes he is at the foot of the altar. You can hear the strong, resonant voice beginning the *Introibo* and see the bent form bending lower still, as he strikes his breast and owns the triple *mea culpa* of sinful humanity.

You know Pope Leo better after hearing him say Mass once, than after a dozen private audiences. His whole character speaks out in every tone of the liturgy, in every movement of the rubrics. Every syllable of the Latin comes to your ear with its own meaning, and

with Leo's feeling of it, and no young levite straining after preciseness in every detail of his first Mass could observe the prescribed rules of movement, gesture, and voice more faithfully than does the priest of the Vatican. He does indeed deviate in one respect—when, moving from the centre of the altar to the side, he supports himself by resting his hand on the altar—a solitary and necessary concession to old age.

To the same old age you must ascribe the fact that the Pope's low Mass takes nearer three-quarters than half an hour. When he leaves the altar, the chaplain is ready to begin his Mass and the Pope, unvested, kneels at a faldstool near the gospel side to make his thanksgiving. For a few minutes he reads the prayers after Mass from a book held for him by one of the attendants; then his face is buried in the red cushion of the faldstool, and

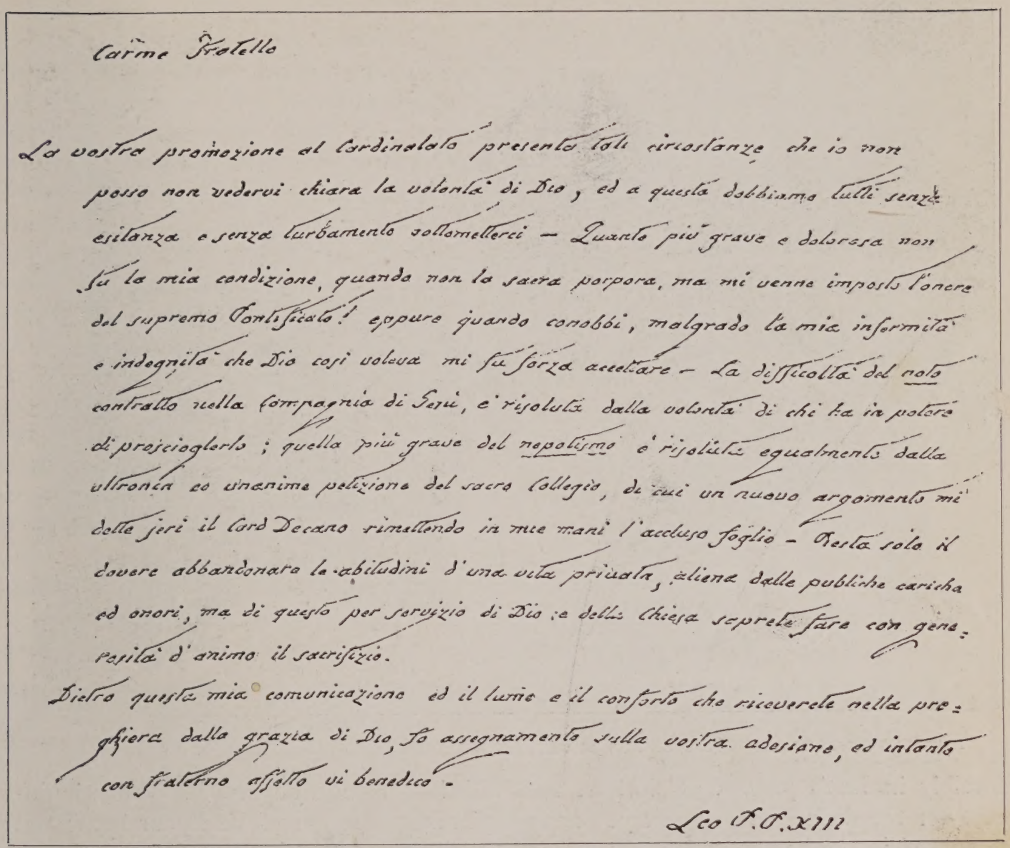
COMMANDER OF SWISS GUARD IN MEDIÆVAL GALA UNIFORM.

For the first time since the feast of S.S. Peter and Paul, in 1870 (the last occasion on which Pius IX. pontificated in public state) the commandant and officers of the Swiss Guard appeared in St. Peter's on the Jubilee Day (March 3, 1903), in full mediæval uniform.

SOLDIER OF THE PONTIFICAL GENDARMES IN GALA UNIFORM.

through the stillness, broken only by the prayers and responses of the Mass or the turning of a prayer-book leaf, there rises every now and then a voice like the stifled moan of a lion, filling the whole chapel, and making you feel as if you saw the whole burden of the Catholic world weighing on the feeble shoulders of an old man. Before that prie-dieu, where a man is lamenting that he is Pope, where a Pope begs Him whose vicar he is to have pity on his weakness, you realize the crushing weight of that office which the mediæval illuminators represented with a cathedral on its shoulders and the dragons of hell at its feet.

Mass and thanksgiving are over about nine o'clock. The visitors retire, unless



Carissimo Fratello

La vostra promozione al Cardinalato presenta tali circostanze che io non posso non vedervi chiara la volontà di Dio, ed a questa dobbiamo tutti senza esitanza e senza turbamento sottometterci — Quanto più grave e dolorosa non fu la mia condizione, quando non la sacra porpora, ma mi venne imposto l'onere del supremo Pontificato! eppure quando conobbi, malgrado la mia infermità e indegnità che Dio così voleva mi fu forza accettare — La difficoltà del noto contratto nella Compagnia di Saratoga, è risoluta dalla volontà di chi ha in potere di prescioglierlo; quella più grave del nepotismo è risoluta egualmente dalla ultronea ed unanime petizione del sacro Collegio, di cui un nuovo argomento mi dette ieri il Card Decano rimettendo in mie mani l'accluso foglio — Resta solo il dovere abbandonare le abitudini d'una vita privata, aliene dalle pubbliche cariche ed onori, ma di questo per servizio di Dio e della Chiesa saprete fare con generosità d'animo il sacrificio.

Dietro questa mia comunicazione ed il lume e il conforto che riceverete nella preghiera dalla grazia di Dio, fo assegnamento sulla vostra adesione, ed intanto con fraterno affetto vi benedico -

Leo P.P. XIII

LETTER FROM LEO XIII. TO HIS BROTHER JOSEPH ON THE ELEVATION OF THE LATTER TO THE CARDINALATE.

they are to be received in audience, and the Pope returns to his study where Centra brings him the first of the slight meals of the day. This consists of a little consommé and a few chocolate pastilles, but you hardly wonder at the lightness of the repast when you forget the work that Leo will have to do on it, and remember only the shadowy body that looks as if it might have walked out of one of the frames of the ecstatic *Passioni,* with which the Crivellis and Mantegnas have adorned the Vatican.

The privileged visitors who are to be received by His Holiness are not kept waiting long. In a few minutes they are conducted by one of the chamberlains to the Pope's library where each in turn kneels before him. Here you will have the best opportunity of observing the singularly impressive presence of Leo XIII. When your turn comes to kneel at his feet and you raise your eyes from the embroidered cross on his slipper, you realize to the full what a frail figure is Leo's. You feel almost as if the gold pectoral cross were too heavy an ornament for such a body. The hands resting on the chain, with the ring of the Fisherman gleaming on one of the fingers, prepare you for what you will see in the face. Every bone and vein in them is visible under the dull, alabaster skin, and every now and then a nervous current runs to the tips of the wasted fingers, that have penned so many world-stirring encyclicals.

But the face is what strikes you most

POPE LEO ENTERING HIS CARRIAGE IN THE VATICAN GARDENS. ASSISTED BY HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY.

forcibly in Leo's person. Colorless, except for the dead alabaster tint you have remarked in the hands, and the dull blue veins in temple and forehead, it gives you a strange impression of transparency. Taken separately the features, if characteristic, are certainly neither handsome nor regular, but the expression of the whole is well calculated to excite reverence; and when the coal-black, piercing eyes which still preserve all their fire and brightness, as if Leo's soul had deserted the rest of his body to dwell in them, light up with a smile of kindness, it will win love as well.

Everybody who has enjoyed the privilege of a special audience with Pope Leo has been captivated by the magic of his sympathy. Without possessing what might have been called the *bonhommie* of Pius IX., Leo is what the Italians describe as *sympatico*—which means just *sympatico,* without a word in the English language to express it. When he inquires about yourself and your home and family, you feel that he is not simply making talk, but that he really takes a personal interest in you. The Pope really delights in having a visitor who will speak to him. You run a poor chance, however, of saying much, as the chamberlains surrounding the Holy Father are past masters in the art of shortening an interview. Unless you are specially lucky, you discover that all the pains you had taken to brush the cobwebs from your Latin, French, or Italian—the only languages in which Pope Leo converses —are more or less in vain. But if you do happen to be successful in eluding the vigilance of the chamberlains, the Pope will surprise you by showing his knowledge of, and interest in, something of local interest to you, albeit you hail from wayback or from the tiny town of Skibbereen. When the writer had the privi-

lege of a private audience some time since, the Pope, after hearing where he came from, knew at once who his bishop was, and made inquiries about a certain work which had shortly before been undertaken in the diocese.

Audiences have become more difficult to obtain within the last few years, but efforts are made to gratify as many as possible of the tens of thousands who flock every year to the Eternal City from all parts of the world. Very few are purposely excluded—but there are some.

When the audience is over Leo returns to his study. There is only one important piece of furniture in the room—the *tavolino* with its crucifix of ivory and ebony, its inkstand and goose-quill, and the crystal vase holding the snuff with which Leo every other minute stimulates his thinking powers.

Until 10 o'clock, the Pope's time will be occupied in erasing, changing, and perfecting what he has written the previous day. The rough idea jotted down the evening before on a slip of paper, is now polished *ad unguem* till it becomes rounded into the form which reminds us so much of Sallust, Leo's great model in Latinity. He is obliged to use both hands in writing, the left supporting the right, and controlling the nervous twitchings of old age. When the work is finished, the numerous little slips of paper will be sent to sleep in a drawer, the key of which never leaves the Holy Father's person, and will there remain until the time comes to piece them together and give them to the 250,000,000 Catholics and the whole civilized world, as one of those majestic encyclicals which are of such potent influence now, and which mayhap some

"AT ATTENTION." A COMPANY OF THE PONTIFICAL GENDARMES ON PARADE AT THE VATICAN.

Von Ranke of the thirtieth century may quote with approval.

While the worker is thus busy over his desk, the clock in a neighboring room strikes ten, and before the sound has died, a silent figure has glided into and across the study. He is a tall man with a dark, strong face, dressed in the red silk *feriola* and skull-cap of a cardinal, and carrying a portfolio under his arm. This is Cardinal Rampolla, the Pope's Secretary of State. It is not often that Leo commits himself to open praise of any of his contemporaries, and therefore his remark to the cardinal's mother, "Ah! Signora, you have a great son," is a very high tribute to the estimation in which he holds the silent, retiring Secretary. Every morning at ten precisely, he brings all the news of importance that has happened throughout the world, with written comments which the Pope at once proceeds to analyze.

After this come the affairs of the papal household. And what a household that must be where $5,000 must be found every morning—to say nothing of the twenty-five cents which Pope Leo allows for his daily food! The Pope personally supervises all the expenses of the Vatican, and knows the why and wherefore of every centime paid out of St. Peter's treasury. His public munificence and private charities are well known, and M. Boyer d'Agen tells us that the Pope takes delight in pilfering small sums from his own safe, and keeping them in his room or on his person, so that he may be able to distribute them privately..

This carefulness and personal interest in matters of detail are entirely characteristic of Pope Leo. Every appointment at the Vatican is made by the Pope himself—generally at the last possible moment, and frequently of such a nature as to surprise everybody.

Meanwhile what is Pope Leo doing now? We have seen what a busy morning he has had thus far with Mass, audiences, writing, and foreign and domestic affairs. Mid-day is the time usually fixed for the very special private audiences which are given to kings, princes, and celebrities of all kinds. In the case of a crowned head the Pope receives his guest in the throne room, surrounded by a few cardinals, who withdraw into a neighboring apartment when the monarch is introduced. People at the Vatican have not yet forgotten—Cardinal Rampolla, they say, will never forget it—how an emperor's son, a few years ago, broke abruptly with all the stately etiquette prescribed for such occasions, by shaking hands with Leo and then passing on the pontiff's hand to his companion, who also pressed it quite familiarly .

This function over, the pontiff sits down to his noon-day meal. Etiquette requires that this should be eaten alone, but even if etiquette were not in the way, the meagre fare, consisting of a Roman *pagnotella,* some *pecorino* from Carpineto and a *frittata* of some kind would hardly tempt a gourmand.

Air, his *pabulum vitae,* is what Leo chiefly requires; so after his morning's work and his noon-day repast, he takes it in the Vatican gardens. A few steps through the rooms of his apartment bring him to Raphael's loggie, where the red portantina or chair, with its red-robed bearers, is waiting for him. He is then carried through the library and across the della Pigna courtyard, and is put down at the gate known as the Cancello della Lecca. Here his carriage is drawn up with a papal gendarme on each side and an officer in front. The Holy Father is assisted into the carriage and away starts the little equipage at a trot along the oak

bordered avenues, while the *sediarii* follow leisurely on foot.

The Villa Pia with its rich but unfinished portico is soon reached and passed, a few turns are made through the winding avenues of dwarf oaks and rose laurels, and the cortege draws up where the little cascade of the Eagle is laughing in the sunshine. Here, as a rule, the Holy Father alights. Looking down the dark avenues which frame the sunny picture beyond, he can see the great round mass of Sant Angelo with its gleaming archangel on top, or the height of Monte Mario to its left. Sometimes when the air is heavy, the Pope leans on one of his attendants, but, as a rule, he trusts to the aid of his stick, and walks the short distance that separates him from his favorite vine-trellis, which forms a covered path to the famous old tower of the Città Leonina. The Pope is very fond of this vine which he planted with his own hand, and every year, when the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" comes round, he may be seen with a basket in one hand and a bill-hook in the other gathering the fruits of his planting. Another of the Pope's delights is the tending of his exquisite tea-roses. The little plot might be covered by half-a-dozen handkerchiefs, but it fills more of the Pope's heart than half his Raphaels.

When he has finished his inspection of vine and roses, Leo moves slowly up the slope leading to the old tower and the annexed building raised during his own pontificate, his suite waiting below. It needs no very imaginative mind to be stirred by the latent symbolism of the picture, when the white, frail figure of Leo XIII. enters within the thick walls that were raised by another Leo, and that have seen the days of sunshine and storm which have passed over the papacy for more than a thousand years. The top of

THE VATICAN.

the tower has now been turned into an observatory, but there is one chamber in it reserved inviolate for His Holiness. No business, no matter how urgent, is allowed to intrude here. The only exception to the Draconian law of exclusion has been made in favor of the painter Ugolini, who has had all his sittings in this room. Leo is well aware that time has made its mark deep and heavy on him, but when asked how he wished to be painted his answer was "*Come papa*"—as Pope.

Entering the new building annexed to the tower, you find yourself in a little antechamber with a door opposite leading into another room, where the Pope receives any urgent embassies which require immediate attention. On one side is the staircase leading to the tower chamber to which the Pope alone has access. Two windows look out on the immense dome, and a balcony outside one of them conducts to a small room furnished with a couch and arm-chair. Here Leo takes the siesta which no Roman can do without when the days wax long and the midday heat becomes too relaxing for work. Half-past two is the dinner hour—the dinner being invariably two eggs and a little wine served on a small table near the desk in the room of the tower, where the rest of the afternoon is spent in writing or reading.

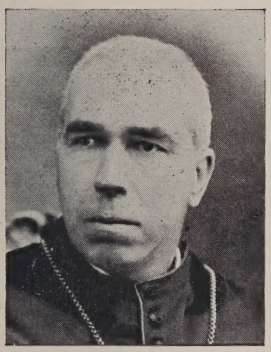
When dusk begins to fall and the old walls and trees and dome are touched with those inexpressible tints of gold and purple which nobody who has seen Roman sunsets can ever forget, the Holy Father's day "in the country" is over. The red *portantina* which bore him to the *Cancello della Lecca* in the morning now takes him back from the tower, passing on its way the pontifical coachhouse where, under their housings, the eight gilded carriages of oldtime splendor await the return of better days in the Eternal City, when the people will throng again about their wheels for the blessing of the papa-re.

From the city to the palace is but a step, yet what a contrast! There the lights are glancing on the yellow Tiber. The streets of a summer's night are thronged with merry-makers, and gay with festive shops and brilliant equipages rolling on their way to ball or theatre, but within Bernini's giant colonnade girdling the piazza of St. Peter's, all is hushed save for the hoarse rhythm of the two great fountains looming out in the growing darkness. A stray light twinkles in one or other of the 11,000 Vatican rooms. Leo XIII. has recited his daily rosary with one of his private chaplains, and when the tireless old man seats himself again before his writing table all the stars are in the sky. They are the same stars whose splendor Ovid hymned when he left the same Rome for exile among the Scythians. Only one star, a veritable *lumen in coelo,* is added to the constellation—the Pope's little lamp, gleaming like a beacon in the night and lighting up the wan face of the *People's Pope.*

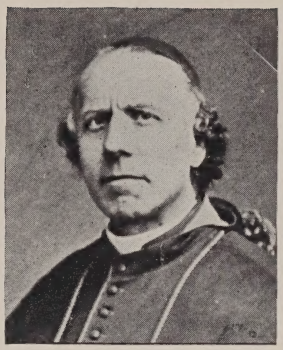
THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

BY REV. F. A. CUNNINGHAM.

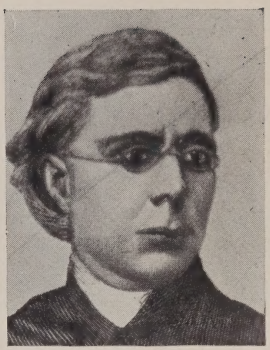
A king has his parliament; a president his senate. Moses, the leader of the Hebrew people, was commanded by God to choose 70 elders to aid him in the government of the nation, and Christ himself called to the mission of propagating His Gospel 72 disciples. So, too, for the needs of the Church it became necessary



Logue, Michael, Bishop of Armagh.
Born 1840.

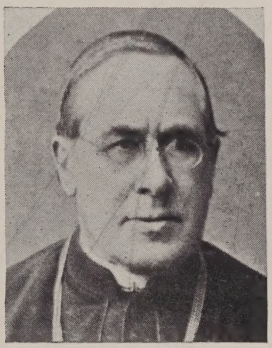


Oreglia, Louis, Italy.
Sub-dean of the Sacred College.

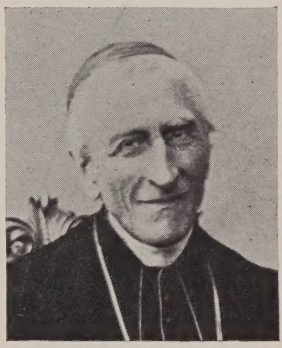


Mocenni, Mario, Italy.
Born 1823.

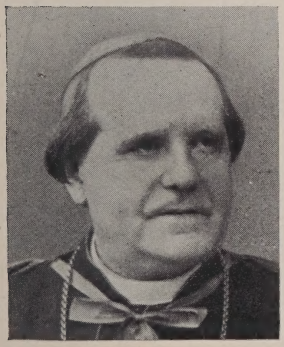
Vincenzo Vannutelli, Italy.
Born 1836.



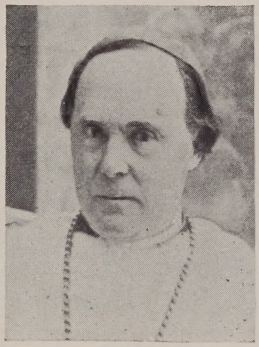
Gruscha, Anthony, Austria.
Born 1820.



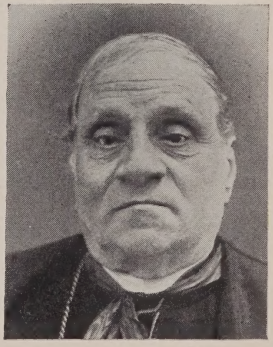
Richard, Francis, Archbishop of
Paris. Born 1819.



Langenieux, Benedict, France.
Born 1824.

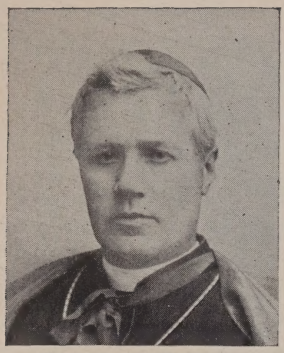


Kopp, George, Germany.
Born 1837.

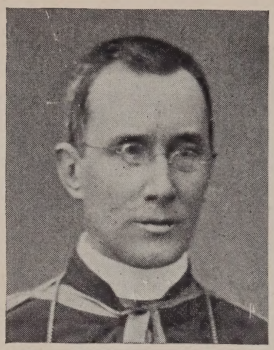


Celesia, Peter, Italy.
Born 1814.

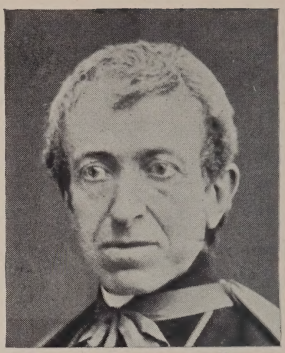
MEMBERS OF THE SACRED COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.



Sarto, Joseph, Italy.



Moran, Patrick, Archbishop of Sidney, Australia. Born 1830.



Capecelatro, Alphonsus, France. Librarian of the Vatican.

Macchi, Louis, Italy. Born 1832.

MEMBERS OF THE SACRED COLLEGE OF CARDINALS

that the Sovereign Pontiff should have around him a body of auxiliaries, ministers, counsellors, co-operators, in the exercise of the supreme pontificate, in the high administration of the universal episcopacy.

As the principal part of the body of the Papacy, the cardinals are rightly so-called; for upon their action hinges the policy not only of the Church of Rome, but that also of the universal Church. It was for this reason that the great councils, especially that of Trent, inculcated that the cardinals be chosen from all Catholic nations. Pius II., when once requested to restrict their number, answered that as head of the Church he could not do so without neglecting the ultramontane nations, an effect which would be contrary to all the constitutions of his predecessors.

The title of cardinal and the active office annexed to it seem to have had their origin about the year 154, in the pontificate of Pope Hyginus. In 238 Pope Fabian divided Rome into seven ecclesiastical districts, over each of which he placed a deacon to administer to the wants of the poor. These were regarded as leading men, whose action the government of the Roman Church then in a manner hinged. Hence their name of cardinal (from "cardo"—a hinge). Their number and prerogatives increased as time went on. They cannot properly be said to have been united into a distinct organization before the eleventh century. Although the historical events of the Sacred College present many interesting features, it will rather be our purpose to examine that illustrious body in its present conditions.

The qualifications necessary for advancement to the station of the cardinalate are best perceived and easily recognized by those whose good fortune has thrown them much into their company. I say "much" advisedly; for the multitude of "guidebooks" and "experiences of tourists" whose acquaintance has been restricted to public formalities and ceremonies, present but limited and often false estimates of their lives and characters. The presence of princely and noble names in the list of their members does not argue a necessity of yielding to the demands of family pride or of wealth.

A Howard, a Hohenlohe, or a Bonaparte during the last decade have not been inferior in practical ability or sterling worth to the humblest of their colleagues.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

The private life of a prince of the Church is always a subject of wonder to the curious. They are astounded at its simplicity and almost disappointed at what they would term its unromantic character. The cardinal's palace, whether its exterior be of princely appearance or not, is certainly very plain within. His apartments are not adorned with luxurious profusion, and usually contain only such articles of furniture as the demands of his work require.

MEMBERS OF THE SACRED COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

I remember a visit to the rooms of the late Cardinal Simeoni, in the Propaganda Palace. I was struck by the absence of everything suggesting a life of ease. The three or four antechambers contained but a few chairs for the accommodation of those awaiting an audience. There was nothing remarkable in any one of them. The reception room itself was even more plain: a small apartment containing a long table with the usual covering of green cloth, a dozen common chairs for the use of secretaries, a crucifix, and a few pictures. The only object of real, absolute worth in the whole suite of apartments was the grand old man himself, simple as a child, yet holding in his hand the religious government of over 25,000,000 people.

Rising at an early hour, the cardinal's first duties are immediately to God. Morning prayer, Mass, and meditation precede the slight breakfast of black coffee, with one or two rolls. His morning is occupied with the routine of business, and it is only in the evening that he can find the few hours of leisure for society. In the social circle, sufficiently large at Rome, the cardinal appears most to advantage. It is then, in the brilliant play

CARDINAL MARTINELLI.

MEMBERS OF SACRED COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

of learning and wit, that he is forced to display those charming qualities that must endow him for his high position. The outward pomp, however, which etiquette requires of him is but the covering of a simple, unostentatious life; and if at the end of the day he may be seen walking out upon the Pincian Hill, like other people, and taking a little rest and recreation, we cannot deny that he has earned it well.

The learning and practical ability of a cardinal are often determined by his age and former surroundings. The lowest age at which it is usual now to rise to that dignity is conceded to be 30 years, though there is no positive law preventing creation at an earlier age. In the present college the average age is about 67 years. This average contrasts strangely with those of former pontificates, especially those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the ages of some of the cardinals presented curious figures. In 1735, Prince Louis de Bourbon, son of Philip V. of Spain, was created cardinal at the age of eight years. In 1619 Ferdinand, son of Philip III. of Spain, was raised to the purple at the age of 10; Coligny at 11; Gaetani, and Della Rovere at 12. Five obtained this promotion at the age of 14, among whom was the illustrious Leo X.

While we are surprised at what might seem an unworthy squandering of these sacred honors, we can yet find sufficient cause for their concession in the motives that induced it. In the first place, no rank was thus conferred of higher degree than that of cardinal deacon, and moreover being bestowed usually on princes of royal blood, there was always good reason to know that the young cleric would be educated all the more surely to the duties of his ecclesiastical office, and with less danger of perversion for the

future. The dangers, however, which might arise from a misunderstanding of these motives have induced later popes, especially the last four, to select their candidates with more care, and it is safe to say that during the present century no inducement of princely origin or relationship could elevate to the purple any one not gifted with the qualities of fitting age and extraordinary ability.

That the office of the cardinal is no sinecure would be evident from a glance at the duties that belong to him, not only in his capacity as prince of the Church, but even as incident upon his own personality. Many of them, such as Cardinals Gibbons, Logue, Vaughan, Moran, and others, are the spiritual rulers of vast archdioceses in their own countries. Others have rendered incalculable services to literature and science. Who does not remember the immense labors of Newman, Manning, and Wiseman, in leaving to their language classic monuments moulded for all times?

Others have been remarkable as students of the exact sciences; some are inventors, some artists, and the greater number are statesmen of recognized prominence. It is safe to say that the Sacred College offers no asylum for the idle, and that even the moments of leisure are sacrificed to labors that others would regard as extremely arduous.

Speaking of the duties of cardinals, as such, we need mention only two: their attendance at consistories, public or private, and their work in the sacred congregations. At the consistories, or meetings in the presence of the Holy Father, all the cardinals that happen to be in Rome are present. A private consistory consists of cardinals only, with the Pope, and serves as the occasion on which the Holy Father makes known his appointments to the highest offices in the Church. To the public consistory all persons of rank or reputation and a few private individuals may be admitted. Therein the cardinal, already appointed, receives, amidst many ceremonies, the official insignia of his estate, the red hat.

I recall as a pleasant reminiscence the public consistory of 1886, when Cardinal Mazzella, an American citizen, by the way, was elevated to the purple. The ticket of entrance admitted me, together with three ecclesiastical students from New York, to a position in the Royal Hall, that of the consistory, and to a place near the throne of the Holy Father. The hall, itself one of the marvels of the Vatican, is oblong, about 40 feet wide by 100 in length. The throne of the Pope was set against the wall at one end. It was very simple in structure and surmounted by a canopy. Immediately in front of it was an empty space about 15 feet square, enclosed by three long benches, for the use of the cardinals. In the back of the hall was seen a gallery, capable of accommodating 100 spectators. Against the middle of the side walls were erected two smaller galleries—one for the ambassadors, the other for Roman princes.

As we entered, about 10 o'clock, we found the Royal Hall pretty well crowded. The gallery in the back was reserved for ladies, who in their sombre black and crepe, made a setting of jet in the midst of kaleidoscopic varieties. The glittering regalia of the ambassadors in the right tribune contrasted with the simplicity of the princes opposite. On the floor of the hall was an intermingling of Swiss guards, laymen in full dress, and clerics of every kind and description, who moved about easily, taking in the sights and personages around them.

At length, after half an hour of eager expectancy, a murmur is heard through

the hall, "Il Papa!" and all eyes are turned to the large doors on the right leading in from the ducal hall. The great damask curtains swing aside, and the procession enters. Guards, Palatine, Swiss, and Noble precede, followed by dignitaries of the household, a line of scarlet-clad cardinals moving along in twos, and lastly, surrounded by his chamberlains in sword and cape, or bearing aloft the great peacock fans borne in his sedia gestatoria, His Holiness, Leo XIII. The audience have all fallen upon their knees as the aged Pontiff, to the strains of the welcome hymn from the papal choir, raises his hand in benediction. He is at length seated upon his throne and the ceremony begins. It would be useless here to describe the long and apparently complicated functions that follow, all of which tend to the principal end—the creation of the cardinals, the proclamation of new episcopal promotions, or the like.

The principal duties of the cardinals, outside of the ordinary ceremonies attendant on the presence of the Holy Father, are contained in the various proceedings of the sacred congregations. These are committees composed principally of cardinals, assisted by many minor dignitaries, and appointed by the Pope for the direction of the various divisions of ecclesiastical government. It would be well to remember that the Holy Father may be considered in three capacities: as Bishop of Rome, wherein he is assisted by the Sacred Congregation of Apostolic Visitation; as temporal sovereign of Rome, wherein he consults the Sacred Congregation on the affairs of the states of the Church; and finally as the head of the Universal Church, and thus looks for assistance to twelve universal congregations. Each of these bodies has for its prefect one of the cardinals, except in the case of four, which have for prefect the Holy Father himself.

A general idea of the business of these organizations may be gained from their names alone. The Congregation of the Consistory prepares all matters to be discussed and decided in consistories. The Inquisition, or Holy Office, investigates current heresies. The Index examines books, and makes a list of those which it considers unfit for perusal. The Council is charged with the interpretation of the Council of Trent. The Propaganda has entire and exclusive charge of the ecclesiastical affairs of missionary countries. Under its direction are over 25,000,000 souls in the various parts of the world, especially in the United States, Ireland, Asia, India, Africa, and Australia. The immense amount of business to be transacted requires that besides its general prefect, it should also have a prefect for the particular direction of Catholics in the Eastern countries. Indeed, even in the United States the accumulation of ecclesiastical affairs has rendered it necessary to resort for assistance to the appointment of an apostolic delegate. The Congregation of Bishops and Regulars regulates the harmonious relations that should exist in the governments of dioceses and religious orders. The Congregation of Rites is the last tribunal in all questions of rites and ceremonies; it, moreover, also conducts the proceedings relating to the canonization of saints. The Congregation of Indulgences and Relics prevents abuses in the matter of indulgences, and authenticates relics, especially such as come from the Roman Catacombs.

There are other ecclesiastical committees in which the cardinals figure prominently. These are the Curia, or what might be called the law courts of the Holy See. The principal among them

are the Roman Chancery, the Datary for the concession of public dispensations, and the Penitentiary, for dispensations of a private character, over each of which a cardinal presides as a substitute for the Pope. Cardinals also have the direction of the three great secretaryships of Briefs, of Memorials, and of State.

Before speaking of the personnel of the Sacred College let us mention what might be considered as their crowning privilege. To the cardinals alone belongs the right of electing the new pontiff. When or how they received this right is a matter of little interest at present, and that it is a wise provision of the Church is evident to any one who reflects upon the results of papal elections in times when the elective right was extended to all the faithful. Even in such times the real election was the result of cardinal votes, and the opposition of falsely elected pontiffs came almost entirely from factions of intermeddlers. Upon the death of a pope the government of the Church reverts to the Sacred College. It is their duty, therefore, first of all, to procure the election of a successor.

It would take too long to enter into all the details of the conclave. Suffice it to say that after a lapse of ten days from the death of the last Pope all the cardinals present in Rome at the time are required to proceed to the Vatican, where, in a chapel provided for the purpose, they are to remain until the successful end of the election. Temporary apartments are built for their use, from which all communication with the outside world is strictly denied. They are entirely free in their choice, having no dependence, at present, upon any government, and thus refusing to receive the annoying dictations which formerly disturbed papal conclaves. Their balloting must result in a two-thirds majority for a candidate before the election is declared successful. The success or non-success of each ballot is regularly announced to the crowds assembled without, in the square, by means of the little cloud of smoke resulting from the burning of the ballots, if unsuccessful, and by public proclamation, if successful. The newly-elected Pope, immediately upon accepting the high promotion, assumes a name by which he is to be designated as Sovereign Pontiff, and as soon as convenient proceeds to the impressive ceremonies of his consecration and coronation.

The present number of cardinals is 69, or within one of the number allowed by the constitutions of the Church. For many centuries no certain number was prescribed, the list amounting at one time to 90. Sixtus V., however, to avoid all possible inconveniences arising from too numerous a college, and following the example of the ancient Moses in the selection of his elders, prescribed that the number of cardinals should not exceed 70. Of the present college 40 are of Italian birth, of whom two are Romans. Seven are French, three German, six Spanish, four Austrian, two Hungarian, two for Portugal, and one each for Ireland, the United States, Australia, Belgium and Bohemia. The Sacred College thus, as far as possible, conforms to the desire expressed by the Council of Trent that all Catholic nations be represented among its members. The cardinals are entitled, cardinal bishops, cardinal priests, or cardinal deacons, according to the order to which they belong, a distinction which does not refer to their actual rank in Holy Orders, but merely to their position in the Hierarchy of papal assistants. In fact, there are many archbishops, such as Cardinal Gibbons, whose rank in the Sacred College is that of cardinal priest. Of the

cardinal priests four must be, by regulation, members of the monastic orders.

The cardinals of the present existing college are as follows:

CARDINAL BISHOPS.

Oreglia—born at Bene Vagienna, Italy, in 1828; created Cardinal, 1873; at present he is Dean of the Sacred College, Camerlengo, Arch-Chancellor of the Roman University, and Prefect of the Congregation of Studies.

Vannutelli, Serafino—born at Genazzano, Italy, 1834; created, 1887. He is Grand Penitentiary of the Holy Roman Church.

Mocenni—born at Montefiascone, Italy, 1823; created in 1893.

Agliardi—born at Cologne, Italy, 1832; created, 1896.

Vannutelli, Vincent—born at Genazzano, Italy, 1836; created, 1890.

CARDINAL PRIESTS.

Netto—born at Lagis, 1841; created, 1884. He is Patriarch of Lisbon.

Celesia—born at Palermo, 1814; created, 1884. He is Archbishop of Palermo.

Capecelatro—born at Marsiglia, 1824; created, 1885. He is Archbishop of Capua, and Librarian of the Holy Roman Church.

Moran, Patrick Francis—born at Leighlinbridge, diocese of Kildare, Ireland, September 17, 1830. He was created Cardinal in 1885. He is at present Archbishop of Sidney, N. S. W.

Langenieux—born at Villefranche, France, 1824; created, 1886. He is Archbishop of Rheims.

Gibbons, James—born at Baltimore, July 23, 1834. He was created cardinal, 1886. He is Archbishop of Baltimore.

Rampolla—born at Polizzi, Italy, 1843; created, 1887. He is Secretary of State and Archpriest of the Vatican Basilica.

Richard—born at Nantes, 1819; created, 1889. He is Archbishop of Paris.

Goossens—born at Perk, Mechlin, 1827; created, 1889. He is Archbishop of Mechlin.

Gruscha—born at Vienna, 1820; created, 1891. He is Archbishop of Vienna.

De Pietro—born at Vivaro, Italy, 1828; created, 1893. Prefect of the Congregation of the Council.

Logue, Michael, Archbishop of Armagh, born at Raphoe, Ireland, 1840; created, 1893.

Vaszary—Prince-Archbishop of Gran, Hungary; born at Kertzthel, Hungary, 1832; created, 1893.

Kopp—Bishop of Breslau; born at Duderstadt, 1837; created, 1893.

Perraud—Bishop of Autun; born at Lyon, 1828; created, 1895.

Lecot—Archbishop of Bordeaux; born near Soissons, 1831; created, 1893.

Sarto—Patriarch of Venice; born at Riesi, Italy, 1835; created, 1893.

Sancha-y-Hervas—Archbishop of Toledo, Spain; born at Quintana del Pidio, 1838; created, 1894.

Svampa—Archbishop of Bologna; born at Montegranaro, 1851; created, 1894.

Ferrari—Archbishop of Milan; born at Pratopanio, 1850; created, 1894.

Satolli Francesco—born at Marciano, archdiocese of Perugia, 1839; created, 1895. He is Prefect of the Congregation of Studies.

Gotti—Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars and of Regular Discipline; born at Genoa, 1834; created, 1895.

Cassanes-y-Pages—Bishop of Urgel, Spain; born at Barcelona, 1834; created, 1895.

Manara—Archbishop of Ancona; born at Bologna, 1829; created, 1895.

Ferrata—Prefect of the Congregation of Rites; born in Italy, 1847; created, 1896.

Cretoni—born in Italy, 1833; created, 1896.

Prisco—Archbishop of Naples; born in Italy, 1836; created, 1896.

De la Iglesia—Archbishop of Santiago di Compostella; born in Spain, 1835; created, 1897.

Coullie—Archbishop of Lyons; born at Paris, 1829; created, 1897.

Laboure—Archbishop of Rennes; born in France, 1841; created, 1897.

Casali—born at Rome, 1838; created, 1899.

Portanova — Archbishop of Reggio-Calabria;; born at Naples, 1845; created, 1899.

Cassetta—born at Rome, 1845; created, 1899.

Di Bontife—Archbishop of Catania; born in Spain, 1846; created, 1899.

Ciasca—born in Italy, 1835; created, 1899.

Mathieu—Archbishop of Toulouse; born in France, 1839; created, 1899.

Respighi—Vicar-General of the Pope; born at Bologna, 1843; created, 1899.

Richelmy—Archbishop of Turin; born at Turin, 1850; created, 1899.

Zabarella—born at Radicondoli, diocese of Volterra, Aug. 4, 1840; proclaimed, 1901.

Martinelli, Sebastian—born at St. Anna, archdiocese di Lucca, Aug. 20, 1848; created, 1901.

Gennari—born at Maratea, diocese of Policastro Bussentino, Dec. 27, 1839; created, 1901.

Skebensky, Archbishop of Prague—born at Hausford, archdiocese of Olmutz, June 12, 1863; created, 1901.

Boschi, Archbishop of Ferrara—born at Perugia, March 2, 1838; created, 1901.

Puzyna, Bishop of Cracovia—born at Goor-

diec, archdiocese of Lemberg of the Latins, Sept. 13, 1842; created, 1901.

Bacilieri, Bishop of Verona—born at Breonio, diocese of Verona, March 27, 1842; created, 1901.

CARDINAL DEACONS.

Macchi—First Deacon, Secretary of Briefs, born in Italy, 1832; created, 1889.

Steinhuber, S. J.—born at Utlau, 1825; created, 1894. He is Prefect of the Congregation of the Index.

Segna—born in Italy, 1836; created, 1894. He is Prefect of the Vatican Archives.

Pierotti, O. P.—born in Italy, 1836; created, 1896.

Vives-y-Tuto—born in Spain, 1854; created, 1899.

Volpe—born at Ravenna, Dec. 24, 1814; created, 1901.

Tripepi—born at Cardeto, archdiocese of Reggio Calabria, June 21, 1836; created, 1901.

Cavagnis—born at Bordogna, diocese of Bergamo, Jan. 13, 1841; created, 1901.

At the last Consistory, 1903, His Holiness created seven cardinals. Their names are:

Mgr. Fischer, Archbishop of Cologne.

Mgr. Taliani, Papal Nuncio at Vienna.

Mgr. Cavicchioni, secretary of the Congregation of the Council.

Mgr. Ajuti, Papal Nuncio at Lisbon.

Mgr. Nocella, secretary of the Consistorial Congregation.

Mgr. Katschthaler, Archbishop of Salzburg, Austria.

Mgr. Herrorary Espinosa, Archbishop of Valencia.

Some of the cardinals are, on account of special abilities, chosen for various special offices in the College. As a chapter the Sacred College has its dean, its sub-dean, and its secretary. The Holy Father is assisted in the government of the diocese of Rome by his cardinal vicar. Cardinal Rampolla, as secretary of state, ably represents the Sovereign Pontiff in his relations with foreign courts. Cardinal Capecelatro, as the most eminent litterateur of the Sacred College, is fitly placed as librarian of the Vatican. The chamberlain of the Holy Roman Catholic Church is Cardinal Oreglia.

There are none of the cardinals, indeed, in whom some particular ability is not prominent. Some are remarkable outside their official state, for prominence in the important families of Europe, for their important parts in various coups d-etat in the affairs of continental nations, for reputation as diplomatists. With a standing in the courts of Europe of princes of the blood, their prestige affords to them many opportunities of working for the welfare of peoples that are accentuated by their reputation for deep learning and spotless moral character. It is doubtful if there be in the world today a more efficient body of councillors surrounding their ruler than that which from the halls of the Vatican aids in the religious direction of the 250,000,000 that acknowledge the Holy Father as the Supreme Bishop of the world.

THE MODERN CONCLAVE.

THE EXERCISE OF THE VETO.

One of the curiosities of modern journalism is to be found in the Cologne Gazette for January 9, 1874. In that issue the curious reader will find himself introduced to a German translation of a Papal Bull, declared to have been drawn up by Pius IX. on May 28 of the previous year. The contents are sufficiently thrilling. According to the document, Pope Pius's successor is to be elected with a haste never before heard of, in fact, to use the exact expression of the Bull, the election is to take place over the body, *praesente cadavere*.

If any doubt was felt as to the genuineness of the document it ought to have ceased a few days later, when the same journal published the Latin text of the Bull. But Germany is the home of the Higher Criticism, and even the sonorous Latin periods of the Bull did not suffice to lay the ghost of scepticism which had not been slow to make its appearance. It was noticed that the opening statement

was somewhat peculiar for an Apostolic Constitution, to wit, that the Pope's aim was to prevent the election of a successor whom the enemies of the church might use for their impious designs! A little lower down the cardinals are accorded the most ample faculties of dispensation from canonical laws and precedent, including apparently—for the language of the Bull is not always clear—that of the two-thirds majority necessary for the valid election of the Pope.

A short examination by connoisseurs of Church Latin showed the hand of the forger, and before long the real origin of the apocryphal Bull leaked out. A trusty knave had promised Baron Kendall, one of the German officials, that he would get possession of the Bull (which was known to exist) for $2,000. The bargain was struck and the emissary managed to get at the papers of Mgr. Mercurelli, the Pope's private secretary. He could not lay his hand on the real Bull, but, that, after all, was a trifle. The baron wanted a Bull and the burglar wanted $2,000. It was a clear case for the working of the law of supply and demand. So he went home and wrote a very good Bull for the price.

The Bull thus vainly sought and more vainly paid for by Baron Kendall, had been in existence since the 23d of August, 1871. Between that date and the death of Pius IX., it was followed by two others and a *Regulation,* all dealing with the future conclave. So well was the secret kept that even after the election of Leo XIII., no one outside the college of Cardinals knew their tenor, and even of late years all that was learned about them was that they contained certain dispositions made by the late pontiff, which had been read before the cardinals on the day following his death.

The four documents have been recently published and their contents prove to be of an importance which nobody dreamed of. Many of the statutes are of a transitory nature, connected with the present strained relations between Italy and the Holy See; but one, dealing with the *Veto* exercised by certain European powers is of vital and lasting import, and we make bold to say has only a parallel in the canonical legislation inspired by Hildebrand in the XIth century.

We shall not attempt to trace the origin of this *veto* or *right of exclusion,* nor shall we define whether it is a prescriptive right, or a mere custom, an irksome usurpation of interference, or the natural right of all governments where there are Catholic subjects or citizens. Each and every one of these views has been advocated by modern authorities in Germany, Italy, Austria and France. But whether it has come down from the days of Charlemagne, or whether it began to be exercised in its present form about the middle of the XVIIth century, certain it is that the *veto* has been a potent factor in the papal elections of the present century. A recent Catholic author, Sägmüller, says, that it is yet an open question whether the new German Empire and the Kingdom of Italy have the right of veto. But there is no question whatever about it. The veto, though at one time claimed by Portugal has never been allowed to any but the monarchs for the time being of Spain, France and Austria. By virtue of it, each of these has enjoyed the privilege of blackballing a single candidate for the papacy, at any time before the requisite majority of two-thirds of the electors have pronounced in his favor.

A glance at the papal elections of the present century will serve to show what an important part the exercise of the veto has played in modern times.

The conclave of 1823 began on the 2d

of September. From the beginning the issue lay between Cardinals Consalvi and Severoli. It was, however, known that Consalvi was a *persona ingrata* to Austria, and the uselessness of attempting to elect him with the Austrian veto dangling over his head becoming apparent, a number of his supporters went over to Severoli. The latter having, on the first scrutiny of September 21st, obtained 26 votes, and wanting only 7 more for the necessary two-thirds, appeared certain of election. But before the second scrutiny Cardinal Albani announced that he had been authorized by the Austrian emperor to veto the election of Cardinal Severoli. The declaration was a surprise to all, since it was notorious that Consalvi was the principal object of Austria's antipathy. The influence of the veto was immediately felt, however, and Severoli's votes dropped to two and one in the ensuing scrutinies. Consalvi's candidature was distasteful to France as well as Austria, and although no formal exclusion of him was entrusted to the cardinal representing the French monarchy, the French cardinals were instructed to make known the feelings of their sovereign.

Severoli's exclusion, however, produced an effect not infrequently following the exercise of the veto. His supporters asked him to name a candidate in his place. He designated Cardinal della Genga, and for several days the votes were divided between the latter and Cardinal Castiglioni. Meanwhile it began to be bruited that the French ambassador had applied to Paris for a veto against della Genga. Several of Castiglioni's supporters at once joined the other candidate, and on September 28, Cardinal della Genga was elected Pope with the title of Leo XII.

Six years later the papal see was vacant again, and the powers were again at work on the election. This time France sent a veto against Napoleon's uncle, Cardinal Fesch; Albani was armed by Austria with the exclusion of Cardinal di Gregorio, and Spain sent its official objection to its former nuncio Cardinal Giustiniani. Of these Cardinal di Gregorio was the only likely candidate, but Cardinal Castiglioni was elected as Pius VIII.

At the following conclave, which lasted from December 15, 1830, to February 2, 1831, Cardinal Albani was again charged by Austria with the veto of di Gregorio and also of Cardinal Capellari; France opposed Cardinal Macchi and Spain renewed its exclusion of Giustiniani. On January 7th Giustiniani received 21 votes, and the next scrutiny would in all probability have given him the necessary majority, when the Spanish veto was interposed. The procedure of 1823 was repeated—the excluded member at the request of a large body of Cardinals nominated Capellari and Cardinal Albani, knowing that if he vetoed Capellari the election of di Gregorio would be inevitable, was obliged to acquiesce, and Cardinal Capellari became Gregory XVI.

Pius IX.'s conclave was so expeditious that the powers had not time to interfere. Austria, however, always ready with a *veto* against somebody, sent a messenger excluding Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, but the latter had been reigning as Pius IX. for five days when the emissary reached Rome, and the thunderbolt was useless.

Whether or not the still greater rapidity of the last conclave accounts for the fact that no interference was attempted by the powers, at least it rendered such interference impossible.

Meanwhile the political condition of Europe had been entirely changed. The small states of the Italian peninsula had become one of the great Powers—one,

too, from the very nature of things, hostile to the claims of the papacy; the Most Christian monarchy had been transformed into a French Republic, whose acts and professions were the very reverse of Christian; Spain was in the throes of revolutionary agitation, while Austria had lost her commanding position, by the formation of the German Empire. The Triple Alliance had not yet been formed, but secret negotiations and open sympathy between Austria and Italy were the order of the day. Under such conditions the Austrian became practically synonymous with an Italian veto, and an Italian veto meant the exclusion of any cardinal who was a supporter of Papal claims.

Hence the necessity for new legislation in the conclave. Pius IX.'s first Bull, *In hoc Sublimi,* is dated August 23, 1871. Scarcely a year had elapsed since the breach of Porta Pia; Europe had hardly recovered from the shock of the Franco-German war and the commotion of the French commune, and Rome had already been more than once the theatre of outrageous scenes of violence and insult against the papacy. Indeed, such a pass had things reached in the Eternal City, that in December, 1870, everything, even to the packing of trunks, had been arranged for the Pope's departure for Malta.

The second Bull, *Licet per Apostolicas,* was drawn up on September 8, 1874—a few months after the publication of the forgery in the Cologne Gazette, and while the German Press was still teeming with speculations, suggestions and canards, all set on foot by Bismarck with the view of bringing public opinion to bear on the Pope to induce him to accept the "Law of Guarantees" and thus give Italy the necessary stability to make the Triple Alliance feasible. The immediate object of this Bull was obviously to prevent any of the cardinals in their individual capacity from entering into negotiations concerning the future conclave.

The third and last Bull, *Consulturi,* was drawn up on October 10, 1877, summing up, defining and confirming the two preceding.

The general condition of the church in Europe was deplorable. In Germany the Kulturkampf persecution had reached its acutest stage. Spain was plunging deeper and deeper into anarchy, and Marshal MacMahon's government was environed with grave difficulties and perplexing uncertainties. The Supreme Pontiff felt his end approaching, and the development of affairs in Italy boded ill for the next conclave. The Law of Guarantees had, it is true, categorically promised entire freedom for the papal election; but how much the promise was worth was shown when, on the death of the Cardinal Camerlengo in July, 1877, the official press of Italy claimed that if such an event were to happen during the vacancy of the Holy See, the government would claim the right of administering the affairs of the Vatican.

On September 21, 1877, the new Camerlengo, Cardinal Pecci, was appointed by Pius IX. With the force and penetration so characteristic of him, the new dignitary quickly mastered the duties and dangers of his office. On his advice the Pope appointed a commission of cardinals to determine the further legislation necessary, and the Bull *Consulturi* was the result of deliberations in which the Camerlengo played a leading part. The principal terms of this remarkable constitution may be summed up in a few words. The *exclusive right of the Sacred College* to elect the Pope is reaffirmed, with the formal and emphatic exclusion of all and every intervention of the secular

power—"*excluso atque remoto quovis laicae potestatis cujuslibet gradus et conditionis interventu.*" M. Lucius Lector in his recent work on the conclave, thinks that this does not affect the *veto,* but *pace* the learned author, there will be few who will not rather agree with Schulte, whose book, *Die Papstwahl, etc.,* strenuously affirms that the veto is especially referred to. Certainly the terms by which *all* secular interference is not only excluded but *removed* could not well be more comprehensive.

If the Pope dies at Rome, the cardinals present in the Eternal City are to decide at once whether the election is to be held out of Rome or Italy, and are to proceed with the election, as soon as a bare majority of the Sacred College is gathered together. If the conclave is held in Rome, it is to be dissolved and transferred to some other country at the first indication of popular or governmental violence.

Three months after the Bull *Consulturi* was drawn up, a *Regulation* was framed to provide for further eventualities which may arise at the time of the vacancy of the Apostolic See. This *Regulation* shows an increased solicitude to provide against the violent interference of the Italian government. The conclave becomes *ipso facto* suspended, if the government agents exercise authority by violence in the Vatican during the election. This last legislative provision was evidently evoked by the increased aggravation of the Pope's position in Rome. This year, the annual demonstration commemorating the battle of Mentana became a savage outburst of anti-clerical fury. Then followed the overthrow of the cabinet on December 28, which brought Crispi (whose views about assuring the 'liberty of the conclave" were synonymous with the occupation of the Vatican with Italian troops), into power as Minister of the Interior.

The Pope was sinking. On January 5th Victor Emmanuel signed a decree regulating his obsequies. On the 9th Victor Emmanuel himself was dead, on the 10th the private *Regulation* was drawn up, and twenty-eight days later the venerable pontiff passed away after the longest reign in the history of the papacy.

The conclave which elected Leo XIII passed without incident—but it was short and decisive. Who knows what might have happened had it not been so?

The following from Monsignor O'Reilly's Life of Pope Leo XIII. has a double interest, illustrating the method of procedure followed by the Conclave, while describing the effect of the election on the late Pontiff.

On both sides of the Chapel * * * sixty-four lofty screens have been erected, and in front of these are seats for the cardinals, every seat being numbered. There is before each seat a small square table with writing materials. Each seat is canopied, the canopy being the emblem of sovereignty, and all these Papal electors are now co-equal sharers in that sovereignty which they will place, undivided, on the head of the Pope of their choice. Four of these seats, with the overhanging canopies, the tables, and the screens behind, are draped in green cloth; the remaining sixty are draped in purple. What is the reason of this distinction?

The green is the color distinctive of the cardinals created by Gregory XVI., the only four surviving of all those who in June, 1846, had sat among the electors of Pius IX. The other sixty cardinals are of the creation of the long-lived Pius.

The morning of Tuesday, February 19, has dawned on Rome—a balmy morning, rising cloudless and golden-tinted beyond the Quirinal and the Esquiline, and flooding the lofty masses of the Vatican and the dome of St. Peter's with its first beams. Few there are, if any, within the Vatican and the conclave who have not been beforehand with the dawn. And today there is more need than usual in their being early before the mercy-seat. And ere yet the early morning hours have passed, the voice of the master of ceremonies, who is here the organ of the Church,

is heard as he passes along the corridors where the electors are lodged, pronouncing the sacramental formula, *In capellam, domini* —"To the chapel, my lords!" And to the chapel, with the docility of schoolboys obeying a summons to morning prayers, the venerable train of purple-robed prelates go at once. There they take the seats allotted to them, the Camerlengo, Cardinal Pecci, taking that marked "number nine" on the Gospel side, and not far from the altar. The subdean celebrates a Low Mass, after which all take their seats. Now begins the real work of election.

Three cardinals are chosen by vote as scrutineers; their business is to examine every *schedula*, billet, or vote, and to note and announce the result. To each elector is given a *schedula*, or voting-paper, prepared after a given form. In the center he writes the name of the person for whom he votes.

At the top of the sheet he writes out the first part of the form: "I, Cardinal N., elect for Sovereign Pontiff my Most Reverend Lord Cardinal ——." The part containing the name of the elector is folded and sealed, leaving visible in the middle space only the name of the candidate he votes for.

At the lower end of the sheet he then writes a text of Scripture of his own choice, which is also sealed up, like his name at the top, and serves, in case of doubt, to verify his vote and signature.

These papers have been carefully distributed, one to each of the electors, by the secretary of the conclave; and each cardinal having duly filled the sheet and sealed it, all is ready for the balloting.

On the altar stands a large chalice with its paten made and consecrated for this special purpose. The cardinals in due order advance one by one in succession to the altar-steps. The elector, kneeling, pronounces in a loud, distinct voice the solemn words: "I call Christ our Lord, who will judge me, to witness that I elect the person who before God I think should be elected, and which I shall make good in the accessus." Then, ascending the platform of the altar he lays the folded *schedula* on the paten, and from this drops it into the chalice.

All the bulletins having been deposited in the chalice, the three scrutineers ascend to the altar. One of them takes the chalice, covers it with the paten, and shakes it well. A second then takes them out and counts them, one by one, into another chalice. There are exactly sixty-one; had there been one more or less the *schedula* must all have been burned and the balloting must have been begun again.

The scrutineers now take the second chalice with its contents and carry it to a large square table draped in purple, and so placed that the scrutineers seated at it are plainly in view of all the electors. The senior scrutineer draws from his chalice the first folded paper his hand touches, reads the name written in the open middle space, then hands it to the scrutineer next in seniority, who also reads the name aloud and takes note of it. The third does the same—each name being thus thrice proclaimed aloud.

Meanwhile, each of the other electors, seated at his own table, has a printed list of all the cardinals before him, and makes a mark opposite to the name thus read out. Twenty-three times the name of Cardinal Joachim Pecci is thus announced. No other member of the conclave receives anything like this number of votes. As the name of the Camerlengo thus comes up with ominous frequency, he is seen to be greatly disturbed. His pale, intellectual, ascetic countenance is overcast by an expression of mingled dismay and grief. Still the number twenty-three is not that of half the electors present, and an absolute two-thirds majority is necessary to an election.

Thus the first morning session of the conclave passed without any result. The balloting papers are therefore, according to rule, burned, and the blue smoke issuing from the slender stovepipe thrust through a window in the chapel tells the expectant crowd in the square of St. Peter's that no Pope has yet been chosen.

During the recess each elector has been reflecting on the eminent qualities of the man for whom twenty-three votes were cast in the forenoon. * * * At the second ballot the ceremonial is the same as in the morning. * * *

Cardinal Pecci's turn to vote comes early, his seat being near the altar and bearing the number nine. At length the last bulletin has fallen into the chalice, and the scrutineers have begun to announce and count out the names of those voted for. Again Cardinal Joachim Pecci's name is repeated with even more significant frequency than in the morning * * * again and again his name occurs till the number reaches thirty-one, half of the electors; and on, on the number swells till it is increased to thirty-eight.

But when the number thirty has been reached and passed, the trouble, the emotion, the terror of the humble-minded Camerlengo have become uncontrollable. Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, whose seat was next to Cardinal Pecci's, described what he then beheld in a discourse from his cathedral pulpit on his return home from the conclave:

"I remarked that, Cardinal Pecci hearing his own name mentioned so often, and that

everything pointed to him as the successor of Pius IX, great tears rolled down his cheeks, and his hand shook so violently that the pen it held fell to the ground. I picked it up and gave it to him, saying: 'Courage! There is no question here of you; it is the Church and the future of the world that is in question.' He made no reply, only lifting his eyes to heaven to implore divine assistance."

Thirty-eight votes, however, did not constitute the two-thirds majority demanded by the canons. So again the voting papers were all burned, and again the anxious crowd of spectators outside in the piazza dispersed, their curiosity unsatisfied.

It was now most probable that the majority in favor of the Cardinal Camerlengo would, in the session of Wednesday morning, the 20th of February, be so increased as to secure his election. * * *

Another French cardinal, De Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, gives us a graphic and authentic account of the Camerlengo's appearance and behavior on the morrow.

"Cardinal Pecci," he says, "to whom on the afternoon of the first day a majority of the votes were given, looked, on Wednesday morning, pale and frightened. Just before the voting began he went to one of the most reverend members of the Sacred College. 'I cannot control myself,' he said: 'I must address the College. I fear that they are about to commit a sad mistake. People think I am a learned man; they credit me with possessing wisdom; but I am neither learned nor wise. They suppose I have the necessary qualities for a Pope. I have nothing of the kind. This is what I want to say to the cardinals.' Fortunately, the other said to him: 'As to your learning, we, not you, can best judge of that. As to your qualifications for the Pontifical office, God knows what they are; leave it all to Him.' Cardinal Pecci obeyed him."

The third ballot began at the appointed hour. The Cardinal Camerlengo's distress must indeed have touched his brethren deeply. It was, in their eyes, only a further evidence of his worthiness. * * * So, as the balloting proceeded, and he sat prostrated at first, then calmer, resigned, and prayerful, his name was announced with the same prophetic frequency till the preceding number, thirty-eight, was passed, and forty-four votes were recorded in his favor. It was more than a two-thirds majority and left no room for further scrutiny. Will Cardinal Pecci accept? He sits mute, pale, with closed eyes, as if his spirit were far away from the place and scene.

The master of ceremonies, accompanied by the sub-dean, the senior cardinal priest, and the cardinal deacon, approaches the seat Number Nine.

"Do you accept the election canonically made of you as Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church?" asks the sub-dean amid a silence so painful that one might almost hear one's heart beat. Cardinal Pecci rises; his whole frame shakes with uncontrollable emotion. With a quivering voice, but steadily and distinctly, he affirms his own unworthiness. But seeing them all of one mind and determined in this matter, he bows to the divine will.

The sub-dean kneels thereupon before him; the master of ceremonies claps his hands, and at this signal all the cardinals rise and remain standing in homage to the new sovereign. Instantly all the canopies above the seats are lowered save that above the seat of the Pope-elect. The sub-dean then asks: "By whose name do you wish to be called?" "By the name of Leo XIII.," is the prompt answer.

He is next, after a short prayer at the altar, conducted behind it between the two senior cardinal deacons. There he is divested of the cardinalitial robes, and clad in the traditional white vesture worn by his predecessor. Meanwhile, they have placed upon the platform of the altar the portable Papal throne—*Sedia gestatoria*—and all is in readiness for the first solemn ceremony of doing homage to the newly elected Vicar of Christ.

Leo XIII., attired in the insignia of his dignity, now advances from behind the altar and takes his place on the throne. The sub-dean takes from the Pope's hand the sapphire cardinalitial ring and puts on his finger the Ring of the Fisherman; then he bends low and kisses the feet of His Vicar on earth Who in the Last Supper washed and kissed the feet of His apostles; he then kisses the Pope's hand, while Leo in his turn gives him on both cheeks the kiss of peace. So do all the cardinals in succession, and then the officers of the conclave.

This first homage, or "adoration" over, the senior cardinal deacon, Catterini, asks the Pope's permission to announce the election to the outside world. * * * There is a great crowd on the square beneath, and within St. Peter's. The old ones among them knew of what hour very nearly the morning ballot must have ended. The blue smoke had not made its appearance at the time expected: the election was then an accomplished fact, and the fever of expectancy grew and grew.

At length on the exterior loggia of St. Peter's, overlooking the square, the Papal Cross appeared, with the acolytes, masters of ceremonies, mace-bearers, etc., followed by Cardinal Catterini, who, amid the breathless stillness, pronounced these words:

"I announce to you tidings of great joy.

We have a Pope, the Most Eminent and Most Reverend Joachim Pecci, Cardinal Priest of the title of St. Chrysogonus, who hath given himself for name Leo XIII."

Pius IX's decrees are in force for the next election, unless—an entirely improbable contingency—the late Pope revoked them. It has been stated that Leo XIII. made provisions for the future conclave, but when we remember that as Camerlengo he was mainly instrumental in drawing up the Bull *Consulturi* and that the general situation has not materially altered since then, any additional legislation can hardly be other than explanatory and confirmatory of the former.

Leo was already an old man when he assumed the tiara, and from the beginning there has been considerable speculation concerning his successor. As far back as 1884, Cardinal Czacki was the leader of a group of cardinals who looked upon Mgr. Battaglini, the cardinal-archbishop of Bologna, as the next Pope. Death, however, removed him, and opened the field for further conjecture. It is an open secret that Cardinal Zigliara was at one time Leo's own choice. With Cardinal Pecci, the Pope's brother, and Mgr. Satolli, Zigliara contributed a great deal to the scientific renaissance of Thomistic philosophy, and it was he who furnished the Pontiff with the most important materials for the social encyclical *Novarum Rerum*. Death again intervened. Death, too, has removed Cardinal Lavigerie, who was the most prominent of all the non-Italian cardinals of the present reign.

Since the date of Leo's famous letter to the French people urging them to accept and support their Republican government, the powers of Central Europe have been engaged in a mysterious, incessant, underhanded campaign to influence the choice of Leo's successor.

But the democratic wave that has swept over Europe has inaugurated a new era in the history of the conclave. Exclusive or inclusive right, diplomatic intrigues and all the other legacies of monarchic centuries have become at once an offence and an intrusion.

The Allied States have apparently recognized this, but they have worked hard at the indirect nomination of Leo's successor. He is to be a mystic pontiff whose upward glance will never be turned to things of this world. He will be a stranger to all novelty and to all international action, he will leave the peoples entirely to their destinies, unless indeed he is willing to conclude a sort of Holy Alliance with the powers of Central Europe.

This work of the Allies has its history. Nearest to the Vatican and most directly affected, the Quirinal was the first to begin operations. During the year 1890 the press of Italy, Germany and Austria was busy preaching Crispi's sermons on the necessity of exercising some influence in the conclave. The programme was to detach the Vatican from France and Russia, "to balance"—that was the expression—the pontifical policy, to make Papal Rome re-enter the Austro-Italo-German orbit, from which it should never have departed, to ensure the election of a "moderate" pontiff, shut up in the Vatican like a Chinese bonze in his temple.

The *Piccolo* of Naples, evidently inspired by the Italian minister, was the first to ventilate the Quirinal idea. Signor de Cesare followed up in the *Nuova Antologia*. A few days after the *Post* of Berlin made lengthy comments on the important connection between the conclave and international politics—modestly suggesting that the Allied Powers should mount guard around the Vatican. At the same time the *Hamburger Cor-*

respondent affirmed that the interests of the Triple Alliance were involved and that it was necessary at all costs to get a Pope favorable to Germany out of the next conclave. The agitation flowered into a simple—if altogether absurd—suggestion of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, viz.: that a fusion should be effected between the Italian and Austrian cardinals.

The agitation was not limited to the press. All the resources of diplomacy have been set in motion to influence the decision of the next conclave. To give an instance. During the summer of 1892, the Italian government proposed to the emperor, Francis Joseph, the candidature of Cardinal Monaco. The result of this maladroit assumption was two slaps in the face for the Quirinal. The first came from the cardinal who openly protested against the use of the *Consulta* made of his name, the second was administered by the old Emperor, who at once held communication with the leading Hungarian ecclesiastics, and nominated a Pope on his account. Old traditions die very hard. A little more of this and we might fancy ourselves back in the days when Phillippe le Bel imposed conditions on the putative successor of Boniface VIII. But the question is far more important now. The days of the brutalities of Phillippe le Bel, and the cabals of the Spaniards and French in the XVIth and XVIIth centuries, and even of the more or less decorous exercise of the veto in the present century, are gone forever. The papacy has once for all entrusted its freedom and interests to the Universal People and not to any factitious combination of kings or governments.

OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Cardinal Manning, Wilfrid Meynell, the Bishop of Salford, and Thomas William Allies expressed the following opinions of Leo XIII., on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Holy Father's accession to the pontificate and the fiftieth of his ordination to the priesthood. As especial interest attaches to them at this time when opinions of the great Pontiff and his work are being voiced by men of authority all over the civilized world, they are reprinted here from DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE of February, 1888.

LEO XIII. APPEALED TO THE INTELLECT AND THE HEART.

CARDINAL MANNING.

Ten years are nearly full, and a record has been written in the annals of the Church which will never pass away. The Sower has sown the seed, truths and laws, germs and rays of natural and supernatural wisdom, the philosophy of the reason of man, the science of the revelation of God. Leo XIII. inherited a world-wide unity of pastors and of people cast off by the world, and thrown with all their love and fidelity upon the Holy See. In the days of St. Gregory VII, and of Clement VII., the world was in its pride, and the Church was sick. Now, the Church is whole and the world is wrecking itself. In the living structure of the Church there is nothing wanting. Leo XIII. has appealed to the intellect and the heart, the motive-powers of all life and action. Every call of his voice has been answered. There are now no national discords as at Basle and Pisa. The unity of the Church, since the Apostles went out from Jerusalem, has never been so absolute, its purity never more visible, its authority never

more obeyed. And as the world has cast it off, the Church has withdrawn into its own sanctuary of liberty and power. It is more powerful over the world now than ever, because it is visibly independent. The world cannot cast the weight of a shadow over its supreme liberty. And this Divine power is in the hands of Leo XIII. The world can take nothing from him, and from the world he asks nothing but the obedience of faith. His power is not of this world, but it is world-wide, and dependent on God alone. No human hand sustains him; and he refuses all human aid. A foot upon the water, in the sacred language of Egypt, means a Divine act, which is to man impossible. But the successor of Peter walks erect upon the water, for his faith never falters, and his Master holds him by the hand.

The world is beginning to see what it can neither deny nor destroy. And Italy is yearning for the glories of its past, as the centre of Catholic unity, the home of the Heavenly City.

May this auspicious Jubilee for fifty years of Priesthood draw the hearts of all nations, and, above all nations, the heart of Italy, to Leo XIII., happily reigning with imperishable sway over the universal Church of God.

The Labors of Leo XIII.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

The labors of a Pope and the burdens of his supreme office on earth are in a sense beyond the reach of record. The points on which his life touches the lives of his people are their own little affairs, their interests, the hopes, prayers, and destinies of units in the millions that obey him. None of these are too personal, or too minutely domestic to win the ear of the Father of his peoples. As for the Pope's own affairs, they are hardly such as the man, woman, or child who kneels at his feet can give the world a glimpse of. The globe, with continents and isles, deserts and plains, the "summer of the world" in the broad tropics, its winter in the narrowing poles, the long rivers that flow from the snows of the north to the gold and sapphire seas of the south, dark continents, barbaric empires—these form the outward scene of the spiritual world which lies under the eyes of the Bishop of Bishops. The whole human tragedy played out in the theatre of the world is before him. And his is not only the distant view which comprehends its vastness, but the near sight which examines its intimate details. The Pope must know special as well as general things; local matters smaller than those of an empire's colonies—the colonies of *his* spiritual empire being the solitary missions in corners of the earth—and matters far more enormous than the interests of old Rome or of modern England. The flocks of God's people on a thousand hills are "sheep of his hand." His is the only empire in the world upon which the sun not only never sets—that is a small and transitory glory—but on which the sun never will set until it is turned into darkness.

The Encyclicals of Leo XIII.

THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES.

For that which he has urged in the privacy of the cabinet, and by the living voice of his ambassadors, and by his own autograph letters to sovereigns, he has set forth in a series of Encyclicals. These are not secret; rather they permeate society from the highest ranks to the lowest in all lands. There is nothing in them precipitate, wayward, fluctuating, biassed by momentary incidents or passing passions. This mature wisdom speaks calmly, because clearly seeing the truth and certain of its authority. Nothing can be conceived more unlike the babble of newspa-

pers, the strife of parties, the talk of democrats seeking to make themselves known, or the surging hither and thither of public opinion, than these documents, or than the conduct which accompanies them. I have before me a small volume, purchased for fifteen pence, which contains in 360 pages, each three inches by two, the chief of these documents issued in eight years. In it I find the letter upon the accession of Leo XIII., that upon Modern Errors, that upon the Scholastic Philosophy, with another commending and setting forth the Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas; that upon the Origin of the Civil Power; that upon Historical Studies and the truthfulness above all things requisite in them; that upon "*Nobilissima Gallorum gens*," that upon Freemasonry, that upon Literature; and, especially, that upon the Christian Constitution of States, the four opening words of which, "*Immortale Dei miserentis opus*," indicate its character, as they also sum up the whole work of the writer. It is not too much to say that if the doctrine contained in this small volume was taken to heart and practised by the rulers and the people still called Christian, the whole body of society at the present day, would be benefited.

. . . . .

Those who would wish to realize with the least effort the bond which unites the Apostolic See with the Episcopate and the people of the various countries, and moreover at the same time to comprehend how futile any unity of the Church and of Christian doctrine would be without this bond, have but to read one after another the encyclicals of Leo XIII. to the Bishops of these countries. I take, merely for instances, some of the last. Such is that to the Bishops of Portugal, dated September 14, 1886, on the termination of that most difficult controversy arising out of the privileges bestowed upon their kings in regard to the Indian Hierarchy in the times of St. Francis Xavier. Again, that to the Bishops of Hungary, dated August 22, 1886, where dangers and difficulties of quite another sort are dealt with. Again, that to the Bishops of France, dated February 8, 1884, wherein a third array of circumstances has to be met. Can there be greater tenderness than when, writing to the last, the Pope dwells upon the ancient glory of their nation as first born daughter of the Church, and on the happiness which accrued to it for ages because of the "*gesta Dei per Francos*," and on the distinguished devotion and zeal of individual Frenchmen, as in all times so now, when he has to deal with an actual government which tears down the crucifix from the schools of its people in Paris, while it claims exclusive protection of Catholics from all nations in Pekin.

The Sovereign Pontiff and the Italian Government.

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD.

One thing, and one thing alone, has hitherto saved the dignity and freedom of the Pontiff, viz., his absolute rejection of the law of guarantees, his refusal to treat with the government, and to be reconciled with it, until his rightful sovereignty and independence have been restored. Had the Pope complied with the proposals of the Italian government, accepted the law of guarantees, waived his claim to a civil princedom, the whole Christian world would have declared, that in a moment of weakness, he had yielded to the Italian revolution, and had become a salaried official of the Italian government. The consequence would have been that the freedom of his pontifical acts and decisions would have become liable at any time to be called in question. Leo the Thirteenth is, by

temperament and antecedents, peaceful and conciliatory. His whole soul abhors the state of contention which circumstances have forced upon him. He knows that an attitude of opposition and of continual protest alone secures to him even the semblance of freedom and independence. He knows that the character and inflexibility of the Pontiff is the one barrier standing between revolution and the liberty of the Church. He is forced, therefore, to silence the yearnings of his nature, and to declare that there can be no truce, no conciliation, so long as the head of Christendom is stripped of the only solid guarantee of his independence.

TRIBUTE OF CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Leo XIII. is dead. The voice which filled the earth is silent. The lips which dispensed knowledge to the nations are sealed. The heart which sympathized with all that was highest and holiest in the aspirations and hopes of men has been touched unto stillness, and the hands which but yesterday were freighted with power and blessing are today cold and lifeless.

To the Catholic he was the vicar of Christ upon earth, the mouthpiece of the Most High God. Those who acknowledged him not for shepherd, must recognize his genius and the example of his noble life. He has been summoned to rest from his labors. His works follow him to bespeak the crown of justice; they remain as a heritage for the admiration and imitation of generations to come.

His advent to plenary power was the signal for much speculation, both on the part of those within and of those without the fold.

In the closing days of his predecessor the relations of the papacy with many of the European governments had been subjected to a severe strain, leading in a few instances to open rupture. Would this condition of things be maintained and perpetuated, or would there be an attempt to attach the nations more closely to the holy see?

All doubts, however, were soon set at rest. The pontiff decided upon a course of conciliation. This step was taken in such wise as neither to compromise the dignity of the apostolic see nor to curtail its divine prerogatives.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Leo was not oblivious of the growth and spread of errors which menaced the very existence of society. In an encyclical of burning eloquence and inexorable logic he exposed the false assumptions of socialism, communism and nihilism. Doctrines so pernicious could thrive only because men had rejected the truth of revelation.

But the teacher of Christendom is at the same time the father of Christendom. Whatever concerns man as man is of interest to him, for he considers all his children. Naturally, therefore, did the pontiff, who strove to lead men from the darkness of error into God's admirable light, exert himself to strike from human limbs the shackles wherewith they were bound.

By forceful words and generous donations he supported Cardinal Lavigerie's crusade against the African slave trade.

The pontificate just brought to a close has been very nearly associated with the progress of the Catholic church in the United States, for it was Leo XIII. who convened in plenary council the hierarchy and clergy to deliberate upon the perfecting of church organization in this country. The enactments of the council, which closed its session on Sunday, December 9, 1894, were in due time approved by his holiness, and they constitute today the standard of discipline throughout the republic.

While the great pontiff's remains lie awaiting their final resting place, it is fitting that we should pay this tribute of devotion to his memory, for he was "a man of resource and our father in his generation." In the annals of history he will live as a scholar, a statesman, a philanthropist and a giant among leaders of men. The true Christian will further honor him for that "the Lord gave him the priesthood of the nation and made him blessed in glory."

In life he was known as Lumen in Cœlo, the light of heaven, to lead men home to the heart of God. In death we cherish the thought that "they that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that instruct many into justice, as the stars to all eternity."

"Things out of reach seem always fairer
Than anything to-day can have or hold."

POPE LEO IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

Donahoe's Magazine

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STREET IN THE DESERTED VILLAGE, WARNER'S RANCH.

DISPOSSESSED AMERICANS.

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

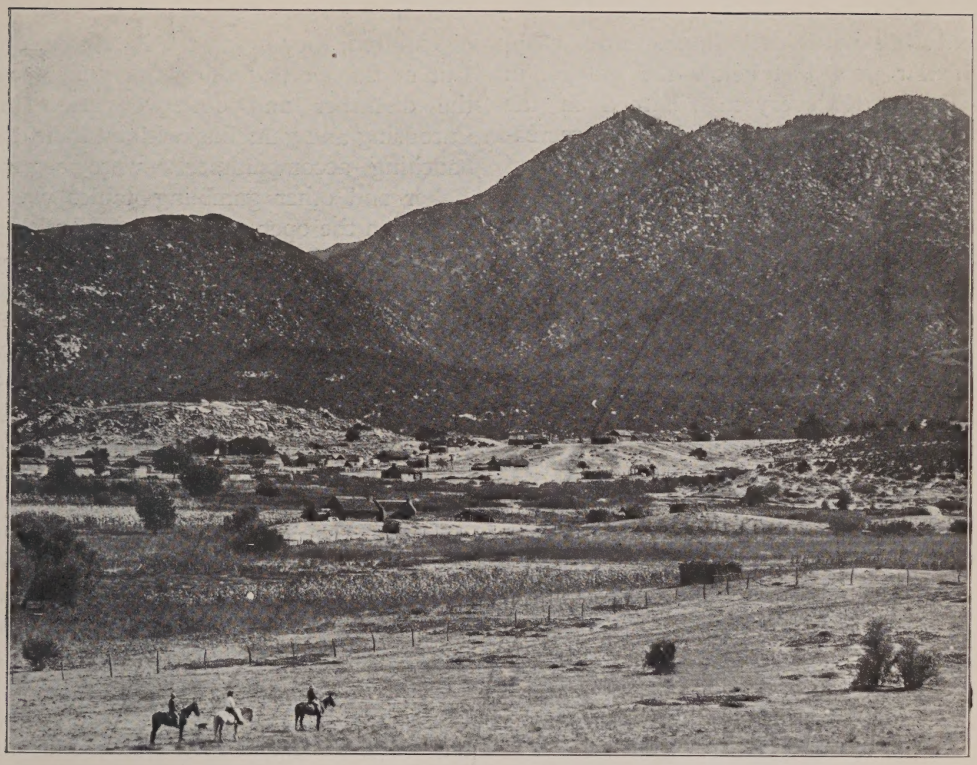
The Indian village of Agua Calienta (hot water) lies back in a circle of the Southern California Mountains. The one double row of adobe houses forming what may be called a street stretched along the edge of a rocky canon. Just above the settlement, the rocks in the bottom of this canon are split and rent, and from these fissures come constantly flowing streams of steaming hot water. A little space below these streams the Indians, some years ago, erected rough shack bath-houses, into which they flumed the mineral water, for the use of health-seeking tourists. Sulphur, alum and magnesia waters spout from contiguous rocks. People afflicted with rheumatism, dyspepsia, or kindred ills, here found ready relief, and it was from the bathing facilities furnished tourists that the villagers derived a great part of what ready money they got. A mile farther up the canon, on the mountain side, flows a cold iron spring. These various mineral tonics may in some measure account for the extreme longevity of some of the Indians. Many of them are centenarians and there is one man who helped back the heavy oak tim-

THE BATHS.

bers for the San Luis Rey Mission Church, down from the top of Smith's Mountain. Yet for all these life-giving sources of his native mountains and valleys the Indian is being exterminated steadily. The few families comprising the hundred and fifty natives of this village are fragments of the Serrano, Cahuilla, San Luisaño and Dieguiño tribes. At the secularization of the twenty-one Franciscan Missions, of the chain extending from San Francisco to San Diego, in 1834, there were 30,000 civilized Indians cultivating the Mission lands and herding stock under tutelage of the Franciscan Fathers. Padre Serra, founder of the Missions, named all the Mission Indians, of whatever tribe, Neophytes. It was from their neophyte ancestors that these villagers inherited whatever degree of Christian civilization they may retain. Their small adobe church, standing apart on the plateau across the canon, and the cleanly domestic industry of the women show this. In their one-roomed adobe huts, with mother earth for flooring, there was an air of inborn cleanliness natural as the birds, coarse and common as it might seem to the modish taste. Their frejolas and tortelas, cooked in the big fireplace, had a toothsome relish to one with an appetite sharpened by the bracing mountain air. Few and common enough were their cooking utensils. They had next to no table ware. Whatever time they had to spare from their daily household duties the housewives spent in basketry, weaving blankets, or making drawn lace. The maidens were similarly employed and all were busy, and most of this work was done out of doors.

During the summer the Indians rented their adobe houses to health-seeking white folks, and lived in ramadas built of branches of cotton wood, poplar, and live oak trees, interlaced with willows and smaller branches. Beds and bedding went with the adobes, and the Indian families slept in rows in their blankets on mother earth, as the aborigines of nearly all our continent do. The entire village washing was done by the women, in big basins in the rocks near the Springs, filled with the hot water therefrom. Clothing thus washed and dried on the bushes in the sun close by had a peculiarly sweet smell. If the buttons on one's undergarments suffered from rubbing on a rock washboard one nevertheless felt doub-

JUST ABOVE THE BATHS, SHOWING PATICO OR BRUSH HOUSE.



GENERAL VIEW OF DESERTED VILLAGE.

ly repaid by the feeling and flavor of delicious cleanliness. A score of those women and girls, in their plain calico gowns, their long raven hair tied in big coils at the back of their necks, bending over the rough granite basins which nature had scooped out for them, made a rare picture, in its massive mountain setting. Grinding live oak acorns and filtering the bitterness out of the meal was another picturesque occupation. The acorns were dropped into deep oval holes in flat rocks, a little distance above the Springs, and ground by means of pounding with a long stone made to fit into the hole. In one of these flat rocks I counted a dozen such holes that must have taken the pounding of many thousands of years to wear so deep. The women do this in groups as they did the washing. The meal was taken to the edge of the canon and put into round basins made in the coarse sand. Then hot water from the Spring was poured upon it steadily for about twenty minutes, by means of which the bitterness was all washed down and out of the meal, when it was taken out and spread on clean sheeting in the sun to dry. The Indians always kept a full store of this meal on hand to tide them over "a dry season," when other crops failed.

In all their out-of-door work the women were accompanied by their children, able to walk, and the infants were strapped to their board cradles, carried afield, and stood up against rock or tree near by. During the six months that I lived in the village amongst them I don't remember hearing one infant cry, in or out of doors.

Tilling their lands and herding their stock, the men of the reservation were almost as industrious as the women. The flow of hot water from the Springs, not

otherwise used, they flumed into a big circular pool just below the village, in which nearly every man bathed in the evening twilight, for health and recreation. They had their monte games of course, but no liquor or disturbance of any sort came amongst them, save that brought in by white men. All disputes came up for peaceful settlement before the Captain and Alcalde of the tribe. These officials were elected annually, wisdom, justice, and fortitude, being the qualities of mind sought in the men chosen to fill the offices. Only during the

AN INDIAN 150 YEARS OLD.

festivities of "San Juan's week," in July, when cowboys from the outlying cattle ranches, far and near, filled the village and its environs, did I see, or hear of, any riotous conduct. For five consecutive years the tribe had been hoping to have Father Ubach, the Father Gaspera of Mrs. Jackson's "Ramona" come up to dedicate their little adobe church on San Juan's day. That year he sent one of his curates instead. For the moment the Indians were all sadly disappointed at not seeing their revered old Spanish priest, but when Father Barron had said Mass, preached in Spanish, and baptized a lot of children, they became fully reconciled. But no sooner had the priest gone than the disturber and destroyer came in. Carousing and gambling with all their debauching accompaniments were begun. Poker and other gambling tables were set up on the open street corners and the games played publicly before the whole crowd, day and night. But the Indians took little or no hand in this. One wondered where such a crowd of whites, Mexicans, and half-breeds, could come from in a country seemingly so sparsely populated. Horse and foot races were run. Field sports—Indian, Mexican, Spanish, English and American—were enjoyed. But the week's royal sport was the tattooed and painted Indians' fire and war dances. During the last day and night of this when the fire-water had stimulated the lower passions to fever heat there were some fighting and other infractions of the peace which the Indian officers were unable to handle, and the deputy county sheriffs had to be called in. Some shooting was heard in the distance at intervals. The cowboys, with a Colt's revolver on each hip, the young ranchers and miners, somewhat similarly armed, were rather a belligerent-looking crowd. But haply there were no "good Indians" made that day or night. Amongst a certain set here it has become a proverb that "there is no good Indian but a dead Indian," and from the rate the aborigines are dying off our continent one must infer that we are somehow living up to the proverb. Of the 30,000 neophytes around the Missions at the time of secularization, there are scarcely seven thousands of all their descendants, and those of other Indians, left between San Francisco and San Diego. This is making "good" Indians right lively.

On May 11th—pursuant to a decree of the United States Supreme Court—the

commissioners appointed by President Roosevelt moved all those Indians from their native village—their ancestral mountain homes, endeared to them by numberless racial ties, of which the white man can know little and probably cares less. Our Government has of course been liberal in buying for the Indians the Pala tract of land containing more than ten times the area, and said to be better land than that of which they have been dispossessed. It will pay them two dollars a day for building their new homes, and furnish them shelter and provisions while the houses are being built. But they claim that Agua Caliente is still theirs, by right of direct gift from God to their remote ancestors, a title which no Mexican grant, American patent, or other process of the white man's law should invalidate. For years prior to his death, ex-Gov. Downey, whose heirs own the land from which the Indians were evicted, had been telling them on his annual visits to the ranch that he would will them all the land they claimed. Being their true friend the Indians had implicit confidence in his word. Yet he forgot to thus protect them, and so after his death the heirs took immediate steps to oust them. But there was no lack of generous American believers in divine justice, and they came to the Indians' aid with ample means. The case was defended for the Indians by the best legal skill, from the lowest to the highest tribunal in the land. No just cause is ever quite lost. This dark chapter may not be erased from our national history. But a bright one could be written beside it by restoring to these few only real Americans the couple of hundred acres of the millions which were once their ancestors by right and title higher than any human law. Even the late United States Senator, Stephen M. White, who was the Downey heirs' attorney in the case, said from first to last that though the law as it stood on the Statutes

GRINDING LIVE OAK ACORNS.

AN INDIAN FUNERAL.

clearly dispossessed the Indians, yet it was nevertheless a palpable injustice. A treaty or oath to do evil or wrong to another is not morally binding.

In agreeing to sustain the validity of all Mexican grants in California made prior to the treaty of Guadelupe Hidalgo it is scarcely possible that the United States' parties to that treaty contemplated any such injustice to the aborigines of California as despoiling them of their lands. The text of the treaty itself contains no word or implication that they did.

"We think it is ours, for God gave it to us first," wrote the fourteen-year-old Indian boy, Ramon Cavavi, of the Indian village of Saboba, in San Jacinto valley, to the President of the United States, when their village and lands were about to be taken from them by similar process of law, and were taken.

On the ruins of this last deserted village will undoubtedly be erected soon a great modern hotel and public baths, surpassing those of ruined Pompeii in her palmiest days. One who has dreamed amid those ruins, in sight of the smoking crater from whence flamed and thundered the sulphurous destroyer, and afterwards lived for months enjoying the simple peaceful blessings of that deserted Indian village, might easily point a moral. But the hurly-burly strenuousness of our modern progress admits of no sentiment. Who can tell when the smouldering fire that heats those

AT THE HOT SPRINGS.

mineral waters may be fanned to flame, and by what Hand? The mountains are there, the baths will be. A just God is over all. If the race extermination of the Indians goes on during the next century as it has in the past there will scarcely be a corporal's guard of them left. These will be in such demand as "rare attractions" for dime museums and "Wild West Shows," that they will be big bonanzas to their lucky managers and fortunes to their luckier keepers. We meantime congratulate ourselves on our "benevolent assimilation" of inferior races coming in from the four-quarters of the globe. But the true American mind must with pain recur frequently to the baleful extinction of a noble and picturesque race of men.

During the late wide publicity given to the subject of the eviction of the Indians from their homes, and the causes that led thereto, it has been variously stated that their condition is and has been better than it was under the old Franciscan Mission regime.

The official report of Lieut.-Col. W. H. Emory, commanding the advance guard of the American Army on its overland march to California during our war with Mexico should be authority on that point:

"To the south down the valley of Agua Caliente lay the road to San Diego. Above it was Mr. Warner's backwoods American-looking house, built of adobe and covered with a thatch roof. Around were the thatched huts of the more than half-naked Indians, who are held in a sort of surfdom by the master of the rancheria. I visited one or two of these huts and found the inmates living in great poverty. The thermometer was at 30°; they had no fires and no covering but sheep skins. They told me that when they were under charge of the Missions they were all comfortable and happy, but since the good priests had been removed and the Missions placed in the hands of the people of the country, they had been ill treated. This change took place in 1836, and many of the Missions passed into the hands of the men and their connections who had effected the change."

In his diary Capt. A. R. Johnston, of the same army, says:

"We found Warner's place, which would be considered a poor location in the United States, with a hot spring and a cold one on his place; a good place for stock, but bad for grain, one would think. The labor is performed by California Indians, who are stimulated to work by three dollars a month and repeated floggings."

Johnston was killed at the battle of San Pascual four days later, and his diary was recorded by General Kearny, who commanded the American Army. The three important points in dispute which above extracts seem to settle are, first, the few remaining Indians on the several California reservations are direct descendants of the neophytes, Mission Indians, so named by the sainted Padre Junipera Serra, founder of the Missions. Second, the Indians were prosperous, content and happy under the Mission system, and increased and advanced in Christian civilization. Third, that they are capable of attaining to useful, self-sustaining citizenship, under the right sort of education, training and influence. Given such opportunities, there is still a sufficient number of them left to save the race from utter extinction.

"The Sequoya League," has set itself the task, "to make better Indians." A glance over the list of prominent names of its executive committee and advisory board, of which Archbishop Ireland is one, would almost convince one that the success of the enterprise is already assured. More power to them, and may they live to see the remnant of the first real American race, thrifty, satisfied, and peaceful tillers of their own soil. This once achieved the natural increase of the race will inevitably follow.

PARLIAMENTARY AND EXTRA PARLIAMENTARY AGITATION IN IRELAND.

BY R. BARRY O'BRIEN,

Author of "The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell," and "Life of Lord Russell of Killowen."

II.

In the Catholic Convention of 1792 there was an extreme party composed chiefly of United Irishmen, or of those under the influence of the United Irish Society, which pressed John Keogh to insist on complete emancipation. But Keogh would not yield to the pressure. He said in effect, that the Catholics ought for the moment, at all events, to rest content with the Franchise. It was within their reach. To ask for more might be to endanger all. The United Irish party, however, would not give way, and an amendment, proposed by an Ulster delegate and supported by Wolfe Tone, in favor of complete emancipation, was carried. Still, Keogh did not ultimately act in the spirit of the amendment; on the contrary, he allowed it, practically, to remain a dead letter. No strenuous effort was made by the Catholic leader to force the hand of the Minister. Wolfe Tone was disgusted with Keogh's moderation. "Will the Catholics be satisfied with the Franchise Act," he notes in his diary, and adds, "I believe they will and be damned." And again, "Sad, sad! merchants, I see, make bad revolutionists."

The differences which arose on the question of the advisability of insisting on complete emancipation, at the moment, unfortunately, left a line of cleavage in the ranks of the Catholics. In April, 1793, Keogh's conduct in accepting the Franchise Bill, without agitating vigorously for the admission of Catholics to Parliament, was discussed at a meeting of the Catholic Committee. The meeting was almost equally divided on the question, and the division proved in the end fatal to the Committee's efficiency. The Extremists, despairing of a forward policy, glided into the United Irish Society, and the Moderates, growing irresolute and inactive, lost their influence in the country. Soon afterwards the Committee ceased to meet regularly, and the alliance with the United Irish Society came to an end.

The United Irish Society now pressed forward with the demand for Parliamentary Reform, and proposed to hold a convention at Athlone for the purpose of formulating their claims. But the Government interfered, and in July, 1793, a Bill was passed, making conventions—that is the assemblage of any representative bodies—illegal. Public discussion being practically stopped, the United Irish Society now began to drift into revolution, though more than a year was yet to pass before it became avowedly a rebellious organization.

An insane war was at this time raging between Catholic and Protestant peasants in Ulster, "Peep of Day Boys," and "Defenders." Efforts—strengthened by the "Peep of Day" war—were successfully made by the Ascendancy faction to sow the seeds of distrust once more between Catholics and Presbyterians. The united front, which had been presented to England in 1792, was broken. Open agitation in the country ceased, and the Catholic Question fell wholly into the hands of members of Parliament. Grattan—

always the staunch friend of Catholic liberty—now took the leading part, and John Keogh dropped into the background. Wolfe Tone concentrated all his energies on the supreme object of ending the English connection. Co-operation between Revolutionists and Constitutionalists existed no more. The situation was unfortunate. Yet fresh hopes, destined to be cruelly dashed to the ground, were awakened.

In the summer of 1794, Lord Fitzwilliam, the friend of Grattan, and a statesman known to be favorable to Catholic Emancipation, became a member of Mr. Pitt's ministry. Distinguished Irishmen, representing various shades of Irish opinion, were invited to London to meet the Prime Minister. Among those who went were the Ponsonbys, Sir John Parnell, and Grattan. They all saw Mr. Pitt, and all spoke of the wisdom of drawing Catholics and Protestants together. "Ay," said Pitt, "but whose will they be when they come together?" Pitt remembered that they were not England's in 1782. "What do the Irish now want?" he asked Grattan. Grattan answered, "Catholic Emancipation." Pitt did not say aye or no, but, as even Mr. Froude frankly admits, he "let Grattan go away with the impression that although Emancipation would not be made a Government measure it would not be opposed. "Not to bring it forward as a Government measure, but, if Government were pressed, to yield it," were the exact words which Grattan said Pitt used.

Grattan returned to Ireland in high hopes. "I have got the great measure," he said, "and the next thing is to get the men." The "men" were forthcoming. Lord Fitzwilliam was sent to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant. "I would not have taken office," he said to Edmund Burke, "unless I knew Emancipation was to be granted." Fitzwilliam reached Dublin on January 4th, 1795. He acted with vigor from the outset. He dismissed from office the enemies of the Catholics; he took their friends into favor. Never were the omens better. Never was popular expectation raised to a higher pitch. The Catholics throughout the length and breadth of the land felt that the day of their deliverance was at hand. The Irish popular members believed in the Government; and it is now certain that Pitt was prepared to grant Emancipation (if it could be done without trouble) and Fitzwilliam had been sent to Ireland for this purpose. On the 12th of February, Grattan, with the full knowledge and approbation of the Ministers, introduced a Bill for the admission of Catholics to Parliament. But Grattan, Fitzwilliam, Pitt, and the unhappy Irish people, had reckoned without their host. At the eleventh hour, George III—of whom an English historian has said that he was sometimes sane and sometimes insane, and that he was almost as mad when he was sane as when he was insane—stepped in and forbade the concession. He told Pitt point blank that he would not consent to endanger his throne and the Protestant religion by the Emancipation of the Catholics. Of course if it had been a measure of reform ardently desired by the masses of the English people Pitt would not have allowed himself to be governed by the King. But it was only a measure of freedom ardently desired by the masses of the Irish people, and Pitt was not willing to risk the displeasure it would not be opposed." "Not to flinched, recalled Fitzwilliam, and abandoned the Catholics. It was only on the 4th of January that Fitzwilliam had arrived. On the 12th of February, Grattan had brought in his Bill. On the 23rd of February Fitzwilliam received a letter

from the Duke of Portland to inform him "by the King's command," that he "was authorized to resign"; and Fitzgibbon and the Speaker of the House of Commons—two uncompromising opponents of the Catholic claims—were appointed Lords Justices in his stead. He was betrayed by the English Cabinet, and innocently made the instrument of deceiving the Irish people. "If the Irish Administration," said Sir Lawrence Parsons, "has encouraged the Catholics in their expectations, without the countenance of the British Cabinet, they have much to answer for. If the British Cabinet has assented, and afterwards retracted, the demon of darkness could not have done more mischief had he come from Hell to throw a firebrand among the people." The British Cabinet *had* assented and afterwards retracted! Fitzwilliam and the Catholics, alike, were the victims of English falsehood and perfidy. In recalling Fitzwilliam, as Grattan said, England planted a dagger in Ireland's heart.

Fitzwilliam left Dublin on the 25th of March amid the sorrows of the nation. On the 4th of May, Grattan, struggling against adverse fortune, moved the Second Reading of the Catholic Bill. But it was opposed by Ministers and rejected by an overwhelming majority. So ended the promises and hopes of the Fitzwilliam Administration.

The events which followed are well known. The United Irish Society was immediately reorganized on a military basis, and it prepared for war. In the provinces the peasantry were dragooned into revolt by the infamous government of Lord Camden, the new Viceroy. In 1796 the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. In 1797 martial law was proclaimed. Grattan made a final effort to stem the tide of injustice and oppression. He brought in a bill proposing Parliamentary Reform, and Catholic Emancipation. It was contemptuously rejected. "We have offered you our measure," he said. "You will reject it. We deprecate yours. You will persevere. Having no hope left to persuade, or dissuade, and having discharged our duty, we shall trouble you no more, and from this day we shall not attend the House of Commons." In 1798 the country was in rebellion. The rebellion was mercilessly crushed. Wolfe Tone, fighting desperately, was captured, and died for the faith that was in him. The Act of Union, carried by force and fraud, fittingly closed the bloody drama.

Parliamentary action, pure and simple, had failed. Insurrection, pure and simple, had failed. Constitutional agitation combined with revolutionary methods and English difficulties and fears had alone succeeded in the struggles of a quarter of a century, which had begun in 1775 and ended in 1800.

After the Union the Catholic Question was revived, and its fortunes were entrusted to Irish and English Liberal members of Parliament. For twenty-three years the struggle dragged miserably on. Defeat followed defeat; disaster, disaster. Petitions were refused, bills were rejected. The Catholic Committee was distracted by dissensions, bereft of strength, left without a leader; for Keogh could no longer command and inspire. His great victory had been the Franchise Act of 1793. Afterwards, he ceased to be a power, and soon only fitfully appeared upon the scene. The Catholic nobility and gentry were loyal and useless. Henry Grattan nobly did his duty in the English House of Commons. But he was outvoted and overthrown. In 1823 an English politician wrote: "As for our Catholic Question, it is gone to the devil." Parliamentary action, pure and simple, had failed to make any impression on the

English mind. Then Daniel O'Connell came to the front, and infused life and energy into the Irish people. In 1823 the great Catholic Association was founded by the great agitator. Within two years it was a power in the land, alarming the Minister, overawing Parliament. "Self-elected, self-constituted, self-assembled, self-adjourned, acknowledging no superior, tolerating no equal, interfering in all stages with the administration of justice, levying contributions, and discharging all the functions of popular government, it obtained a complete mastery and control over the masses of the Irish people," so said Mr. Canning in 1825. The struggle now became a fight between the Government and one man. It is unnecessary to say that O'Connell was not then in Parliament, and he derived no strength from parliamentary action. He stood alone. John Keogh and Wolfe Tone had, between them, combined constitutional agitation and revolutionary methods. O'Connell in his own person combined constitutional agitation and revolutionary methods. The Catholic Association was in truth a revolutionary organization with a constitutional base. In 1828, as everyone knows, the crisis came. O'Connell stood for Clare and defied the authorities. I shall give a couple of extracts from some of the letters of the time to show the feeling of alarm which possessed the ruling class. Mr. Fitzgerald, O'Connell's opponent, wrote to Sir Robert Peel: "Nothing can equal the violence here. The proceedings of yesterday were those of madmen; but the country is mad, and they have been allowed to proceed in the career of revolution." The Under Secretary of Dublin Castle wrote: "O'Connell has excited the Roman Catholic population to madness. The accounts from Clare and Limerick are filled with great alarm." A little army was poured into Clare to keep the peace.

At Ennis there were 300 constabulary.

At Clare Castle, close by, 47 artillery with two six-pounders, 120 cavalry, 415 infantry.

Within a few hours: 183 cavalry, 1,313 infantry.

Within 36 hours: 28 cavalry, 1,367 infantry, two six-pounders.

At a further distance: 1 regiment of cavalry, 800 infantry.

"Such is the extraordinary power of the Association," wrote the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Anglesey, "that I am quite certain that the agitators could lead on the people to open rebellion at a month's notice."

This was the pressure to which the Government yielded.

O'Connell was returned triumphantly for Clare, and, in 1829, Catholic Emancipation (by which Catholics were admitted to Parliament and to all civil and military offices except the posts of Regent, of Lord Chancellor and Irish Viceroy) was granted. "Can we forget," wrote Sir Robert Peel, "in reviewing the history of Ireland, what happened in 1782 and 1793? It is easy to blame the concessions that were then made; but they were not made without an intimate conviction of their absolute necessity in order to prevent greater dangers."

Catholic Emancipation was granted "to prevent greater dangers." "If you glance at the history of Ireland during the last (few) years," wrote the Duke of Wellington, in 1829, "you will find that agitation really means something short of rebellion, that, and no other, is the exact meaning of the word. It is to place the country in that state in whch its government is utterly impractical, except by an over-awing military force." This is an accurate description of O'Connell's tac-

tics, and by these tactics he succeeded. Catholic Emancipation, upon the well-known admission of Wellington himself, was granted because it was the only alternative to "civil war."

In parliament, O'Connell failed to place any great measure on the Statue Book. The Reform Bill of 1832 was a fiasco; it in no wise made amends for the disgraceful disfranchisement of the Forty Shilling Freeholders—the men who won the Clare election, and who were swept out of political existence the moment they showed an independent spirit. All the amendments proposed by O'Connell and the Irish members to improve the Irish Reform Bill were rejected by English majorities. The measure was in fact passed over the heads of the Irishmen, and its effect was to starve the Irish representation. The Tithe Commutation Act of 1838 was the result of the Tithe war. The Municipal Reform Act of 1840 was —on the admission of a distinguished English writer on constitutional history, Sir Erskine May—"a measure of virtual disfranchisement." Forty out of fifty municipal corporations were disfranchised, and the remaining ten were given a restricted franchise. This was called "Municipal Reform."

In 1841, so hopeless were the prospects of obtaining justice from an English parliament that O'Connell ceased to attend the House of Commons, unfurled the banner of Repeal, roused the country, and threw himself heart and soul into the movement for legislative independence. The Repeal movement was a combination of revolutionary methods and constitutional agitation. It failed for many reasons. First, owing to O'Connell's declining health; next, owing to dissensions among the Repealers; and, lastly, on account of O'Connell's death; and the Famine which placed Ireland at the mercy of English statesmen.

The insurrection of 1848 failed; so did the parliamentary agitation of 1850-1855. The parliamentary representation of 1855-1869 was despicable. Irish members became objects of derision and contempt. Never had constitutional agitation sunk to a lower level. Yet, in 1869, the only great measure of justice which had been passed since Catholic Emancipation became law. The English Church in Ireland was disestablished. How was this brought about? By the operations of a purely revolutionary movement—the Fenian organization. There is no fact in Irish history more easily capable of proof. "Why did you not deal with the Irish Church in 1866 when you asked for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act," said Mr. Gathorne Hardy in the House of Commons in 1868. Mr. Gladstone answered: "For a perfectly plain and simple reason. In the first place, circumstances were not ripe then as they are now. Circumstances were not ripe in so far as we did not then know so much as we know now with respect to the intensity of Fenianism." Again: "It has only been since the termination of the American war, and the appearance of Fenianism that the mind of this country has been greatly turned to Irish affairs." And again: "In my opinion, and in the opinion of many with whom I communicated, the Fenian Conspiracy has had an important influence with respect to Irish policy." "I agree with the noble Lord (Lord Granville) and with the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland," said Lord Dufferin, "that the attention of this country and the conscience of England with respect to the question of Disestablishment were much stimulated, if not altogether awakened, by the fact of Fenianism."

Between 1835 and 1870 the Land

Question had been constantly before Parliament, but all the efforts made by parliamentarians to obtain reform failed utterly. At length, in 1870, the first great Land Act was passed—passed as the Church Act had been passed—owing to the "intensity of Fenianism." The Fenians had failed to gain their own objects, but they carried the positions which had been attacked in vain by constitutional agitators.

"The Fenian movement," said Lord Derby, "agitated Ireland from 1864 to 1867, producing among other results the Clerkenwell explosion. Mr. Gladstone's statement as to the effect of this, and other similar attempts, on the public mind of England, though too significant to be ignored is too familiar to be repeated. I have too often heard that speech censured as unwise; to me it has always seemed a gain that the exact and naked truth should be spoken, though at the cost of some unpleasant criticism. A few desperate men, applauded by the whole body of the Irish people for their daring, showed England what Irish feeling really was, made plain to us the depth of a discontent whose existence we had scarcely suspected, and the rest followed of course."

Between 1870 and 1878 Ireland fell into the hands of a moderate and constitutional parliamentary party, commanded by a great lawyer, Isaac Butt, who always spoke with respect and veneration of English institutions, and conducted the struggle on "law abiding lines." But this party were unable to obtain further measures of Land Reform (rendered necessary by the failure of the Land Act of 1870) or to convert any English party or any English man of eminence to Home Rule. Then there was once more a combination of constitutional and revolutionary methods. John Devoy, a Fenian, and Charles Stewart Parnell, the future leader of the Parliamentarians, came together. The union of Wolfe Tone and John Keogh was in some measure repeated. A section of Fenians united with the Constitutionalists to harass the common enemy. The parliamentary machine was made more effective than it had ever been before.

A formidable organization, the Land League, managed by Extremists was founded. There was violence in the House of Commons; there was violence in Ireland. And, in a reign of terror and confusion, and amid scenes of lawlessness and tumult, the Government gave way and the Land Act of 1881 was passed. But the alliance between Extremists and Constitutionalists was not broken up. It lasted until Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party were converted to Home Rule, lasted indeed until the debate of 1890, when general confusion and universal collapse for a time followed civil strife. Nevertheless, the measures of reform which have since become law are the result of the combined constitutional and revolutionary methods adopted by Parnell. Further measures of Land Reform were rendered inevitable by the Land Act of 1881. The Local Government Act was rendered inevitable by the partial Home Rule triumphs of 1886 and 1893. The very Land Bill now before Parliament is the outcome of the Parnell-Devoy movement, whose work of destruction has made this scheme of reconstruction necessary. To conclude:—the upshot of the review of Irish history which I have attempted seems to me, at all events, to be this:

Parliamentary action, pure and simple, has always failed. Insurrection, pure and simple, has always failed. Revolutionary methods combined with constitutional agitation have alone been effective in wringing justice from the reluctant grasp of England.

MISTAKES.

BY CATHERINE CASPAR.

Madge had come in exhausted and had fallen asleep in her chair. So her husband found her. He sat watching her, with many thoughts busy in his mind. A more than usually full day found him, at its close, in a mood to resent the picture of repose before him. In the morning he had addressed the "Woman's Home Political Club" and had, metaphorically, so laurel-crowned and jewel-bedecked the essentially modern woman, as to leave her righteous indeed in her own conceit. Meanwhile, his wife had not been of his hearers.

"Roger," she had explained, "I'd disgrace you. I'd be sure to yawn when I should applaud. I could hear you talk for hours if it wasn't politics. I've read your speech, of course. It's fine, I'm sure, though I don't know a thing about it. But you understand, and I'll go instead on a charity visit to the Children's Hospital. That will do, won't it?"

He had said "yes." How could he say "no"? But he had found an unexpected refuge in her very laudable excuse when he was later besieged with questions as well as covered with congratulations. He was of a community where woman's power in politics is established, and he had learned that day that he would have to count upon it towards his own success. And his wife would fail him! So he decided, while she dozed peacefully on, unconscious that in the first demand his opening career would make upon her, she would be found wanting. But he was conscious, not only of her real delinquency, but of more which his aggrieved imagination visited upon her.

It had not mattered in the first flush of a young unanalizing love that she was not more than pretty, dainty, irresistible and vain. It had been a boy and girl marriage, and he had not anticipated the time when he would wish for the nobler attributes of womanhood. He wished for them now—now that he had become an ambitious man and she was yet a happy-hearted girl. Had he made a mistake? The question had haunted him more than once, but he had never before submitted to it. He asked it now, boldly, deliberately, and pondered it. Had he made a mistake? Was she to be a stumbling block in the path to a success which he coveted? He remembered that she had once been a woman, once while the child lived. She had given herself so nobly to it and all the womanhood in her young being had responded to the little charge. But it had been taken from them, seven years ago, and when the mother had come again to think of other things, she had gone back to her vain girlhood. And there she remained, so he told himself as he followed the train of his disaffected thoughts and, almost unconsciously, noted every detail of Madge's perfect costume, from the plumed hat to the white glove which encased the small hand, hanging limply over the arm of her chair.

She moved, opened her eyes, and smiled at him. "The Prince!" she cried gaily. "It is worth while playing the Sleeping Beauty. But when did you come, Roger? And have I ever before slept in my chair? I must be getting old." She laughed and the sound jarred upon his ears.

"You must be very tired," he said, not revealing his mood. "How many were the calls today?"

"Not so many, but I stood more than two hours at Mrs. Blake's tea. She did so hope you would appear. By the way, it seems you are, or are to be, a celebrity.

I shall have a headache for sleeping with my hat on."

The irrelevancy of the last remark to the matter which, he thought, should elicit her greatest interest, added to his latent displeasure, but he said quietly: "You will have to rest to be ready for Judge Morrow's dinner tonight. It will be tiresome, of course, but there will be people there that I should meet."

"Of course. It won't be so tiresome, after all. People are usually interesting in some way. What shall I wear?"

"Always so," he thought, "vain, unthinking, unsympathetic." He was angry, but he smiled as he answered, "Whatever you please. You are always well dressed and every woman was not born, as you were, just for pretty clothes." The bitterness of his feeling spoke in his last words.

"Just for pretty clothes." She echoed the words but he had left the room, and did not see the pained reproach in her eyes.

The dinner was brilliant. It was a large company and before it dispersed Roger found himself talking with Miss Lucretia Luckett, who had carried the promise of girlhood into a gifted enthusiastic womanhood which she was zealously devoting to the demands made in these latter days upon woman. She made a strong plea in favor of such men as her hearer was, of wealth, ability and integrity, giving of their large gifts to the cause of the public welfare. Roger knew that her flattering advice was directed to him personally and he did not resent it, not being proof against the genuine admiration of a beautiful, genuine woman. It was matter for complacency to have secured her admiration. He recalled his very tender youth, when Lucretia Luckett had seemed a being much to be reverenced, but not to be approached.

And he remembered that after she had gone to college, he had put more zest into his own studies. But a little later she had only a dim part in his remembrance, for his whole being had been filled with his first real love, love for his girl-wife.

He wondered now, had it been otherwise, would he achieve more with such a woman to inspire, to encourage and to assist him? The very thought was unfaithful and he put it away from him—just as Miss Luckett observed, "How perfectly lovely your wife is. She will grace whatever eminence you will attain."

"Thank you, a double compliment. And yet, she will not interest herself in anything even remotely political." He saw the disapproval in Miss Luckett's eyes.

"That might easily count against you here," she said. "Perhaps I might help to point out to her woman's part in politics."

Roger knew any such effort would be useless. He remembered when he would have been glad of that, too, but at present he was glad that Miss Luckett was called away from him. He looked for his wife, who was the centre of a laughing, admiring group. He had still the bitterness in his heart for her. Was she really any more to him than to this brilliant, idolizing company? Beauty, graciousness and smiles she had for everyone. But he well knew that as her beauty was admired, even more so was the spotless name she bore. And it was his.

"I'm a brute," he told himself. "She is more to me than to all the world beside, as much as she can be to anyone." But she was to disappoint him farther, nevertheless.

He asked her, smilingly, the next morning at breakfast, if she would like to be a mayor's wife.

"Oh, Roger," she answered with a pretty pout. "not if I'd have to be like some of the estimable women who do

think you worthy," and she went over and put her hand caressingly on his arm. "I know I'm old-fashioned," she said, "but I just can't help it. I'd have to be made over again to be one of the new kind of women, and I can't preside at this political something or other that they've asked me to lead. I've declined the honor. Do you mind?"

He did, so much so that he had difficulty to control his anger. Her acceptance would have been a card for him. But he merely said: "Miss Luckett managed that, I am sure. Now, she is not old-fashioned, is she? But she advocates a woman's assisting her husband."

"So do I—assisting his heart. Miss Luckett believes in politics; she is trying to convert me, but it is all a fad with her. She hasn't a husband yet to assist, and, then, her beauty saves her. Else she'd be called a crank." It was hopeless. How could he bring her to see when she had eyes and would not?

"You see, Roger," she said, returning to her place at the coffee urn, "you wouldn't be a thing more to me if you were mayor, or governor, or even president."

Herself again! She could not go far enough out of herself to consider what a man's career might mean to him and his kind. So he thought, harshly, as he watched her pouring the coffee. How daintily her small fingers handled everything. She was suited to all of that, to all the prettiness of life, not to its deep demands. She chatted on and he answered, as agreeably as was possible.

When he was going out he said to her: "Malcolm Marks will be here tonight. You know he is my right-hand man, and I should like you to meet him."

"And impress him? All right, I'll try, since you're bound to be a public servant despite your little wife's preference. But, Roger, do keep him from getting too heavy for me. I've met him many times and he's dreadfully solid."

"He will not keep you long. We are due at a committee meeting tonight." He left her, feeling discomforted by the bright smile which followed him.

Late in the day she spoke to him over the telephone. "I did want to help entertain that bore for you, but Mrs. Green is making up a box party and I simply can't resist, if you do not forbid. I shall go and return in her carriage. There will be a supper and I shall be late, if I go. May I?"

"Yes," he answered, and she did not discern the suppressed anger in his voice.

When he reached home she was gone, but she had forgotten nothing for his comfort. His easy chair was drawn up before the library fire, his paper was at hand, and everything was in readiness for his smoke. But all the signs of her thoughtfulness seemed to but make more aggravating the consciousness of the selfishness with which his mind was upbraiding her. He was full of anger toward her, and sat looking moodily into the fire while he awaited the man who was his chosen friend, adviser, and the manager of his affairs toward a public prominence.

After he came, they talked earnestly for a while and the older man said: "You'll almost certainly win, Roger, if you avoid mistakes. Most men make them at just such telling times. You've made some, too. By the way, this woman's convention, if you could induce your wife—"

"I understand, but that mistake is made. My wife is my mistake."

The words were hardly out before he realized the enormity of them. But he did not know that his wife had returned, had paused on the very threshold of the open door, only to hear that condemnation and to flee noiselessly, her face

whiter than the soft wrap which enveloped her.

He paled, too, guilty, frightened. "Marks," he asked hoarsely, "what have I said? What have I said?"

"An unfortunate thing. Something you would never have said had you paused one moment. But only I heard it and no harm is done."

"No harm done! My God, can I ever look in her eyes again?"

"Come now," said his friend, "it was a slip. Let it pass and brace up. You've got to meet this committee tonight and you haven't quite murdered your wife."

"I feel as though I had," said Roger, miserably. "And that you should hear such words of her!"

His voice trembled and his friend was almost alarmed for him.

"You can trust me, Roger, and then I understand," he said in a manner which carried some solace with it. Roger was glad to have to go. He hoped he would not see her until he had worked off at least the signs of the remorse which had settled upon him.

And she, upstairs, lying on a couch, with her face buried in the pillows, heard the door close behind him and was glad.

She had felt disturbed at the theatre, conscious that she should be where he had asked her to be. She had pleaded headache and had returned in her host's carriage. And she had come just in time to hear the husband she loved and trusted avow to another man that she was his mistake—his mistake! The word rang cruelly in her ears and her heart seemed to have almost ceased to beat. She clutched the pillows convulsively with her jeweled fingers and tried to control the agony of her mind. Temporary relief came with a sudden purpose, and she rose, white but calm. She went to her desk and wrote:

"DEAREST:—

I must go very suddenly to Aunt Alice. I shall write daily while there and may stay some time.

Don't be anxious. I have plenty of money for the trip and Brown will see me safe on the train.

Good-bye for a while.

YOUR LITTLE WIFE.

Tell Ada to be good to the canary."

"There, that sounds natural enough," she told herself, as she read over the note. Then she called the man.

"Brown," she said, "I must catch the eleven o'clock train. Get the carriage ready. My husband will not return until I am gone, and you must be able to tell him that I got safely off."

"I hope it's not bad news, since it's so sudden," said Brown, with respectful sympathy, as he glanced at the note in her hand.

"Yes," she said quietly, "I have just heard bad news."

Her gown was changed and her trunk ready in little space. She was in a fever of excitement to be gone. She had laid the note where Roger would see it, and everything seemed ready, but when she was half-way down the stairs she ran back. Catching up a picture of a smiling child she put it in her bag, then hastened away.

When Roger came in,—hoping that she had not waited up for him,—her note immediately caught his attention, and startled him until he read it, when he experienced a great sense of relief. He could not have met her eyes that night, he told himself. He felt unworthy even to pick up the white, evening cloak which fell in soft folds over a chair where she had thrown it. But he picked it up and put it to his lips. She seemed very sacred to him since he had sinned against her.

But she need never know and he—ah, he would know always!

Remorse is not a good bed-fellow. After a restless night, Roger called Brown. "Did you hear madam come in last night?" he asked.

"No, sir; but she must have come just before she called me. That was ten o'clock, and she hadn't changed her gown yet. But she did mighty quick, and catched the eleven train."

Roger remembered, with relief, that he had gone before half-past nine. "The maid says, sir, as madam told her she got the upsetting news just as she came in. She came some earlier than she expected to, she says." Roger shuddered at the thought that she might have come yet earlier, without a suspicion that she had done so. Her absence afforded him timely comfort. After a while he could see her without dreading her, perhaps.

Meanwhile, as the train carried her farther and farther from him she suffered as he could never realize.

"His mistake! Not the help, the comfort, the delight I had hoped always to be to him, but his mistake!" So she brooded, too stunned to weep, admitting all her fault and none of his. She recalled the many times that he had asked her to attend meetings and give her presence to enterprises which had not seemed to her her part. But it had been for his sake, and she had not realized it. She realized it all then. The long hours passed, and it seemed to her that it was yet the dreadful moment when she had heard the words that were burned into her heart. "His mistake! Perhaps it is so," she told herself, trembling in the agony of the admission, "but when I can forget"—she smiled at the very foolishness of the words—"when I go back, I shall be no longer his mistake." That night he got her message, which told him that she was safe.

Her aunt thought her ill, and she said she was and that a rest would do her good.

"You have been too gay," suggested the elderly woman, looking searchingly at her.

"Yes," she admitted wearily, "I have really been too gay."

Then she wrote to Roger, without realizing the violence to the truth, that her aunt was doing splendidly and that, after a while, she would take her back with her.

He missed her—how much he did miss her, every day more. But the heart of the battle was on, and he had to give himself up to it. When it was over and his success won, he found the reaction of it all merged into an uncontrollable yearning for her.

He wondered if he could have done so long without her had it not been for the feeling that made him recoil at the thought of meeting her trustful eyes with those treacherous words on his conscience. A committee awaiting his pleasure did not know that as he paced the floor above, he was saying: "I shall tell her. I cannot rest until I tell her."

That night he wrote that he was going to bring her home and he followed his letter in person next day. But she had already started back, not able to forget nor able longer to try.

She was very ill and her aunt could not understand.

"It is just that naughty heart," Madge explained, lightly. "It acted so for a while after the baby died."

But the excitement of the trip and of the expectation of seeing him for the first time since that dreadful night, was too great for her. When she reached home she did not know that he was not there to meet her, and that her maid was weeping over her. Later her aunt watched beside her and tried to answer some of the many inquiries that came concerning her. He would have known, had he seen the

stream of callers, from fashion to poverty, that if she had loved the beauty and joy of life she had loved also to give of it where it was not.

"The children have missed her so. She came every Monday morning," said the matron from the Children's Hospital. "She helped dress the tree for our orphans last Christmas," said a sweet-faced Sister of Charity.

The man, shivering on the box while he awaited the noted specialist who was his master, was accosted by a ragged specimen of a newsboy. "Is the beautiful lady sick what presided at the newsboys' dinner last year?"

And so it went, for she had done much without counting it anything.

When Roger reached her, she was unconscious and the doctor answered his mute appeal as kindly as was possible, but he did not give him hope. The last interval of consciousness had been when the priest had been summoned and when he was leaving her she had said: "A little longer, Father, I have prayed to see him again."

He was beside her now, holding her hand and praying that he might yet make his confession to her, that those cruel words might not outlive her, unpardoned by her lips. And he was answered. She opened her eyes, smiled as she had once before, and said, weakly:

"The Prince again!"

"Oh, darling!" he cried, "forgive me. It was—"

"A mistake," she whispered; "yes, that was the dreadful word. But it's all right now, Roger. I understand now, and I have been a mistake."

He bent over her, calling her back to him, for he thought she was leaving him alone.

. . . . . .

Some weeks after, the noted specialist said to him: "A shock must have brought on the attack. If she is saved all shock, there is no reason that she may not live long."

When she was strong again she told him she wanted to help him, to do the things that he approved in other women. He took her face in his hands and kissed her. Then he said: "Darling, we sometimes learn by mistakes. Mine was in dreaming that I would have you otherwise. I want you as you are, as you have always been."

"Even as your mistake, Roger?" she asked, smiling. "Then I'll just go on being that. It's awfully natural."

"And altogether perfect," said the forgiven Roger, happily.

TOM'S SUCCESS.

BY WALTER M. EGGINTON.

The hiss of escaping steam stopped suddenly; then came again sharply. The bell on the engine clanged a noisy accompaniment to the conductor's "All aboard." With a slight jar the train started, then drew out smoothly, with increasing speed. The passengers settled back in their seats.

Young Albert Larkin had grown accustomed, by this time, to these occasional stops—commas, he thought they might have been called—of the westbound train, at little stations and his train of thought went on uninterrupted.

He was a pleasant-looking young man, giving an impression of keen alertness, even buried in thought as he was, of self-reliance, and an ability to surmount difficulties. He was well-dressed and had about him an air if not of dis-

tinction at least of assured position. His thoughts were pleasant, as he reviewed the past and looked forward to the future. He had not reached a point in his career at which he could afford to rest on his oars, he assured himself, but he had come to where his efforts would mean more than they had heretofore and where his interest in his work would be keener. As the proprietor of a paper, he felt that his individuality would be more potent and his abilities would command wider recognition. He was full of enthusiasm and faith in his powers and determination and hard work would be agreeable to him because he was used to it. His years of work as a reporter on the big daily in the East had taught him persistent industry and much patience. His purchase of the small Western paper, "The Wichita News," represented his boldest undertaking thus far, but he felt no doubts as to the successful outcome of the venture. He had never really failed in anything he undertook.

Presently, he drew from his pocket a card and looked at it thoughtfully. It was a simple, white, affair bearing the inscription:

THOMAS WILLIAMS, ATTORNEY.

Cohen Block. Wichita, Kan.

It gave him a little added feeling of importance to reflect that he was going to the town that contained, and doubtless boasted of, Thomas Williams, the young lawyer.

He had known Tom Williams as a boy in the small New York town that had been the birth-place of both of them. He had known him in his youth, and early manhood, and he had always associated the idea of success with him. Far more brilliantly and noticeably that he, the struggling newspaper man, Tom Williams had been successful. In the high school he had taken prizes and medals and honors of all kinds. Later, at the university, where he had gone to study law, his brilliant record continued. His occasional visits to the town, during the vacation terms had been as the home-comings of a hero. A halo of success seemed to surround him always.

His people were not wealthy who gave him all these advantages. He was the youngest and brightest of a family of boys and it had been decided, after a family conclave, to make of him a professional man. His brothers, tradesmen of ability and earning good wages, cheerfully contributed to the fund that was to gain for Tom a profession and, through him, distinction for the family.

Young Larkin, working on a paper in New York, had watched Tom Williams' progress with interest and almost envy. He had spent some time in a lawyer's office when he left his college, to put the finishing touches to his education. After that Larkin had lost track of him, only understanding that he had gone out west and settled there brilliantly. He learned that Tom Williams was at Wichita only when he chanced to mention to one of the brothers of Tom, before leaving, that the paper he had acquired was "The Wichita News." He recalled how John Williams had stopped short with a pleased exclamation:

"You don't say you're goin' there. Why that's where Tom is, you know. His office is there and he's been there more'n a year. He'll be glad to see you, I know he will. I'll give you one of his cards and you must go and see him. Won't do you no harm," he added, with a good-natured laugh, "to know some of them lawyers and professional men, when you get to runnin' your paper."

The big-hearted fellow had made Larkin promise faithfully to seek Tom.

as soon as he reached the Western town and the newspaper man had assured him that he would. He felt the implied superiority in position and social standing of Tom to himself, without resentment. The Williams family always spoke that way about Tom.

"Well," thought Larkin, rousing himself from his reverie, "Tom was always a pretty good fellow and I don't imagine he has changed into a snob in a year. I suppose he is making a brilliant record for himself out here in the West and it is natural that his people should glory in him a little. But the editor of "The News" is a coming man, and perhaps some day he'll be a person of distinction, too."

With this pleasing reflection he made his way to the smoking-car and dropped into a rear seat as he lighted a cigar.

Two men who sat in front of him had evidently been engaged in an argument, and the voice of one of them,—a large, prosperous-looking Westerner, was rather loud and aggressive as he spoke.

"Yes, sir. There's too many of them. The country is filled with young doctors and lawyers and other professional men. Our colleges are turning out hundreds of them every year, and there's no more room for them. They can't make a living, lots of them. Good mechanics are making more than doctors and lawyers are today. Why, there's a young fellow in my town—Wichita," his voice dropped a little, but his words still came distinctly to Larkin's ears, "and his law-practice ain't enough hardly to keep body and soul together.

"He's an Easterner, named Williams —John or Tom or something Williams, and a bright enough young fellow, too. But I tell you, he's not making as much at law practice as some brick-layers make at their trade. He's downright poor. And it isn't bad habits either, for he's a steady young man. He's one too many, that's all."

The other man joined in here, with an example he knew of a prosperous young lawyer, but Larkin did not hear any more. He sat, stiff and rigid, asking himself if it could be possible.

Tom Williams a failure at law. He found it hard to imagine such a thing. He felt sure that Tom's brothers and his people could not be aware of the truth, if this was the truth. Well, the train was rushing on with tremendous speed and he would soon be in Wichita and learn the true state of affairs.

. . . . . .

Up several flights of stairs, in the queer old building that was called Cohen Block, young Larkin found a small, bare-looking room, called an office, that contained Tom Williams. The brainy young man, for whom a bright future had been so often predicted, was thin and pale and weary-looking. He left a typewriting machine before which he had been sitting, to greet Larkin, and though he seemed genuinely pleased as he was surprised to see his old friend, there was a dejection and a hopelessness in his manner, which he did not try to hide.

Seeing this, and noting also, the bareness, the smallness and the insignificant location of the "office," Larkin seemed to notice nothing, and plunged into an enthusiastic explanation of his own plans and hopes and aspirations. He wanted time to realize the situation.

"Yes," Tom said, presently, when he stopped, "I believe you are going to succeed. I know you will. You seem to have the way," he breathed. "I have never had it. I only know how to fail."

"It is not so bad as that, is it?" Larkin asked. "You are getting along?"

"It is as bad as it could be. You are good enough not to seem to see what

you must have seen. Does this look like the office of a prosperous man? Do I look successful? See this typewriter. It is my main support. I copy manuscripts to pay my board-bill. My legal business would not keep me alive. I have failed, miserably. No, my people do not know just how it is. I have not been able to tell them. What good would it do? I have got to live somehow. If I must take to manual labor I'll do it out here, before I'll go back there and acknowledge defeat. But it is strange, isn't it? I am not dull; and I am not dissipated. I had intelligence to begin with, and that has been trained for years. I have worked and worked, and thought and struggled. And the end is this."

He stopped abruptly, with a weary gesture that indicated his surroundings and sank into a chair.

There was a little silence for a minute, and the newspaper man looked thoughtfully out through the small window. When he spoke again, it was with the brisk, energetic manner of one who starts a fresh subject.

"There's one thing that bothers me in connection with that paper, Tom. A newspaper, you know, has two sides to it. There is the editorial or news side of it and, on the other hand, there is the business or commercial side. I intend, of course, to manage the paper editorially and it seems to me, I'll need a business manager. I'll want a live, intelligent, reliable man to look after the business of the paper, subscriptions, advertisements, etc. Men that you can rely on are hard to get and I am beginning to wonder where I'll find the man I want."

He had been careful to make the remark so that it should not necessarily carry to Tom, any suggestion of personal concern. He was simply giving him an opening which he might take advantage of or ignore, without difficulty.

But Tom Williams answered at once, quietly:

"If you will let me undertake the job I'll devote all my time and energies to it gladly."

"Will you?" cried Larkin.

"Then I know I need'nt worry any more. Of course, you're just the sort of a man I was in search of. We'll push this thing along, together, Tom, and nothing can stop it. It's bound to go."

It was some days later that the daily paper in the little New York town that had known Larkin and Williams as boys, contained an interesting item that concerned those two young men.

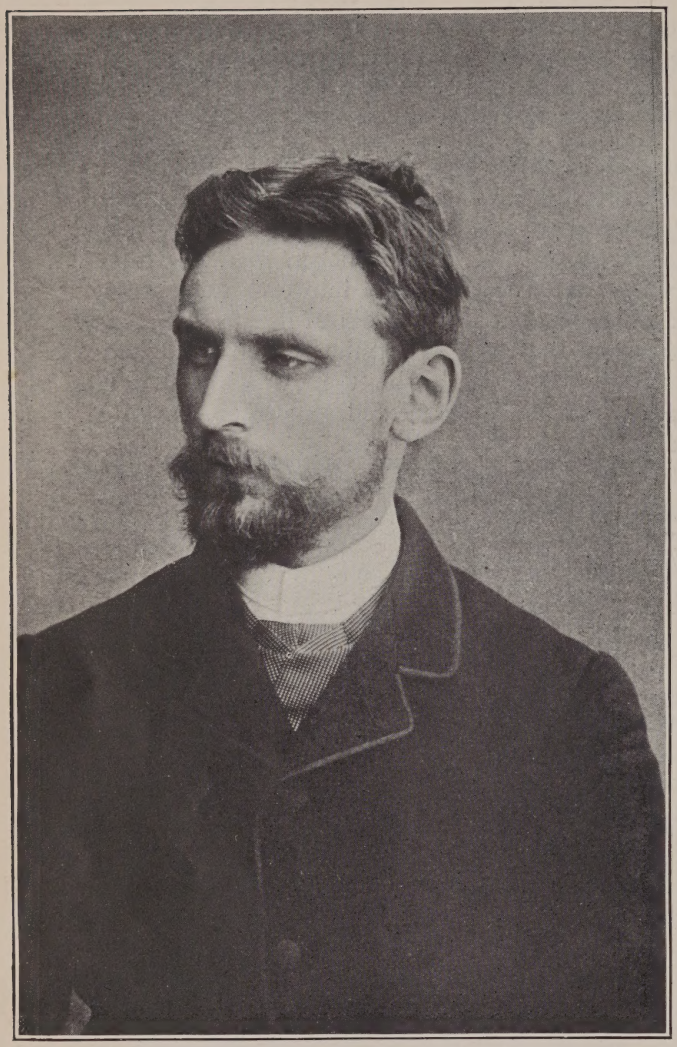
"The many friends of the young attorney, Thomas Williams, formerly of this town, who has been earning golden opinions for himself out in the West, will be interested to hear that he has connected him with "The Wichita News" and has an interest in that enterprising newspaper, the young editor of which is Albert Larkin, also a former resident here, and one of our most progressive "boys." Mr. Larkin writes to assure us that he considers himself most fortunate in having found a friend and staunch supporter in Lawyer Williams, and he feels that his paper is destined to become a power in the West. He can well believe that his enthusiasm is not without foundation when we consider the brilliant attainments of "Tom" Williams, who is evidently at the back of the enterprise. Young Mr. Larkin is, indeed, fortunate."

THE IRISH PARTY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY MICHAEL MACDONAGH, LONDON.

No matter what Goverment may be in power, Liberal, or Tory and Unionist, the Irish Party in the Imperial Parliament always sits on the benches below the gangway on the Opposition side of the House of Commons, to the left of the Speaker, facing the Ministerialists massed on the benches to the Speaker's right. The gangways, I may mention, are passages which divide the benches at both sides of the House into two equal sections. The benches above the gangway, on each side, are occupied by the loyal and unquestioning supporters of the authorized programmes of the British parties—both Government and Opposition — and on the benches below the gangway sit the free lances, or the more independent members. For instance, now that the Liberals are in opposition, the Nationalists have as neighbors on the benches they occupy Radicals like Henry Labouchere, Lloyd George and John Burns and Sir Charles Dilke. When the Conservatives were in opposition, some years ago, such Irish Tory members as Colonel Saunderson and William Johnston sat cheek by jowl with the Irish Nationalists. I remember well the exciting incidents which sprang from this propinquity of elements so antagonistic during the discussion of the clauses of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1893. Looking down on the House from the serene altitude of the Reporters' Gallery, I have seen men, sitting side by side on these benches, glaring with unutterable hatred into each other's faces; and above the din of debate such expressions as "What the," Who the," and "Why the," with the expletives that men use when moved to passion, which in print

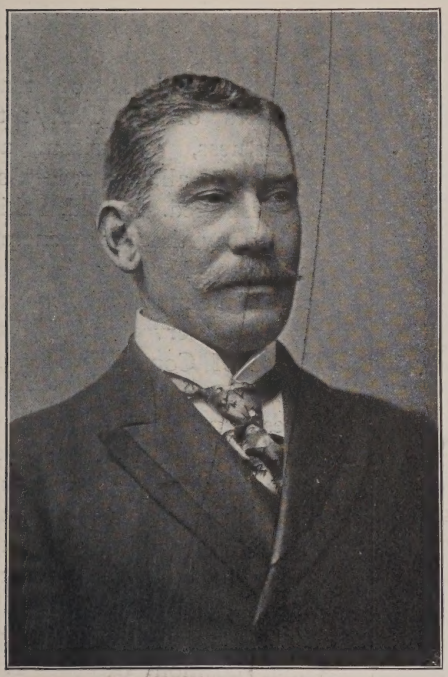
JOHN E. REDMOND, WATERFORD CITY.



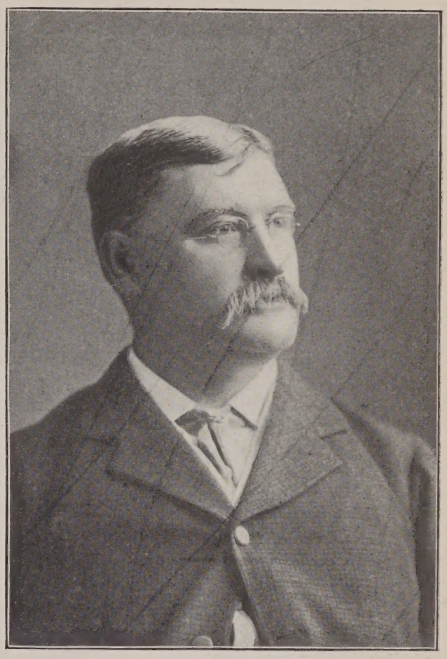
WILLIAM O'BRIEN, CORK CITY.

are represented significantly but with outward propriety by — and — and — reached my ears. Nationalists have sat on these benches below the gangway on the Opposition side since Parnell became leader, in order to demonstrate that they hold themselves distinct and separate from all British parties, and on these benches they will sit, no matter who is in office or who is out of office until Home Rule is carried.

For sixteen years I have looked down from the Reporters' Gallery on the Irish benches. The faces of those who occupy them change from time to time; but that is all—the type of member has always been the same. In the group are farmers, shopkeepers, journalists, doctors, lawyers, and even landlords; poor men and wealthy men; men of temperaments as varied as their callings; cultured men, and men of limited education; men of different views and opinions on general political questions—some Conservative, some Liberal, some Radical. But such is the homogeneity of the Irish Parliamentary Party, such is its iron discipline, the singleness of its object, the unanimity of its point of view, such is its guiding principle that everything must be subordinate to the cause of Ireland, that to the spectator the Party seems as eighty souls with but a single thought, eighty hearts that beat as one. Collectively the Irish Party in the House of Commons is rebellious and tempestuous, collectively the great historic traditions of Parliament make no appeal to it; collectively, it is defiant of authority, when the Speaker or the Leader of the House seeks to thwart it in its object; collectively it asserts unbridled license in the assertion of its own views; collectively it is intolerant



JOHN CULLINAN, SOUTH TIPPERARY.



WILLIAM O'MALLEY, CONNEMARA.

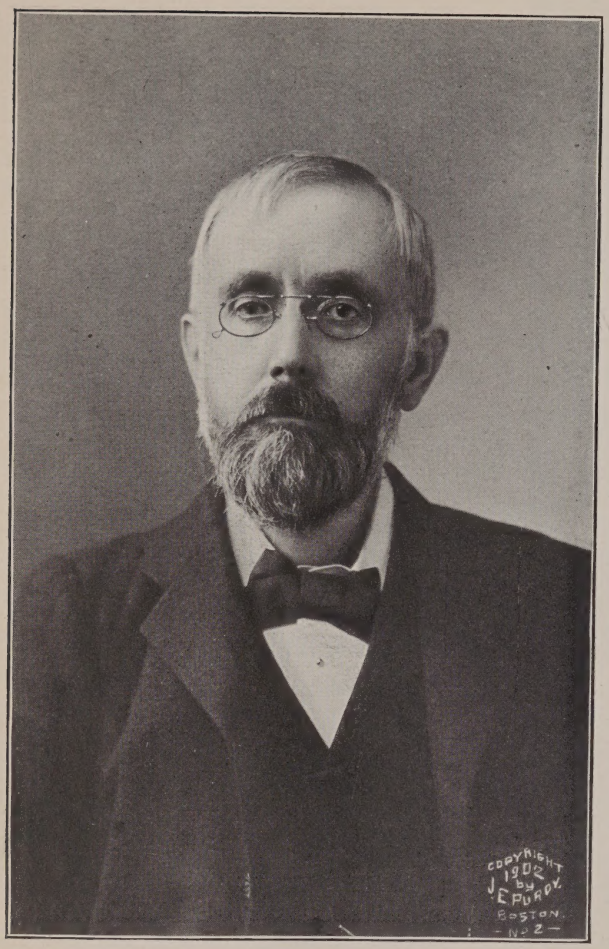
of the free and outspoken expression of opinions antagonistic to its policy or tactics.

It was prophesied at the time of the Union that the presence of the Irish members at Westminster would be a thorn in the flesh of the authorities of the House of Commons. I was amused recently to meet with a humorous song on the subject written during the discussions on the question of the Union. It was set to that tune which, according to historical tradition, whistled James II. out of his three kingdoms, and it exclaimed:

Oh, when Paddy in Westminster takes his own sate,
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
By my shoul, he'll enliven the British debate.
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
Should the Speaker call "Order" he'll huff and look big,
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!
Till he makes ev'ry hair stand on end on his wig
Lillibullero, bullen-a-la!

The warning was unheeded, with sad results to the efficiency, and, above all, to the dignity of that Mother of Parliaments, which has been so truly described as "the greatest Legislative Assembly in the World."

The Irish Party holds securely a position of immense political power and importance in the House of Commons. Undoubtedly, it owes that position to its detachment from general political questions, its aloofness from all British political Parties, and to the manner in which its members for a quarter of a century have made themselves unpleasant and inconvenient, by striking out, right, left and centre, at every one they conceived to be a foe of Ireland. They are feared. In politics there is no such thing as gratitude. The Irish Party, certainly, is not grateful. Neither can it afford to be resentful. The Liberal Party wrecked itself by adopting Home Rule. The Con-

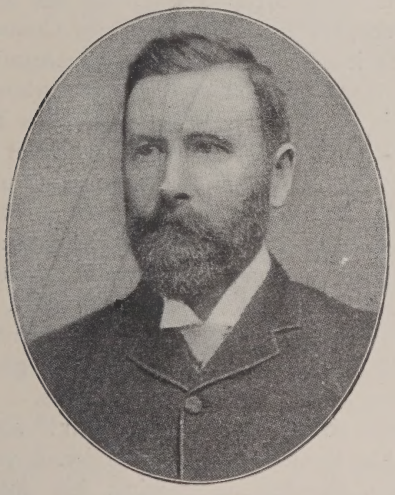


JOHN DILLON, EAST MAYO.

servative Party has fought determinedly and so far successfully the main object of the Irish Party—the setting up of a local Parliament in Ireland. Yet these facts have no influence in determining from Session to Session the policy of the Irish Party. Its members have no qualms of conscience either in leaving the Liberals in the lurch on questions of general politics, or in allying themselves with the Tories, when they see a chance of serving Ireland. But though they are, in a sense, the Ishmaels of the House of Commons, it must not be supposed that therefore they are regarded with hatred and distrust. The commanding abilities of many members of the Party; the earnestness, enthusiasm, and honesty of all, are recognised and respected. Indeed, I think I may say they are generally popular. Nothing has impressed me more in my sixteen years' observation of the House of Commons at work than the tolerance, fair-mindedness, and sense of justice of the British representatives; their anxiety to understand the Irish problem; their desire to do everything in their power to improve the social and material condition of Ireland. Recognising the peculiar position of the Irish Party in the House of Commons, they make every allowance for ebullitions of anti-English feeling which often not only put to the strain their sense of dignity and decorum, but outrage their more tender feelings of loyalty and love of country.

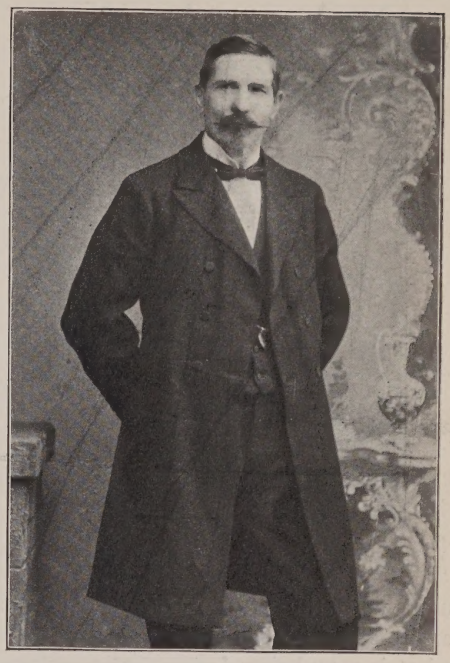
One of the most painful scenes I have ever witnessed in the House of Commons occurred during the Session of 1901. Mr. Brodrick, the Minister for War, unexpectedly rose to the table. "I am sorry to say I have serious news to tell the House," he began. Immediately, a sense of profound dejection fell upon the mass of the British Members. They guessed what was coming—intelligence of another of those disasters in the South African War, naturally so painful to their pride of race and military renown. "Lord Methuen has been defeated by the Boers and lies a prisoner

and wounded in their hands," continued the Minister for War. This was a catastrophe, indeed. The British members, with a chivalrous instinct of pity for their general in misfortune, if not in disgrace, took off their hats. Many of them groaned aloud in their sorrow. At the same moment a cheer of exultation rose from the Irish benches. Only a few of the Nationalists took part in the shout, and it lasted not more than a second. But it was a horribly jarring note. It made the British members wince as if they had been struck across the face with a whip. Yet they received it with amazing self-control. A cry of rage rose to the lips of some, but it was instantly smothered, and they turned to listen in silence to the remainder of the humiliating story the Minister for War had to tell. In any other assembly in the world such an incident would have provoked a tumultuous scene, bringing to the surface all the most violent passions of man.



DENNIS KILBRIDE, SOUTH KILDARE.

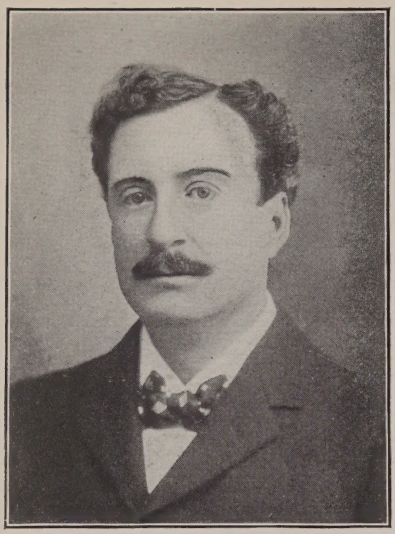
Mr. Kilbride was a tenant farmer under the Marquis of Lansdowne at The Wood, Luggacunen, from which holding he was evicted, being the first evicted tenant on the estate, under the Plan of Campaign.



MICHAEL JOYCE, LIMERICK CITY.

Happily the Irish Party has the saving quality of humor, and everywhere that always covers a multitude of sins. If the Nationalists, at times, rule the wrong way the British members, they more often amuse them. Human nature is disposed to forgive much that is objectionable in those who make it laugh. The Irish Party is never dull. The Irish Party is always interesting. "After all" —such is the comment of the average British representative—"what a dreary place the British House of Commons would be without the Irish."

It is "an Irish night" in the House of Commons. Mark the crowded appearance of the Chamber. Every seat on the floor is occupied. The galleries and passages are also filled with members. An Irish night—especially when a burning subject is under debate—is always preg-



WILLIAM H. K. REDMOND, EAST CLARE.

JOSEPH DEVLIN, NORTH KILKENNY.

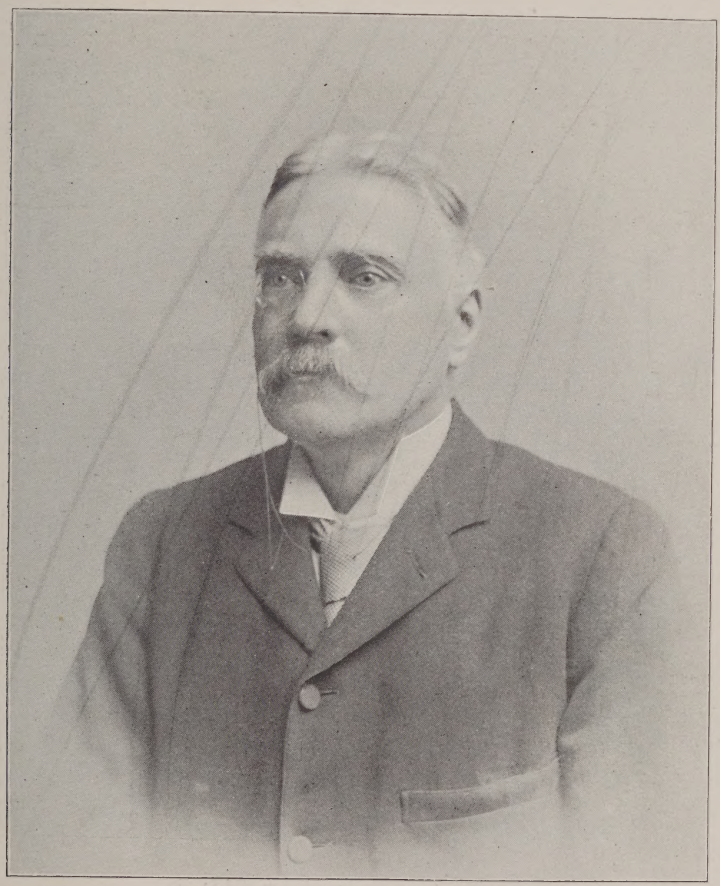
nant with the most interesting and unexpected of possibilities. No one can tell what it may bring forth. It is certain to be marked by the most eloquent or the most daring of speeches. There may be a startling defiance of the Speaker's authority; or a fierce collision between members. Everyone is on the tip-toe of expectation. Now a prominent member of the Irish Party arises to speak. Listen to that fierce shout of welcome that comes from the throats of the men on the benches around him! For volume, for intensity, for fierceness, for prolongation, no shout like the Irish shout is heard in the House of Commons:—

Have you hearkened the eagle scream over the sea?
Have you hearkened the breaker beat under your lea?
A something between the wild waves in their play,
And the kingly bird's scream is the Irish Hurrah!

The debate throughout is rich in all the elements of interest and excitement. Discussions on general subjects in the House of Commons, too often are academic and remote. But there are always in an Irish debate earnestness, reality, life, and the closest and most dramatic touch with the very hour. Yet over it all hovers the spirit of humor, which, incongruously enough, sometimes, relieves its strenuousness with light touches of comedy. A dull place, indeed, would be the House of Commons were it not for the Irish representatives.

I have said that while in essentials the Irish Party is always the same its faces constantly change. As I look down now on their serried ranks I miss several interesting personages—some of them, indeed, great individualities—who were to be seen amongst them when I first entered the Reporters' Gallery in 1887. One was rather a grotesque figure—a hunchback with grim sardonic face fringed by straggling iron-gray whiskers. His harsh, sharp cry of "hear! hear!" sounded like the tones of a corncrake. A young Tory member is making his maiden speech. He is shy, diffident, self-conscious. In his self-depreciation he expresses the fear that he is trespassing on the patience of the House. "Hear!

hear!" cries the little hunch-back with the rugged face, who is glaring at him from the opposite benches. It was a rude interruption; but there was a comic side to it which made its brutality less apparent. Besides, that quaint personage was a sort of chartered libertine, whose



EDMUND LEAMY, NORTH KILDARE.

antics the House could never bring itself to resent. It was Joseph Gillis Biggar, —one of the most remarkable men Ireland has ever sent to the House of Commons—the inventor of the policy of "obstruction," the successful use of which made the Irish Party under Parnell a supreme political force. The audacity of Biggar as an obstructionist was immense. One night he came into the House staggering under the weight of a mass of Blue Books from the Library. "Mr. Speaker," said he, at the opening of his speech, "in order to save time I have brought in at once all the authorities to which I propose to refer." Then he spoke for four long weary hours, for the most part quoting irrelevantly from these Blue Books. His voice under the ordeal grew weak and husky. "The honorable member," said the irritated Speaker, "must address

the Chair and not talk to himself in that fashion." "Can't you hear me, Mr. Speaker" said Biggar in a tone of pretended surprise. "No, I cannot hear you," replied the Speaker. "Then I'll move up nearer to you, sir," said the irrepressible obstructionist; and carrying his pile of Blue Books with him, he crossed the gangway, and took up a position close to the Chair.

THOMAS O'DONNELL, WEST KERRY.

Gone, too, is that old warrior, the O'Gorman Mahon. "How many challenges to a duel have you accepted?" Gladstone once asked him. "Not one, Sir," he replied. "I was always the challenger." Even in his extreme old age he was a magnificent specimen of physical humanity. Towering in height above all his peers,—his fine shock of hair and flowing beard, white with the snows of eighty-six years, surmounting a straight, well-proportioned frame,—he was at once the tallest and oldest man, as well as the most remarkable-looking, in the House.

And what boisterous fun!—what a spirit of deviltry!—used to animate the late Dr. Tanner, or "Charley" as he was familiarly known. One way it found vent was in shouting awkward interruptions during a bitter attack on the Irish

Party from the Government benches in the famous years when Arthur Balfour, the present Prime Minister, was Chief Secretary for Ireland. Another of his antics was to cross the floor when Charles Stewart Parnell, John Dillon, or William O'Brien was speaking, and shout himself hoarse in rapturous applause from the very *sanctum sanctorum* of the Tory benches! In the very midst of the fierce fight of the Irish Party against Coercion the doctor got married under very romantic circumstances to a young lady of wealth and beauty. The lady wrote him that she was engaged to be married to a man she did not love—dreadful fate!—and asked if he could show her a way of escape from her unhappy position. "Easy enough," telegraphed the doctor, "marry me." The lady proved willing, and a marriage followed. As they were about to leave Ireland by steamer at Kingstown—on their way to spend their honeymoon in France—William O'Brien, who had just landed from England, was arrested for a speech he had made in support of the Plan of Campaign. The newspapers, the following morning, stated that a greeting took place between the prisoner and the bridegroom, the former remarking to the latter: "Ireland is indeed a queer country; here am I going to gaol, and there are you going on your honeymoon." When the doctor saw this in the newspapers he telegraphed to the "*Freeman's Journal*" that the incident was exaggerated. "It is true that I met William O'Brien," said he, "but I was not aware he was a prisoner. If I had known he was a prisoner I would have gone back with him to gaol, though I had got married only that morning." I can well believe that the doctor would have made that heroic and unprecedented sacrifice; for on that very night, on arriving in London, he left his bride at a hotel and at once went to the House of Commons, where I saw him patiently waiting until two o'clock in the morning, for the purpose of blocking a Bill—that is, preventing its being brought on—which was down for consideration in the name of a political opponent. For a few sessions before his death a great change came over Dr. Tanner. A wasting disease took possession of him. His boisterous spirits were gone. He was as pale and emaciated as a corpse. "Ah," he used to say with grim humor to those who meeting him in the House of Commons inquired after his health, "Ah, it is ashamed I am, not to be in my grave. I've been dead these six months." He became a Catholic, and a most devout Catholic he was. Towards the end of his career I often say him saying his rosary on the Irish benches during an exciting debate.

Among other remarkable figures whom I miss from the Irish benches are Thomas Sexton, Justin McCarthy and Michael Davitt. The appearances of Davitt in the House of Commons were fitful in the years he was a member of Parliament. Indeed, he never seemed quite in his element, or "at home"—to use an expressive phrase—on these benches below the gangway. The political atmosphere of the House of Commons, with its opportunism; its sense that the chief obligation of its members is loyalty to their Party; its intriguing to advance the interests of Party; its spirit of concession and compromise and give and take, was probably repellent to so stern and unbending a stickler for principle, personal independence, and freedom of opinion. A pleasant, gracious figure was that of Justin McCarthy. I fondly recall his soothing placidity, his suggestion of kindliness, good-fellowship, and brotherly love, as he sat in the Irish quarter, softly caressing his grey beard, on nights when the benches around him were seething

with fratricidal strife, after "the split" of the Irish Party over the leadership of Parnell.

Sexton, "a tidy little fellow"—as they say in the south of Ireland—always looked trim and taut and smiling. He was the best cracker of jokes in the world. Even when he was not in conversation with a comrade by his side the smile about his lips told you he was thinking funny things, and was enjoying them immensely. Sexton, in a word, was the best of good fellows. He was also the most subtle debater I have ever heard in the House of Commons. He left the tomahawking and scalping to others. He used a rapier, a keen-eged weapon, with which he dealt the most scientific strokes, or gave the most delicate of cuts, yet he did it with such grace and humor, and such capitivating smiles that the person operated upon could not help enjoying it. This was his usual mood. But when the occasion required it he wielded a double-edged sword that was mercilessly deadly in its effect. I think he was the most conscientious representative that Ireland ever sent to the House of Commons. He gave himself up absolutely to his parliamentary duties. He seemed to have had no distraction outside the walls of the House of Commons. He was in his place when the Speaker took the Chair. He left only when the Speaker adjourned the House. Night after night when Bills which had no interest for Ireland were being discussed, I have seen him alone in the deserted Irish quarter, listening to everything, watching everything, lest by some unexpected chance, some fortuitous turn of events, a matter affecting Ireland might arise.

But the figure I miss most from the Irish benches is that incomparable personality, that inscrutable personality—Charles Stewart Parnell. He stood out conspicuously from the crowded files of his followers. The head was large and well-formed—the head of all leaders of men. He wore his hair thick and long, and his beard was also full and shaggy. The characteristics of his pale, handsome, aristocratic face, were the calm, cold passiveness of its expression and its brooding, sorrowful eyes. It was rarely or never ruffled. But when Parnell smiled his face was completely altered. It was a smile of remarkable sweetness, and great was the change it effected in his otherwise set and melancholy features. He was wonderfully calm in the most exciting of moments, while his followers who sat around him yelled and shouted in passion and turbulence. Another peculiarity of this great man was the absence of heat from his speeches. I have often watched him intently as he spoke in the House, and, though the subject was full of interest and importance, there was visible in his face but the faintest trace of excitement, which showed itself in an almost imperceptible flush of red over its icy whiteness, and a distention of the sensitive nostrils. It was in his voice that Mr. Parnell betrayed the passions that we know surged beneath his apparently cold and indifferent demeanor. The voice at once arrested attention, the tone was so wondrous strange and uncommon; and, like a clarion, it rang out in concentrated contempt, or scorn. But when thoroughly excited Parnell was a wonderful, aye, a terrible, spectacle. On nights that the savage animosities aroused by "the split" among erstwhile brothers-in-arms broke out in the House of Commons, I never saw a man display such frenzied indignation as Parnell did, in his bitter words, the tremulous anger of his voice, his white and almost blanched face, and his clenched hands, as joining in the fray he stood in the Irish quarter,

a gaunt figure, with haggard face and unkempt hair.

The place of Parnell as leader of the Irish Party is now filled by Mr. John Redmond. Parnell was unquestionably that portentous thing which is described by the simple words—"a great man." He was unique. I am convinced that we shall not look upon his like again. He was not the sort of personality one would expect to find produced in Ireland. There was in him not the slightest touch of the Gael. There was nothing indigenous to the soil of Ireland about him, nothing characteristically Irish, but his opinions. Daniel O'Connell was a genuine son of Ireland. That mighty Tribune was a Gael to his finger tips; and in my opinion while it is possible, but not probable, that we may see again a great Irish politician of the O'Connell type, another Parnell is impossible in Ireland. But if John Redmond has not the elemental greatness of Parnell, as a Parliamentary leader and tactician he is supreme. Ireland has never sent a more adroit Parliamentarian to Westminster than John Redmond.

The Irish Party which John Redmond leads will compare most favorably, I think, as regards ability, with any similar number of members from either of the two British Parties. But it is not so able as the Party which followed Charles Stewart Parnell after the General Election of 1885. The old Irish Party was certainly composed of wonderful men. What a combination of talents of the most varied order was found in a body which comprised Parnell, Biggar, A. M. Sullivan, Thomas O'Connor Power, Frank Hugh O'Donnell, Thomas Sexton, T. M. Healy, T. P. O'Connor, William O'Brien, John Dillon, Timothy Harrington, Edmund Leamy, John Redmond, Justin McCarthy, Arthur O'Connor, James O'Kelly, Dwyer Grey, John O'Connor, Richard Power and T. D. Sullivan. We had in these twenty a band of men superior in talents to any other band of a similar number picked from the British representatives. What anyone of the twenty lacked one of the others was sure to possess, and altogether they had within their circle the varied abilities necessary to rule a nation. Eight of them are still in the Irish Party, but the missing twelve were among the ablest of the group, and there have not been found in the recent accessions to the Party any men fit to fill their vacant places.

"Who is the best speaker in the Irish Party?" That is a question very difficult to answer, indeed. Four names at once suggest themselves—John Redmond, T. M. Healy, William O'Brien and T. P. O'Connor—but it is not easy to say which of the four is the greatest speaker or orator. If I were asked "who is the ablest man?" I would say Tim Healy. I regard him as a prodigy. But the question I am now considering is not who is the greatest man of the Irish Party, it is who is its finest orator. The answer must be undoubtedly, John Redmond. No one in the Party can surpass him in the delivery of an effective debating speech, a speech that makes a serious impression on the House, the impression of a powerful, resolute mind. Redmond has a fine presence. There is a touch of the great Napoleon in his strong clear-shaven face. He also possesses the oratorical advantage of a rich musical voice. His speeches are well-reasoned, closely knit, and finely phrased, and throughout they are suffused with the genuine spirit of oratory. T. P. O'Connor—plump and well-favored—on whom Time is laying his hand lightly, is a ready, dashing debater, very genial, even in his sarcasm, and yet, when the occasion requires it,

serious and denunciatory withal. He has a delightful Irish brogue. But he is a greater journalist than a Parliamentarian.

William O'Brien is the very antithesis of Redmond. His face in repose as much as in action tells of the passion with which his mind is aflame. Tall and gaunt is his form. His face is sharp and emaciated, his hair thin and flat, his beard of short and uncertain growth; the eyes behind his spectacles are small but brilliant, the nose sharp. It is a striking face lit up with the light of the enthusiast, the face of a man to whom indeed "one clouded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name"; of a man who could not "rot in ignoble ease," who should find some vent for the hot and passionate feelings pent up in a frame they have scarred and worn by their tumultuous upheavings, and to whom the crashing of thrones, the uprising of peoples, the mad excitement of the barricades, the rush and roar of battle, or, in a word, Revolution with a big R would be as the breath of his nostrils. When he speaks, whether it be to a meeting on a Munster hillside, or to the House of Commons at Westminster, the fierce ardor of the man makes itself manifest, and from head to foot he trembles in the excitement of the ordeal, which leaves him at the close prostrate and exhausted. The manner of O'Brien is most appropriate to the matter of his speeches. The lava of fierce invective, of crushing denunciation, of lofty scorn, which he pours on his opponents is accompanied by the wildest gestures of face, hands, arms and body, and by tones of voice, ranging, without any regard to the rules of elocution, from the most thrilling of whispers to the most piercing of shrieks. His sarcasm is delivered in a bantering manner. In passages of tender pathos, and of rare eloquence, the tones of the voice are wonderfully soft. O'Brien is just the same as a speaker in the House of Commons as he is on an Irish hillside. For rousing the enthusiasm of the people at a meeting he is greatest among the Irish members. He sways the people as the trees of a forest are swayed by the storm. His influence is irresistible. I remember well, as a reporter on the *Freeman's Journal*, when, alas! I was sixteen years younger than I am now, the difficulty I used to experience at Plan of Campaign meetings in transferring his passion and invective in the hieroglyphics of shorthand to my note-book, so stirred was I by the magnetic personality of the man and by the infection of his sweeping and stormy eloquence.

John Dillon is a remarkable looking man. His is the manly beauty of a Southern clime; olive-skinned; large, dreamy, dark eyes; and hair and beard, once as black as a raven, but now touched with grey. In manner he is not so warm and familiar as O'Brien (the latter to his friends being the most jovial and lovable of men); he has some of the austere coldness which distinguished Parnell, but he is not so mysterious. Dillon is a fine debater, and a good deal of his habitual cold reserve is thrown off while he speaks. Next to O'Brien, he displays the most passion and wildness of gesture in his speeches. A fine spectacle he presents, indeed, in the Irish quarter of the House of Commons when, with his tall form thrown forward, his face animated with passion, a recalcitrant lock of hair over his forehead, his eyes aflame, he hurls forth in the topmost note of his shrill, piercing voice, some eloquent denunciation of the action of the Government in Ireland.

Tim Healy is altogether a different class of personage from Redmond, T. P.

O'Connor, O'Brien, or Dillon. It is impossible to describe him. He is, in a word —Tim Healy. Of slender frame, usually ill-dressed, with a slouching walk, he is a very undistinguished-looking distinguished man. When Healy's face is in repose it is as soft as a girl's. His intellectual forehead, his mild, dark-brown eyes beaming pleasantly through his *pince nez,* his aquiline nose, his well-formed cheeks, his tidy, dark beard, form together a pleasing face in which no trace of the militant agitator and sayer of bitter things can be detected. It is when he sneers that one sees the dreadful Tim Healy in all his war paint. The sneer is indescribable. No one pen could do descriptive justice to the turning up of the upper lip, which displays the cold, white teeth; the curl of the right nostril, and the protruding eyes, which have now lost all their softness, and are dark with passion and contempt. This sneer accompanies every bitter saying and adds gall to the wormwood. Tim Healy is not an orator, according to the common meaning of that term. His style of speaking is of a very rugged sort. He is irregular and erratic, for he does all the thinking while he is on his feet. His thoughts are never forced; they come to him quite naturally. Even a look on the face of an opponent at the other side of the House is sufficient to suggest a brilliant train of ideas. Healy is, therefore, the greatest debater in the Irish Party. His opponents call his invective scurrility. Certainly he is the bitterest sayer of bitter things in the House of Commons. But being an earnest, sensitive man, who feels deeply, he has his periods of eloquence and pathos, and humor also, which deeply touch the imagination, the heart, and the sense of the ridiculous in his delighted hearers. He is an immense favorite in the House of Commons. Members crowd in from lobby, smoking-room, library and terrace, when the word goes round—"Tim Healy is up." He is always interesting and amusing; and the man who amuses and interests the House of Commons, whatever be his faults, is assured of popularity on all sides. He has grown to love Parliament. I once heard him say in the House—years ago—"I do not care two rows of pins whether I am in jail or in the House of Commons." I am sure he thinks differently now.

THE "CALL" OF CHARLES WALFORD.

BY ESTHER WAGGAMAN NEILL.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

ABOVE THE DEAD.

"Drowning," he replied laconically.

Drowning? She did not stop to question him further, but pushed her way through the people, with a determination and strength that made them think she had some prior right, and they yielded her a way on either side. Within the sliding doors the crowd was denser. Girls in gauzy ball gowns, young men in evening clothes, rough-bearded sailors belonging to the life-saving station, waiters, bell-boys, and cooks from the hotels. But in spite of the number there was an oppressive silence, compelled by the presence of death. On two rough wooden boards, stretched from life boat to life boat, lay the body of a man covered with a torn sheet, which the station master's wife had begrudgingly spared from her little store. At the feet of the drowned man, on the narrow seat of one of the supporting life boats, sat Tommy Hampden, reverently curious.

With a joyful sigh of relief, Frances clasped him by the hand.

"Oh, Tommy! Tommy!" she whispered, shuddering at the proximity of the stiffened form, "I have been so worried about you."

"I've been watching him," replied Tommy audibly. "I thought he might be alive, but he can't move. Will they bury him, or drown him again?"

A hysterical girl in the background tittered at the question.

"Oh, come away," said Frances. "You must come away." The group of onlookers now began to press against them. Some one was evidently creating an excitement on the outside. She grasped Tommy's hand tighter and leaned against the boat to steady herself as a woman broke through the crowd and made her way to the head of the improvised stretcher, crying:

"I cannot believe it! Let me see! Let me see!" Then she stood irresolute.

The spectators closed in a more compact circle. Frances could not move, the heat of the room was stifling; and every trifling object in it seemed to stand out and claim her attention at once. The empty rubber suits hanging from the ceiling looked like blackened bodies swinging from long-armed gallows; the coils of rope, the impotent life-car, even a half-smoked pipe, which one of the shore men had put hurriedly down on a shelf in the corner, seemed pictured on her mind with a distinctness she could not understand. Then she saw an old seaman, who had been standing guard over the corpse, take down the bleared lantern that hung from a hook on the wooden wall, approach the covered form with an air of possession, and begin to fumble with the torn sheet. The light flashed in the face of the woman who stood above the dead. It was a face of hard outlines, painted to resemble the lost freshness of youth; the eyes, incapable of tenderness, strained now with terror. She dropped her lids as if fearful of what the lifted sheet might reveal, then opening them she saw the man's sightless eyes staring up at her.

"My God!" she cried, "My God!" then falling on her knees upon the floor she wrung her hands dramatically. "It is he—my husband! He should have brought me with him—but he would not. I am strong, I could have saved him. I

could have saved him!" Her high voice rose to a shriek that ended in hysterical weeping.

The crowd began to make overtures of sympathy and pressed closer. Frances' grasp on Tommy's hand suddenly relaxed and as she sank weakly against the living wall around her a whisper escaped her set lips:

"It is Paul—Paul—Paul!" She kept repeating the word mechanically, but her voice was lost to all save one who had just wedged his way to her side.

"Come, we will go home," she heard some one say, and the voice seemed to come from a great distance. "Come, we will go home."

Then she became vaguely conscious that Walford was standing by her side. She leaned upon his arm, the room whirled madly about her, and she experienced an overpowering faintness, followed by an enchanting sense of rest—peace—peace forevermore, then darkness—stifling darkness broken at last by the tender light of the stars. She was aware of the joy of returning life, strength, activity; she moved in the warm yielding sand where she was lying, and she heard voices above her, familiar voices. They were talking, in hushed tones, of a remote tragedy. What had happened? Something fearful, a long time ago. Someone was bathing her temples. Someone else was kneeling by her side. She was dreaming, dreaming of that friendly face which seemed so close to her. And she had no right to dream of one whom she must banish from her thoughts forever. Yes, yes, she would banish him from her. Even in her weakness this resolve reasserted itself. Why did he return to haunt her nightly? She could busy herself and conquer her thoughts in the day time, but at night, in her dreams, she was so helpless, and this dream seemed culpable, it was so real. She moved the hand he held, and his face smiled down upon her.

"You are better now," he said. "Do you think you can walk home?"

She let him lift her gently to her feet, and supported by his arm she walked unsteadily down the long stretch of boards that led to the cottage porch. She was exhausted and too bewildered to speak. Tommy strode gravely by her side, lending his sturdy little shoulder to aid her uncertain steps. He was sobered by all he had seen, and for once in his short life he was silent. Kate pushed Ralph's chair, and in her efforts to lessen the gloom she talked irrelevantly of many things.

To Walford the rest of that night seemed a succession of feverish dreams, and his after thoughts of it were blurred. He remembered that Frances had been made comfortable with pillows in a large chair on the piazza; that he had assisted in the work, and had then taken a wicker seat next to hers, and watched the color returning to her cheeks; that in her weakness she had bent on him what he felt to be a look of gratitude that he was there, to support her; and that she seemed to be so near him again, to need him and to appeal to him that all his wild love for her rose rebellious in his heart, and a passionate sense of joy forced itself upon him at the thought that she was free at last; and then it was that, at this moment, the cook, unconscious of all tragedy, and pleasantly flustered by the necessity of offering refreshment to the visitors, had left her post in the kitchen to hand him a telegram which had arrived a few minutes before their return to the cottage. Walford read the message, uncomprehendingly at first: "For God's sake return at once. Father Mallen killed. The miners have threatened to

burn the town." It was signed, "Valkirk."

"You shall not go one foot," cried Ralph, when he heard it. "He has been fighting you steadily and denying those men justice; now let him reap his harvest."

"But I ought to go," said Walford, slowly reading the message again. "There's a train at ten, and I could reach home at one. I ought to go," he repeated mechanically.

Kate flung her arms around him and implored him not to leave her. She was afraid for him. The miners were desperate; the women, maddened by the sight of their starving children were urging them on. Dick had told her. Dick had prevailed on her to persuade him to leave town, and now that he was safely away he must not return. She grew incoherent in her pleading, and as he made no reply she turned in an agony of fear to the pitiful figure in the chair, crying, "Don't let him go, Frances. Don't let him go. We need him, we need him."

Walford turned his eyes quickly towards Frances. At the sight of her pale beauty and her appealing weakness he faltered, and the resolution to respond to this call to the post of danger—which had been growing definite during Kate's pleading—began to waver. His duty suddenly seemed less plain. After all, was not his place here, perhaps? Reasons in justification of this view were not slow to form themselves. He had hesitated, he was debating, weakly attempting to reason his way to a decision in a moment of crisis. Not so with Frances. She was too weak, too dazed to deliberate. Her judgment was instinctive, but it sprang from the habit of thought engendered by her faith—a faith that at every turn taught duty, duty, and by countless little exercises drills its children in the practice, against these times of trial. Her own drill had been severe and long; and the problem that seemed to him complex was a simple one to her. She could only think of him now as a minister summoned to his work. Father Mallen's fate —whatever it had been—was no deterrent; it only emphasized the thought of duty. Her eyes were closed, and she did not open them to look at either Walford or Kate as she said in a voice, weak but calm,

"He ought to go, he—ought to go." And then, as the thought of a haunting past came back to her, she added, "it would be better—better."

Tommy sat astride the porch railing, dazed by this second tragic scene, but when Walford, gently putting Kate aside, started to leave, he called after him:

"Take me, oh, please take me."

But Walford did not turn. He passed quickly into the shadows of the night, unmindful of Kate's sobbing and Tommy's piping call.

He walked hurriedly through the soft moonlight, pursued by the clamor of the waves which seemed to be urging him on to greater speed. He boarded the train just as it was moving out of the station, and sinking down on one of the cinder-strewn seats he closed his eyes wearily. He wanted time to think calmly, but he could not rest. This night had given freedom to a loved one who had lived in bondage; tonight her whole world had been altered; her new life would begin; a life with liberty to feel, to act, to love, without the shadow of sin, while he? No, no—once he had been weak, sinfully weak, but her faith had sustained her, and had saved them both; and now he prayed, prayed for strength to support him in the resolution that had slowly formed itself during the months of struggle through which he had lived. Tonight

he had been thrust suddenly into the face of temptation, and for a moment he had hesitated; but again she had saved him, again she had revealed to him the power of that faith which was her strength and her life, when his had failed him. And she had, all unconsciously, waved him back to his earlier and his purer ideal. When he had first chosen the work of the ministry he had in his zeal determined to consecrate his whole life and his whole being to its work. Sorrow, and suffering, misery, want, and injustice everywhere abounded, and their alleviation seemed to claim him, and all that was his to give. Then she had come into his life; and he had struggled—and surrendered. He had not been conscious of how complete had been that surrender, for he had deluded himself into the belief that she could be his best and his highest inspiration, and his strength in his chosen work. She had been, but not as he had dreamt. She had taught him how completely one must yield thoughts of happiness and of self to duty. She had revealed to him the interior meaning and the real strength of a faith of which he had seen and imitated only the externals. And in the days of denial and of meditation that had followed, he had realized that in himself he had mistaken humanitarianism for something of which it was only the semblance —religion. He had developed spiritually since that earlier fall. Tonight he had wavered, it is true, but he had been saved, and had at once returned to his ideals; and as he was whirled away—away from that other world that was opening wide its doors to him—he was nursing no sentimentalism as he had done on that other night, when he first formed the resolution to give her up; he was not repeating to himself "It is for her sake, for her sake." But in place of this, the words of the old priest came to him from that night, as they had done a hundred times before, "Let it be for Christ's sake."

After a while he arose and began to pace restlessly up and down the narrow aisle of the car. The conductor remonstrated.

"You are disturbing the other passengers," he said. "You won't get there any faster by walking," he added good-naturedly.

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Walford instinctively entering into the man's humor. "I'm on my way to stop a strike—if I can. I'm a bit nervous."

The conductor was curious and began to ask questions. Walford found it a relief to talk. They went out on the rear platform and for an hour or more they discussed the conditions at the mines, the lengthened strike, the desperation of the miners, the probability of the execution of their latest threat. The conductor gave Walford what news he had gathered from the operator at the station of the cause of the present danger. The sheriff and his men had attempted to disperse a meeting, and shots had been fired, killing several miners, a woman, and dangerously wounding Father Mallen, who had come to appeal to the men to refrain from violence. Walford felt a sense of shock at the danger of the priest, whom he had known so well, but he was conscious of a sense of strange joy in the feeling that he in a way was to take up the work that the Catholic priest had laid down. He talked on and laid his most cherished plans before the sympathetic conductor with a candor which, afterwards, seemed to him like the unreserve of delirium.

The journey was interminable. The train seemed to drag its way over the rough rails. A fiery cloud of sparks from the engine drove the calm stars into invisibleness and seemed to be an har-

binger of evil, a flaming prophecy scrolled upon the sky.

At last, after hours of hot blinding dust, the engine, with hoarse clang of bell, drew up before the station. An excited crowd was standing on the platform amid the scanty baggage left by the early incoming train. With the chief stockholders of the mine Walford saw, to his surprise, a number of women, among them Miss Melinda Tibbs sitting forlornly upon an empty chicken coop, while beside her sat Mrs. Valkirk phlegmatically striving to comfort her.

The stock-holders crowded around Walford as he descended from the car, all of them talking rapidly at once; there was terror in their tones; in some covert reproach. Each had a suggestion to make. Mr. Valkirk's high-pitched voice sounded above the rest—

"We have telegraphed for troops."

"There is some mistake—they can't get here until morning."

"The sheriff and his deputies killed a man; that's the trouble. The miners have threatened to burn the town."

"For God's sake stop them, Walford. They will listen to you."

"Give them higher wages."

"D—n them. They are on the march now."

"There isn't a minute to lose."

"There are five hundred of them."

"What can we do against so many?"

"Here, take my horse—"

Walford looked at the mass of faces that showed pale and wide-eyed in the glare of the engine light,

"Come with me," he said, feeling a dull calm which had always sustained him in emergencies. "Two or three of you come with me."

"With you? they would tear us limb from limb."

"There is not a man among us that will close an eye this night."

"Talk to them, Walford."

"You've been their friend."

"Hurry! for God's sake hurry!"

"Make peace at any cost."

And while they talked they lifted him upon a horse, which stood in waiting, and one of them, as if fearing a lengthened delay, lashed the spirited animal into a wild gallop, making the crowd break away on either side.

The clamoring voices died in the distance, the lamps of the station glimmered as softly as the mists of stars. Walford saw the long open roadway stretching out before him. He kept his hands lightly upon the reins, feeling a strange sense of sympathy for the maddened brute beneath him. Alike they had been goaded into the darkness by those self-seekers, who had given no thought to the dangers that their messenger might meet. They had been sent to prevent a monstrous tragedy, unaided. It did not occur to Walford to hesitate or falter, but doubts of his own power over these injured men assailed him.

Through the dew-dampened dust, under the interlacing pines, into the sweet-scented woods, and afar off came the heavy tramping of many men!

The horse, obedient to the firm touch upon the reins, lessened its speed and fell back suddenly upon its haunches as a bend in the road brought the long procession of stern-faced miners into view. They marched with ominous silence. Their leader carried a pine torch and outside the small circle of light which it cast the deeper shadows of the woods seemed to add to the number of his followers. There was a shout and a rush from behind as Walford appeared before them:

"I am alone —unarmed," he said and

his clear voice penetrated to the outer ranks.

"It's the minister."

"Alone?"

"He don't mean no harm. Put down your gun."

"What's he jawin' about?"

"What's he doin' here?"

"Let's be movin'."

But the small army, bent on vengeance, had come to a halt before this single man, who, to reassure them further, had dismounted from his horse. And then, standing upon a rocky knoll, his commanding figure dimly outlined in the uncertain light of a sinking moon, he spoke to them. At first his voice was tremulous. He felt that he had reached the supreme test of his power. Would his words go unheeded? Was his influence to prove of any worth? These men, marching so resolutely to revenge one of their race, were representatives of that submerged world for which he was willing to struggle selflessly, alone. Unconsciously he was pleading for the sacrifice of his life. Would it be accepted? The hushed voices of the miners inspired him to further effort. They were listening. He had gained that much. The tremulousness of his tone was lost. He would conquer these men by the strength of his will. He was determined, and he went on speaking with a rough eloquence that all could understand. He called on some, by name, to admit the truth of his statements. He told them that the mine-holders had acceded to their just demands, and that he would see that justice was meted out to them. He pointed out the folly of their incendiary plan. He appealed to them as he had learned to appeal in the months that he had worked among them—in the months that he had stood beside them, fighting the fever at the mines. He felt that they were yielding before him and his voice rang out triumphantly to the end.

He saw the leader lower his torch and beat it out against a rough tree trunk, and in the pregnant silence he heard him say,

"I reckon the minister is right, boys. Come, we will go home."

And Walford, leading his horse, went with them, cheering them on their way. He was conqueror, but his place was among the conquered. He would uplift the banner of the vanquished and bring it into light, immortal light.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE END.

It was late in the fall, two months after Kate's marriage, when Frances returned to town. Ralph's health had improved greatly and for that reason she had lingered longer than she had intended. She had neglected her work in the meantime, for she had felt a singular disinclination to effort of any kind. Good Doctor Aberly watched her narrowly.

"You must not lift a paint brush this summer," he said, and she had been glad to obey him, but in the fall she told him, frankly, that she could not afford to be idle. Some repairs were needed on the house, the taxes and insurance must be paid, Ralph had met with some losses which decreased their meagre income. She confessed all this to the Doctor, with the confidence which she had always shown him.

They were sitting in the attic, and she was at work on a portrait; the Doctor had taken possession of the shabby chair which he liked to call his own, and he had been remonstrating with her for her energy. When she finished speaking his manner was abstracted; he looked at her in a strange way, and then his attention

was concentrated upon an open letter that lay upon her knee.

"Did Kate's news surprise you?" he asked, irrelevantly, after a moment's silence.

"No," she answered slowly. "I thought it would end that way."

The Doctor seemed relieved by the calmness of her tone.

"Ah, a woman's intuitions are wonderful," he said. "We men are so slow, such stupid blunderers. Do you think Kate objected to her brother entering the Church?"

"Kate is too happy to object to anything just now," she said, and her gaze was fixed upon the distant river. "She told me that she had her prejudices against a man in a petticoat."

"He has gone to the seminary, then?" He asked the question with an odd hesitation.

"Yes, three weeks ago."

The Doctor regarded her for a moment with wondering silence, then he blurted out,

"How could he when he loved you?"

"That is over," she said, and in her voice there was again the calm of self-conquest.

"And if I am selfishly glad," the Doctor took her slim white hand, "you will understand. It is so hard for me to tell you. I have loved you so long, Frances, and I have hoped—hoped that later on there might be some return, for I know now, though in the old days I did not know it, or want to know it, that I have loved you always."

She turned to him now, sorrowfully, with dry unseeing eyes, "I feel so old," she said, "I have outlived love."

"Let me go on," he pleaded, "to the end. I have grown more humble with the years. I do not ask your love, now; I only ask the liberty to call you mine, to shelter you, to work for you, to take a father's place to Tommy, to help you to fulfil your ambitions for the boy, to try to make you forget—to try to make your life happier by my love. I have waited so long, Frances, to ask you this, and now I do not ask you to decide at once. If I have startled you do not answer me. I would rather have your deliberate consideration."

There were tears in her eyes now. His frankness compelled her answer:

"No, you did not startle me," she said simply. "I was afraid that you were beginning to care too much."

"Too much? I do not think it is too much."

"But it is," she cried, brokenly, "for such generosity demands love in return and I have not love to give. It died in my soul. I killed it. It was not for me."

A sympathetic look of comprehension came into his eyes.

"But you say that that is over," he said, slowly. "Will you not now think of me?"

"Yes, it is over," she said, like one who found relief and conviction in the repetition of a truth. "How did you know? How could you know?"

"Love is far-sighted," he said, tenderly.

"But I must tell you," she went on. "He spoke in a moment of madness, and I listened because I could not help myself. Our nerves were overstrung by the long days and nights nursing Tommy. I could not let myself think at first, and afterwards—he did not love me. It was an impulse with him. He pitied me as you pity me now."

"It is not pity that I feel. You do not believe that it is pity?"

Again his words challenged her candor.

"No," she said, "I believe that you love me, that is the reason I have told you all."

"And now, that you find that I know

all, you will think of me? I do not ask your love, remember. Perhaps, in after years, the love may come."

"You would give all and demand nothing?"

He half-smiled at the wonder in her tone.

"That is no new thing. Many men would do the same to call you theirs. If you could trust yourself to me?"

She put down her brush with a weary gesture.

"I have always trusted you," she said.

"And you do not dislike me?" There was a childish simplicity in his directness.

She smiled at the question.

"No."

"Tommy likes me and I—I love the boy. I've thought it all out a thousand times, and I've tried to look at it from your standpoint. I think it would be better for the boy."

The impersonality of the speech touched her.

"Oh," she cried, clasping her hands, "I wish the love were mine to give." There was an expression of helpless submission in her eyes. He stooped and kissed her reverently.

"I have your answer. The desire is more than I hoped for. Thank God. Now I am satisfied."

A NUN'S ADVICE.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"No, Mr. Tracey," Shiela Moore said. "You have said too much. Please tell me all—all, remember."

The head of the legal firm of Tracey & Sons shifted uneasily in the easy chair he occupied in the library of Rathmore House. An hour or two previously he had read aloud the last will of Garrett Annesley, the owner of the mansion and the surrounding lands. By that will, executed a short time prior to his death, the estates had been bequeathed to Shiela Moore.

"I expected you knew about Kathleen Annesley, Miss Moore; otherwise I should not have spoken," the lawyer said apologetically.

"I did not know. Please go on," the girl urged.

"Well, Mr. Annesley was twice married. His first wife died at the birth of her first baby, and between the second Mrs. Annesley and her step-daughter there was no love lost, as the people about here say."

Shiela nodded impatiently.

"As Kathleen grew up to girlhood the breach between her and the second Mrs. Annesley widened. The girl was passionate, I must confess; but good-natured and affectionate when rightly treated. Her father took his wife's part, and Kathleen at length came to be almost a stranger in her own home. It was at this juncture she made the acquaintance of a young journalist. The gentleman in due time proposed for her to Mr. Annesley, and was contemptuously refused. Kathleen was ordered to cease all communication with him. The end came. She married him secretly."

"Yes." Shiela said, as Mr. Tracey paused.

"Mr. Annesley cast her off utterly. I know she wrote to him once or twice. Her letters were burned unread. Mrs. Annesley, I am afraid, encouraged, perhaps directed, her husband's action. Some years after his wife's death he

caused inquiries to be made concerning his daughter and learned she was dead."

"Ah!"

"Yes; both she and her husband were dead."

"Beyond doubt?"

"Beyond any shadow of doubt. Mr. Annesley then became somewhat of a recluse and devoted his time to writing a book on some erudite Egyptian subject. He never ended it, poor man!"

"Then what did your remark mean, Mr. Tracey? If Kathleen Annesley and her husband died—"

"She left a son," the lawyer interrupted. "If alive he must be well over thirty years of age now."

"And you did not tell Mr. Annesley of this!"

"I only learned it on the day preceding that on which he was stricken with paralysis. You may remember that I came here then?"

Miss Moore nodded. "Yes, yes. You were anxious to speak with Mr. Annesley; but he could not hear, could not understand you."

"No, he could not," Mr. Tracey agreed.

"And you think, had he known, he would have made a different disposal of his property?"

Mr. Tracey coughed. "I—really—"

"Please answer what you believe. Don't think of me," the girl said.

"I believe he would. Indeed, I know he would."

"Ah!"

"But the property is yours, Miss Moore," the lawyer interpreted the exclamation in his own way.

"Oh, yes, the property is mine," Shiela assented, and she remianed silent, with her thin white hands crossed in her lap till Mr. Tracey moved in his seat, and muttered something about his train.

"Oh, yes. You wish to get to Dublin tonight!" the girl rose and rang the bell. The servant who answered it was commissioned to see that the carriage came round at once for Mr. Tracey.

"And you must not annoy yourself, my dear madam," the gentleman said, as he bade his new client good-bye. "Poor Kathleen's son may be dead for all we know; and, at any rate, Mr. Annesley's will holds good in law."

"Yes, he may be dead," Shiela murmured to herself as she stood by one of the windows of the room watching the carriage moving down the avenue. "He may be dead. Were he alive he would surely have communicated with his grandfather." The last rays of the wintry sun touched her thick masses of dark brown hair, and showed here and there a premature thread of silver. Her thin, delicately-moulded features were too sharp for beauty, and there were faint lines on the broad, low brow. As the carriage disappeared round a curve in the long avenue, she sighed and returned to her seat by the fire.

Two years before, Mr. Annesley had lost the use of his right hand through a slight attack of the disease that ultimately caused his death. A nurse had to be provided for him, and he insisted it should be one who should be both qualified and willing to help him to carry on his literary labors. After much search, Shiela Moore came to Rathmore House. She had been an inmate of it for a few days only when Mr. Annesley discovered that her grandmother and he had known each other in the days of their youth, and had danced together at many a vice-regal ball in the time when Dublin was as notorious for its gaiety as it is now for the reverse. This knowledge induced him to look on his nurse with kindly eyes; and his liking for her was deepened by the care she bestowed on him, and by her fitness for the post of his amanuensis; and when his medical attendant warned him of the probability of

a sudden and serious illness, the lonely old man had bequeathed all his property to his nurse.

Of all this Shiela Moore thought as she sat by the fire in the gathering dusk. She had been intensely grateful to the man who had placed her in an independent position, for, to Shiela, life in a hospital was not altogether congenial. In her youth she had known every luxury, and her every wish had been, with one exception, gratified. Her father had been a wealthy Dublin merchant, and her home near Bray was a luxurious and cheerful one. Many wooers had sought her hand, but one man only had made a favorable impression on the girl's mind. His name was Hugh O'Driscoll, and he earned his bread as a reporter on the staff of a daily newspaper.

On such a person Mr. Moore was not disposed to bestow his daughter. He had been eminently successful, men said, in his business; and success had, perhaps, turned his head a little. He looked forward to Shiela marrying one of higher social standing—a knight or baron it might be—for several youths of ancient name and little financial worth were constant visitors at the Bray villa. Hugh O'Driscoll met but cold glances from Mr. and Mrs. Moore when he encountered them; and Shiela was not of the emancipated order of young women. Gradually his visits to Bray ceased, and before the collapse of Mr. Moore's big business concern, the young man had gone no one knew, and few cared whither.

Neither Mr. Moore nor his wife long survived their change of fortune. The former had been tempted to invest all the money he could raise in a new and, as it turned out, bogus company. Shiela was left entirely unprovided for, and when a former school-fellow of hers urged her to enter the Jervis Street Hospital, she had done so. It could not be said that she was in any particular way qualified to be a nurse. The sight of suffering never left her unmoved; and the medical staff of the hospital occasionally complained that nurse Moore was too prone to yield to the desires of her patients.

Shiela had been intensely grateful to the dead man when his will had been read. She had come to love even the quaint gables and heavy clumsy chimney-stacks of the grey old mansion; and delighted in rambling through the low oak-panelled rooms of the interior. Some dead and gone Annesley had been a great traveler, and in the course of his wanderings had picked up many treasures—Indian vases, Florentine mosaics and curious old statuary—and these were stored away in quaint cabinets and bureaus that would have gladdened the heart of a dealer in antique furniture. She loved all beautiful things, the flowers and birds, the verdant green of spring and the rare tints of autumn. She liked the pleasure of doing good to others, and she shivered a little as she thought of the hospital wards and the hours she had spent among them.

"But as the lawyer said it is mine," she murmured. "Why should I trouble myself because Mr. Annesley's daughter left him. No, I shall think no more about the matter."

She rose to her feet and rang for lights; but the book which she took from one of the shelves failed to engage her attention. By and by it fell on her lap, and she half impatiently restored it to its place, and quitting the library sought her own room. During the period of Mr. Annesley's illness Shiela's time had been fully occupied, and she now began to arrange a drawer whose contents were in some confusion. Amid the articles of female adornment her hand touched a bit of pasteboard, and she drew it out from among a heap of laces and ribbons. It was a little card given her on her twelfth

birthday by the Superioress of the convent where she had been educated, and along its margin were written the words: "Always do what is right, dear little Shiela, though the doing of it be hard."

"Do what is right," Shiela repeated. "Oh, Mother Rose, do you know in heaven that it is sometimes very, very hard to do what is right?"

The words haunted her even in her sleep; but when she rose it was with a definite purpose in her mind. She would go to Dublin and tell Mr. Tracey to institute a search for Kathleen Annesley's son.

The aged lawyer was surprised in no slight degree when his new client was ushered into the private room of the firm, and he held up his hands when Shiela gave him her instructions.

"But, my dear lady, there is no need to rob yourself! I shall very gladly make the search you desire, for poor pretty Kathleen was always a favorite of mine; and I should not like to think her son was in want. Till we find out something definite, it is better that you should remain at Rathmore House. It is quite possible that the young man is dead, you know."

Shiela assented.

"And even if he is alive, you must not give up all. I wish there had been more ready money; but the various legacies and bequests take up what money there is, I'm afraid. However, there may be no necessity for thinking of money," Mr. Tracey added.

That very day the lawyer put the case into the hands of a smart inquiry agent, and Shiela returned to Rathmore. The spring came and went, the summer flowers bloomed and faded, and the woods round the old mansion were tinged with red and scarlet, when one morning Shiela received a short note from Mr. Tracey. He merely informed her that the person they were seeking was in Dublin, and that he and the writer would be at Rathmore House on the next day.

The morning passed away all too quickly, and in the early afternoon the gentlemen arrived. Shiela had seen their car approach the house from the windows of her own little sitting room, and at once passed to the library to which the two had been shown. Mr. Tracey was speaking as she opened the door.

"Don't be so absurd as to refuse the lady's very proper and natural wish! Of course there must be an adequate provision made for—" The rustle of Shiela's gown interrupted the lawyer, and he turned towards her with extended hand. She was gazing beyond him to his companion.

"This is—" Mr. Tracey began, and stopped. Garrett Annesley's grandson had stepped forward with a glad cry.

"Shiela! Miss Moore! I never thought, never imagined I should see you!"

"And you, Hugh O'Driscoll, are Mr. Annesley's grandson?" Shiela questioned.

"So it seems," Hugh O'Driscoll said.

"I am so glad, so glad!" Shiela cried.

"Did I not mention Miss Moore's name?" the lawyer questioned. "I must have been unusually stupid."

Hugh O'Driscoll did not answer the inquiry. He still held Shiela's hand in both his own, and at length Mr. Tracey so far recovered his wits as to quit the room. When he next saw the two no mention was made of Shiela's desire to relinquish the estate, and the lawyer put forth a tentative query.

"Settlement? Oh, yes, we have arrived at a settlement," Hugh said with a joyous laugh, "since Shiela has consented to marry me."

ST. CECILIA.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

SOME MORE MEMORIES AND LETTERS.

BY REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

This is an "overflow meeting" of memories and letters for which room could not be found in the papers contributed to the May and June numbers of this Magazine.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY,
Melbourne, 1872.

I then did myself the honor of claiming the Founder of *The Nation* as one of the "Poets I Have Known." It was indeed only in the third stage of his life that I became acquainted with Gavan Duffy. For his public career falls naturally into three divisions,—his early manhood in Ireland, his fruitful exile in Australia, and then the European exile of his later years when he enjoyed, not indeed *otium cum dignitate* but rather *dignitas cum labora.*

During the first of these periods he was only the distant object of my boyish admiration. *The Nation* of Davis, Duffy and Dillon* appeared before my reading days began, but, later on, in a garret where all the back numbers were piled together, I studied it assiduously, especially the "Poets' Corner" and "Answers to Correspondents," which often contained the best things in the journal, as Duffy himself remarked recently in sending me some selections from them for publication in *The Irish Monthly.* But of all his achievements during this most vivid and varied term of his life the one that most impressed me and many another was his "Ballad Poetry of Ireland." It still seems to me a most admirable feat of editing, with its inspiriting introduction, its judicious selections, and its skilful mingling of biography and criticism. Very long afterwards, when I was invited to contribute to a series of articles, "Books that have influenced me," which appeared in *The Weekly Register* in one of the latest phases of its chequered career (now terminated) of half a century, my choice, if I had complied with the request, would have fallen upon Duffy's "Ballad Poetry of Ireland" and (in a very different department) Father Faber's "All for Jesus," the latter being the first book to

*A portrait of the wife of John Blake Dillon, preserved by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, is reproduced here. The present Mrs. John Dillon is a daughter of the distinguished judge, Sir James Mathew, Lord Justice of Appeal, nephew to Father Theobald Mathew, the illustrious Apostle of Temperance. Denis Florence MacCarthy's elegy on the most modest of Duffy's colleagues is not given in any collection I have seen. Here are the more personal stanzas of it:

"A hero's heart, with all a woman loves
Within it shrined; a nature without guile,—
An eye where met the eagle's and the dove's—
A Dante's face with Beatrice's smile;
A sweet, grave sadness, only seen below
With those whose souls some glorious burden bear;
A look like that an angel might bestow
Upon the erring object of its care;
These Dillon, these were thine—"

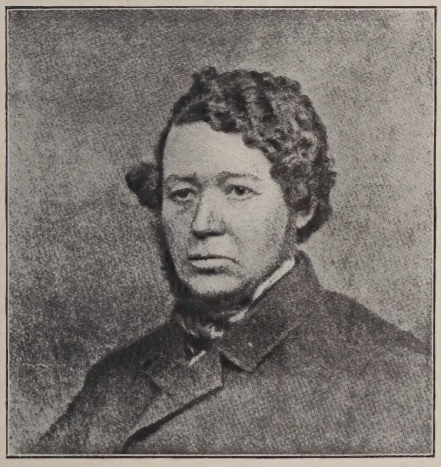
show me that ascetic theology could be fascinating literature.

In the middle Australian term of his life Gavan Duffy was so kind as to write to me and to contribute some articles to *The Irish Monthly* which I had recently started. We had never, as I have said, met at that time, but we had some friends in common. I find a letter dated "Parliament House, Melbourne, January 16th, 1878," which begins with this reference to a famous Maynooth Professor of Theology who as a Belfast curate had helped the young Monaghan man with *The Vindicators* long before.

"I have heard from more than one friend of the convalescence of your uncle, and at the same time, I am sorry to say, of the serious illness of Dr. Crolly. I trust they have both a long life of usefulness before them." But they had not: the Rev. George Crolly died in a few weeks, and Dr. Russell in two years from the effects of the accident from which Duffy here supposed him to have recovered.

When Sir C. G. Duffy resigned his position as Speaker of the Parliament of Victoria, he required a warmer climate than Ireland's, though his friend Davis assigns to her "a climate soft as a mother's smile." He dwelt for the remainder of his life on the borders of France and Italy, chiefly at Nice, paying his native land a visit now and then. On these occasions I had often the pleasure of meeting him. The first time I heard him talk I thought of condoling with him on the heavy cold that affected his voice; but fortunately I did not, for there was nothing amiss with him, as the following passage from a sketch in *The Freeman's Journal* shows:

William J. O'Brien.



Yours affectionately
Thos Darcy McGee.

As a conversationalist and raconteur Duffy was admirable. He had an inexhaustible stock of stories and experiences acquired in the course of his long and varied life, and he told them excellently, notwithstanding the drawback of a voice which, while not exactly unpleasant, was weak and piping, as it is

with most men affected—as Duffy was affected—with bronchitis. The *Melbourne Argus* once described him as "the man with a hoarse voice and a morbid vanity." "It is possible, perhaps," retorted Duffy very happily, "that a hoarse voice, if it only spoke the truth, and a morbid vanity, if it sought its gratification in doing honest work, which would be honorably remembered by posterity, might not be incompatible with a useful public career." When serious matters were the subject of conversation, Duffy talked "like a book," in clear, incisive and well-knit sentences, and was at times dogmatic and impatient of contradiction, like most able men who see clearly ahead and have laid strong hold of their convictions. He was a student all through life. He never allowed a day to pass without spending three or four hours of it in reading books, magazines and newspapers, even in the busiest times of his official career in Victoria. It was the secret of his wonderfully varied fund of information, and of his thorough grasp of all the questions of the day. He was besides an eminently sane, sober-minded, and level-headed man. He was possessed of a shrewd discrimination, a quick insight into men and affairs, and he had no delusions and no fads.

One might imagine that the veteran statesman and publicist would now at last rest from his labors; but the *dolce far niente* was never "sweet" for this strenuous man. During these years of repose and retirement in the sunny south he published more than half a dozen large and important volumes—"Young Ireland," "The League of the North and South," "The Life of Thomas Davis," "Four Years of Irish History," and "My Life in Two Hemispheres." Yet the immense labor involved in these books left him still energy enough to take an active part in many literary enterprises in co-operation with others, as might be shown from letters addressed to me and still more from letters which Mr. Martin MacDermott has with too great generosity allowed me to use. I should wish to print more of these letters than I can hope to crush into this article. The first that I give begins with an allusion to a very interesting relic of the great O'Connell—his diary as a young man, his letters, etc., which Mrs. Morgan O'Connell had allowed me to publish in *The Irish Monthly*.

Villa Cornelia,
Cimiez, Nice,
4th December, 1883.

Dear Father Russell:—

The last number of *The Irish Monthly* is very good. The story and Moore's letter* would be a gain to any periodical.

I am thinking of sending you what will be perhaps as great a treasure trove as the O'Connell Papers. When "Mary" of Cork was going into a convent, she sent me two volumes containing her secular and religious poems and prose sketches—with a genial and friendly dedication. I think I could make a paper or rather a series of a dozen papers of them,—but I have had them for over thirty years, and as I have never found leisure to do this I fear I may never find it. The manuscript is so difficult that I have often turned away from it in despair. But if you, with your younger eyes and entire sympathy with the subject, will take it in hand, you will have bright, pleasant papers for the magazine for a twelvemonth or more, with little labour. I will send you the volumes if you desire, provided you return them to me when you are done with them.

Now mark, there are two Maries in these volumes, who would need to be dealt with separately; the patriot poetess of *The Nation*, with her most private thoughts, some-

*At page 678 of the eleventh volume of *The Irish Monthly* will be found this extremely interesting letter of Thomas Moore, showing how he felt in 1830 on Irish political questions. It was printed then for the first time, as Moore begged O'Connell to keep it out of the newspapers.

times set out in complete poems, sometimes in mere fragments of prose or poetry; the other is of course Mary the religious. I cannot tell (for I found the task of investigation impossible) how many of her religious poems have since been published, but you will know or can discover for yourself. Of the national and romantic poems, sketches and thoughts, nearly all are unpublished. I might perhaps add a few of her letters, and I think you might copy those which appear in "Four Years." I have no objection of course that you should state, if you think proper, that I gave you the volumes, and I will even read, if you choose, proofs of the poems selected for publication, but I will not be further responsible for the biographical sketch, as probably my opinion of Mary's labours differs from yours.

If some friendly girl would *copy* the secular volume into legible Ms. before it went to the printer, it would minimize your labors, and there are many in Dublin would be proud to be chosen for the task I have no doubt. With the Ms. volumes I will return the two volumes of Mary's poems and prayers which you lent me.

I never got the October number of *The Irish Monthly;* please send me a copy.

I have some copies of the Irish people's edition of *Young Ireland* to give away, and if you are not alarmed at circulating so inflammatory a production I will send you an order on the publisher for half a dozen copies for your favorite contributors or anybody else you please.

Believe me, dear Father Russell,

Very faithfully yours,

C. Gavan Duffy.

MRS. SARAH ATKINSON,
1823-1893.

MRS. JOHN DILLON.

Mother of John Dillon, M.P., of Wm. Dillon, former editor of "New World," Chicago, and of Rev. Henry Dillon, O. F. M.

Some of our readers would need an introduction to Miss Ellen Downing of Cork, who as a poet of *The Nation* called herself "Mary." There is more about her in other letters addressed to me and to Mr. Martin MacDermott.

Villa Cornelia,
Cimiez, Nice,
17th December, 1883.

Dear Father Russell:—

I send you Mary's Literary Remains. I entreat you, do not attempt to print from the original Ms. Her writing is more illegible than mine, and there were painful misprints in the letters you published from my Ms. If I were in London, I would get it copied by the typewriter, which could be done for a trifle; but if this cannot be done in Dublin, it would be well to have it copied into a perfectly legible hand by some person intelligent and sympathetic enough not to make blunders.

As for my recollections of her, if the Remains are published in a volume with your Memoir of her, I will write a chapter or two on a period respecting which you are imperfectly informed, and include a number of her letters, of which I have many. But it will be time enough to do this when the "Remains" are in course of publication. Remember they belong to a period of her life when she had no intention of becoming a nun, but was sim-

ply a pious Catholic and a passionate Nationalist.

Your Dundalk correspondent is singularly ill-informed on the relative position of O'H. and P. The latter was a Revolutionist; his "voice was still for war"; he was engaged up to the last in instigating and instructing the people in guerilla warfare and then he vanished when the necessity for fighting came after the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. O'H. did none of these things. If he had, I would, with whatever pain and reluctance, have disclosed the fact to maintain the veracity of history. If we had succeeded, he would have been an eminent statesman or a great judge; but I never expected to see him

MOTHER RAPHAEL DRANE.

in arms on a hill-side, and he would have been wholly out of place and useless in such a position.

I return you also the volume of Mary's poetry you were good enough to lend me. I will send you the Ms. volume of her religious poems hereafter, if you desire. Remember the Ms. is to be preserved and returned to me.

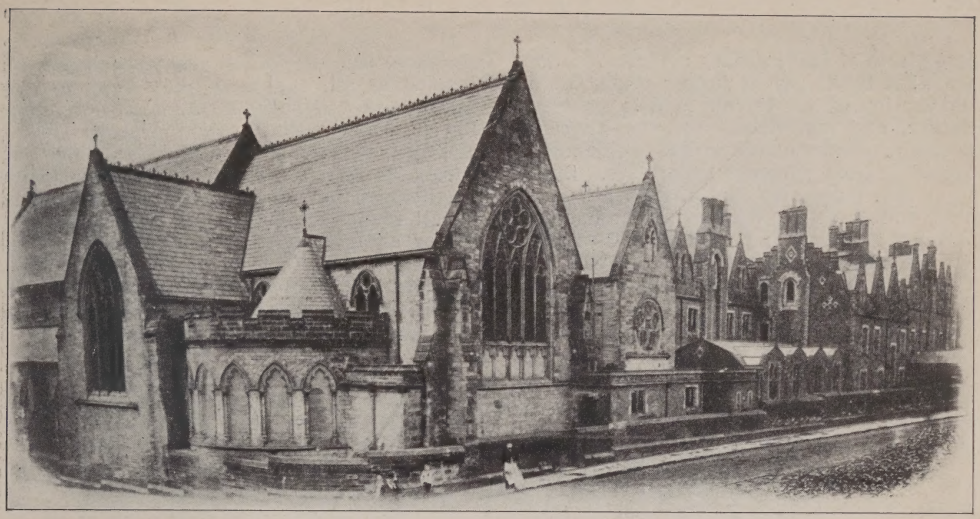
I read your verses on "Glenavenna" with amusement and pleasure. Long live the Queen of that region!

Believe me, dear Father Russell,

Very faithfully yours,

C. Gavan Duffy.

The P. and the O. H. of this letter were John Edward Pigot, son of the Chief Baron, and Judge O'Hagan, son-in-law of Lord O'Hagan, I had evidently, not for the first time, demurred to the unfavourable view Duffy took of the author of "'Tis the green, oh! the green is the colour of the true"—who, by the way, was in no way connected with the Richard Pigot of a later and sadder story. John Pigot was born in the same year, 1822, as his bosom friend, John O'Hagan, but died nineteen years before him in 1871. He was the son of the second of the three Catholic Chief Barons of the Exchequer who, strange as it seems, have, I think, filled the long interval since Emancipation. Certainly Christopher Palles—"the last of the Barons"—who still retains this title, though the Exchequer Court has been abolished or absorbed—succeeded Chief Baron Pigot who bore that title when his son contributed to *The Nation*, which, by the way, took its motto from a parliamentary speech of the first Catholic Chief Baron, Stephen Woulfe—"To create and foster public opinion in Ireland and make it racy of the soil." In this very unfavourable legal atmosphere John Edward Pigot cherished from the first and maintained to the last an ardent and self-sacrificing spirit of patriotism, no matter what may be said by Sir Charles, who himself at the Ballingarry crisis was, luckily, safe in jail. As a witness to a man's uncompromising honesty in matters political many who differ from him would accept John Mitchell; and what *he* thought of John Pigot, as late as the year 1871, may be judged from the following letter which our readers are the first to see in print. The strong, unpopular opinions which Mitchel (whom Katherine Tynan has called lately "the one big literary figure of the '48 movement") puts forward here on



THE CONVENT, STONE.

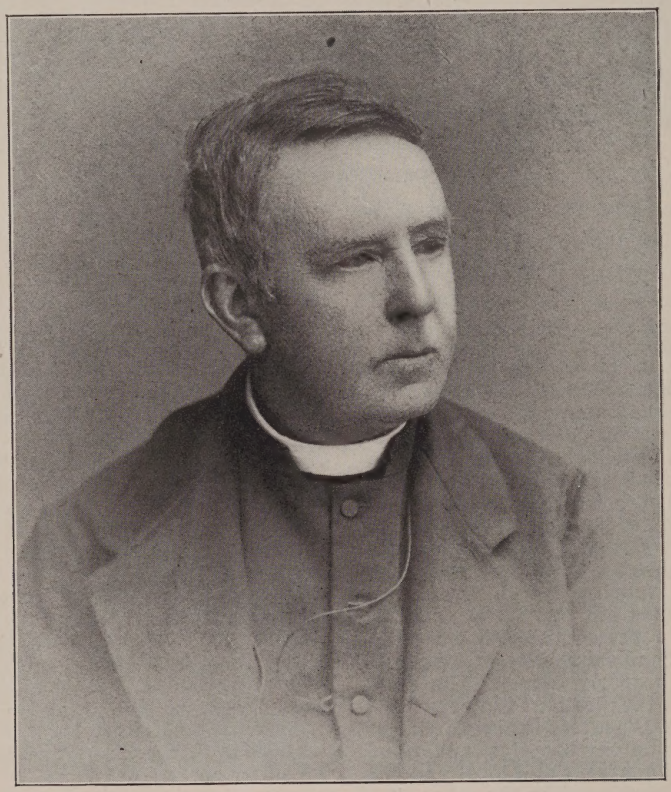
some great questions are of course matters of history, and his sons died for them.

New York,
115 Nassau St.,
May 24, 1871.

My dear John Pigot:—

This, I believe, is the birthday of our most gracious Sovereign. At least Earl de Grey says so, who ought to know. The Joint High Commissioners were banquetted yesterday at Delmonico's, and I was not invited! Well, my poor sick friend, it is sad to me to hear from all quarters, and now from yourself, of your continued delicacy of health. Otherwise you seem to be the very same J. E. P. with whom I used to correspond when you and John O'Hagan were devouring law in London. I suppose that I also am much the same *au fond;* but I have passed through the "flint mill" and am ground small. Everything goes wrong in this beggarly world. The great struggle here in the United States was a struggle between the great vulgar, vicious mass of Yankees on the one side, and whatever there was of generous and loyal and cultivated upon the Continent, on the other side. This was the saving element which impressed upon the country whatever respectability it ever had. And it has gone down hopelessly and without reprieve, leaving us as we are—I say *we*, though glad to think that I am not an American by birth. Well, then, after losing my two good sons in that cause, and narrowly escaping with my own life, when released from a fortress of state, I was in Europe when the war broke out between Austria and Prussia, and at the disaster of Sadowa "my heart sunk deadly low," for I foresaw what Prussia would be up to. And now,—since my return home, I have been reading—not with much surprise—of Sedan and Metz and Paris. And our friends the British are making war again in Leinster and will prosecute it to all lengths; for they have secured not only the grim neutrality of this country, but secured also the services of this country as a police force against the Irish by sea and by land. For this, and nothing else, is the meaning of the new Treaty. So you perceive that everything goes wrong, and the time—like every other time—is out of joint. And neither you nor I was born to set it right. Personally, I have but little to trouble me, except some sickness now and then. My daughter Minny (Mrs. Page) lives "up-town" in New York, and has one of the finest boys in nature. But they are so far off—eight miles and an arm of the sea to cross—that we do not see them as often as we wish. James and his wife, a Virginian, live in the same house with us, and he manages all the business affairs of the *Irish Citizen*. Isabel, the Tasmanian, is now eighteen, and very pretty. My wife is well, and remembers you not only distinctly but with great kindness and gratitude. We often speak of your brother Thomas whom we saw sometimes in France. When you were at Mentone, I had a letter from you, and I suppose I might have been given the grace to answer it, but I considered that you might any day be well enough to quit that place and come home. And then—but I had better drop this subject. Do you sometimes see Martin O'Flaherty? And has he received certain documents connected with the administration of the law in this country, which I procured and caused to be sent to him? If he has received them, I wish he would let me have a line to acknowledge the same. But I can tell him he is altogether wrong in the position which he wanted to establish by

those pieces of documentary evidence. I don't care what books say or judges prate, the administration of law in this land is extremely dilatory, and extremely corrupt—therefore uncertain. Unfortunately I have some knowledge of it from personal experience. Speaking of law, I perceive that J. O'H. has a silk gown, and he fills it well, too, if he has been continuing to grow as he did when I saw him last. Give my love to John, if he will have it. As to J. Martin and his Parliamentary experiment, I have not seen his long speech yet —that he made such a speech is mentioned by telegraph, and in two or three days we shall have it. No doubt it is all right, if he would now just drop all that kind of thing and stay away from London. I do not agree with you at all, that by accepting the return for Meath he "bound himself morally" to go over and take his seat. If he be convinced, as he says he is, and as I most certainly am, that the true Parliamentary policy and the only rational use of the franchise is to elect men to stay away—then he ought to have stayed away. If he has gone merely to make a formal protest against their legislating for Ireland at all, and then come away to stay away, it is well. But I fear he is not confining himself to that formal protest; for J. Martin is so amiable and single-minded, that surely *he* can persuade just and reasonable Englishmen that the Irish have certain rights. At all events I hope he has refused to vote, for or against anything, and has told them the reason, namely, that this would help them to carry on the bloody imposture of a representative or legal government for his country. Here's a screed of doctrine for you.



REV. C. P. MEEHAN.

So you are living in Merrion Square, East, and have made your East Indian exile profitable. I have a great mind to go to Bombay and shall some time or other ask you for letters to a useful Parsee. We are in full summer here, and it is beautiful in the umbrageous city of Brooklyn, where the streets are bowers, and the air is laden with the odor of vines. I do not go out very much; for it is in my locomotive organs that I suffer; but I go into my office in New York three or four times every week. My wife goes out a great

deal, and Isabel; they find, as you may suppose, frequent occasion to go up to 57th street, where the Pages live. My wife was at Mrs. O'Gorman's yesterday. All well there *now*. Their eldest daughter has grown up superbly. Richard is very busy, not only with the affairs of his office, but in the eternal political campaign which goes on here. A man in office is bound to support his party, and to keep supporting it, and some of them consider it their duty—though he does not—to sustain it by questionable ways. R. O'G. takes his part manfully, and makes himself felt, but he never forgets that his father was an Irish gentleman. I say all this to make you aware that O'G. and I are on the best of terms.

You have not said whether Mrs. Pigot suffered at all from the climate of Bombay as you did. I trust not. My wife desires to join me in the very warmest expressions I can think of, implying our regard for you and yours. And so adieu.

JOHN MITCHEL.

I used to have ever so many of your letters together with some from O'Brien, Davis, Father Kenyon, etc.—but all my papers, all my books, presentation copies, portraits, everything I possessed which could remind me sometimes of the men I had lived amongst—all was lost, burned in a ship on the coast of North Carolina in the war time.

But this long letter is almost an impertinent intrusion among the letters of Sir C. G. Duffy. At the beginning of the first of these letters Sir Charles is led by his old editorial instinct to single out for praise the serial story then running through the Magazine of which his correspondent was and is Editor. I have looked back to the date in question and I find that the story-teller was a remarkable woman, Augusta Theodosia Drane, of whom an extremely interesting account will be found in *The Rosary Magazine* published at New York, September and October, 1894. After her conversion from Anglicanism she became a Dominican nun at Stone in Staffordshire, and, while fulfilling most efficiently the arduous duties of Prioress and then of Mother Provincial, she found time to compose a full score of excellent books, some of very considerable bulk. One of these, "Christian Schools and Scholars," is learned enough to reflect credit on the most distinguished even of the *sons* of St. Dominic; and on the same high level are her biographies of St. Dominic himself and of St. Catherine of Sienna.* On the other hand, her "Songs in the Night" are true poetry, and her five or six full-length stories—"The New Utopia," "Uriel," "Dalmeny Brothers," "Lady Glastonbury's Boudoir," etc., are admirable even as mere pieces of fiction. I remember well, when the first of these came into my hands from an unknown contributor twenty-seven years ago, the surprise and delight I felt as I read the opening pages and noticed the quiet, high-bred conversation, the vivid but well-restrained touches of description.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swings into his ken."

Indeed, Mother Francis Raphael seems to me to have combined the great gifts of two Irishwomen whom I knew—in her historical and biographical writings she resembled Mrs. Sarah Atkinson, whose "Life of MaryAikenhead, Foundress of the Sisters of Charity" and whose "Essays chiefly in Irish Biography" are works of the most solid merit, admirable in style, and marked by a patient accuracy of research that won the admiration of the historian, W. E. H. Locky; and then in lighter departments of song and story she displayed what was, especially in her peculiar circumstances, a marvelous share of the grace and fancy of the "Ethna Carbery" of this Magazine, who at her own

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***These two Lives may still be procured, and also "Songs in the Night," and the Memoirs of Mother Francis Raphael herself. But all the Tales (except "The New Utopia") are out of print. The stock of the second edition of "Christian Schools and Scholars" and of the "Life of Mother Margaret Mary H-l'a-han" was burned many years ago at the Edinburgh printer's.**

fireside was Anna Johnston of Belfast till her union (pathetically brief) with a man of kindred genius, Seumas MacManus of Mount Charles, Donegal.

I fear that space cannot now be found for other letters that I have prepared for the printers.

Gavan Duffy was a strong man, and he "fashioned his own channel," he made a career for himself both in Ireland and in Australia. But, unlike most strong men, he had tender affections. One of the manifestations of his loyalty to old friends was his care to surround himself with their pictures to the last. On March 15, 1895, he writes to Mr. MacDermott: "Your news about poor O'Gorman moved me much. Of the five portraits of living Young Irelanders which hang on the walls of my library Death has snatched two away; the remainder cannot long survive." These five were himself, John O'Hagan, Richard O'Gorman, Denny Lane, and Martin MacDermott. O'Hagan and O'Gorman were the two of whose death he speaks. Only the last is now living. Does he agree with a clever American, Andrew Wheeler, who has recently died? "It must be an awfully lonesome world to those men who outlive everybody in it, and I honestly think that when a man reaches that distressing point of development he ought to be looking for a leasehold in some other world."

Besides portraits on the wall Duffy kept old woodcuts and photographs of his old comrades. Many of these are among the collection of curios which are kept apart as his gift to the Royal Irish Academy, Dawson Street, Dublin. Some have been lent to our readers by Miss Gavan Duffy, such as the picture of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, taken at Quebec in 1861. Smith O'Brien's dates back to 1844. With regard to one of the portraits which illustrated our May article Duffy wrote in April, 1900:—

"My dear MacDermott, every day since your photo arrived I have inspected it anew without being able to reconcile myself to it; and I discover at length the reason, that like myself age is laying his heavy hand upon you. There is a portrait in my library which I infinitely prefer to this one. More prudent or more timid than you, I have not sat for my portrait for twenty years, and I merely glance at the looking-glass, for I know that crow's feet and wrinkles are not agreeable spectacles. The ordinary portrait of Voltaire is that of a grinning old man; but he was comely in his manhood, and if he had not pictured his decay we should so regard him still."

Two good priests figure in our little portrait gallery. Father Charles Patrick Meehan, Clarence Mangan's faithful friend to the last, curate for half a century in S.S. Michael and John's, Dublin, wrote on the photograph which is here reproduced: "If these lips could speak, they'd tell C. G. Duffy that no living man is more grateful or more indebted to him than I,

C. P. Meehan,
Nov. 19, 1883."

The other priest is perhaps the solitary survivor out of his comrades in the second period of his political life in Ireland, after the transportation of Mitchel, Meagher and Smith O'Brien. Canon Thomas Doyle has been ever since parish priest of Ramsgrange in County Wexford. Vigorous and fierce as Father Tom has been and can still be when a pen is in his hand, he is personally the mildest and most amiable of men, a self-sacrificing and saintly priest. It may be added that the counterfeit presentment that was given in this Magazine in May is unjust to the outward form of this venerable man and suggests little of his charm of feature and expression. In sending (and very fittingly through the hands of another poet-editor, T. D. Sullivan) his "poor offering towards the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of his dear old and revered friend," Canon Doyle sug-

gested that the most appropriate site would be the spot in our beautiful Phœnix Park on which he and his friends, Davis and Dillon, planned and projected *The Nation*. "Let a suitable place (he adds) be enclosed by an iron railing, let four feet immediately inside the railing be left free for flowering shrubs, then a pedestal, seven feet high, composed of steps of Kingston granite (why not granite from Newry, the frontier town of his native North?) the top step being two feet square, and surmounted by a bronze statue of my departed friend, somewhat more than life-size. On the last step, just under the statue, I would have engraven in large letters the sole word, "Duffy." I never objected to his taking the title which he fairly won in a free country; but we in Ireland knew him best as Duffy."

Yes, but did we not always link his good mother's name with it? Let him be remembered as Charles Gavan Duffy.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

The Divine Office and Holy Week Ceremonies.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XX.

From the earliest times the observance of the last week of Lent has been one of peculiar solemnity, not only because of the special preparation that was to be made for the celebration of Easter, but also because of the important facts which are commemorated during this time.

The object of our church ceremonial, dear Protestant friends, is not mere idle show. This would be a waste of time, and might degenerate into superstition, for some people might be led to imagine that the observance of outward forms was the service God required, and that those external actions would produce effects not promised by God, for be it remembered that God is to be worshipped in spirit and truth, and can never be pleased with any worship which is not internal and supernatural. Now as many well-disposed persons imagine that the beautiful ceremonies during Holy Week are not in keeping with the spirit of religion, it may be well to give a brief explanation of their meaning before entering upon the subject proper.

The legitimate subject of external rites in religion as far as they are of human institution are the instruction of the intellect and the moving of the heart; or, in other words, the fostering of enlightened piety. Whatever does not tend to this is useless and even dangerous. The Catholic Church is desirous of having all her ceremonies tested by this principle; but, unfortunately, while admitting the correctness of our views, our separated brethren take little pains to ascertain the facts of the case, and pass judgment without sufficient examination. Not only is the mind enlightened by the study of our ceremonial, but also the heart is moved to sorrow for sin, and gratitude

for mercies bestowed by our loving heavenly Father.

The printed page and the spoken word are simply conventional forms for the conveying of ideas. The ear or the eye might be equally well-impressed by other means. Music can affect the soul of man through the one, as painting can through the other. How often has he to whom the most eloquent orator addressed himself in vain been vanquished by the charms of melodious sound? How often has the painter or the sculptor caught the attention of him who has read from the printed page description after description of some great masterpiece, with complete indifference. To how many generations has the dying Gladiator proclaimed his anguish of heart and love of country? Who can count the multitudes who have been filled with ecstasy while standing before Raphael's Transfiguration, or Murillo's Holy Family? What pen has ever described the sensations produced by Verdi's Requiem Mass? Any one of these is powerful, but when the combination of all is used to influence the mind in a particular direction, the effect is almost irresisitible. When music, poetry, painting, sculpture, scenery, all unite in calling up the memory of past events, how the imagination is captivated, the memory excited, the affections interested, and the heart itself moved! All this is accomplished by the ceremonial of the Church.

The great object then of the Church in the ceremonial of Holy Week is to place before the people the story of the redemption, in such a manner as to produce deep religious impressions for their spiritual uplifting. This is the end she seeks to attain by the observance of all her rites and ceremonies. Surely this is not superstition, for the God of Sinai is Himself the Author.

I.

Without further comment it will suffice to remark that on the fifth Sunday of Lent the Church commemorates the Passion and sufferings of our blessed Saviour. On the eve of that day the ornaments are removed from the churches, and the crosses and statues are veiled with deep violet in token of mourning and penance, so that during this time the appearance of the churches indicates to the faithful the sentiments which befit these solemnities. Formerly the catechumens who were found worthy were baptized on the eve of Easter; and the public penitents who had been in fasting and prayer, and in other religious exercises, seeking reconciliation with the Church, were admitted to the sacraments.

The first day of Holy Week was called by a variety of names, by reason of the several observances. The approved catechumens were chosen and declared "competent"; hence it was called "Dominica Competentium." They also abstained during Lent from the use of the bath, but now, preparing for the unction which followed baptism, they washed their heads, on which account it obtained the name of "Capita Lavantium." Then we have the names of the Sunday of Palms, the Sunday of Olives, the Sunday of Flowers, etc. The Maronites have a very interesting custom of blessing an olive tree on this day and carrying it in procession.

The ceremonies of Holy Week are familiar to us, but to witness them in their impressive solemnity one must witness them performed at some cathedral.

At the appointed hour on Palm Sunday the Bishop enters the sanctuary, all the priests and attendants being in their places. He then makes his usual preparation and robes in vestments of the season, which is violet, for it is a time

of penance. He then proceeds to bless the palms.

The object of the ceremony is to renew the memory of the Saviour's triumphal entry into Jerusalem when He was received by the people, who carried palms and olive branches,—the emblems of victory and of peace. A quantity of these palms or other evergreens are placed on the Gospel side of the altar and several pieces are placed upon the altar. In ordinary churches the blessing takes place at the Epistle side of the altar.

The intention of the Church is to sanctify everything which her children use, especially for the purpose of religion, by prayer and blessing. The prayers read on this occasion and on all other days during the week may be found in our Holy Week books.

The choir commences with the "Hosanna," as it was proclaimed by the children of Jerusalem. Then the grace of God is besought to bring us to the glory of Christ's resurrection. The sub-deacon then chants from the Book of Exodus, chap. XV, XVI, the history of the murmurs of the children of Israel after they had left the palm trees and fountains of Elim; their regrets for having quitted the flesh-pots of Egypt, and the promise which the Lord gave them of Manna; thus marking how, in the midst of these mortifications that we must meet after enjoying occasionally a taste of happiness, we are often discouraged by trials and difficulties; but God Himself encourages us not only by the bread of life which came down from heaven, but by the promise of eternal life after we shall have triumphed over the world, the devil, and the flesh.

The deacon, with the usual ceremonies, now sings the gospel, after which he joins the subdeacon,—when the master of ceremonies presents the smaller branches of palm,—and directs them to kneel at the foot of the throne while the Bishop reads the prayer of blessing. In this prayer the Church entreats God to increase the light of faith for the greater triumph of religion and brings before His view the blessings of increase which He bestowed upon Noe at his going out from the Ark, and upon Moses at his coming forth from Egypt. She also regards the catechumens, who are preparing for the graces of baptism, as also the body of the faithful who are looking forward to the Eucharist, and she desires that all bearing those branches may meet Christ in the true spirit of their vocation, so that triumphing over sin they may be enabled to carry the palm of victory and secure for themselves reconciliation through the merits of the Saviour, and having obtained the peace of Christ, enter into the heavenly Jerusalem. The choir then chants the praises of the Eternal in the Trisagion. The blessing is then continued by the bishop in beautiful allusions to the peaceful dove returning with the olive to the ark, and to the people who bore the palms to meet Jesus upon His approach to Jerusalem. While the sign of the cross is made over the branches an entreaty is poured forth that God will bless all those who, with pious sentiments, shall carry them; and that this blessing may be extended to every place into which they shall be carried. The next prayer beautifully dwells upon the mystic lessons taught by the observance, and a short petition made in the true spirit of the Church, beseeches that the lessons of spiritual religion which the emblematic ceremony was intended to teach may be deeply impressed upon the minds of the beholders.

The incense and holy water, I explained in another Essay, are here used

to produce and to show the purifying influence of God's grace.

The custom of blessing and distributing the palms is a very ancient observance. We have documents which show that the practice was well known among the Greeks as early as the second century, and the third and fourth among the Latins. In all probability it was not introduced into the English Church till the middle of the eighth century. In many churches it is still customary to have a procession on Palm Sunday for the purpose of representing the triumphal entry of the Saviour into Jerusalem, so as to direct the faithful to seek and obtain information respecting facts that were for them deeply interesting. This principle is the same that God Himself taught to the Hebrew people; Deut. VI. 20, etc. "And when thy son shall ask thee tomorrow, saying: 'what mean these testimonies and ceremonies and judgments which the Lord hath commanded us?' Thou shalt say to him: We were bondsmen of Pharaoh in Egypt and the Lord brought us out of Egypt with a strong hand; and He wrought signs and wonders great and very grievous in Egypt against Pharaoh and all his house in our sight, and He brought us out from thence that He might bring us in and give us the land concerning which he swore to our fathers; and the Lord commanded that we should do all these ordinances and should fear the Lord our God."

On the same principle, the Jewish Church instituted several festivals and solemnities by the authority conferred upon her by God Himself; and in like manner, by virtue of a similar power given by the Saviour to the Christian Church (St. Matt. XVI. 19, XXVIII, 8. St. John XX. 21, etc), she has instituted a number of ceremonial solemnities for the purpose of impressing her children with a sense of the divine favors and exciting them to proper dispositions of piety.

Thus whilst this Palm Sunday procession was calculated to bring to their minds the solemn occurrences that took place at Jerusalem, it led them, at the same time, to contemplate in spirit the triumphant march of God's children through time to eternity. If they would secure victory and peace, they must walk in the footsteps of the Saviour. They must march behind the standard of the cross if they would seek to enter the heavenly Jerusalem. We must follow our blessed Jesus in the way He has marked out for us.

The Lord Himself had prescribed the very ceremonial with which the Saviour was received. The prophet Zachary (IX, 9) describes the manner of this entry. The custom is a very old one. Profane authors inform us that the strewing of palms and garments before distinguished persons was a testimony of extraordinary respect. Plutarch mentions it in his life of Cato. Even in modern times we have evidences of this custom as a means of showing homage to royal personages.

In some places, during the ages of faith, the palms were blessed outside the city and the procession was stopped at its entrance by finding the gates closed. They were opened after having been struck by the cross. This was the custom in Paris. In other places the holy Eucharist was carried: such was the case at the famous Abbey of Bec in Normandy. It was also the custom at Salisbury, St. Albans, and many other places in England. In some churches the Bible was carried in the procession on Palm Sunday, especially in Germany and in the Orient. This question is a very in-

teresting one and would reward the student or the aliquarian.

But we must return to our ceremony. The blessing having been concluded and the attendants and altar boys having taken their places, the senior clergy present to the celebrant the branches which were held by the deacon and subdeacon, by whom they are placed on the altar. If the celebrant be a bishop, the master of ceremonies now places a richly embroidered veil on his knees. The clergy then go in the order of dignity and receive the palm from the bishop; each pays the proper homage by kissing the hand from which he receives the branch, and the palm itself. The minor clergy, the religious orders, and the altar boys follow. Where the celebrant is a priest, the presenting and receiving of the palm take place in front of the altar. The faithful receive the palms at the altar rail, observing the same form as the clergy. In some places, the palms are given out by the altar boys during the Mass. During the distribution the choir renders appropriate anthems. The celebrant now says the closing prayer, after which he puts incense into the censer which is held by the censer-bearer. The subdeacon, in the meantime, takes the cross and goes to the foot of the throne, if the officiating clergyman be a bishop; if not, he stands at the foot of the altar. The deacon, then turning to the people, chants "Procedamus in pace,"—Let us go forward in peace—to which the answer is: "In Nomine Christi, Amen,"—In the name of Christ, Amen. The procession starts: the cross, which precedes, is veiled in purple, as during the Passion time all crosses are covered. The order varies in certain places. In our churches the altar boys are first, next sodalities, and finally the clergy in order of dignity. As they advance the choir sings the passages taken from the Gospels, describing the occurrence, which is commemorated.

After having made a circuit of the church, the subdeacon strikes with the staff of the cross the vestry door, which has been closed for the mystic reason that has been explained. It is opened and the procession enters, singing the verse, "When the Lord entered into the holy city," etc. This ceremony having been terminated, the bishop, clergy, altar boys, etc., proceed to their proper places, and Mass is celebrated.

The portion of the Gospel selected for this Mass, is the history of the Passion of our Lord as it is related by St. Matthew (XXVI, XXVII), but the mode in which it is chanted differs very much from the ordinary manner. The deacons divide the history between them. The lessons which holy Mother Church desires to teach are, that the Author of blessing was slain for our iniquities; therefore, the benediction is not asked as usual; no lights are borne before the book, for Christ, the true Light which enlighteneth every man coming into this world, was apparently conquered. No smoke of incense ascends, because the very piety and faith of the Apostles was wavering, for when the Shepherd was stricken the sheep of the fold were scattered. No "Dominus Vobiscum" is sung, because it was by a salute the traitor Judas delivered Jesus into the hands of his enemies: nor is "Gloria tibi Domine" said because the grief at beholding the Redeemer stripped of His glory fills the hearts of the faithful.

The ancient manner of enacting tragedy was by one, and, subsequently, by two or more persons who related the history in solemn chant. The way in which the Passion is sung today is a remnant of this ancient custom. The historical re-

cital is by a tenor voice: that which was said by some of those concerned is by a voice in contralto; and those expressions used by our Saviour are in bass; the choir sings the words spoken by the rabble. The palms are held during the recital to show that it was by the sufferings and death of Jesus that the victory over death and hell had been achieved.

When the fact of His bowing down His head on the cross to give up the ghost is related, all kneel in deep humiliation and solemn adoration of Him Who, for our sakes, was thus overwhelmed with the sorrows of death. The last five verses are sung by the deacon in the usual gospel tone after having received the blessing and incensed the book, but without having lights borne, for it is a joyless festival. After the Gospel the creed is recited and the palm branches are laid aside. That touching hymn, the Stabat Mater, is generally sung at the Offertory.

The faithful, looking with confidence to the divine protection which has been implored by the Church in favor of those who bear these palms with proper dispositions, and also the places into which they shall be carried, revere these blessed objects and keep them with respect as memorials of the great event which caused their introduction.

II.

HOLY THURSDAY.

The office of Holy Thursday begins the evening previous. From the days of the Apostles the Church has prescribed for her clergy a divine office; or, in other words, a sacred duty of daily prayer.

Amongst the ancients the night was divided into four watches and the day into four stations, so that the military who were appointed to guard-duty, relieved each other at the termination of each watch or station. In several of the Christian churches, the followers of the Lord emulated those of the emperors in the faithfulness of their service and the court of the heavenly Monarch was never without heavenly adorers. Our forefathers were fervent men who regarded themselves as exiles in this vale of tears, and looked to heaven as their true country. They aspired to unite in psalms and hymns with the choirs of the blessed with whom they desired to dwell for all eternity. The royal Psalmist declares (Ps. CXVIII, 62) "that David rose at midnight to give praise to the Lord." This was the custom of the early Christians, and when Christianity spread and monasteries and churches were erected everywhere, the clergy said their office in public. The canons of the various cathedrals formulated the time and manner of conducting the service and hence the office came to be known by the appellation of the canonical hours.

This discipline was not everywhere the same, but there was a striking similarity. The hours of the night were called Nocturns. On ordinary occasions there was only one nocturn, but on very solemn occasions there were three. At this assembly a number of psalms were chanted after which some scriptural or other lessons were read and prayers were offered. When there were several nocturns, this same custom was observed at each. The office of the night on solemn occasions consisted of three Nocturns, at the first of which three psalms were chanted and three lessons of the Old Testament were read; after each of which an appropriate responsory was sung. At the second nocturn three other psalms were chanted, and the three lessons were read from the writings of some pious and learned prelate, or from the history of the martyrdom and virtues of those whose feast was

celebrated. At the third nocturn, they sang three other psalms and read some lessons of the New Testament. On Sunday the number of psalms for the first nocturn was sometimes nine and sometimes more.

The ancients had given the name of Matuta to a fictitious deity whom the Greeks called "the White Goddess." Later she was called by the Romans "Aurora." Hence the period of the morning was called Matutinum tempus. The Christians began their praises, just before daybreak, in the reading of four psalms and a canticle: this office was called Laudes ad matutinum, or the praises for the morning. A variety of reasons conspired to introduce subsequently the practice of assembling just before dawn to perform the offices of the night instead of continuing the night watches, and all this portion of the office came therefore to be known as that of Matins and Lauds. But in some monasteries of strict observance, they preserve the ancient custom of rising at midnight for matins. Some new portions were, from time to time, added to the psalms and lessons. The antiphons were chanted before and after the psalms. The "Glory be to the Father" was added and a short passage in keeping with the festival was sung in a more lively strain, which was called a versicle, because during its performance they turned towards the altar,—versus altare,—and the response or answer was in the same tone. The senior clergyman repeated the Lord's Prayer and also a short form called the "Absolution," because it finished the psalms of that nocturn; and each reader besought a blessing before he commenced his lesson. Besides, the presiding officer at the commencement entreated the Lord to open his lips that his mouth might announce the Creator's praise. He also invited the special aid of God; a joyful invitatory psalm with appropriate versicles and responsories was sung to excite the fervor of the assembly; and a hymn, generally in lyric measure, preceded the first nocturn. The "Te Deum" followed the last lesson; and a little chapter of festivity with a suitable hymn before the canticle terminated Lauds. A portion of the office was celebrated at the first, third, sixth, and ninth hours of the day, as also at Vespers; and complin formed the conclusion of the divine service.

For a long time after the vigils were discontinued the faithful used to assemble at midnight for the nocturns of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of Holy Week; but for several centuries the office has been celebrated in the afternoon of the preceding day. On these days the Church rejects all that has been introduced into her office to express joy. The first invocations are omitted, no invitatory is made, no hymn is sung; the nocturn commences by the antiphon of the first psalm; the versicle and responsory end the choral chant, for no absolution is given. The lessons are also said without blessing being asked or received; no chapter at Lauds, but the "Miserere" follows the canticle and precedes the prayer which is said without any salutation of the people, and even without the usual notice of "Oremus." The celebrant also lowers his voice towards the termination of the petition itself. Thus the "Amen" is not said by the people as on other occasions, nor is the doxology found in any part of the service.

The office is called "Tenebræ" or darkness. Authors are not agreed as to its origin. In all probability it received its name because formerly it was celebrated in the darkness of midnight. At the Epistle side of the sanctuary is a large

candlestick upon whose summit a triangle is placed; on the sides ascending to the apex of this figure are fourteen unbleached wax candles and one on the point itself. These lights, and the ones on the altar, are extinguished during the office. There is a diversity of opinion among writers as to the ceremonial meaning of this extinction. The explanation which seems to me the most instructive is that which informs us that the candles which are ranged along the sides of this triangle represent the patriarchs and prophets who, under the old dispensation, gave the world the light of that imperfect revelation which they received, but all tending towards one point which was Christ, the Messiah, the one in whom all nations should be blessed and Who was to shed light upon a world that was enveloped in darkness. As these lights are extinguished, one at the end of each psalm, so were these chosen ones, after having proclaimed the praises of the Redeemer, put to death by the people whom they instructed. Towards the termination of the office the lights on the altar are extinguished whilst the choir chants the "Benedictus," which proclaims the praises of the Lord and the glories of the Redeemer. This ceremony corresponds to the history of betrayal. The conspiracy is successful: the traitor Judas delivers his Victim; for now the remaining candle is taken down and concealed under the altar at the Epistle side; the prayer is in silence, the psalm beseeching mercy is sung, the last petition is made, and a sudden noise is made which reminds us of the convulsions of nature at the Saviour's death, when crying out with a loud voice He gave up the ghost; whilst the sun refused to give its light, the moon was covered with dark clouds, the veil of the temple was rent, the graves opened, and the dead walked forth from their resting place and appeared to many.

But this light has not been extinguished; it has only been covered for a time. It will be produced, still burning and shedding its light around. Yes, dear Christians, the third day will see the risen Saviour driving forth the darkness of the world. The antiphon of the first psalm is entoned; the psalms are chanted in a funereal tone; after the Versicle, the "Pater Noster" is said in a low voice.

The first lesson is taken from the Lamentations of the prophet Jeremias, in which, under the name of the daughter of Sion, he bewails the desolation of Jerusalem. Four voices sing this in parts; the second and third lessons are from the same book; they are rendered in plain chant. At the conclusion of each lesson, the choir, in the name of the Church, calls pathetically upon the Jewish nation, and on all sinners, to be converted. The invitation is, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, O turn to the Lord thy God." The responsories to each lesson are sung by the assisting clergy. The lessons of the second nocturn are a portion of the homily of St. Augustine on the fifty-fourth psalm, and those of the third nocturn are that portion of the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians which relates to the institution of the Holy Eucharist by our blessed Saviour the night before He was betrayed.

After these lessons and their proper responsories, the office of Lauds commences. The antiphon, "Thou wilt be justified, O Lord! in Thy words and shalt overcome when Thou art judged," precedes the psalm, "Miserere." When the other psalms and the canticle of Moses have been concluded and all the candles on the stand have been extinguished save the one on the summit of the triangle, the versicle is sung; the antiphon to the canticle of Zachary, "The traitor gave them a sign, saying, whomsoever I shall kiss, is He, hold ye Him," is concluded: the canticle itself called

from its first word, "Benedictus," is next sung, then the antiphon is repeated. When the lights upon the altar have been extinguished, the Bishop stands, and after the singing of the versicle which follows: "Christ was made for us obedient, even unto death," — he kneels, the Lord's prayer is secretly said, after which the quartet sings the "Miserere" in alternate verses with the other voices. The Bishop now reads the closing prayer, the last words of which are scarcely audible, and a noise succeeds which represents the confusion of nature which occurred at the Redeemer's death, when the centurion and they who were with him returned into the city, declaring that indeed he was the Son of God; many striking their breasts and bewailing their sins. Such are the sentiments the Church would instil into the hearts of her children by witnessing the ceremonies of Holy Week.

III.

Holy Thursday is called "Maundy Thursday" from the mandatum or command given by our blessed Saviour for washing the feet. Formerly it was usual in many places to celebrate three Masses on this day. At the first the public penitents were reconciled; at the second the oils were consecrated; at the third the institution of the Holy Mass and of the Blessed Sacrament were commemorated. Now only one Mass is celebated in each Church, and if it be a cathedral the oils are blessed and the clergy go to Communion.

The anniversary of the institution of the Holy Eucharist is also the anniversary of the Passover or the liberation of the people of Israel from Egypt. Every year, by a divine ordinance, the pascal supper was observed, to commemorate their deliverance, which occurred after their fathers had eaten the flesh of the lamb. This victim was a figure of Jesus Christ, the true Lamb Who takes away the sins of the world, and Who was slain without breaking a bone in His body, and whose blood was sprinkled, not upon the door posts, but upon the souls of those whom He desires to save from the destroying angel, and to whom He gave the command that they should eat the flesh of that very Lamb by whose blood they are redeemed. The Jewish ceremony was not only a commemoration of the deliverance of their fathers, but also a figure of the Saviour's death and of the holy sacrifice of the Mass and of the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. The Saviour went up to Jerusalem to accomplish the redemption, while He also, in so doing, fulfilled the ancient figure. The Evangelists relate to us how He sent His disciples to prepare their paschal supper (St. Matt., XXVI, 18). At this celebration He told them how He had desired to eat the Passover with them because He was not to have any other celebration till He would establish, in its stead, the new ordinance in the kingdom of God, the institution of the Mass and the Real Presence in His Church (St. Luke, XXII, 15, 16). An ordinary repast followed this celebration; and while they were eating this meal, he published how one of them was about to betray him (St. Matt. XXVI, 21). And when He had done this, He got up from the table and laying aside his outer garments, He girded Himself with a towel and pouring water into a basin, He washed the feet of the disciples, desiring that His grace should make them free from crime so that they might receive with benefit, the holy sacrament He was about to institute. They were still at the table (St. Matt., XXVI, 26) when the Saviour took bread and wine which He blessed and changed, and offered to His heavenly Father, giving thanks, and broke and distributed to them, declaring that under

these appearances was the body which was given for them (St. Luke, XXII, 17), and that blood which should be shed for many for the remission of sins (St. Matt., XXV, 28), and then He gave them power to do what He had done, for the purpose of a commemoration of Him or of showing forth His death until His second coming (1 Cor., 24, 25, 26).

The ceremonies of this great day regard the facts as here related. The Church, even in the midst of her grief, allows on this day evidences of joy and gratitude for the glorious boon conferred on her children in this sacrament of love. On entering the church, her feelings will be at once seen. Though her ornaments are veiled, yet they are covered with white and the altars are somewhat ornamented.

The celebrant of the Mass on this day consecrates two particles of the sacred Host: one to be consumed as usual at the Mass; the other to be carried in procession to the repository, where it is kept till the next day, when it is brought back and consumed at the office ot Good Friday. In some ancient churches the particle was not carried away as now is the custom, but was placed with the greatest reverence behind the altar. We also read that it was placed in a ciborium which was suspended, according to a very ancient usage, over the altar. The churches of the Christian world honor the Real Presence in the most becoming manner on this day. This being the anniversary of the institution, the devotion of the faithful exhibits itself in an affectionate and respectful gratitude towards Him, who, when about to close His mortal career, left us a pledge of His most tender affection. On this day we commemorate His humiliations and reflect on our manifold transgressions of His law. Consequently on this day, we desire to give some expression of our anxiety to do Him homage. It is for this purpose that the Church has, for so many centuries, continued to marshal this procession, to prepare a repository where the Blessed Sacrament might receive tokens of our love, and where we might approach our hidden God and render Him that homage and adoration which angels joyfully pay.

At the conclusion of the Mass the procession is formed in the same order that it was on Palm Sunday. The cross is covered with a purple veil, and the subdeacon who bears it leads the procession. The beautiful hymn. "Pange Lingua," is entoned: the bishop having adored the Blessed Sacrament, receives the chalice which contains it, and covers it with the veil which he wears upon his shoulders. Without mitre and with incense burning before him, he follows the procession to the Repository. This chapel is generally beautifully decorated with flowers and plants and myriads of wax candles. When the Bishop arrives at the altar, the deacon receives from him the chalice which contains the Blessed Sacrament and places it in the tabernacle prepared for that purpose. Incense is again served and the bishop perfumes the Blessed Sacrament and the deacon closes the door of the repository. The "Tantum Ergo" is sung during this ceremony.

The name of sepulchre has often been given by the faithful to the repository in which the Sacrament is kept, and they visit it in memory of the body of Christ having reposed in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. This is very beautiful and offers an opportunity for meditation, but the real reason for removing the Blessed Sacrament to a place where it reposes in state is to give the faithful an opportunity of indulging their devotion towards the Holy Eucharist on the anniversary of its institution, whilst the principal altar is stripped of its decorations in order to exhibit the desolation of the passion. The

bishop now grants the people a partial indulgence with papal benediction. The following is the form of prayer the Holy Father uses and which he prescribes for the Universal Church. "May the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, in whose power and authority we place confidence, intercede for us with the Lord, Amen. We ask through the prayers and merits of the blessed Mary ever Virgin, of the blessed John the Baptist, of the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul and all the saints, that the Almighty God may have mercy upon you and that all your sins be forgiven, and that Jesus Christ would bring you to eternal life, Amen.

"May the Almighty and merciful Lord bestow upon you indulgence, absolution, and remission of all your sins, opportunity of true and fruitful penance; hearts always contrite, penitent, and consolation of the Holy Ghost and final perseverance in good works. Amen."

Then rising and thrice making the sign of the cross over the multitude at the mention of the persons of the blessed Trinity, he prays: "And may the blessing of God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, descend upon you and remain forever, Amen." The High Priest then reads the notice in Latin and in English, making known that to all those who have attended with proper disposition and true repentance and are in the state of friendship with God, a plenary indulgence is granted.

(To be Continued.)

THE DRAMATIC YEAR REVIEWED.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

Perhaps the modern world pays more attention to the stage than it should, a disproportionate attention, since pleasure is the motive. However, as a people may be poisoned through their wells, so may they be poisoned through their amusements; and therefore someone must take account of the amusements, analyze them, and gather the data for reformers, legislators and the police. The stage is one of the most popular forms of amusement; in New York this fact is brought home to the stupidest by the number and the glare of the theatres; in one sense the metropolis is the centre of the American stage; it will therefore be worth while to analyze the productions of the New York stage during the season which has just closed, with the double purpose of enlightening the public and the managers, as the banqueters and hosts, on the character of the "funeral baked meats," which coldly furnished forth the tables.

The world of the stage is small, but boils like a volcano, more noisily than the Stock Exchange indeed. It holds more ambition, more trickery, more human conceit and vanity, and less sense and purpose than any other department of financial and æsthetic activity. Money is its aim, its breath. The artistic is accidental. One may reasonably question if a single manager in New York ever considers the purely artistic or the purely moral in a production, except in so far as they may be necessary to financial success. The stage and the play are on the same level as the grocery business. Keep this in mind, in order to grasp many of the things not printed but implied in this article.

Roughly speaking, something over two hundred stage productions were put on the boards in Manhattan during the past season. Forty theatres entertained half a million people each week of the thirty-five devoted to the regular play. Leav-

ing out vaudeville, the productions included musical burlesques and extravaganzas, numbering twenty-five; farces counted twenty; comedies fifteen; Shakpearean plays ten; Broadway dramas thirty; and the melodramas of all grades about one hundred. The prominent fact in this enumeration is the melodrama, the people's play, the play which acts a human story, but on the ideal plane. Evidently at this date of history, "the play's the thing." This fact ought to be of immense interest to the managers, and our authorities may find much to think of in the number of people who made up the audiences. Surely the theatre is worthy of as much attention as the saloon, and for the same reasons.

What was the nature of the amusement provided by the managers of these New York theatres? Shakspeare was fairly treated in the ten productions allotted to him. Actors, interpretation, and scenery were all above the average of our time. Owing to the popular interest in such productions as Sothern's *Hamlet,* allied with the average actor's desire to play Shakspeare once in his lifetime, there will be a revival of the great dramatist next season, a revival which may extend over the five following years. There does not seem to be any significance for managers in this constantly recurring popularity of Shakspeare, which is really a protest against the conventional trash inflicted by them on the public. Never was conventional trash so popular with the money-seeking managers as at present. It has made so much money for them, it is so much more profitable to surfeit audiences with safe stuff, that the merely original is rejected at the first glance.

This season's farce scored a striking failure. Of the twenty farces presented perhaps Mr. Dixey's *Facing the Music* alone secured a profitable run. The failure is not altogether inexplicable. As has already been pointed out in these pages, our dramatists have forgotten or never learned how to write farce. Always bad imitators, their imitations of French farce have either been nasty or ludicrous. Clever farce never lacks an audience. Stupid farce could not buy one at two dollars a head, and we have had much of that sort the past year. Then the musical hodge-podge, brazenly called comic opera, has superseded here all forms of humorous entertainment. When one can get spectacle, music, ballet, and farce in a single performance, and laugh himself to death amid splendors that might shame the Daly stage, why should he waste time and money on the abortion known as American farce? *The Wizard of Oz* has held the play-goers spellbound for eight months, and will probably run all summer. There is no reason why it should not run forever in the wide English-speaking world. A study of it will make clear why farce has no chance beside it anywhere.

Comedy did a shade better than farce, but its failure was none the less striking. *The Mummy and The Humming-Bird* with John Drew in the leading part was interesting to the audience and profitable to the manager. Its author, Henderson, is an English convert to the faith since last year, it is said. *Mrs. Jack* was presented by Alice Fischer, securing at the least a *succes d'estime;* Dodson, famous for his Cardinal Richelieu, could not make *An American Invasion* go for a month even; Mrs. LeMoyne appeared in a nondescript thing with the title, *Among Those Present,* but could not hold the attention of her audiences with all her admirable powers; *Cynthia* proved a failure for Elsie De Wolfe; Louis Mann failed in *The Consul;* Henry Miller had faint success in *The Taming of Helen;* Ethel

Barrymore carried *The Country Mouse* through a fortunate season; Annie Russell scored only a personal success in *Mice and Men;* Nat Goodwin and his wife sacrificed a good deal on *The Altar of Friendship;* and Thompson remained paralyzed under the dreadful burden of *The Bishop's Move.* The one straightforward success was *The Earl of Pawtucket,* half comedy, half farce, built around the personality of Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay. Possibly our people do not want comedy. Certain it is, they do not want the comedy flung at them by the managers. Clyde Fitch scored a startling failure in *The Bird and the Cage,* another in *The Stubbornness of Geraldine,* a fair success in *The Frisky Mrs. Johnson,* and a winner in *The Girl with the Green Eyes.*

The Broadway drama, as distinguished from the drama off Broadway, may be anything under heaven's forgiving canopy, from Sudermann and other dramatic lights down to Hall Caine. The metropolitan stamp is given only to the play produced in a Broadway theatre, which graciously includes all the theatres with first-class prices, whether on the main street or in a neighboring avenue. The Frohman productions, the Fiske enterprises, the syndicate stars, the foreign constellations, all come to Broadway, receive the stamp of glory, and then play anywhere, from the Chicago Auditorium to a Texas barn. Duse played there this season with the nightmare productions of D'Annunzio, and went home a wiser and a sadder woman. It is announced that she will play other parts next year. The admiration aroused by her ability was so neutralized by disgust at her bad taste in selecting her plays, that her managers suffered severely in pocket. Perhaps her failure drew from Manager William Brady the hearty declaration that there is no money in a vile play. Occasionally vile things appear on Broadway. Pinero's *Iris* was of that stamp, and it failed, after the fashion in which Charles Frohman's productions fail. No one hears of the failure, for the press trumpets keep playing to cover the sounds of woe in the box-office, and the subsequent tramp of the manager on retreat. The Empire stock company had a lamentable time of it with *Imprudence* and *The Unforeseen,* but the company faced its audiences week after week for five months with composure.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell went through her round of plays successfully, and almost pleased the critics with *Aunt Jeannie* and *The Joy of Living;* a very capable actress indeed, whose eye is seldom off the main chance, and who might do striking things if she loved her art more and her profits less; but one may charitably suppose that her managers will not allow it. Her plays did not matter much. Willard did a creditable thing when he produced *The Cardinal,* and Grace George when she gave *Pretty Peggy.* Martin Harvey proved himself an artist by his round of plays in the early winter, and David Belasco his right to Daly's shoes by the staging of *The Darling of the Gods,* which was the finest thing in stage art that New York has seen, besides being a rather interesting play. *Resurrection,* already reviewed here, did not prove as interesting to outsiders as to New Yorkers. As a play its construction was poor. The acting of Haworth and Miss Walsh alone made it presentable. In a recent number of a magazine Father Sheehan raises a lament over the production of this drama in London. It is not worth lamenting, for if it has any effect at all on audiences it will be for good. The deep contrition and lofty atonement of a seducer, the repentance and reformation of an unfortu-

nate Magdalen, are not spectacles which degrade, though the grace of God is not included in the *motifs* of the drama.

It would be difficult to describe the Broadway play, whose great characteristic is its ability to get a hearing before a Broadway audience. Negatively, it may be described by its possibilities. Anything can be looked for in it. The new ideas use it as a mask for an attack on the honest conventions of the stage. It may be as sweet and true as the lovely *Heidelberg,* which Aubrey Boucicault presented during the winter; and again it may be as objectionable as *Iris* and the plays of D'Annunzio. Ibsen appears only on Broadway. In other theatres he would be incomprehensible, or the object of healthy ridicule. The suicide of the hero or the heroine, the divorce of all the married parties in the play, and their second marriages, polite atheism, pessimism, the sins of the time, often find expression in the Broadway play. This in itself is not objectionable, since the dramatic expression of these violations of the law proves how useless they are as play material; and how specially valueless to the money-making manager. As they must have some vent, Broadway provides a good chimney to carry the smoke and the smell into the upper air. The Broadway manager is not a remarkable personage as a rule. His spirit is of the earth. Recently two men have joined the circle of managerial immortals, Harrison Grey Fiske and David Belasco, from whom much may be expected. Mr. Fiske is a college graduate, journalist, playwright, critic, and a gentleman. His character, taste, training, and experience will demand from him the very best in the matter of dramatic production. Moreover, he has ideals. Mr. Belasco placed himself in the front rank with his *Zaza* and *The Darling of the Gods.*

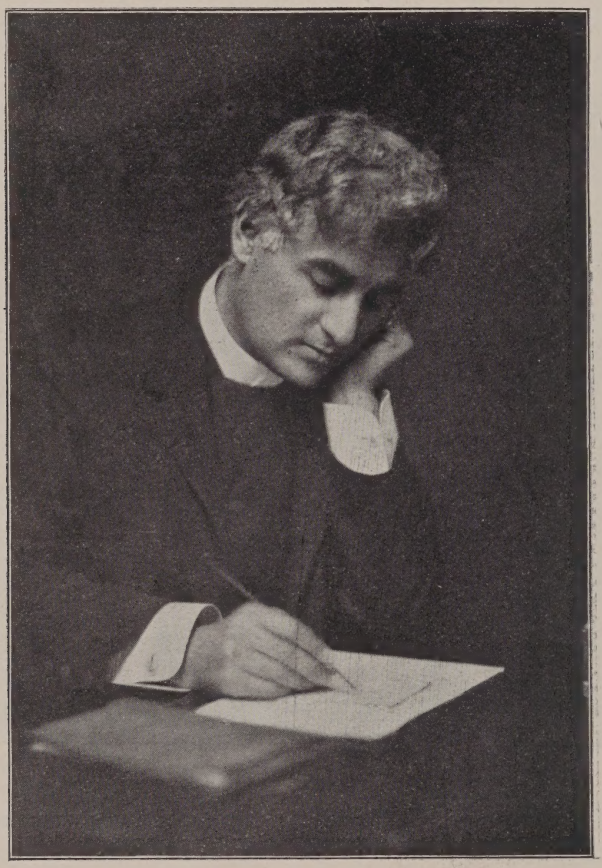
While these various forms of the drama hold the attention of the critics, and attract the more sensitive play-goers, the melodrama continues on its conventional way, very much like an honest old stage-coach over the ancient turnpikes. It is played on Broadway as well as in the remoter avenues. How the people turn out when Henrietta Crossman lets loose such a play as *The Sword of the King,* or handsome Richard Hackett dons his army uniform in *The Crisis,* or dashing Brandon Tynan essays the pathetic role of *Robert Emmet!* You can tell what the play is from the title. Every boy in Harlem went to see Thomas C. Shea eat the scenery in *The Price of Honor;* all the girls in the neighborhood wept over the fortunes of *Only a Shop Girl; The Gates of Justice* certainly drew out the labor unionists; one may dream of the floods of tears shed over *A Mother's Heart* and *A Sister's Love; A Kentucky Feud* and *A Montana Outlaw* and *The James Boys in Missouri* surely unsettled the dreams of the office-boys for a month after; *Defending Her Honor, A Working Girl's Wrongs, The Eternal City, The Game of Life,* and *The Power of the Cross* are titles that explain the play before the curtain rises. The noblest of these popular plays, both in the matter and the manner, was *The Only Way,* as presented by Martin Harvey; the most typical was *Jim Bludsoe.* In the former the hero gave his life for the happiness of the woman he loved; in the latter a rough diamond stood by his unfaithful wife to the last, because she *was* his wife and the mother of his child. The Broadway audience gave both their applause, while laughing in their sleeve at such impossible self-sacrifice; the other audiences wept and blessed God that such virtues still lived among men, and among dramatists.

The significant dramas of the year were *Mary of Magdala* and *Everyman*. Of either nothing particular need be said since this magazine described them earlier in the year. Their significance lies in the fact that they gave expression to the religious side of life; Mrs. Fiske's play with the vagueness peculiar to our times, *Everyman* with the simple directness and candor of the ages of faith. Charles Frohman was so impressed with the public interest in the old morality play, that he gave vent to his feelings in an interview which prophesied the return of the religious drama to the stage. Audiences departed from these religious plays with a different set of emotions from ordinary. They may or may not have observed how shallow and even cheap the average play appeared beside dramas dealing so powerfully with universal emotions and lofty personages. The year's output of drama took on a sickly hue in the light of the scriptural drama and the morality play. For there can be no doubt about the fact that the two hundred productions just described in outline were as shallow emotionally and as invertebrate structurally as the fishes that swim in the sea. Morally they were all very clean. While there was enough for denunciation, and some conventional improprieties which do not shock New Yorkers, the mother of a family could have sat through them everyone without a blush. If only the talkers would bear this in mind!

SCENE FROM "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

The reflections suggested by a careful review of the year's dramatic work may be presented in a few paragraphs. The people want the play. Vaudeville is all very well, spectacle, comic opera, and other oddities have their place, but the play, the drama which acts a story, which avoids the problem, which shuts out the

abnormal, the horrible, the disgusting, and the unreal, this play the people hunger for as eagerly as in the ancient Greek days. And the managers cannot get plays of this sort, because they themselves stand in the way. One of last year's successes was *A Message from Mars,* a charming bit of idealism, with a moral lesson as fine if not so interesting as *Everyman's.* Not a manager would touch it for years. These sharp business men know nothing but the successes of the past, and of the present. When one makes a hit with a musical abomination all the others follow suit with more abominations. One refuses to read a play in which the hero and heroine are married at the start; therefore, in all his plays the marriage must be deferred till the fall of the curtain. Another will not touch a play on Joan of Arc, because all the plays on that subject have been failures. All the managers with ambitions and money would give much to produce a Passion Play, but not one of them will permit a word of religion in any other venture. The dramatists are cooped and stifled by the managers, on the plea that the process is necessary to success.



DAVID BELASCO.

The people want the play, and the dramatists are willing to provide it. The managers will not give it. In order to

insure monied success, the play must be written to order, or fitted to the peculiarities of a particular actor. In consequence only the multitude of unknown writers try for success in the drama. Augustus Thomas and Clyde Fitch write for a certain manager, a fixed star, and a known audience. Their plays have no more spontaneity and originality than the managers and actors can stand. The actor gives no interpretation, no life to a part; he simply plays himself. Augustus Pitou wrote all the plays produced by Chauncey Olcott, or directed their composition; and Mr. Olcott, after fifteen years of acting, knows as much about the art as he did when he started; and the same may be said of his dramatist! However, they make money! There seems to be no relief from this distressing situation.

MRS. LE MOYNE IN "THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD."

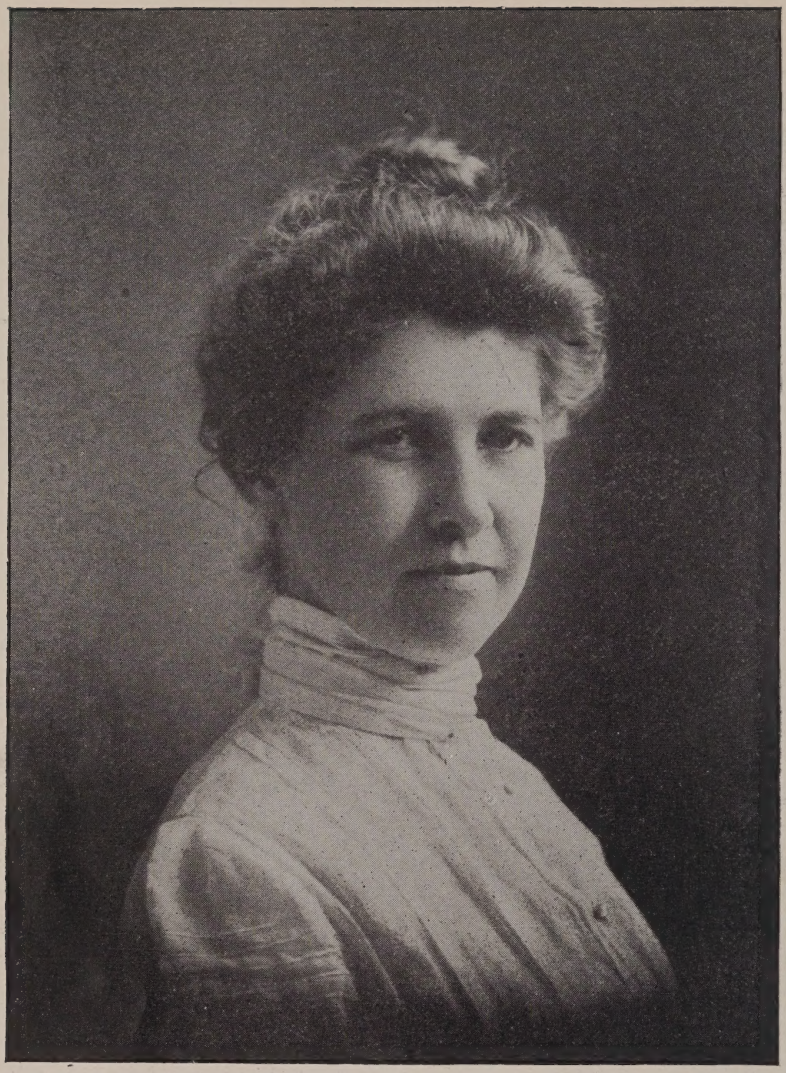
The dead level of the natural holds the drama close to the earth, when it should be soaring. The eagle is in the hen-coops

of the managers. As man has capacities for the religious, for the supernatural, the natural dead level of the play tires him in time. Humanity is no longer a watchword; Liberty every American enjoys; there are no tyrants and tyrannies amid clouds of stage glory. Let the drama ascend! Shut out Pinero, buy off Sudermann, banish Ibsen, and consign half the managers to Sing Sing, and there will be a chance for the true drama! The sources of that drama will be found in

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

to be swatted and made the subject of plays; Cuba is free and the Philippines are not popular: these subjects are therefore banned. One reason of the ever-greenness of Uncle Tom's Cabin is the ascent into heaven of Little Eva and Uncle Tom the past history and present condition of our own people; in the great, the really great personages of the past, who led the movements which landed each race or period farther ahead in the way of progress.

FRIENDS.



Courtesy of The Republic.

MISS MARGARET A. HALEY.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Miss Margaret A. Haley, President of the National Federation of Teachers, during the recent convention of teachers, held at Boston, proved herself to be a clever parliamentarian, and scored a signal victory over Presidents Butler and Eliot, by a vote of one hundred and twenty-three to forty-three.

The annual meeting was the liveliest and most interesting ever held by the organization. The only one to compare with it before was at Milwaukee, in 1897, when an amendment was carried upsetting an old order of things that was then deemed a relic of barbaric days. The trouble at the Boston convention arose over an attempt to do away with the work of the Milwaukee gathering. This work was a provision in the by-laws that the members of the committee for nominating officers, on which there is one from each state, be chosen by a majority of active members in attendance at the conventions. In practice, very few members "in attend-

ance" come to these nominating meetings, so that the provisions of the by-laws were never met, leaving to the president, under another clause, the power and duty to nominate as he saw fit.

President Butler moved to substitute a provision that the president choose the nominating committee and they in turn nominate the officers for the year. He went on to show by statistics that the meetings of state members, qualified to choose on the nominating committee, were never representative of their states; that they were as small as three, five, ten members, while hundreds were "in attendance," one case being cited where only one member attended such a meeting, where he chose himself for the nominating committee and signed his own warrant for that duty himself as chairman of the meeting.

Miss Margaret A. Haley opened the debate with an emphatic no. She urged in substance that the motive behind the proposed amendment was prompted by the discovery since the Milwaukee convention that the by-law in question let the women in and that this amendment, by establishing a self-perpetuating machine, was designed to prevent any increase in such influence, not by combating their arguments, but by keeping them out; there was too much centralization of power already, and the amendment would remove the last shred of control the members had in the affairs of the organization; it was unjust to thus smother the aspirations and the discussions aroused by the needs of a large part of the teaching profession; it was unjust also practically to disfranchise the few who attended the "nominating" meetings, by placing a premium on indifference to the interests of the N. E. A. She urged a substitute motion providing that a majority of "those present" at such meetings would suffice.

There was a chorus of demands for the floor when she closed, and Mr. Pierce of Nebraska, being recognized, deprecated the intrusion of the sex question, where only a principle was involved. The meeting was now aroused, and Mr. Pierce was as warmly applauded by one party as Miss Haley had been by another, despite the awful heat. Mr. Pierce nevertheless favored the "majority present" suggestion. Mr. Keller of Wisconsin argued that the proposed amendment was a rejuvenescence of an evil that had been scotched but not killed at Milwaukee in 1897.

President Eliot intervened at this juncture by recounting some of his experiences as president during his term, during which none of the provisions of the by-law in dispute had been legally met. No "majority in attendance" had expressed their will in the choice of member of the nominating committee, and some change, preferably that of President Butler, which would enable such important business of the organization to be transacted legally, was needed.

Mr. Bicknell of Rhode Island urged the right of the states to decide on their representation, but confessed himself a delinquent by saying that he did not know when the meeting was to be held, having overlooked the announcement in the programme. Mr. Canfield, who is librarian at Columbia University, supported the Butler amendment.

Miss Edmund spoke much in the same vein, taking the ground that, in her experience, the women had had nothing to complain of in their treatment at the hands of the

MISS EMILY A. CALLAGHAN.

men. She regretted that active women members were so prone to shirk the real responsibilities of membership. Mr. Mott of Indiana urged the states' rights view of settlement. There had been, by this time, a substitute motion by Miss Haley, who had withdrawn in favor of Mr. Keller, who had been amended, and that amended in turn.

President Eliot's skill as a parliamentarian was undergoing a test, with several motions to lay on the table and to adjourn, superposed on the foregoing adverse votes on which indicated a disposition on the part of the meeting to fight it out then and there. Mr. Prince now intervened with a new amendment, that was clearly an olive branch, but he got tangled in the wording and gave way to Mr. Bouton of Pittsfield, who worded Mr. Prince's motion, so that a majority of active members present at a meeting to choose for the nominating committee shall be competent. This was carried by a show of hands, one hundred and twenty-three to forty-three.

MISS AGNES CLERKE.

Miss Haley was born in the West, and very early in life became a student of economic questions. From her father—an Irishman, patriotic, well educated, and broadly sympathetic in his views—she inherited intolerance of injustice and the militant spirit to combat for the right. When very young she entered the ranks of the teachers, and soon became keenly alive to the abuses of power from which they suffered. With the courage of her convictions she came out into the open demanding that justice be done. The story of her efforts and of the success already won is a record to be proud of. Practically alone, Miss Haley dared to take up the cudgels for the grade teachers of Chicago, and started a movement to enforce the payment of their salaries by a board of education intent on cutting down the school year and reducing wages already in arrears. When she and Miss Coggin, then President of the Federation of Chicago teachers, began to plan for the welfare of their fellow teachers, they had no idea of the magnitude of the work they had undertaken. Without money, influence, or experience of public affairs, they entered on a campaign that affected every large corporation in the city of Chicago. Opposition met them at every turn, but only spurred them on to further effort. They arranged for meetings in the prominent halls, to reach the voters, and enlisted teachers, pupils, and their friends, to make the meetings a success. Campaign literature was widely distributed, and prominent speakers, among them Bishop Spalding and Rev. Thomas E. Cox, were invited to address the meeting.

The enormous amount of detail necessary to prepare information and facts for these gatherings fell to the lot of Miss Haley. She had to master the revenue laws of Illinois, especially their application to Cook county, and to study their almost endless complications arising from the annexation of villages and townships. It is said of her that no lawyer could question her accuracy or the extent of her knowledge of these matters after she started. Next she took up the old reports of the State board of equalization, covering a period of twenty-eight years, and made comparative statements until she had a command of facts and figures possessed by few city officials or statisticians. She mastered the reports of the State auditor for the current year so far as they bore upon tax questions. She possessed herself of the reports of the great franchise corporations to their stockholders. She studied the daily sales of the stock exchange, working out the average market price. Before she was through with these corporations, she knew what no stockholder, director, or attorney knew about their history and records. At one time in the official proceedings, the attorneys of these corporations came to her for figures and inserted them in their reports, as they were more reliable than any others.

The laurels won at the recent convention were modestly worn by this brilliant Chicago woman, who has repeatedly proved her fitness to lead the army of bright Chicago educators. Their admiration for and loyalty to their leader were repeatedly demonstrated during her visit to Boston, not even the attractions of this historic city wiling them away from the convention halls when they thought that their support would be needed.

Miss Emily A. Callaghan, whose recently published volume, "Memoirs and writings of Very Rev. James F. Callaghan, D. D.," is meeting with such deserved recognition, is a native of Cincinnati, where she still lives. Miss Callaghan is a sister of the late Dr. Callaghan, one of the most scholarly and eloquent clergymen of the Church in the Middle West, and whose devotion to Archbishop Pur-

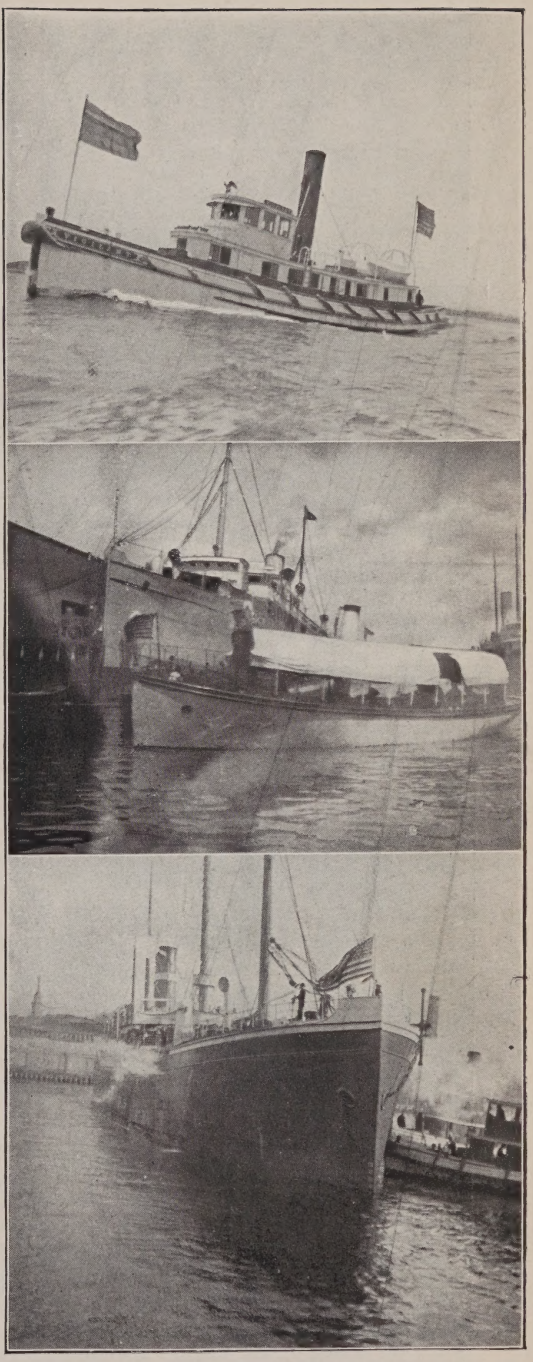
(Continued on page 198.)

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A SHIP'S SURGEON.

T. J. DILLON.

What I don't know about ships and the sea would fill a volume bigger than the family Bible. My first experience of the water, after I was christened, began auspiciously on St. Patrick's Day, many golden years ago. With some other small boys of my acquaintance I started out on a voyage of discovery, and in our wanderings we arrived at what was known as the Grand Canal. Perceiving a large flat-bottomed boat moored to a stake we proceeded, like true pirates, to appropriate it. Our primitive means of propulsion was a long pole, and we were getting along famously and thinking what a gay buccaneering life we were leading, when suddenly the end of the boat on which I was seated with another boy gave way and we were precipitated backward into the water. Our chums were too busy working the propelling gear to notice our disappearance, and as neither of us could swim a watery grave seemed all that was left to us had not my head bobbed up serenely above the surface. I was seized by the hair, which providentially was more plentiful then than now, and was dragged into what was left of the boat. My companion in distress having securely anchored himself to my legs was drawn aboard after me. This was the first time I ever drowned the shamrock.

The next time I essayed the briny deep, I had my first experience of seasickness. The recollections of that episode are indelibly engraved on my memory. That day, and the day I first smoked, will be ever treasured among the most vivid recollections of my boyhood. The scene of the tragedy is laid in Dublin Bay, a small boat with four



BOAT CARRYING QUARANTINE DOCTOR.
BOAT BRINGING VISITORS.
READY TO START

THE SHIP'S SURGEON.

youths fishing, discovered. Suddenly a squall comes on—but, why tell the agonizing story? Enough to say by some miraculous interposition of Providence I was landed safely and am alive today to tell the tale.

My next sea experience was a voyage to Scotland to visit the principal hospitals of Edinburgh and Glasgow. I first consulted fifty of the leading physicians of Dublin as to the best remedies for seasickness, and received as many different prescriptions, all of them "sure-cures" for mal-de-mer. Having procured them all, with the addition of a bottle of brandy which a man once told me was a good thing on land or sea, I secured my stateroom and lay down in my bunk in eager expectancy. After lying in wait for sixteen long hours to my disappointment the demon of the sea never entered my cabin, though he was evidently very much on board, but probably too busy with the other passengers to waste his time upon me.

WATCHING THE SPORTS ON DECK

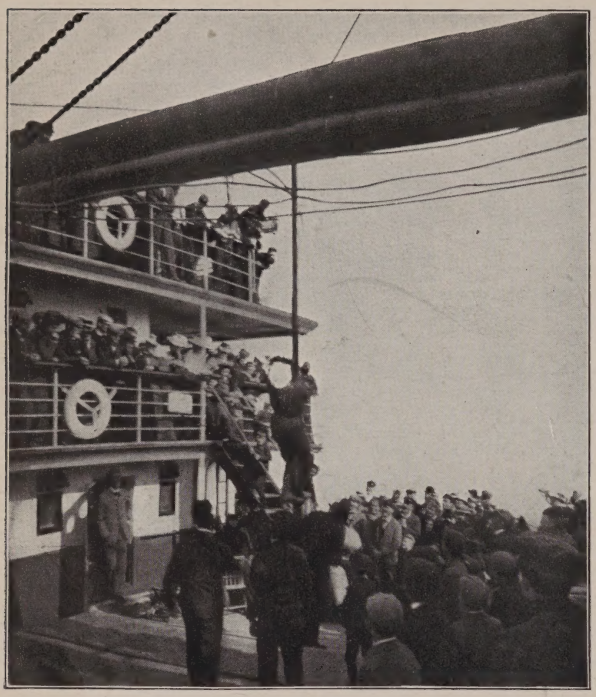
Greenoch was in the embrace of a Scotch mist when I landed, and under cover of the darkness I proceeded to unload all my seasickness specifics into the Clyde. Did I say all, yes all, except the bottle of brandy, which I kept as a pleasant souvenir of the trip. Having thus discovered that I was proof against seasickness, my thoughts began to wander in the direction of a career, for a short time at least, as ship's surgeon. I met by accident one day in the City Hall in Dublin, an old friend and class-mate, Doctor Byrne, who is now the respected coroner of that city, having succeeded the late lamented Dr. Joseph E. Kenny, M. P. He had just returned from a trip as surgeon on a steamer running to New

York. He was the picture of robust health with the ruddy glow from the invigorating Atlantic breezes on his cheeks. He asked me if I would like to take his place. All I would have to do to get it was to proceed to Liverpool that night, and, armed with a letter from him, present myself at the Company's offices. I did as he told me, and next day I appeared at the Company's office in Liverpool with a new shave on my face and a newer silk hat on my head, demanding to see the manager immediately. After the exertion of a considerable amount of assurance I at length succeeded in overcoming the strenuous objections of the clerks and pushed my way into the august presence of the manager. I handed him the letter of my friend, told him of my extensive experience as a specialist in seasickness, and that I was prepared to accommodate the Company at a salary of twelve pounds a month, all found, with what I could induce the saloon passengers to part with thrown in. He expressed his regret at losing Doctor Byrne, had no doubts as to my ability in the seasickness line, was much obliged for my offer to help the Company out of their difficulty, and said he would be glad on Doctor Byrne's recommendation to place my name on the waiting list for a position as surgeon and that there were only about one hundred and fifty on the list before me.

IN MID OCEAN.

SAILOR BOYS.

I left the office in utter disgust, but towards evening my fit of the blues was dissipated on meeting a couple of Dublin friends who were over in England on a holiday trip. The "Great Eastern" was lying at anchor in the river, having been deposed from her proud position of Queen of the Seas and was now being used as a sort of dime museum. So, hir-



CLIMBING GREASY POLE

ing a boat, we boarded the largest ship that had ever been built up to that time in the history of the world.

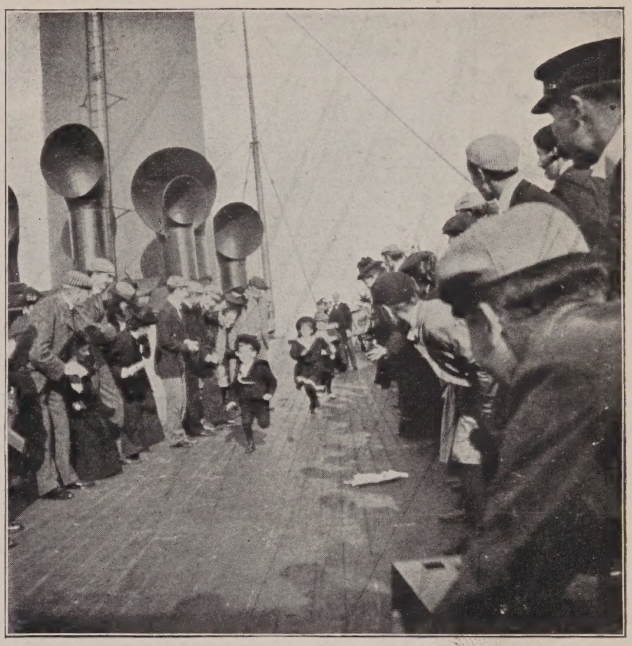
Enormous strides have since been made in trans-Atlantic navigation. The large ships of today are floating palaces capable of lodging and feeding nearly three times as many people as the largest hotel on earth, and the difference of the five and a half days' trips now compared with the passages made by our fathers in the sailing ships of fifty years ago, occupying as many months as days, shows the wonderful progress that has been made. I know of no more heroic chapter in the history of the Irish people than that of the daring of those hardy Irish pioneers of the early forties, who, facing the wild tempest of the dread Atlantic in ill-manned and unseaworthy sailing ships, buffeted about for months, with the constant terror of the ship-fever in their minds, and nothing to sustain them but their stout Irish hearts, and the God of the poverty-stricken and oppressed keeping watch over them. Some found a happy home in the land of liberty, but, alas, how many whitened the depths of the ocean with their bones, or, sadder, still, were lost body and soul in the seething maelstroms of our great American cities.

In the matter of trans-Atlantic travel Boston had been sadly neglected. The cast-off second-rate steamers from New York were considered good enough for the Hub of the universe, till an enterprising company inaugurated a first-class service from Boston to Europe, putting on three splendid ships, fast and wonderfully steady, and all built in Ireland. Another line has since put two ships on the Boston service, and if the channels will be only deepened sufficiently Boston bids fair to rival New York as a great seaport.

One of the most interesting sights which Boston affords is on the occasion of the departure of one of these great steamers from her docks during the summer months. Everywhere there is a bustle and excitement, friends are saying their last good-byes, there is laughter and jest and merriment, but there are also tears and heart-breaking sobs. The ship is crowded with a moving mass of humanity, and the courteous officials are everywhere directing the people through the labyrinth of passageways. The saloon is a perfect bower of roses, fragrant reminders of the dear ones left behind. The sound of the bugle call and the oft-

repeated cry of "all ashore who's going ashore" warn the visitors that they must take their leave. A loud whistle from the engine, and the leviathan moves slowly from her moorings.

The sight from the upper deck is one ever to be remembered. As you look down upon the cheering throng, waving their last adieus, the many-colored head-gear of the gentler sex gives one the impression of a beautiful garden of flowers stirred by the summer breezes. A number of tugs act as a bodyguard to the great ship as far as Boston light, where the officials of the company, with sometimes a few privileged friends, are taken off, the whistle shrieks a last farewell, the strains of "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot" are wafted over the waters, and the good ship is off on her journey to the old world.



CHILDREN RUNNING RACES, UPPER DECK.

The daily life of a passenger on board a trans-Atlantic liner begins at seven A.M., when the bugle call arouses him from his slumber. Your stateroom steward, if requested, will bring you a hot cup of tea or coffee, and after a tepid salt water bath and a few turns on deck you are ready when the second bugle call invites you to breakfast.

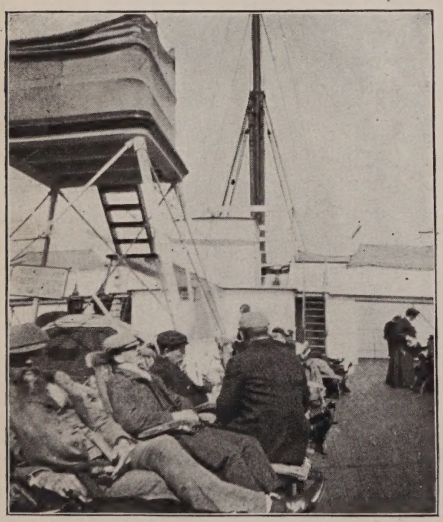
SEEING FATHER McFADDEN OFF.

The seats at the Captain's and Surgeon's tables are the most prized, why I could never tell, but those who have the good fortune to be located there, look down upon less fortunate saloonists with the air of superior persons. The Captain is looked upon with awe, which saves him, as a rule, from the onslaughts of the passengers, but the wretched doctor is attacked on all sides the moment he appears and plied with every conceivable question.

Breakfast over the passengers arrange their deck chairs on the lee side and by the aid of a novel, doze away the time till noon. At twelve o'clock, or, in the language of the sea, eight bells, the ship's

A PEDLAR OF NOTIONS.

position is taken by means of the sextant, if the sun be not hidden by the fog. The number of miles traversed in the twenty-four hours is posted in the smoke-room, and every gentleman on board is obliged to leave his lady and repair to this mecca of masculinity. Here he carefully notes the run of the ship and washes down the information with a cocktail. The smoke-room of the ship is where the men most do congregate.



THE ACTORS' CORNER, UPPER DECK.
The late Major Pond, Maurice Campbell, William Crane

Here they swap stories and play poker all day long. If you are inclined to speculate you can join in the pool, which is gotten up every day, on the run of the ship. The lucky person who draws the number of miles the ship makes in the twenty-four hours wins the pool. The day before landing the pool is on the number of the pilot boat first sighted, and men get up at early dawn in order not to miss the sight of the pilot clambering up the side. He is the first who brings news of the outer world and the few many days' old newspapers he carries are eagerly fought for by the passengers.

To the weary business man one of the greatest pleasures of a sea voyage was the absence of letters, telegrams, telephones and newspapers. But Signor Marconi is about to change all this, and with his wireless telegraphy a daily newspaper will be one of the possibilities of the near future on board ship. By the way, when I was in Dublin, in 1898, Marconi was making his first successful experiments in transmitting the results of a yacht race by means of his wonderful system. Now most of the great liners are equipped with his instruments and communicate with each other while many miles apart.

Lunch and dinner in the saloon are very elaborate affairs, consisting of about ten courses with a selection of some thirty different dishes. Some there are who religiously go through this entire programme daily, without a murmur, and thus receive full value for their money, but there are others so extravagant as never to put in an appearance at a meal. They are content with a little beef tea and toast on deck and even that they sometimes refuse.

But in the large ships of today with bilge keels to keep them from rolling,

seasickness is not nearly as prevalent as of old. Some, however, will insist on being ill, and I have had people come to me to give them something to make them seasick.

The Doctor opens his surgery at nine o'clock, when the stewards and stewardesses report to him any cases of illness that may be in their several sections, and receive from him such simple remedies as those with slight complaints may require. Any passengers who may wish to consult him are expected to do so at this time, or at his surgery hours in the evening, and this work through, he makes his round of the entire ship and sees everyone who desires to consult him. He is, of course, at the call of any one on the ship at any hour required. At 11 A.M. he reports to the Captain, who, usually accompanied by the Doctor, the chief steward and first officer, then inspects the ship from stem to stern.

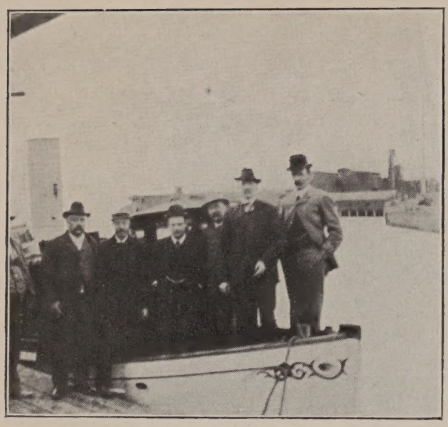
CAPTURE OF CRANE.

SHAVING THE VICTIM.

There are several hospitals on board which are utilized, as required.

The first day I served as a ship's surgeon I was astonished at the number of coal-begrimed stokers and sailors who lined up in the alley-way, all requiring seidlitz powders. I must have given away half a ton of them when my steward came along and exclaimed: "My laws, sir, you'll bust the company; common sailors don't get nothing but hepsom salts, sir." I stopped the supply and my practice fell off accordingly.

The doctor is supposed to be "feed" by the first-class passengers for any professional service rendered, and some are extremely generous and give little trouble, while others are quite the opposite. I remember an American gentleman coming to my room for a couple of pills, and telling me that, although he never got sick at sea, he would feel more at home to call upon me if I would be



AU REVOIR.

so kind as to accept a five dollar bill. I accommodated him, and never saw him afterwards. Another man, an itinerant preacher, whom I attended morning, noon and night all the way over, in order to ease his conscience, before landing at Liverpool deposited a quarter on my table and made a hasty retreat. A poor Irish girl on the way out to her friends got ill, and for having shown her some little kindness offered me all she possessed. Of course I refused to accept.

There are various amusements provided on the decks, which are much indulged in by the younger people, and the library, card-rooms, and pianos, in the saloons are in use all the time.

It is interesting to note the frigid air of the passengers meeting one another for the first day or two, gradually yield to the warmth of genuine friendship as the days go by. Many life-long friendships are made on board ship, and when the journey comes to an end, everyone wishes it were prolonged for at least another week, that is, provided the weather has been good. Three special occurrences mark the red-letter days on the voyage, namely, the Sunday religious services, the day of the sports on deck, and the evening of the concert in the saloon. One who has never been across cannot realize how impressive a religious service is at sea. On the trackless ocean, surrounded by the dangers of the deep and far away from home and kindred, one is impressed by the immensity and mystery of the fathomless eternity be-

TAKING THE SUN.

A SOCIABLE HOUR.

yond and the feeling comes over one that but for the guidance of the great heavenly Pilot, how readily the frail bark of our lives might be dashed against the rocks and sand banks of life and engulfed forever in the bottomless depths of the great hereafter. And thus at sea we realize more clearly than before the truth of Hamlet's words, when he speaks of "the dread of something after death, that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

One of the most interesting services one could well be privileged to assist at was on the occasion of my crossing with Archbishop Keane, late president of the Catholic University at Washington. He was on his way to Ireland for the purpose of preaching the opening sermon at the new Cathedral of Letterkenny and was accompanied by Father MacFadden of Gweedore, who had suffered imprisonment in Ireland. The services were held in the large second saloon and all classes and creeds on board were present. The Archbishop took the entire service himself, quoting largely from the Scriptures, and took for the text of his sermon a portion of the Gospel of the day which referred to St. Peter. He spoke of the stability of Peter's bark and how she had withstood the buffets and storms of the ages, of her great white-robed pilot guiding her in safety through the shoals and rocks of infidelity, and of the certainty of those who stood by her entering in safety the eternal haven. He talked to the crowded congregation of the land of their birth and the country of their adoption, and there, far out on the storm-tossed Atlantic, asked them to pledge themselves to be good citizens and true Christians in whatever land they made their home. Many an eye was dim with tears as he moved through the throng giving his blessing as he went. On the same day there were services by the Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, and the Salvation Army.

On some Atlantic liners the doctor of the ship is supposed to take the English Episcopal service (which is the official service of the British liners) if he cannot get a clergyman to substitute. I was awakened early one Sunday morning by the Captain's steward knocking at my door and asking if I would take the service, and if he should leave out the usual supply of Bibles and prayer books in the saloon. I instructed him to distribute the necessary books, and see if some minister would take the service. He soon returned, to inform me that there was no Protestant clergyman on board. I remembered having seen a clerical-looking gentleman whom no one seemed to know, so I sent my man in search of him. He quickly returned, and knocking at my door, said: "Beg parding, sir, but the parson you sent me to says as he is a Roman Catholic priest, and he'll be blowed if he'll take the service."

I was suddenly seized with an acute attack of appendicitis, but no clergyman of the Episcopal church could be found to minister unto me. The news went like wild fire through the ship that I was in extremis, but when a kindly gentleman from the Back Bay volunteered to take the service in the saloon, I made a rapid and perfect recovery. Feeling well enough to be about I made my way to the stateroom of Bishop O'Connell of Portland, who kindly consented to conduct the Catholic service. Robed in the vesture of his office and assisted by a number of priests, he recited the prayers suitable to the occasion and then preached

one of the most beautiful sermons I had ever listened to.

The night of the concert sends a flutter of excitement all over the ship. It usually takes place the evening before arrival. The Captain of the ship sent for me on one occasion and instructed me to get up the concert. He asked me what talent we had on board. I replied that we had talent that would cost two thousand dollars a night in any theatre in Boston or New York.

"Well, go ahead, put yourself down first, but mind you none of your Irish pieces in this mixed crowd." Probably he gave this advice because nearly the whole Canadian Cabinet were on board on their way to visit Joe Chamberlain, and they had been up all night discussing Home Rule for Ireland, the expulsion of a number of Irish M.P.'s from the House of Commons a few nights before bringing the question once more to the front. We had such prominent actors and actresses as W. H. Crane, the inimitable portrayer of David Harum; James K. Hackett, Mary Mannering, Henrietta Crosman, Gordon MacKenzie, the singer; Thompson, late of the Colonial, besides Major Pond, the great lecture bureau man, and Mr. George Kennan, the famous Asiatic traveler and lecturer. Now it's a curious fact that the actor is the most nervous man in the world about appearing in public out of his own element—the stage. After much persuasion and threats of boycotting his show in Boston, Crane consented to tell some stories, which were extremely good and loudly applauded, but I had to treat him for nervous prostration for two days afterwards, and put him on a diet of ship soup called "Corkey lukey." Hackett attempted to make a speech and utterly broke down. Miss Crosman took up the collection and dropped half of it on the floor for the benefit of the stewards next day. Thompson took refuge in the bar and didn't appear at all. Miss Mannering concealed herself behind a heap of pillows at the back of the saloon, and her usual beautiful complexion assumed an ashen hue, and the heart of MacKenzie, the Scotchman, was in his mouth instead of in the Highlands which gave his notes somewhat of the sound of his own native bagpipes. The amateurs were as cool as cucumbers and took off all the honors of the evening.

Now on this trip my room happened to be taken, and as the surgery reeked with the odors of iodoform, assafetida, and other noxious drugs, I sought out some other place to lay my weary head. I found a large unoccupied apartment, the architecture of which was copied from Libby prison, but there was plenty of ventilation, and it was away from all human habitation on the ship. To this palatial abode I nightly invited our distinguished actor-guests. We formed a secret society, which Crane named the "Morgue Club." I elected myself by right of eminent domain, president and general Poobah, Crane was vice-president, and the little Scotchman was chief jester. In this cavern of the sea these same actors who were such cowards in the saloon put forth their choicest talents, and their thousands of patrons on shore who pay large sums to hear them at the theatres would have received ten times the value for their money if they were but privileged to become members of the "Morgue Club."

I must not forget to mention that Mr. Kennan gave us a special lecture one evening on his travels, and his description of the marvels of the aurora borealis I shall never forget. The Czar recently

did him the honor of expelling him from Russia.

The money collected at the concerts on board was formerly entirely devoted to the Liverpool Seamen's Orphan Home, a very worthy object. Americans, who form the great majority of trans-Atlantic travelers, naturally expected that Boston institutions should get their share, so that now the money received on the westward trips is divided between the Floating Hospital, the Protestant Sailors' Haven, and the Catholic Sailors' Club. I would bespeak a kindly interest for this latter institution, which under its present courteous manager is doing so much good for poor Jack in Charlestown.

The day of the sports is a great occasion for the youngsters. There are foot races, tugs-of-war, climbing the greasy pole, and on some occasions the visit of Father Neptune as when crossing the line. A number of sailors dress up in all kinds of costumes, fat policemen keep the way clear, and soldiers and sailors, donkeys, tramps, and old clothes men, with Sousa's band at their head, march around the ship. Some victims are captured and brought before the chief barber, who, with a ship's mop and a huge wooden razor lathers and shaves the unfortunate one, who is then plunged head-foremost, clothes and all, into a tank of water. The razor and lathering brush are then put up for auction and are bought in as souvenirs for fifteen and twenty dollars apiece by people who have more money than brains. Another favorite amusement is a mock trial.

The saloon deck is a bad place for the ship's surgeon to walk. On his appearance a bevy of ladies approach him and ply him with questions. Their favorite trouble is the gulf stream. From the time we leave Boston light until we reach the Fastnett the gulf stream is meandering round somewhere. If a bit of seaweed floats past, that is a portion of American territory floating to Ireland in the gulf stream. If a shoal of porpoise are jumping out of the water they are disporting themselves in the balmy waters of the gulf stream. If a whale comes spouting along he is putting out a fire in the gulf stream. If an iceberg heaves in sight it has left its frigid home in the Arctic Ocean, and comes along like an obliging druggist to make ice-cream soda for the mermaids of the gulf stream. "How deep is it, Doctor?" "One hundred fathoms." "What is a fathom, Doctor?" "How wide is it, Doctor?" "Sixty miles, madam." "I thought it was three thousand." "Are there any crabs on the bottom?" "How is it formed?" etc.

The appearance of a ship on the port bow is the signal for every one to rush madly to that side in an attempt to keel our ship over like the ill-fated Royal George. Marine glasses by the hundred are leveled at the stranger and a guessing competition commences. In two minutes she belongs to twenty different lines, she is of every rig from a canal boat to a battleship. Suddenly the doctor appears on the deck unconscious of the excitement. A wild rush is made for him and the big ship lists to starboard. Forty people are talking together and prompt action is his only chance. He makes a bee-line at twenty knots an hour for the second cabin, for they never trouble doctors with questions there.

Thus far I have dealt mainly with the saloon, I will now say a few words about other portions of the ship, for the saloon isn't the entire thing. The people of the second cabin have a splendid saloon. The promenade extends the whole length of the ship and their concerts are usually

much better than those in the first class. But there is a Jacob's ladder leading to the saloon deck, up which they dare not pass, and if they only knew how much better off they are where they are it would save them many a heart burning. We are always in our lives wishing to get to the upper deck, and when we get there we are sorry we ever left the lower one. One can hardly realize the change that has taken place in the steerage in recent years. In the olden days the emigrants had to provide their own food, bedding, etc., and eat and sleep in one large room almost without any regard to the division of the sexes. A great work with regard to the latter point was accomplished by Miss Charlotte O'Brien, daughter of the Irish patriot, William Smith O'Brien. Today the third class accommodation is excellent and if a few young fellows wished to cross cheaply they would have quite a good time. The unmarried men are in one end of the ship and the married folk and girls in the other. The rooms are clean and neat. with every accommodation, and many contain only two bunks. There is a large dining-room and the tables for meals are covered with immaculate cloths. When the meal is over and everything is removed the room is converted into a saloon, where games can be indulged in, and where a good piano is provided for any who wishes to use it. There is a fine large deck above and I venture to say that what with singing, dancing, and music there is more fun in the third class than in the rest of the ship put together.

A day is usually set apart during the trip for visiting the engine room. When the machinery is in motion this, to my mind, is the greatest sight on the ship. Away down in the bowels of the great monster a feeling of awe comes over one. All around are the huge cranks and wheels and pistons throbbing and groaning as if in torment, and as you pass among the great furnaces, with their half-naked and begrimed attendants, you are reminded of the nether world. On either side are the immense steel shafts which run the twin screws, and everywhere the engineers are on the alert for every signal from the bridge, and every order from their superiors.

I shall never forget my feelings as I stood upon the ship's deck one beautiful July morning. My eyes were strained watching out for a glimpse of the old land from which I had been separated for several years by 3000 miles of trackless ocean. The morning haze was lifting from the coast of Cork, and presently the sun shone down upon the beautiful verdant hills of Ireland, and, as I stood, the lines of John Locke's beautiful description of the old Irishman's first glimpse of the old sod after his twenty years of exile came to my mind and I couldn't resist repeating them aloud.

On arriving in Queenstown Harbor, and while waiting for the tugs to take on or off the Irish passengers, the ship is surrounded by scores of boats of every rig, laden with all sorts of souvenirs of the Emerald Isle. Ropes are thrown on board and made fast by the sailors and passengers on the upper decks. The women seat themselves in a loop of the rope and are hauled aboard, where they spread out their wares, including laces, shawls, blackthorns, brooches and pins of green Irish marble, bog oak ornaments, etc. One day during the confusion my eye was attracted by some handsome bog oak brooches mounted in silver. I asked the woman who had some in her hand what the price was, and she told me a dollar apiece. I took two of them and handed her a two dollar bill. But to my surprise she refused the

money, saying she would be glad to make me a present of them. All argument with her was vain and she refused to take the brooches back. So I went my way marveling at the generosity of the Irish people. That evening at dinner, to my utter astonishment, I saw the same woman seated at the Captain's table. She was a first class passenger, a descendant of the Mayflower, and not a bum-boat woman as I had thought.

The run from Queenstown to Liverpool takes about sixteen hours, and there the ship's company sign off and their engagement with the ship is ended; but on the next trip most of them sign on again. Everybody on board is inspected before the next trip begins. The seamen are also put through a drill to see if they are proficient in lowering and manning boats in case of shipwreck. The port doctor examines all the passengers and sees that a full supply of medicines and surgical instruments are on board and that the hospitals are in perfect condition. So particular are they that because a bottle had a cork in it instead of a glass stopper he held up the ship and we had to send ashore and remedy the defect. I thought he was gifted with second sight on one occasion, for on our way to the surgery he informed me that the ammonia and ether were running low, which was a fact. I afterwards learned, however, that it is the common practice of the officers and men to help themselves to those articles for the purpose of removing paint from their clothing, and as he was an old ship's surgeon he was up to the tricks of the trade.

One of the saddest duties of an Irish ship's surgeon is to receive the Irish emigrants at Queenstown, especially if he has witnessed, as I have, the heart-rending scene on shore when they have to be literally torn away from father and mother, brother, sister, and sweetheart, whom they shall mayhap never meet again. Here they come in a never-ending stream along the narrow gangway the last frail bridge between the happy, holy, much-beloved, if poverty stricken home of their fathers, and the great unknown world beyond. Can nothing be done to stop this exodus of a nation?

True, the United Irish League is doing its part to have the great cattle ranches of Connaught and the south split up into farms large enough to allow the people to live in comfort and peace. True, the Irish Parliamentary Party is straining every nerve to have the tenant farmer become the owner of his holding, and the farm laborer occupy his own neat cottage. Much has already been done in this direction, but sympathizing Americans should do their part in seconding the efforts of those at home to bring back peace and plenty to the shores of Erin.

And then we will all some day have a "home-week" in Ireland together, and I shall elect myself honorary ship-surgeon for the trip, and as we near the shores of Innisfail we will all sing:

"Come back to Erin, Mavoureen, Mavoureen,
Come back aroon to the land of thy birth,
Come with the Shamrock and Spring time, Mavoureen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth."

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

(Continued from page 184.)

cell will be remembered while fidelity is loved and revered by mankind. In writing the "Memoirs," and compiling the "Writings" of her illustrious brother, Miss Callaghan has built an enduring monument to his memory.

For a number of years Miss Callaghan was a teacher in the Cincinnati public schools, and her pen is still often employed in the cause of education, while she frequently lectures in schools and convent academies on subjects interesting to teacher and pupil. She has been interested in charity always. The frequent, pitiful cases, which came under her observation,—of the neglect, spiritual as well as corporal, and the destitution of the sick poor in their own homes, made her devise a means for their remedying. Interesting a number of prominent Catholic ladies in her object, the Catholic Visitation Society was established about four years ago. The work has the approval of the Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, and the hearty support of many pastors, who fully recognize the mercy of its mission. It is not in the province of this paragraph to enter into an account of the good accomplished by the Association; its worth will be appreciated by those who have knowledge of the needs and sufferings of the sick poor. Miss Callaghan's work has been along great lines, lines worthy a devoted child of the Church and a friend of all humanity.

By the election of Lady Higgins and Miss Agnes Clerke as Honorary Fellows, the Royal Astronomical Society has reverted to a custom which has been in disuse for years. In the lists of fifty or sixty years ago the names of three lady Fellows appear—Mrs. Somerville, Miss Caroline Herschel, and Miss Anne Sheepshanks—but since that time the society has been composed entirely of the sterner sex. Miss Clerke is the author of the widely-known treatise on "Astrophysics," and numerous other scientific works. Lady Higgins collaborates with her husband, the President of the Royal Society, in his spectroscopic researches.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JOHN HARDING, JOURNALIST.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

The first day that John Harding found himself alone in a strange city, he did not fully realize the gravity of the situation. John was a dreamer, and John was young; and the city's streets presented such an array of strange, alluring, and interesting sights, that he was rather pleased than otherwise to have leisure to revel in, and enjoy all the new impressions, experiences and sensations they offered. The colossal buildings, the great shops with their splendors displayed in plate-glass windows, the glitter and color of the fashionable shoppers, the bustle of business, the rattling wagons, the clanging street-cars—all these repeated and repeated in the miles of streets were to him like an intoxicant. They lifted him completely out of himself. He felt stimulated, inspired. Plots of stories he would some day write, about these scenes, came into his mind. Poetic lines and expressions, compelled by the new atmosphere he was breathing, formed themselves in his brain. He forgot utterly that he was, as a matter of fact, in a most precarious condition—without money, without work, without friends, absolutely alone, though round him seethed and eddied the currents and counter-currents of the life of half a million of his fellow-beings.

It was late when he sought a lodging house where beds ranged from fifteen to fifty cents. He chose the cheapest, and went to sleep, only to see again in his dreams the miles and miles of glittering streets.

The next day his mental attitude to-

ward his position had not altered. He was still under the spell of his new life. True, the solitary dollar which was his when he alighted at the Union Depot twenty-four hours before had dwindled to fifty cents; half of his worldly wealth had been squandered on his first day. He thought of this with a certain sinking of heart; but no sooner was he again in the streets than the intoxication of the city laid its glamor upon him; and he wandered about as in a dream, going over the same ground as yesterday, or discovering new sights, receiving new impressions in this great city, which, despite the squalor which forced itself upon him, here and there, was to John, the country-bred dreamer, like some enchanted wonder-land.

He was more economical of his financial resources the second day of his sojourn. He ate nothing all day, and at night allowed himself only a ten-cent meal at a very dingy restaurant, where, to his surprise, the loud-voiced waiter translated his modest order of griddle cakes and coffee into "Stack o'wheats an' draw wan!" The "wheats" were somewhat leathery, and the coffee was a queer mixture, but John was too hungry to be fastidious. In a surprisingly short time he was again on the street, trying to persuade himself that he had eaten enough. He paid fifteen cents for his bed that night, and the next morning awoke to find himself facing the world with a quarter of a dollar, or, as he discovered it to be called in that part of the world, "two bits." Said John, "I'll have to get a job today."

So forth he fared, looking for work; for, though John was a dreamer he knew that he who works not, neither shall he eat. He had come to this western city to seek his fortune, and he was wise enough to know that the first step in that direction was the obtaining of a chance to work. But where was this chance to work to be found? "Surely," reflected John, "in this magnificent city of 500,000 people there is someone who wants a young man, honest and willing to work." But somehow or other it was hard for John to connect himself with this "some one." Never before had the necessity of looking for a job presented itself to him. He was a very modest youth, for one thing, rather soft of speech and diffident of manner. In the environment from which he had lately been removed, these characteristics were by no means a draw-back, but in the busy, bustling, atmosphere of the city, they were decidedly out of place. They certainly militated against his success in finding work.

As he had a natural bent toward newspaper work, though absolutely ignorant of its requirements, he thought he would try the editorial offices of the great dailies. The first man he approached told him "no" so sharply that John felt a lump in his throat similar to what he used to feel some years before when his teacher was severe with him. It was at least two hours after this first rebuff before the sensitive youth could bring himself to apply at another newspaper office. When he did it was with a like result. And so the story repeated itself all day. From place to place he went, now at an office, now at a store (for he dropped his journalistic ambitions after half a dozen fruitless applications) now at a factory; but he found everybody whom he approached brusque and quick, with little time to waste on a shrinking applicant for work; and the long summer day drew toward evening with John Harding still idle in the market-place.

When night fell he was very hungry and very tired; and he wondered whether or not he should squander his last twen-

ty-five cents on one glorious meal, and sleep in some door-way; or try to stay his hunger with a ten-cent meal, and spend the remaining fifteen cents for a half-decent bed where he could take the rest he so sadly needed. Chiefly because he had an absolute terror of being taken up by the police for a vagrant, he decided in favor of the latter alternative.

The next morning he arose, took a long drink of water at a street-fountain, and set out again on the quest for employment. The many rebuffs of the preceding day had discouraged him, but he tried to nerve himself with the thought that he *must* get something today! His head felt light; and the long drink of water was but a poor substitute for breakfast, particularly when the prospect of obtaining dinner was so dubious, but he told himself that the darkest hour was always that before the dawn, and tried to comfort himself with the thought that something would surely turn up.

Alas! this second day's experience was but a reptition of the unsuccess of the day before. All day long he sought and found not that "something" which he felt so sure would turn up. The night came on, and the streets began to glitter with lights. Later and later it grew. The noises began to lessen. John made his way to the wholesale business quarter of the city where at night everything is quiet and deserted. He was hungry and tired. "Hungry," he said to himself, was too weak a word. He was famishing.

Over and over again during the day he had searched mechanically, yet eagerly, every pocket, in the forlorn hope that there might be some coin hidden there. Now he searched again. He had a horror of sleeping out. If he had only money enough to pay for a bed! But his search was vain.

He sat in a deep door-way and tried to sleep. He was utterly worn out, but his head ached and throbbed, and he could not sleep. The hunger was like a fever in his blood. Again and again he arose and walked the now-silent streets. At last toward dawn he sank into a half-consciousness—but only to be tormented worse than before, for tantalizing visions of sumptuous meals floated before him.

Just as the morning mist was rising from the river, he was awakened by a policeman, who, too lazy to inquire into his condition, simply took him by the collar and threw him violently into the gutter, admonishing him profanely meanwhile not to be found on his beat again under penalty of being "run in." Poor John almost wished that he might be run in; but he went on.

The daylight increased, and the city came to life. John was seized with a desire to shrink away into some place where people could not see him. He felt miserable both in mind and body. Two days of fasting had had their effect not only upon his physical powers (never over-robust), but upon his mental and moral constitution also. He began to fear that his hunger was only too plainly apparent in his face. He looked at his reflection in the plate-glass windows as he went by, and satisfied himself that John Harding was certainly in a pitiable condition. Yet after taking a drink of water and surreptitiously dashing some of the almost tepid liquid in his face, faint feelings of hope again stirred within him. If he could only get a job, today, he still might manage to work. He surely could not starve. There must be some way out of this squalid predicament!

Begging was out of the question. *That* he could not do, though the hunger that gnawed him as the hours went by made him wish that he *could* beg. Then a wave

of self-pity rolled over him, and he found himself crying. This startled him. He could not allow this. He must brace up.

But the attempt to pull himself together was in vain. Too weak bodily to do any work if he got it, he was now mentally and morally gone to pieces. He could not even ask for work. He could not ask for anything. All he could do was to wander on in a dull, dazed sort of way.

There was a little park almost in the centre of the city which John discovered the first day. He now went and sat on a settee in this one little green oasis in the wilderness of streets. Around him rose the dull roar of the city. He gazed at the pleasure boats, on the ornamental lake, laden with happy children. John remembered when he also was a child, and another paroxysm of weeping seized him. He got up disgusted with himself. Surely this was no way to face the world! He must have courage and commonsense. Courage and commonsense! John smiled bitterly. He hardly knew the meaning of the words—indeed of any word, now, except hunger.

Despair had settled down upon the heart and mind of John Harding. Starvation was beginning to tell plainly upon him. Not work but something to eat was his immediate desire. Yet, so strong was the tradition of respectability, that he could not bring himself to ask for either money or food, though the thought that he must do even this to preserve his life occurred to him again and again. He passed and repassed before hotels and restaurants trying to bring himself to go in, tell his story, and offer to do some work in return for a meal. But he always held back. Once he passed the dingy eating-house where he had taken his last meal. The people devouring "stacks of wheat" and coffee maddened him. He fled from the sight.

At noon the pangs of hunger came upon him more sharply than ever. The sun was hot. It seemed to burn into his brain. He thought he would go into the public library and rest, and read, and try to forget his hunger. He reasoned that when the usual meal hour was past, the sensation of hunger would be dulled. He took out a book and began to read. John will never forget that book till the day he dies. One chapter described the suffering from hunger and thirst of a shipwrecked crew in the tropics. He returned the book, and went and took a drink of water. He was better off, at least, he told himself, than the sailors in the book —*he* would not lack for water. He sat near a window and looked out. Across the street in an unfinished building workmen were eating their luncheon. One of them was crumbling a large piece of bread and throwing it to the pigeons. John couldn't endure the sight. He got up and went back to his reading.

An hour or two later he was again on the city's streets. How tired he was of these miles of "glittering palaces built for trade!" Could these noisy streets be the same enchanted thoroughfares in which he delighted only a day or two ago? Where was their glamor and their charm now? John could not see it. All he knew was that the living streams which stirred his poetic soul a few days ago, now only moved him to resentment. Yet hardly resentment. John hated nobody —but these people looked so well-fed and contented, while he was hungry and miserable!

That night he had no desire for sleep. He was more feverish than ever; his lips were parched; the restlessness of famine was upon him. He walked and walked the streets for hours. Once as he dragged himself wearily along a man approached him furtively:

"Say, young fellow," began a whining

voice, "would yer let a feller have a nickel to get a bite to eat. Honest, I ain't had a bite since mornin'?"

John smiled bitterly. Much as he wished to hide his own miserable condition, almost before he knew it, he had replied:

"Well, what of it? I haven't had a bite for nearly three days."

The beggar was not impressed. He thought John was lying to him, and fell away into the darkness snarling profanely at what he considered an attempt to "jolly" him. John passed on.

After wandering around for hours he sat on a doorstep, and sank into unconsciousness. Toward morning he had dreams—pleasant dreams. Scenes of his school-life passed before him. His parents figured in pleasing pictures of the past. Actual happenings curiously contorted in his dreaming mind, again visited him. In one scene it seemed to him that he had returned home and was telling of an awful dream he once had about going hungry for days in a strange city. And his father laughed, and his mother bade him come to breakfast at once. As he was putting the first piece of toast to his mouth he awoke! Then he wept and wept bitterly, making no attempt to restrain himself.

Morning came again. People singly, and in twos and threes, began to pass by where he sat. Some of them looked curiously at him as they went by. He wondered dully where they could be going so early. Aimlessly he arose and followed them. He staggered as if drunk. His head reeled, and he had to clutch the wall to support himself. Still he followed the people. At last on a side street they came to an old-fashioned church. People converged thither from several directions. John entered with the rest, and found himself in what appeared to be a Catholic church. One or twice before he had been in a Catholic church, and he felt that this was one also.

He sat in a back pew and gazed listlessly around him. Services had not yet begun. The people already in the church knelt or sat in silence. Others entered noiselessly. The morning sun glowed through a stained glass window, and showed the story of the Prodigal. It touched John deeply, though *he* was a prodigal only in a very mild sense indeed. But he was tired and hungry even as the Prodigal, and he longed to be home in his father's house.

He reflected that this was his third day without food. He felt that his physical powers could not last much longer. To die of hunger in the midst of plenty—was this to be his fate? He wondered how death came to those who die of starvation. Well, this was not a bad place to die, anyway. John was not a Catholic, but one whom he loved in a certain village "back east" was a devout follower of that faith; consequently he had none of the blind, unreasoning dislike for the Church which so many non-Catholics have. He vaguely felt that that Church must be good to which Molly O'Malley belonged. Perhaps, he thought, even now she was at Mass in the little church at home, to and from which he had seen her come and go so often. He wondered if she realized how much he cared for her. He wondered how she would feel if she knew him to be in this sore plight.

Her picture which she had given him the year she graduated from the High School he had carried with him everywhere. Many a time, and in many places, he had gazed upon it, ay, and even kissed it, with boyish fervor. He took it from his pocket now and gazed at it again. He almost forgot his miserable condition in studying the beloved portrait; and it was

with something of a shock the thought came to him that, should he die here of hunger (and surely he felt weak enough to die at any moment), this picture which he held so sacred would be found upon him, and perhaps published broadcast by the papers eager for a story and a sensation. He would not be the cause of a moment's pain to her! With the dew-damp gathering upon his brow he told himself he *must* destroy the picture. He made a feeble effort to tear it, but even at that moment, the last vestige of strength fell from him, a horrible feeling of nausea possessed him, and he felt himself falling, falling, deep, deep down into blackness and chaos. But he held the picture tightly clutched in his hand.

Father O'Malley, pastor of St. Luke's, was briskly entering to say his Mass, followed closely by the sexton, when he was startled to see a young man fall forward, senseless, against the pew. Gently picking him up, they bore him, between them, out into the open air. A brief glance at the emaciated face and frame told the good priest the cause of the young man's collapse.

"Poor chap, poor chap!" he exclaimed softly. "Darcy"—to the sexton—"run and summon an ambulance! This a case for the hospital. Hello, what's this?" Here he picked up the picture which had now fallen from John's nerveless fingers. He looked at it a moment with a surprised and puzzled expression. Then he looked again at the unconscious form of the young man, and at the handsome face, pathetically thin and worn.

"Darcy," said the priest, "never mind about the ambulance. Take the young man across the street to the parish house, and run as fast as you can for Doctor Donnelly. Tell the housekeeper to do for this young man whatever the Doctor orders. I'll be right over, myself, after saying my Mass."

. . . . . .

A few months later Molly O'Malley, Beachurst, Mass., received a letter from her uncle, a priest in a western city, which filled her with delight. Seldom were Father O'Malley's letters extraordinarily interesting. For all the news they usually contained they might have been stereotyped all the way from "Dear Molly" to "Your Loving Uncle." But this particular letter after the usual formalities contained the following post-script:

"By the way—I've met here recently a young man named Harding, who turns out to be an acquaintance of yours."

Molly smiled at the "acquaintance," but she read on:

"This I learned quite accidentally as he seems to be a very reticent young fellow. He has impressed me most favorably and comes to see me often. He has secured a position on one of the city dailies, but he has a literary gift which will by no means end there. A poem which he read at the Press Club, the other night, has been the talk of the town. When I come on for my vacation I am going to bring him along with me, that the people in Beachurst may have a chance to see what a genius it sent west."

BOOK REVIEWS.

History of Philosophy. By William Turner, S. T. D. Boston, Ginn & Co., 1903. $2.50.

Father Turner has by this valuable work conferred a lasting benefit, not only upon his co-religionists, but also upon all earnest thinkers, no matter what their nationality or religious belief may be. It is safe to say that the problems of the universe and of life can be best studied in connection with the various philosophic systems which have dominated from time to time the minds of men. What a marvelous collection of views, what a flood of light these systems throw upon the problems of human activity during the march of the centuries! What a wide range of thought, too, these systems cover! From the Shamanistic worship of the ancient Accadians to the Neo-Hegelians of America is a field which only a giant intellect could traverse.

The study of the History of Philosophy has up to the present been attended with overwhelming difficulties, especially for Catholics. Some works, as those of Erdmann, Ueberweg, Zeller, Blanc, etc., were too long; other histories as those of Rogers and of Weber were not fair in their treatment of Catholic writers. Thus Rogers (pp. 199, 200) says: "Circumstances compelled the church to emphasize rather the fact of a single *historical* revelation. * * * The insistence upon the authority of a definite historical revelation in the past came to be more and more the position of the orthodox body of Christians. This was mediated at first by oral tradition; and then, as time made tradition less reliable, by a gradually formed canon of sacred writings, that were believed to go back to apostles and eye-witnesses. And when the Montanists claimed the right to do what the early church had done, * * * the attempt was condemned as a heresy." And Weber (pp. 201, 202) further remarks: "The church has no place for philosophy, if we mean by philosophy the pursuit of truth. From the mediæval point of view, * * * philosophy is identical with positive theology; when it fails to be that, it becomes heretical. Christian thought hemmed in by the laws of the church resembles a river confined between two steep banks." These excerpts are a sample of the general tone of these two works.

What was needed was a calm, impartial History of Philosophy, clear in exposition, adequate in its treatment of the diverse schools, and objective in judgment. Such a work Father Turner has given us and we earnestly hope that every Catholic College in the broad English-speaking nations will adopt it as the authorized text-book for the History of Philosophy. The author's style is admirably suited for the work he undertook. It is lucid, direct, brief. There is no place in a History of Philosophy for stately phrases and highly-wrought metaphors. Father Turner has wisely chosen a simple, plain style, which, while avoiding all exaggerated rhetoric, aims to place before the student a clear conception of the ideas and principles held by the schools under consideration. It is adequate, each system receiving detailed treatment, while scholasticism, which in many Histories of Thought is contemptuously dismissed in a few phrases, receives the generous share of more than one hundred and seventy pages. How impartial the writer is may be inferred from his verdict upon Hegel:—"It is safe to say that no department of human knowledge has failed to feel the influence of Hegel's doctrines, or at least of his method. And this is due partly to the fact that his philosophy embodies the highest aspirations of the spirits of the nineteenth century—the spirit of *collectivism*,—and partly to the fact that in his system of thought so large a scope is assigned to the principle of development, which has so dominated the scientific, as well as the philosophic thought of the century." This is a high tribute, indeed. The most fervid admirer of Teutonic philosophy could scarcely be more generous in praise.

The book is one of which Catholics may justly be proud, for it is marked throughout by that careful study, that exact expression, that finely-poised judgment which belong to the scholar and to the true philosopher.

Ginn & Co. have given the volume a splendid setting, for it is printed in clear type on fine paper and it is neatly and substantially bound.

Ne Obliviscaris—a Daily Reminder of Our Dead. Compiled by Florence Ratcliff. St. Louis, Herder, 1903. 75 cents.

Exquisitely printed on soft paper and daintily bound in white, we have a collection of earnest reminders to keep fresh in prayer the memory of the dear departed. Catholic piety has ever been marked by tender love and abiding affection for the dead; and it is always a source of comfort to notice what a deep hold this devotion to the souls in Purgatory has upon the Faithful in Catholic countries, for this fact shows most conclusively the wide meaning of "the Communion of Saints," the broad realms over which our Blessed Lord reigns and which He has so closely united. As the censor of the work remarks in his charming preface: "They who have reached the goal of the Beatific Vision need not our prayers. They for whom the day is not yet spent may still merit, but they for whom the night has come when no man

can work, they who are helpless, cry out to us with never-ceasing petition for that pity which is looked for at least from friends, and particularly by those whom the gracious Hand of the Lord has touched in His chastening justice." It is for these sorrowing souls that the compiler has gathered many a sheaf of golden thoughts which will cause our hearts to whisper the heartfelt prayer. The little book in its attractive dress appeals to all, for all may engage in this generous exercise of Christian charity.

Helps to a Spiritual Life. From the German of Rev. Joseph Schneider, S.J. With additions by Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. New York, Benziger Bros., 1903. $1.25.

The Rev. Joseph Schneider, S.J., was a skilled director of souls in the higher paths of the spiritual life. The book under review was compiled from his writings by the Rev. F. Schoenbold and Fr. Girardy has now published the same with additions from the ascetical treatises of that wonderful Doctor of Theology, St. Alphonsus Liguori. Father Schneider's spirituality is healthy and vigorous and his suggestions tend in all cases to nourish that spirit of solid, masculine piety, which has always been the great glory of the Church in the many heroic deeds inspired thereby. Directors of Novices and of Religious and Spiritual Guides of those close friends of God who, though living in the world, are struggling after Christian perfection, will find this work of constant service. The maxims are practical and forcefully expressed.

Jesuit Education, Its History and Principles Viewed in the Light of Modern Educational Problems. By Robert Schwickerath, S.J. Herder, St. Louis, 1903. $1.75.

In scarcely any department of literature is there so much injustice done Catholics as in Pedagogy. Take up the works of Compayre, Painter, Seeley and of other prominent writers upon the History of Education and what do we find therein except inexplicable misinterpretation and gross perversion of the truth. This is especially true with regard to the educational system and work of the Jesuits. The absolutely ridiculous accounts of this system as given in many Protestant Universities and in nearly all Normal Schools have long since aroused the indignation and pity of all right-minded scholars. There was a time when nearly every city of importance in Europe boasted of the possession of a college manned by the Jesuits and when nearly every person of rank or influence was trained in a Jesuit establishment. In 1756, shortly before the suppression of the Society, there were seven hundred and twenty-eight Jesuit Colleges in existence, some of them, as that of Rome and that of Rouen, numbering over two thousand students. Lord Bacon said of them: "Of the Jesuit Colleges, although in regard of their superstition I may say, "*Quo meliores eo deteriores*," yet in regard of this and some other points of learning and moral matters, I may say, as Agesilaus said to his enemy, Pharnabaces, '*Talis cum sis, utinam noster esses.*" Ranke, the famous historian, declares, "It was found that young people gained more with them in six months than with other teachers in two years. Even Protestants removed their children from distant gymnasia to confide them to the care of the Jesuits." It is, consequently, evident that this system claims the careful consideration of all those who are interested in the great question of education. For this reason we welcome most heartily Father Schwickerath's book, as it is the best exposition in English of the matter referred to. A glance at the table of contents gives an idea of the varied topics discussed by the author:

Chapter 1. Introduction.—Part 1. History of Jesuit Education.—Chapter 2. Education before the Foundation of the Society.—Chapter 3. The Society of Jesus.—Religious as Educators.—Chapter 4. The Ratio Studiorum of 1599.—Chapter 5. Jesuit Colleges and their Work before the Suppression (1540-1773).—Chapter 6. The Revised Ratio of 1832 and Later Regulations.—Chapter 7. Educational Work of the Society in the 19th Century.—Chapter 8. Opposition to the Educational Labors of the Jesuits.

Part 2. Principles of Jesuit Education (Theory and Practice).—Chapter 9. Adaptability of the Jesuit System.—Prudent Conservatism.—Chapter 10. The Intellectual Scope. Chapter 11. Prescribed Courses or Elective Studies?—Chapter 12. Classical Studies.—Chapter 13. Syllabus of authors.—Chapter 14. Scholarship and Teaching.—Chapter 15. Training of the Jesuit Teacher.—Chapter 16. The Method of Teaching in Practice.—Chapter 17. The Moral Training.—Chapter 18. Religious Instruction.—Chapter 19. School Management.—Chapter 20. The Teacher's Motives and Ideals.

Father Schwickerath is pre-eminently a scholar and it is the scholarly element which makes his book so valuable. He is exact and complete in statement; easy and lucid in style; interesting in his explanations, and courteous in his treatment of those who have misrepresented or maligned his Order. Would that the protecting spirits of Pedagogy would persuade this eminent clergyman to give us a succinct and scholarly History of Education. We stand in the greatest need of such a work.

QUESTION BOX

Is it true that Martin Luther was the founder of popular education?

This is not true. Statements of this nature are heard even in the Boston Normal School, but they proceed from utter ignorance of the real facts. Rashdall, in his celebrated work, *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*, says: "It may be stated with some confidence, that, at least in the later middle age, the smallest towns and even the larger villages possessed schools where a boy might learn to read and to acquire the first rudiments of ecclesiastical Latin, while, except in very remote and thinly-populated districts, he would never have to go far to find a regular grammar school. That the means of reading, writing and the elements of Latin were far more widely diffused than has sometimes been supposed, is coming to be generally recognized by students of mediæval life." The Protestant historian, Palacky, thinks that the diocese of Prague must have had at least 640 schools in the time preceding the Lutheran outbreak. Fr. Schwickerath infers from this number that Germany must have had towards the close of the middle ages about 40,000 elementary or primary schools. With regard to England, matters were in the same condition. A learned Protestant writer asserts: "The fact is that the whole theory about the dearth of grammar schools and other schools still more elementary (before the time of Edward VI.) is a mere delusion. The immense prestige that Edward VI. has acquired as a patron of education is simply due to the fact that he re-founded out of confiscated church property some small percentage of schools which he and his rapacious father had destroyed. The probability is that England was far better provided with grammar schools before the Reformation than it has ever been since." Could anything be more conclusive to show how utterly groundless is the assertion that popular education dates from the time of Martin Luther?

As to the remarkable work achieved by the Church in the realm of higher education, the following figures, compiled by one of the Professors of Boston College, speak for themselves:

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITIES.

A. D.	BEFORE REFORMATION.
433	Bologna, Italy.
630	Cambridge, England.
700	Cracow, Poland.
729	Paris, France.
802	Oxford, England.
830	Lyons, France.
926	Louvain, now in Belgium.
968	Cordova, Spain.
1145	Rheims, France.
1209	Valencia, Spain.
1224	Naples, Italy.
1228	Padua, Italy.
1229	Toulouse, France.
1233	Salerno, Italy.
1239	Salamanca, Spain.
1245	Rome, Italy.
1253	Sorbonne, France.
1264	Ferrara, Italy.
1289	Montpelier, France.
1305	Orleans, France.
1307	Perugia, Italy.
1308	Coimbra, Portugal.
1339	Grenoble, France.
1343	Pisa, Italy.
1346	Valladolid, Spain.
1348	Prague, Austria.
1349	Perpignan, France.
1360	Pavia, Italy.
1364	Angers, France.
1364	Anjou, France.
1365	Vienna, Austria.
1365	Orange, France.
1368	Geneva, Switzerand.
1380	Siena, Italy.
1385	Cologne, Germany.
1386	Heidelberg, Germany.
1390	Erfurt, Germany.
1394	Palermo, Italy.
1403	Wurzburg, Germany.
1405	Turin, Italy.
1409	Leipsic, Germany.
1409	Aix, France.
1411	St. Andrew's, Scotland.
1419	Rostock, Germany.
1422	Dole, France.
1431	Poitiers, France.
1436	Caen, France.
1439	Florence, Italy.
1440	Mechlin, Germany.
1445	Catania, Italy.
1450	Glasgow, Scotland.
1450	Barcelona, Spain.
1454	Valence, France.
1456	Greifswalde, Germany.
1460	Nantes, France.
1460	Basel, Swtzerland.
1460	Friburg, Germany.
1465	Bourges, France.
1465	Budapest, Hungary.
1472	Bordeaux, France.
1473	Treves, Germany.
1473	Saragossa, Spain.
1476	Copenhagen, Denmark.
1476	Upsala, Sweden.
1477	Tubingen, Germany.
1477	Mentz, Germany.
1477	Innspruck, Germany.
1482	Parma, Italy.
1491	Munster, Germany.

1494 Aberdeen, Scotland.
1498 Madrid, Spain.
1499 Toledo, Spain.
1502 Wittenberg, Germany.
1504 Seville, Spain.
1506 Frankfort, Germany.
1506 Breslau, Germany.
1517 Compostella, Spain.
1517 Siguenza, Spain.

A. D. SINCE REFORMATION.

1532 Santiago, Spain.
1533 Evora, Portugal.
1533 Granada, Spain.
1540 Macerata, Italy.
1548 Messina, Italy.
1562 Sassari, Italy.
1564 Besancon, France.
1565 Dillengen, Germany.
1568 Douai, France.
1568 Braunsberg, Germany.
1572 Nancy, France.
1578 Wilna, Russia.
1580 Klausenberg, Germany.
1580 Orviedo, Spain.
1585 Gratz, Austria.
1592 Venice, Italy.
1603 Cagliara, Italy.
1606 Parma, Italy.
1614 Paderborn, Germany.
1621 Strasburg, Germany.
1623 Salzburg, Germany.
1665 Bruges, France.
1671 Urbino, Italy.
1722 Dijon, France.
1722 Pau, France.
1727 Camerino, Italy.
1743 Erlangen, Germany.
1780 Grosswardein, Germany.
1784 Lemberg, Austria.
1808 Clermont, France.
1808 Rennes, France.
1816 Liege, Belgium.
1816 Ghent, Belgium.
1826 Munich, Germany.
1834 Brussels, Belgium.
1862 Drumcondra (C), Ireland.
1874 Agram, Hungary.
1875 Czernowitz, Austria.
1882 Prague, Austria.
1888 Lille, France.

PROTESTANT UNIVERSITIES.

A. D.
1527 Marburg, Germany.
1544 Konigsberg, Germany.
1558 Jena, Germany.
1565 Helmstadt, Germany (extinct).
1575 Leyden, Germany.
1583 Edinburgh, Scotland.
1585 Franeker, Holland (extinct).
1591 Dublin, Ireland.
1604 Groningen, Holland.
1607 Giessen, Germany.
1632 Amsterdam, Holland.
1632 Dorpat, Russia (German).
1636 Utrecht, Holland.
1640 Abo, Finland.
1665 Kiel, Germany.
1666 Lund, Sweden.
1694 Halle, Germany.
1694 Dresden, Germany.
1735 Gottingen, Germany.
1737 Christiana, Norway.
1809 Berlin, Germany.
1818 Bonn, Germany.
1826 London, England.
1832 Zurich, Switzerland.
1832 Durham, England.
1824 Berne, Switzerland.
183- Geneva, Switzerland.
1878 Stockholm, Sweden.
1880 Dundee, Scotland.
1880 Victoria, England.
1891 Lausanne, Switzerland.

Summary of Catholic Universities.

France	20
Italy	15
Germany	14
Spain	7
Austria	2
Scotland	2
Switzerland	2
England	2
Portugal	1
Poland	1
Belgium	1
Hungary	1
Sweden	1
Denmark	1
Total of Universities before Reform	71

Catholic Universities Since Reform.

France	8
Italy	8
Spain	6
Austria	4
Hungary	3
Belgium	3
Alsace	2
Portugal	1
Germany	9
Ireland	1
Polish Russia	1
Total	46

Total of all Universities founded in Europe by Catholics.....117

Summary of Protestant Universities.

Germany	12
Switzerland	4
Holland	4
England	3
Sweden	3
Scotland	2
Ireland	1
Norway	1
Finland	1
Total of Protestant Universities founded in Europe	31

Is Servia a Catholic country?

The people of Servia belong, for the most part, to the Greek Church. There are about eight thousand Latin Catholics in the country who belong to the see of Belgrade, founded in 1334. This see, owing to persecution has not had more than four or five bishops. The archbishop of Antivari in Montenegro has the title of Primate of Servia. This title, claimed for centuries, was formally recognized by Leo XIII on March 7th, 1902. The see of Antivari is one of extreme antiquity, for it was founded in 451, but the extant detailed records date back only to 1172.

Are there more Jesuits than Franciscans in the world?

The official statistics of both orders, as recently published, give the Jesuits a grand total of 15,231 members, consisting of 6,743 priests, 4,542 scholastics and 3,946 lay brothers. The Franciscans have 16,482 members consisting of 7,572 priests, 3,304 students and 5,606 lay-brothers. The majority, as is evident from these figures, rests with the Franciscans.

Would you kindly suggest a reliable work upon Pedagogy from a Catholic standpoint?

Unfortunately, most unfortunately, we have in the English language no complete history of education from a Catholic standpoint. Stockl's "Lehrbuch der Geschichte der Padagogik" is an excellent work and a safe guide for Catholics. We hope that it will soon find a competent translator. There are books upon certain periods which are worthy of a prominent place in every pedagogical library. Among them we note the following: "Christian Schools and Scholars; or, Sketches of Education from the Christian Era to the Council of Trent," by Augusta Theodosia Drane; "The Monks of the West," by Montelambert; "Schools and Scholars of Ireland," by Bishop Healy; "Lingard's Anglo-Saxon Antiquities; Maynard, "The Jesuits, Their Studies and Teaching; Schwickerath, "Jesuit Education"; Hughes, "Loyola and the Educational System of the Jesuits"; Gasquet, "The Eve of the Reformation"; Ravelet, "Life of St. John Baptist de la Salle"; Krabbe, "Life of Bernard Overberg"; Giussano, "Life of Charles Borromeo"; "Life of Catharine McAuley"; Chambers; "Life of Mary Ward"; Baunard, "Life of the Ven. Sophie Barat"; Life of the Ven. Julie Billiart; O'Rielly, "Life of St. Angela Merici,"; Cherot, "Vie de Saint Pierre Fourier de Mattaincourt." This list is not exhaustive.

Is it allowable to sing hymns or anthems in English as offertory-pieces during a High Mass?

The general law of the Church forbids the use of any language except Latin during sung Masses. "Prohibitum est cantare lingua vulgari inter Missarum solemnia."

How did the custom of saying "God bless you," when a person sneezes, originate?

It is difficult to trace the origin of popular customs. As sneezing is sometimes followed by disastrous results, it is quite natural that a custom should have arisen of uttering an ejaculation that the person sneezing should be preserved from harm. Moreover, it was at one time held by unlettered people that sneezing was caused by the spirit of evil, and as the name of God repelled all evil spirits, God's blessing was called down in order to counteract the influence of the devil.

ON THE SUIR, COUNTY KILKENNY.

See page 212.

VIEW OF THE LEE.

COURTESY OF MISS MARIE D. WALSH.

POPE PIUS X.

The first authentic portrait of His Holiness taken in the Vatican August 5, the day after his election. A splendidly illustrated article on recent events in Rome, written by Miss Walsh, was received too late for publication in this issue. It will appear in the October number.

Donahoe's Magazine

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The Prisoner of the Vatican.

BY HENRY COYLE.

A prisoner—and yet no king
May boast such universal sway;
His subjects,—ruled by right Divine,—
The prince and beggar, homage pay.

A ruler—yet of humble birth,
Like Him, cave-born in Bethlehem;
O wondrous mystery of faith!
He wears the triple diadem.

No blood-stained hero of renown,
Yet haughty monarchs bend the knee,
And ask a blessing at his hands—
This peasant's son of low degree.

Vicar of Christ! may length of years
Be yours, as shepherd of the flock;
The representative of God
Whose Church is built upon a rock!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

RIVER POETS OF IRELAND.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Sweetest of nature's voices is the music of water. There is a fascinating spell in the sound, a mystic call to the soul, whether it be the gentle rippling of a brooklet stealing through the daisied meadow, the dreamy plashing of a broad river against its rushy banks, or the solemn boom of a cataract whitening on the rocks. There is a subtle siren strain in it, beguiling one into a land of lotus where earthly care cannot come, soothing and entrancing like fairy music or the wondrous carol of the bird that sang to the monk Felix in the wood.

Therefore has "wandering by desolate streams" been ever the great delight and inspiration of the poet. And where has he fitter scope for it than in Ireland—"Eire, thou waterfall land," as St. Columbkille fondly termed that green island of the streams? The spirit of poetry haunts the mossy banks of the Irish rivers. So it is today, and so it was in the far-off, misty, chivalrous days of the warrior-poet Finn, of whom his son Ossian tells us:

"The desire of my hero, who feared no foe,
Was to listen all day to Drumderrig's sound,
To sleep by the roar of the Assaroe,
And to follow the dun deer round and round.

"The warbling of blackbirds in Letter Lee,
The strand where the billows of Ruree fall,
The bellowing ox upon wild Moy-mee,
The lowing of calves upon Glen-da-Vaul."

Which shows that at times the formidable chief of the Fianna or Fenians loved to commune with nature in tender, contemplative, appreciative spirit. Other ancient Irish bards also express a fond love of the river bank and the tranquilizing murmur of the water. Among these is Domhnall MacFhionnlaith (Donal McKinley), whose poetic longings are sweet and simple, as expressed in his "Aged Bard's Wish":

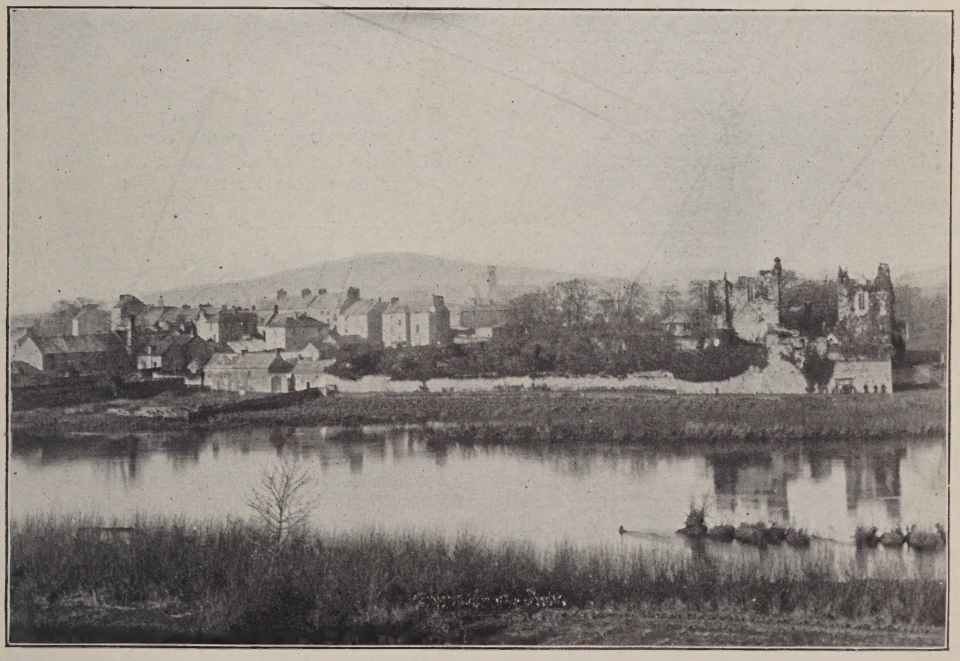
"Oh, lay me by the gentle stream,
Which glides with stealing course;
Lay my head beneath the shady boughs,
And thou, O, sun, be mild upon my rest.

"There, from the ivied craig,
The gushing spring shall flow,
And the son of the rock shall repeat
The murmur of its fall."

The "son of the rock" (MacAlla) means, in the fine old Gaelic imagery, the echo. In a few graceful phrases this old Irish lyrist has deftly painted the chief charms that have attracted and fascinated river poets ever since his time, so long, long ago.

Many are the pleasant rivers that make a silvery network among the emerald hills and brown bogs of "Banba of the streams," as Ireland has been poetically called, and few of these have gone unpraised by some generous soulful lyrist. Sweet as the fragrant breath of the whitethorns and golden furze that bloom along their banks, pure as their floating water lilies, wholesome as their own crystal fountains far up amid the hills, live along the noble Irish streams the spirit and memory of the poets who have lovingly celebrated their beauties.

Down from its great cradle amid the heather of Sliave-an-Iron comes sweeping the majestic Shannon, king of all the rivers of Great Britain and Ireland, down amid swelling hills and smiling meadows, here expanding into broad blue lakes and there foaming into hearty cataracts—



THE SUIR.

THE LEE. VIEW FROM VINCENT BRIDGE, SHOWING THE CELEBRATED SHANDON STEEPLE IN THE DISTANCE.

down by the shrines of Lough Ree, and the grey feudal walls of Randon, and "stout Athlone," where King John's castle still frowns suspiciously upon Connaught, and on, curving west by historic Limerick to the ocean. No wonder some unknown exile should have his muse aroused by the thrilling memory of that grand river panorama:

"Oh! there's a river in the West—
'Tis crowned by many a castle,
By many a fane its banks are blest
And many a loyal vassal
Bears tribute to its swelling tide.
Full many a spell it numbers
Since first the Druid's snowy vest
Watched by the sun-god's slumbers,
To hail the rosy beam
O'er its bright waters quiver,
And wake with golden harps thy dream,
O, thrice-enchanted river!"

Prominent among the poets of the Shannon, all born on or near its historic banks, are Griffin, De Vere, Michael Hogan and J. F. O'Donnell. Gerald Griffin, gentlest and tenderest of bards, modest son of a Limerick man, returning from a dreary and disheartening struggle with the sordid world of cockneydom, bursts into exultant proprietorial joy at sight of his noble native stream, the father of Irish rivers:

" 'Tis, it is the Shannon's stream,
Brightly glancing, brightly glancing;
See, oh, see the ruddy gleam
Upon its waters dancing.
Thus returned from travel vain,
Years of exile, years of pain,
To see old Shannon's face again,
Oh, the bliss entrancing!
Hail, our own majestic stream,
Flowing ever, flowing ever,
Silent in the morning beam,
Our own beloved river!"

The sublimity of natural beauty combines with historical associations, sad yet glorious, to arouse the chaste muse of Aubrey de Vere, and this is the revelation of his poetic vision:

"River of billows! to whose mighty heart
The tide-wave rushes of the Atlantic sea—
River of quiet depths! by cultured lea,
Romantic wood, or city's crowded mart—
River of old poetic founts! that start
From their lone mountain cradles, wild and free,
Nursed with the fawns, lulled by the woodlark's glee,
And cushat's hymeneal song apart—
River of chieftains, whose baronial halls,
Like veteran warders, watch each wave-worn steep,

Portumna's towers, Bunratty's regal walls,
Carrick's stern rock, the Geraldine's grey keep—
River of dark mementoes, must I close
My lips with Limerick's wrongs, with Aughrim's woes?"

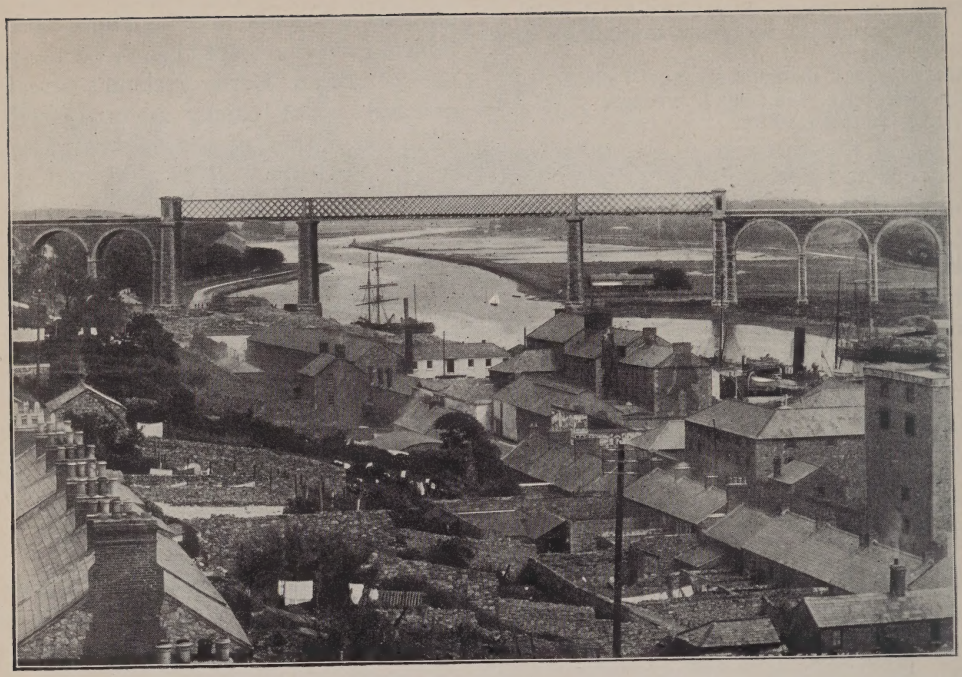
From its source to its estuary the Shannon sparkles with the purple light of romance and the bright memories of patriotic deed and endeavor. Over the long bridge of Ballintra passed, in 1798, General Humbert's Franco-Irish army, floating the green and the tricolor. In Inis Clothrain in Lough Ree is the grassy spot where the valiant Maeve, great queen of Ireland's romantic age, breathed her last. On that lake rode the flotilla of the ruthless Norseman Torgeis, when the shore was red with burnings. The bridge of Athlone is the Sulpician of Ireland, and the Irish Horatius is Sergeant Custume of Maxwell's horse. At Clonmacnoise gleam the towers and crosses of St. Kieran's famous monastery, now a grey necropolis of saints and warriors, and at Kincora, on the Clare side, stood the palace of Brian Boru, Ireland's greatest monarch. But chiefly upon Limerick, with the gashes of the celebrated siege still on its hoary walls, does the affection of the patriot poets most concentrate itself, for, as John F. O'Donnell sings:

"This is the town beside the flood,
That round its ramparts flashes,
Where freedom's seed was sown in blood
To blossom into ashes."

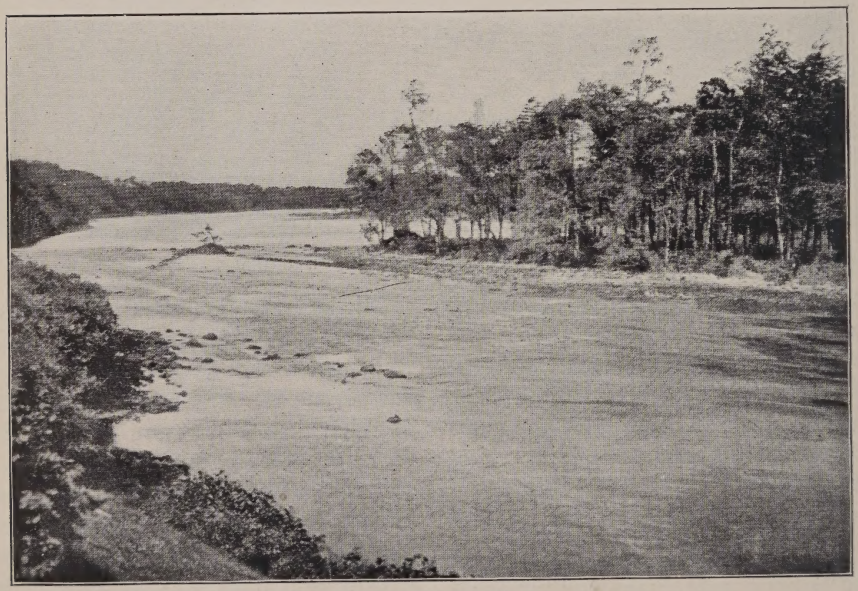
THE NORE (AT THE BRIDGE OF ORMONDE).

Michael Scanlan tells of voices that "ring out like old bugle calls" along the walls of Garrygowen—which, by the way, has given the American cavalry its favorite charging tune—and Robert Dwyer Joyce graphically depicts Sarsfield's dashing raid when, while "the long train of helmets behind him in the pale moonlight glimmered and shone," he crossed the stream at Killaloe to capture and destroy the English siege train.

It was the Shannon of Van Diemen's



DROGHEDA, SHOWING BOYNE VIADUCT.



THE ERNE.

land, named after the Irish one, that inspired the remarkable "rhapsody of rivers" of John Mitchell, who says: "I delight in poets who delight in rivers; and for this do I love that sweet singer, through whose inner heart and brain the gush of his native Aufidus forever streamed and flashed:—how some perennial brook of crystal glimmered for ever through all his day-dreams! how he yearned to marry his own immortality with the eternal murmuring hymn of that bright Blandusian fount!"

As the Shannon is the king of Irish rivers, so the queen of them is the beautiful southern Avondhu, or Blackwater, also called the Avonmore, or great river. Davis, Walsh, Callanan, and, long before them, the Elizabethan poet Spencer, have thrown their grateful laurel wreaths upon its silvery bosom, as it glides grandly on by rugged hill and smiling valley, stately tower and nestling town. Thus yearns Callanan:

"Oh, Avondhu, I wish I were
As once upon that mountain bare,
Where thy young waters laugh and shine
On the wild breast of Meenganine.
I wish I were by Cleada's hill
Or by Glenluachra's rushy rill;
But no! I never more shall view
Those scenes I loved by Avondhu."

And Thomas Davis, who was born on its banks, at Mallow, poetically compares it to the historic northern Blackwater, scene of many a siege and border conflict and of two great victories where the might of England went down before the Red Hand of Tirowen. Admitting the superior historic interest of the latter he truly says of the former:

"But far kinder the woodlands of sweet Convamore,
And more gorgeous the turrets of saintly Lismore;
There the stream, like a maiden
With love overladen,
Pants wild on each shore.
"Its rocks rise like statues, tall, stately and fair,
And the trees, and the flowers, and the mountains, and air,
With Wonder's soul near you,
To share with, and cheer you,
Make Paradise there."

Into the Blackwater flow the streams beloved by Spencer, the Funcheon and the Mulla—"Mulla mine, whose waves I whilome taught to weep"—and northwards, towards the high Galtees and the storied Glen of Aherlow, stand the grey ruins of the castle of Kilcoleman, where, more than three centuries ago, the English Undertaker-poet by turns wrote "The Faerie Queen" and looked out upon his new possessions, part of the confiscated lands of the Geraldines. South of the great "brown bare hill" of Knockmeldown and of the famous Trappist monastery of Mount Melleray—favorite and ideal place of religious retreat for Irish laymen—the river turns southward by the place where lovingly dwelt the thoughts of the poet Edward Walsh:

"Where Cappoquin hath woodlands green,
Wrere Avonmore's waters flow,
Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
Mo craoibhin cno!
Low clustering in her leafy screen,
Mo craoibhin cno!"

For here lived his "cluster of nuts"—figurative of his nut-brown maid, the Irish term being pronounced *Ma creevin kno*. And so, past the castles of Dromana and Strancally, this glorious queen river seeks the Atlantic.

"From Devil's Bit to Thurles, from Golden unto Cahir,
By castle-crowned Ard-Finan running pure,
Past Carrick and Kilsheelan ever sparkling, ever wheeling,
Flow the waters of the sweet River Suir.
"The Galtees and Slieve-Ardagh send their torrents to its flood,
Bright Anner comes from storied Sliavnamon;
The sunshine and the shadows follow fast across the meadows
Till the dews of the morn are gone."

So sings Father Dollard, in vigorous, tuneful topography, of the fine stream that flows through the heart of Tipperary, passing through the rich Golden Vale, fragrant with clover and musical with songbirds—the river that Spencer describes as

"The gentle Shure, that, making way
By sweet Clonmel, adorns fair Waterford."

A century and a half ago the Gaelic poet Donagh MacConmara the Red gave exquisite praise to "the waters of the Suir swelling into whirlpools," and many another poet has paid tribute to its bright waters, flowing past beauteous scenes of romance, piety and patriotism. But it lay with the late T. C. Irwin, a poet of deliciously artistic imagination and skill, to do for the Suir what no other poet has done for Irish rivers, namely, to discover floating on its bosom a beautiful river maiden. It happened that the poet, while rowing on the river, was caught in a sudden storm.

"Then, in a moment as the air grew blind.
The torrent air came driving on a wind
That bowed the trees along the river ridge,
When happily I reached an olden bridge
And near the gloom of its impending span
Moored me aloof from where the current ran."

There he lay sheltered until the dark nimbus drew away its dripping skirts and the sun came out again. Then came his vision:

"At first I deemed it but a swath of foam,
But, as the moon shone from its azure dome
I saw a form—a face serene and pure
As evening when the eastern stars allure
All eyes to leave the earth to gaze on them;
And on her brow a dripping diadem
Of silken grass and lilies of the deep
Smoothed to her hair, which floated soft as sleep;
And as I gazed upon the twilight blue
Of her sweet, humid, innocent eyes I knew
That this must be a Spirit of the stream—
Or else some happy-mooded visiting dream,
Born of my day's long reverie among
The silent nooks, and whispering leaves and grass,
And beam and bubble, that had seemed to pass
Floating into the river's moody song—
Risen for a moment, as I thought, to bless
My lonely worship of earth's loveliness."

This fair naiad of Irwin's, the product of foreign classic influences, stands alone in Ireland. Beautiful sea maidens and lake maidens, some of whom were captured by mortals who seized their magic veils and then married these captives, who made them good wives, are found in Irish peasant mythology; but the noble Suir boasts the only river nymph yet discovered in streamful Erin. True, long before Irwin's time the distinguished Gaelic poet, Owen Roe O'Sullivan, met a nymph beside the Suir, as told in his poem (translated):

"Despondent and sad by the Suir as I strayed
I met a fair nymph in bright beauty arrayed;
Fair flowing her tresses and reddened her cheek
As the berry's ripe bloom, and her looks mild and meek."

But this was not a river maiden; she was sad, gracious and beautiful Erin herself, sweetly embodied in the poet's imagination.

Sister rivers of the Suir are the Nore and the Barrow, all three uniting in the grand estuary which lies in the famed vale of the Three Waters. Dr. Campion and other poets of Kilkenny, the Marble City, have sung the beauties of the Nore. Among its graceful eulogists is Mrs. Mary Locke, neé Cooney, widow of the author of that most favorite of Irish recitals, "Ireland, I bid you the top o' the mornin'." But there is a sob in her verses, gentle and sad as the evening murmur of the wavelets against the bank:

"Ah, changed are my dreams by the beautiful Nore,
Since the loved ones long cherished hath passed from life's scene,
'Mong its wild flowering haunts we shall wander no more,

While glowed round our glad hearts youth's sunshine serene,
By the beautiful Nore,
By the beautiful Nore,
Unfettered my thoughts used on spirit wings soar,
Of the dear ones since dead—shrined in memory's lore,
Still sweet are my dreams by the beautiful Nore."

Another Sappho of the Nore is Mary Anne (O'Farrell) O'Reilly, whose muse is also yearningly retrospective:

"Sparkling Nore of the dells, oft' my memory dwells
On the walks and the wells by thy side,
On thy bridges and bow'rs and where Ormonde's proud towers
Chose to mirror their charms in thy tide,
And thou rolling along in perpetual song,
All unchanged from the dim days of yore,
When we roamed to and fro, hearts and faces aglow,
Where the primroses grow by the Nore."

The Barrow, possibly handicapped by its name, has had little of the fragrant rain of poetic bouquets; but going eastward we come upon the witchery of the Avoca and agree with Moore that "there is not in the wide world a valley so sweet"; and southwards, gliding towards where of old that fair Athenian, "Carman of demoniac spells," founded by Wexford harbor the great fair of ancient Leinster, glides the Slaney, all its green banks hallowed by the great, tragic, and patriotic poem of 'Ninety-eight.

Beloved river of Munster poets is the Lee, fragrant with poetic memories and chaplets of sweetest song, from where the pious pilgrims still gather at St. Finbar's holy retreat in Gongane Barra to where its waters gleam under the sound of Shandon bells. The spell of that river once flashed in tenderest telepathy to Rome and was caught and crystalized by Frank Mahony. In his lonely room in the Irish College we see him in the *heimweh* of his noontide musing scribbling on the wall—where still the inscription remains—his first ideas of the grand-rolling lyric that is familiar the world over, albeit the river is but an incident to the bells,

"Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells."

But by all excellence the poet of the Lee is James Joseph Callanan, whose splendid poem on Gougane Barra, with its wealth of passionate sunset gloom and gleam, has been pronounced "the best of all Irish minor poems," as it is the best of all Irish river poems. Callanan, yielding to the mystic spirit of Celtic poetry that possessed him, went to nature's heart to intensely study nature. Devoted as a student in an Irish bardic college, he took up his lone and frugal life as a hermit-poet in the isle of Inchidony, in Clonakilty bay, and here the winds and the waves, the clouds and the sun and the rain were his teachers, until, with the shine and the showers, the mantle of olden bardship descended upon him. He hoped that his grave would be on the banks of the Avonbwee, or Yellow River, which flows through Carrigaline into Cork harbor:

"I, too, shall be gone—but my name shall be spoken
When Erin awakes and her fetters are broken;
Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,
When freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avonbwee seeks the kisses of ocean,
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping forever."

But the young poet's ardent soul departed from his enfeebled frame at Lisbon, far from his native river.

In like manner, John Locke, whose chief poems breathe an Ovid-like sorrow

of exile, expresses a desire for final rest by the Avonree, or Grey River:

"I may fight for thee, too, ere the trees again
blossom,
And see thee, my Erin, yet happy and free;
And my heart may yet rest on thy soft, dewy
bosom,
In a green, grassy grave by the calm
Avonree."

And Dr. Sigerson, in his exquisite poem, "The Harper of the Glens," full of flaming Whistlerian dashes of exquisite word-painting, seems to succumb to similar melancholy yearning. Strange that in some poets the charm of the glowing, healthy beauty of Mother Earth should suggest a final melancholy desire for her damp and clayey embrace:

"Where the broom's bright pendants yearn
to the mirroring streams below,
Like swarms of golden bees each with
yellow wings outspread,
I have gazed adown that stream to the sun-
set's golden glow,
Through the many-colored aisle
Draped with purple, green and red,
Till my spirit trod that brilliant path to God,
the glorious Giver,
And I longed to rest the while
From the earthly and the vile,
In a bank of the green Glenn River."

And that gentle yet virile "artisan poet," John Fraser of Birr, who died in Dublin in 1849, adopts the same strain in weaving a poetic chaplet for the river of his youth, the Brosna, flowing through King's county into the Shannon:

"For there upon my boyhood broke
The dreamy voice of nature first;
And every word the vision spoke,
How deeply has my spirit nursed!
A woman's love, a lyre, or pen
A rescued land, a nation's thanks,
A friendship with the world, and then
A grave upon the Brosna's banks."

These funereal fancies are poetic in their way, yet from repetition they are apt to beget in one a morbid, creepy feeling and arouse awed surprise as to what a pure, wholesome, bright flowing river can have in common with the coffin and the pall, with the hearse and the undertaker. It would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy.

Going northwards we come upon what Moore calls "the Boyne's ill-fated river," flowing through a richly fertile country, past the Irish pyramids of the dim Dananns, and the great royal sepulchre of Brugh, with the dust of four centuries of Milesian monarchs, and many a ruined feudal tower of the Norman knights of the Pale, and so into the sea by Drogheda of awful memories, where Cromwell cruelly crimsoned the tide with the great Irish slaughter of the innocents. In Brugh rests the dust of the lady from whom the river was named in far remote ages, namely Boinn, the wife of Nechtan, "who took with her to the tomb her small hound Dabilla"—which shows that this ancient Irish dame had similar penchant for pets as prevails in some aristocratic circles of the present, and that there is nothing new under the sun. Along those banks and through these fords was fought the bungling skirmish dignified by the name of "the battle of the Boyne," through whose murk we catch sight of the abject form of a retreating king and hear the indignant voice of an Irish dragoon defiantly inviting the victors to "change kings, and fight it over again." Darcy McGee of Monaghan, first Irish separatist patriot, afterwards Canadian imperialist statesman, thus addresses the Boyne:

"Forgettest thou that silent summer morning,
When William's bugles sounded sudden warn-
ing,
And James's answered, chivalrously clear!
When rank to rank gave the death signal duly,
And volley answered volley quick and truly,
And shouted mandates met the eager ear!

"The thrush and linnet fled beyond the moun-
tains,
The fish in Inver Colpa sought their foun-
tains,

The unchased deer scampered through
Tredagh's gates,
St. Mary's bells in their high places trembled,
And made a mournful music which resembled
A hopeless prayer to the unpitying Fates."

* * * * * * *

"Not in thy depths, not in thy fount, Lough
Ramor,
Were brewed the bitter strife and cruel
clamor
Our wisest long have mourned;
Foul Faction falsely made thy gentle current
To Christian ears a stream and name ab-
horrent,
And all thy waters into poison turned."

Yet bottles of this same water are sent for even from distant Chicago for the purpose of christening the children of loyal Orangemen, the Boyne being the sacred Jordan of the organization whose doctrine is that Catholicity shall not presume to exist in Ireland or anywhere else. "The Boyne Water," a crude rhyme written to a drawling air, is the pinchbeck Marsellaise of Orangeism; some strenuous years it prevails from the first to the twelfth day of July in Ulster, and the air is impressed upon the Catholic factory girls of Belfast with an accompaniment of paving stones and iron nuts and bolts. Under these disheartening conditions the genius of poetry seems to have sadly deserted the verdant banks of the Boyne, and no delicate fluvial sentiment remains to curb the fiery spirit of some "son of William," when, aroused by some British political doings seemingly unfavorable to his order, he boldly threatens to "kick the royal crown into the Boyne."

Since the passing of the bards of O'Neill and O'Donnell, few are the flowers of poesy that have bloomed "down in the Black North." Francis Davis, the patriotic weaver-poet of Belfast, has woven many delightful lays along the Lagan. George Ogle and Colonel Blacker have planted some pretty poetic flowerets along the Bann, or Banna, where wandered Lover's Molly bawn asthore. Humble rural poetasters have sung love carols along the Roe and the banks of Claudy. Frances Brown of Donegal, sightless from her eighteenth year, gentle and spiritual as the blind girl of Pompeii, hearkened to the solemn voices of the streams and sought to fathom their mystery:

"The bards—the ancient bards—who sung
When thought and song were new,—
Oh, mighty waters, did they learn
Their minstrelsy from you?
For still methinks your voices blend
With all their glorious themes
That flow forever fresh and free
As the eternal streams."

Though his vigorous songs are mostly of arms and men, William Collins thus softens into early riverside reminiscence:

"O! God be with the good old times when I
was twenty-one,
In 'Tyrone among the bushes,' where the Finn
and Mourne run;
When my heart was gay and merry—recked
not then of care or toil,
Blythsome as the bells of Derry ringing o'er
the sunny Foyle."

Picturesque, historic, inspiring is the Erne, where of old the clans of Tirconnell used to assemble in "Saimer's green vale" for a burst upon the Sassenach. Addressing his lady love, Ireland, in warmest devotion, Red Hugh O'Donnell says:

"The Erne , . . at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen."

Chief modern poet of the Erne is William Allingham (once editor of the famed Fraser's Magazine) who soulfully mourns the ruin of Abbey Assaroe, and tenderly, lovingly, caressingly, leaves his poetic benediction on every foaming waterfall and pleasant leafy river nook from Lough Erne to the sea. His well-known valedictory poem, simple as a linnet's song, is full of the pathos and heartbreak of parting.

Its gentle burthen of farewell has found an echo in many an emigrant's heart:

"Farewell to every white cascade from harbor to Belleek,
And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek;
The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow;
The one split yew tree gazing on the curving flood below;
The Lough that winds through islands under Tura mountains green;
The Castle Caldwell stretching woods, with tranquil bays between;
And Breezie Hill, and many a pond among the heath and fern,—
For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks of Erne!

"The thrush will call through Camlin groves the livelong summer day;
The water run by mossy cliff, and bank with wild flowers gay,
The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted thorn,
Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn;
Along the riverside they go, where I have often been—
Oh, never shall I see again the days that I have seen,
A thousand chances are to one I never will return,—
Adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne!"

The Moy, the Boyle, the Suck and other streams of Connaught have had their poetic admirers, bringing unto them votive garlands of song. Rev. John O'Donnell of Ballina, a gifted young priest who died in 1874, is chief poet of the river from which he took his pen name, "Moy"—the bright stream of salmon and speckled trout, as High Bard MacFirbis described it in the fifteenth century; the gentle, murmuring Moy, as the Four Masters call it, —which comes sweeping down from blue Sliabh Gamh by town and village, grey castle and abbey, to its golden sandy gateways in Killala Bay. By its banks the poet-priest loved to rove and ponder:

"Here is the place that we used to tread,
Beside the river, in days gone by,
When youth's clear light encircled my head,
Ere life's dark shadows crept down from the sky,
Two boys, who spoke out their hearts as one,
Two men, now parted by leagues of sea,
Each wishing the course of life was run,
To be joined in a happy eternity."

The two chief poets of Fenianism had their favorite rivers. That of Charles J. Kickham was the Anner, flowing from romantic Sliavnamon into the Suir. Here his gallant patriots gathered and planned for the old land, and here were reared his gentle and devoted Irish maidens. It was "where the Anner's stream winds up the woods anear" that Rory of the Hill tapped at the sheeling door and was admitted to the revolutionary council. And here dwelt that winsome and devoted Irish Evangeline, type of many an emigrant daughter of Erin:

"She lived beside the Anner,
At the foot of Silavnamon,
A gentle peasant girl,
With mild eyes like the dawn;
Her lips were dewy rosebuds,
Her teeth, of pearls so rare,
And a snowdrift 'neath a beechen bough,
Her neck and nut-brown hair."

* * * * * * *

"'Write word to my dear mother—
Say we'll meet with God above,
And tell my little brothers
I send them all my live
May the angels ever guard them,
Is their dying sister's prayer—
And folded in the letter
Was a braid of nut-brown hair."

No sadder and holier memory haunts an Irish stream than this of "the lily of the mountain foot, that withered far away," with which the gentle muse of Kickham has invested the Anner.

The pleasant river Inny, meandering through the meadows of west Leinster into Lough Ree, not far from "sweet Auburn" and the birthplace of Oliver Goldsmith, is the beloved stream of the young Fenian poet John Keegan Casey ("Leo"), who died in 1871, author of "The Rising of the Moon," and other favorite ballads.

"There beside the Inny river
That dark mas of men was seen,
High above their shining weapons
Hung their own beloved green."

Such, says "Leo's" biographer, the late Eugene Davis, himself a graceful poet and advanced nationalist, was part of the first version of the favorite song in that time of moonlight drillings; but the Inny was changed to the "singing" river so that the attention of the government mouchards might not be unduly attracted. The Inny was very dear to the young "rising-moon" poet who refers to it in several of his poems in terms of tender remembrance. For instance:

"The Inny's shore, and brown Rathmore,
The sunlight on the trembling meadows,
The pastured lea on brown Lough Ree,
Are now to me but fading shadows.
Two eyes of blue still keep their hue,
Whose tender glances never vary,
But on me shine with love divine,
Those eyes are thine, my own dear Mary."

It was "down by the Inny's bounding water" that the hunter lay and mourned his hopeless love of O'Sionach's daughter; and it was "by Inny's smiling tide" that the soldier of the Irish Brigade bade farewell to Gracie Oge Machree, and it was "far beyond the Inny river" that poor Donal Kenny, heartbroken at his rejection by Mary, gave his parting cheer as he departed for America.

And so we have made sentimental circuit of the green isle, in pilgrimage along the footprints of the river poets, following them to the murmuring crystal founts of their inspiration, and listening to the sympathetic waters yield responsive to the respective moods of their votaries, grateful Te Deum, or solemn dirge, or lively roundelay. Long and kindly may the adorning strains of each singer be preserved among the charming waterscapes he loved, so that of him, as of the sweet bard of the Vire, may be said, no matter how sordid changes material may come or go:

"But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part,
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart."

THE SONG OF THE AGES.

BY JEROME HARTE.

A summer of gold and a winter of light,
A season of sunlight and love's merry cheer,
God's promise fulfilled in the world's friendly smile,
In laughter and song,—and this is a year.

A summer of shadows, a winter of gray
A seared yellow autumn of heartache and fear,
God's kindliness veiled in the world's cold frown,
In weeping and wailing—and this is a year.

In sunlight or shadow, in laughter or tears,
God's ways are good ways—and these are God's years.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

The Divine Office and the Celebration of Holy Week.

(Continued.)

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXI.

The ceremony of the washing of the feet formerly was very general in the Church and is still performed in many places. The custom is exceedingly ancient and without doubt is of Apostolic origin. The special rites were as various as the nations in which they were performed. All agree in the selection of twelve or thirteen, and sometimes a greater number, whose feet were washed by a prelate, a prince, or a monarch; and alms were also given to these persons.

Before the introduction of shoes and stockings the feet of travelers were generally soiled, and one of the first acts of kindness which was shown to a stranger as a guest was the washing of his feet; if this was performed by his host it was the greatest evidence of attention and respect, and the higher the dignity of him who performed it the greater was the testimony of condescension on his part and the honor to the stranger. The Saviour of the world, desiring to teach those whom He told to learn of Him because He was meek and humble of heart (St. Matt., XI, 29), performed this office for His apostles, telling them that they ought, by doing so, imitate His example. It is true that what He seeks is not the mere outward action, but the interior disposition. However, our nature is such that we are in general greatly impressed with the performance of the ceremony, and the Author of our being was well aware of this when He not merely sanctioned the use of the rite, but taught it. Hence St. Paul, in his first Epistle to Timothy, mentions it (v. 10). It was discontinued in certain places during the centuries owing to various abuses that crept into the custom: these, however, found their remedies in due time. In Rome the Pope performs the ablution. Thirteen priests are usually selected by the Church and State dignitaries for this ceremony. Why thirteen? is not so clear. Various opinions are given. Some say that Mary, who washed the Saviour's feet, is added to the twelve apostles: others that the thirteenth represents St. Paul: others tell us that the thirteenth was introduced to commemorate the miraculous appearance of an angel among twelve poor people St. Gregory the Great fed daily at his residence, etc. The object of the ceremony then is twofold: first, to preserve the lesson of interesting facts by continuing ancient usages; and secondly, to give the Holy Father and his representatives an opportunity of learning and practicing the lesson of humility taught by our divine Redeemer.

It is usual in Rome and at other Catholic centres, to have a dinner prepared on this day for the apostli, as these priests whose feet have been washed are called. The Pope, if his strength permits, blesses the table anl serves the guests. Before leaving, he bestows his blessing on them. In this ceremony he is assisted by prelates of the household. In many places the prelates, Catholic princes, and monarchs, perform this ceremony for twelve poor men.

IV.

Good Friday has always been held as a day of mourning and of solemn ritual observances; but these ceremonies were not in all places the same. Down to the third and fourth centuries it was usually called the Pasch, because then Christ, our Pasch, was slain. Tertullian and Eusebius write very interestingly on the subject. Gregory of Tours states that the early Christians gave this day to watchings, sacred readings, fasts, and prayer. In some places they constructed a sepulchre, to which the crucifix was carried in procession, and the figure of our Saviour was laid in a state of repose in the tomb, together with the ciborium which contained the Sacred Host. At Poitiers they placed the blessed Eucharist in a corporal, which, being carefully folded, was enclosed between two patens, and a golden cross was laid upon them; the whole was then carefully rolled in clean linen and laid in a sepulchre together with holy water and incense. The door of the repository was locked and five persons were left in charge. The Councils of the early Church regulated these several rites which in time became uniform.

On this day the churches present to the visitor lessons of sorrow and penance. The altar is divested of everything, the sanctuary is covered with signs of mourning, all ornaments are removed, and the candles are of unbleached wax. The bishop and other prelates lay aside their purple and wear black; nor do they wear their rings. The celebrant and attendants enter with black vestments. They prostrate themselves at the foot of the altar and pray in secret. The Master of Ceremonies spreads altar linens on the altar: the celebrant rises, goes to the altar which he kisses, then to the missal, where he reads. A chanter sings a lesson from the prophecy of Osee in which the Lord invites His people to repentance and mercy and promises to receive them back when they evince proper dispositions. Then the chanters intone the Tract, which is taken up by the choir. The prayer follows after the mode of invitation by the deacon,—"Flectamus Genua"; the sub-deacon then chants a lesson from the Book of Exodus describing the institution of the Passover which was a strikingly prophetic figure of the death of the Redeemer. The Tract is composed of several passages, prophetic of the Passion. The chanters then come habited as deacons, but without dalmatics, to sing the history of the sufferings of the Saviour as recorded in the Gospel of St. John, who was the only evangelist present at the awful tragedy, and therefore gave testimony of what he saw. The histories given by the other three evangelists had been published on Sunday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. The Passion is sung as on Palm Sunday, but at the conclusion the deacon sings the Gospel, without having asked a blessing and without lights or incense. The book is not kissed at the conclusion by the bishop or celebrant.

A sermon is then preached on the Passion, and, as a rule, by a Franciscan Father, after which the indulgence is published. This being the great day of expiation when Christ laid down His life for all mankind, the Church commands her ministers at her altars to beseech that He would be merciful to all. The form of prayer is exceedingly ancient. Intercession is made for all orders and degrees,—for the whole Church, for the Holy Father, for all bishops, priests, deacons and other clergymen, for confessors, virgins, widows, and all congregated portions of the faithful, for temporal rulers and for converts; also to beg the removal of error, of disease and famine; to entreat the liberation of captives; safe return of

travelers; health of the sick, safe arrival of those tossed upon the ocean. In tones of supplication the Church prays for the grace and conversion of those who stray away from her teachings. She presents her petition also for the Jews that the blood of Jesus which their forefathers desired might be upon them and their children might come upon them in streams of expiation and not in condemnation. But as their fathers bent their knees in mockery before the Saviour whom they hailed in derision as King when the prayer this day is said in their behalf the deacon does not invite the assistants to kneel. Extending her view to the poor pagans who sit in the darkness she supplicates that they, too, may be brought to serve in spirit and in truth Jesus Christ who on this day offered Himself to be an oblation for their sins.

Now the moment has arrived for entering into the full contemplation of the dreadful tragedy of Calvary. Made a little less than the angels yet we are not pure spirits. Dwelling in tenements of clay, our souls are principally affected through the organs of the senses: we need external objects to make deep impressions upon the mind. Paulinus informs us that on this day in Jerusalem the bishop exhibited to the assembled multitude the cross on which our blessed Saviour died, on the very spot upon which the redemption of the human race was effected. What must have been the sensations of those who looked upon it? When the cherished relics of a family are taken from their resting place what are the feelings witnessed? How the tears flow! Here are tokens of affection given by one who sleeps among strangers. This is an emblem of friendship left by another whose heart has ceased to beat, whose eye is closed in death, whose body is mouldering in the grave. Further description would only profane the sacred feelings which are on such occasions cherished and indulged by every human breast. The God Who formed us implanted those feelings when He enlightened us with reason. When properly regulated they admirably support wisdom and truth. And on what occasion could they be more rationally indulged than on this day when the Church places before us for contemplation the cross, the emblem of our salvation? Can it be that when we meditate upon the vast importance to ourselves individually of this affectionate atonement, we shall be restrained by the mockery of false reasoning from approaching with sorrow and gratitude to the very foot of that emblem itself and there affectionately kiss the symbol of the feelings of the human heart? Forbid it every sacred sentiment of Christianity! Can the adoration of the Blessed Saviour be called idolatry? Can the affectionate and sorrowful recollection of the mysteries of Calvary be irreligion? Can the manifestation of our love towards the emblem on which our dear Jesus died be superstition? Nature and religion will be our vindication with the reflecting and unprejudiced among our non-Catholic neighbors?

The celebrant, now laying his chasuble aside, goes to the Epistle side of the altar where he receives from the deacon a crucifix covered with a purple veil. Disclosing a portion of its summit, he chants—"Ecce lignum crucis," (behold the wood of the cross); two voices continue, "In quo salus mundi pependit,"—(upon which the salvation of the world is hung); the choir answers "Venite adoremus," (Come let us adore); and all bend their knees. Ascending one step, the celebrant uncovers the right arm, and in a higher strain the same passages are sung, and the same answer is repeated. Then going to the middle of the platform

in front of the altar the celebrant exhibits the entire figure, and in a higher tone repeats the phrases above mentioned, while he exposes the symbol of the Redeemer Who became the victim of propitiation for the sins of the world. The celebrant then descends to the foot of the altar and places the crucifix upon a veil, for veneration. Formerly the clergy and laity came with bare feet to the churches on this day. They paid this tribute of homage to Him Who was for them stripped of every garment, and after multiplied injuries was led through deriding crowds to an infamous death. St. Louis, King of France, barefooted and covered with rough garments, visited the several churches of Paris to pray; on returning, he went from his throne, on his knees, and followed by his children, to the veneration of the cross and the adoration of Him Who suffered upon it. St. Elizabeth went in like manner poorly clad and barefooted to the churches of her city on this day, on her way giving alms to the poor. Hundreds of similar examples might be cited. In the East the custom was nearly universal; all who went in the procession were barefooted; the laying aside of shoes when going to venerate the cross is a remnant of the old custom. The performance of this ceremony is called the "adoration," in which, though the tokens of affectionate respect are given to the symbol, the homage of adoration is paid only to Christ the incarnate and eternal God. The bishop, having risen from the third genuflection of the cross, sits until his shoes are taken off. Then his mitre is removed and he kneels and prays and pays his respects to the cross. In Rome the Pope makes an offering of gold for the poor, in a purse of red damask.

The choir, meantime, sings the passages of reproach in which the mercies of God to the Jewish people and their return of ingratitude are enumerated, and at the end of each, the "thrice holy" is sung in Latin and in Greek. * * * "Holy God! Holy Strong One! Holy Immortal! Have mercy on us." The other dignitaries and clergy now follow the example of the bishop, two and two. Then the other members of the choir go in the same order, but do not take off their shoes.

The ceremony of the adoration having terminated, the sub-deacon, with the cross uncovered, leads the procession, between two acolytes with lighted candles: after these come the altar boys and sodalities, followed by the clergy and celebrant. The bishop brings up the rear. Having arrived at the Repository all kneel to adore the Blessed Sacrament. The deacon unlocks and opens the door of the receptacle. Meantime the bishop casts incense into the censer and perfumes the Host. The deacon gives it to the bishop, who places the extremities of the humeral veil over the chalice and the procession returns, the choirs singing in alternate verses the hymn "Vexilla regis prodeunt." The people kneel and adore the Blessed Sacrament as the celebrant passes: upon arriving at the altar he gives the chalice containing the Blessed Sacrament to the deacon, who places it on the altar: incense is again put into the censer and the sacred Host is perfumed.

The Church, as has already been observed, does not consecrate the Eucharist on this day; but in order to show forth the death of the Lord upon the great anniversary of His crucifixion, a host consecrated the previous day, and which had been reserved, is now brought to the altar to be there consumed. It has been consecrated previously, hence the name, the Mass of the Presanctified.

The Sacrament, having been taken from the chalice, is laid upon the altar; the deacon puts wine into the chalice, and

(Continued on page 305.)

ROBERT EMMET.

(Executed September 20th, 1803.)

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

One hundred years ago! And still in the gallery of Irish patriots, young Emmet stands for saint and martyr. So ideal were his qualities that it almost needs his unhappy love affair to prove him human. Yet he was a fighting saint and martyr, with a genius for strategy, a grasp of organization, a brilliant aptitude for conspiracy; all the qualities, in fact, for a great and successful leader, if only he could have fused those who were with him in the white fire of his own passion.

His simplicity and faith he kept untainted to the end. He was so unconscious of his own heroism that he placed above him men unworthy to be named in the same breath with him. The fine gentlemen who had lured him to France in the sacred name of Motherland were found missing when he led his forlorn hope, and when his holy,—yes, his holy blood,—was lapped by dogs in the channels of Thomas street. Hear how he spoke of these in his immortal speech from the dock.

"I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as it has been expressed, the life and blood of this conspiracy. You do me honor overmuch; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of the superior. There are men concerned in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conception of yourself, my Lord; men before the splendor of whose genius and whose virtues I should bow with respectful deference."

This, though he was on the road to the scaffold, while they enjoyed their titles and estates; this, though they had left him alone to carry out his tremendous enterprise. Simple and credulous, is it not? For the children of this world are yet wiser in their generation than the children of light.

What strange, what resplendent virtues those must have been that moved all manner of men and women to tears; Norbury, the Irish Judge Jeffreys, with almost uncontrollable emotion sentenced him, who had just arraigned himself in invective that scorches and burns. When Emmet was returned to Kilmainham gaol, heavily ironed, his English jailer, seeing that the manacles had cut through his silk stockings and wounded his feet and ankles so that the blood flowed, burst into tears. As he went to execution, the warden who had charge of him, and who had conceived for him a strange passion of love and loyalty, stood in the prison corridor, sobbing bitterly. As Emmet passed, he leant forward, his hands being ironed, and kissed this man on the cheek. The man, with amazement as of one who sees Heaven opened, suddenly swooned before the radiant face of the young martyr, and fell like a stone.

Trevor, the brutal governor of Kilmainham, embraced and kissed him, and the embrace and the kiss were returned. It has been given as a proof of the man's duplicity and horrid hypocrisy. For my part, I prefer to believe that such a man as Trevor was raised for one instant to heights of pity by the spectacle of an Emmet going to die.

The plates illustrating Mrs. Hinkson's paper have been reproduced from "The Emmet family," the author, Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., New York, having kindly placed at our disposal a large number of the illustrations that accompany the text of this valuable and most interesting history of his family and the events of national interest with which the name is associated.—Editor.

Even the English newspapers that would have taken away his right to Heaven, as well as to earth, were obliged to bear unwilling testimony.

"The clergyman endeavored to win him from his deistical opinions, but without effect," says the voice of the liar. "In short, he behaved without the least symptom of fear, and with all the effrontery and nonchalance which distinguished his conduct in his trial yesterday. *Even as it was, I never saw a man die like him.*"

Emmet, as a matter of fact, lived and died in the Christian belief and profession. The day before his execution, he expressed his anger that his jailers should have thought it necessary to take precautions against his committing suicide. His hopes of salvation, he declared solemnly, were founded on the mediation of the Saviour Who died on the Cross; and with this hope and this faith it would be impossible for him to commit suicide. His declaration on the scaffold was that he died in peace, feeling only love and kindness towards all men.

Yet with all his saintliness of character, Emmet was one of the most dangerous enemies the English rule in Ireland ever had. His conspiracy was actually far more dangerous to the English domination than the more wide-reaching and bloodier rebellion of 1798. If there had not been incredible carelessness, folly and wickedness among those he trusted, the English in Ireland had gone packing, bag and baggage, from those green shores that 23d of July, 1803.

Unlike what happened in 1798, the insurrection found the government of the day absolutely unprepared. Nineteen counties were ready to rise; but, again, unlike the plan of the Rebellion, there was no cumbrous and easily betrayed system of county direction and organization. The threads of rebellion were all in the young leader's hands. The informer was guarded against by the line of demarcation observed between the several bodies of rebels. Arms and ammunition were in abundance. The English government at home and abroad had its hands full, and the eyes of the Irish administration were the eyes of a mole.

Alas, and alas! The stars in their courses once more fought against Ireland. The fabric of rebellion to which Emmet, Russell and others had given their hearts and intellects, their love and their lives, crumbled like a sand-castle. Once again the history of Ireland lies the way of madness and despair.

Emmet foresaw that when he was gone it would be said of him that he had ventured rashly. Therefore he left behind him the story of his plan, that should retrieve his memory from the charge of foolhardiness. As it brings together the various features of his enterprise, I cannot do better than quote some of it to show the fabric which withered in an hour,—actually in an hour.

"The plan was comprised under three heads: Points of Attack, Points of Check and Lines of Defence. The Points of Attack were three—The Castle, the Pigeon House Fort and the Artillery Barracks at Island Bridge."

The Pigeon House was to be first attacked by a body of two hundred. A rocket sent up, after the fort was surprised, was to be the signal for the attack on the Castle. The Castle was also to be attacked by two hundred men. The matter was to begin by Emmet and some of his most trusted adherents entering the Castle yard in hackney coaches, as though they were on their way to dine with the Lord Lieutenant. Once inside, the whole party was to alight and turn back to the guard-house, seizing the guard. At the same time they would be reinforced by men

swarming in by the windows of houses overlooking the Castle yard. The Lord Lieutenant and principal government officials were to be seized, and in case the attacking force was repulsed, were to be carried quickly into the mountains of Wicklow, where Michael Dwyer would answer for their safe keeping. The third attack was to be on the Island Bridge Barracks. The fourth was to be on Cork Street Barracks. The signal for the attack having been made, in each case, was to be three rockets going off, to be followed by a shower of rockets in case of victory, or a single dumb rocket in case of repulse. Various buildings were to be seized and occupied by armed men. The streets were to be defended by lines of chains, barricades consisting of drays, beams, and the coaches of the hackney men, and the butchers' blocks from Ormond Market; the houses over the chains to be occupied by persons armed with pistols, hand-grenades and stones. The bridges were to be laid with planks of wood, spiked and nailed, to prevent the passage of cavalry. Everything for the fight and for the retreat, if necessary, had been planned and thought out. Robert Emmet had a passion for the study of military strategy, and in his plans the strategist, born as well as made, is evident. The plan was finally simplified to the taking of the Castle, and the lines of defence.

"I expected three hundred Wexford men, four hundred Kildare, and two hundred Wicklow men, all of whom had fought before. The county of Dublin was also to act; the number of Dublin people was to be three or four thousand. I expected two thousand to assemble at Costigan's Mills. The evening before, the Wicklow men failed through their officers. The Kildare men, who were to act particularly with me, came in at five o'clock, but went off again from the Canal harbor, on a false report that Dublin would not act. In Dublin itself, it was given out by some treacherous or cowardly person that it was postponed till Wednesday. The time of assembly was from six till nine; and at nine, instead of two thousand, there were eighty men assembled."

The carelessness was incredible. One can well believe that the young leader died broken-hearted.

"The man who was to turn the fuses and rammers for the beams forgot them, and went off to Kildare to bring men, and did not return till the very day. From the explosion in Patrick street, I lost the jointed pikes that were deposited there. * * * The persons who had the management of the depot, mixed, by accident, the slow-matches that were prepared with what were not, and all our labor went for nothing. The fuses for the grenades he had also laid by where he forgot them, and could not find them in the crowd. The cramp-irons could not be got in time from the smiths, and the scaling ladders were not finished, but one. Had I another week, had I one thousand pounds, had I one thousand men, I would have feared nothing."

Emmet does not dwell on the folly which went so far to wreck his insurrection. Despite all his plans of isolation, whereby each little centre of conspiracy kept to itself, and knew nothing of its neighbor; despite this, if the government had not been as blind as a bat, its eyes must have been opened.

On the 14th of July, nine days before the rising, bonfires were lit in the streets, and before the houses of conspirators, at which much sedition was talked and acted.

Then think of the acts of personal folly! At half-past six on the evening of the insurrection, the Castle Yard stood open to the public, with no gates, no guards; as though inviting Emmet's entry. It wait-

ed in vain. The Privy Council, which was sitting, and the members of which it was part of Emmet's plan to capture, sat and separated in safety. Henry Howley, who had been deputed to fetch the coach in which the leaders were to enter the Castle Yard, stopped on the quays, as if his mission mattered nothing at all, to see fair play in a fight between a countryman and a soldier. Presently, a military officer coming along and interfering, as Howley thought, unfairly, Howley shot him; and then, hearing the guard coming, fled, leaving the carriage behind him.

It is heartbreaking reading. All Emmet's carefully planned design gave way at every link.

He waited in vain for his coaches. The reinforcements, ready to pour into the Castle Yard after him, also waited idly. About nine in the evening, when it was brought home to him to a certainty that all his plans had failed, Quigley, one of his men, rushed into the depot in Marshalsea Lane, crying out that the army was upon them. It was a false alarm but Emmet believed it was true; and not to die like a rat in a trap donned his uniform and sallied out with about eighty men. His intention was, even then, to attack the Castle. As he went on he was joined by about eighty others, most of them, says Madden, if not intoxicated, at least under the influence of drink. The young leader marched at the head of this motley crowd, which straggled, in spite of the efforts of the few trained men to keep it together.

Most unhappily, some of the stragglers in the rear came up with the coach of Lord Kilwarden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench: a just judge and a noble and humane man. The coach contained his Lordship, his daughter, Miss Wolfe, and his nephew, a clergyman. They were on their way to Lord Kilwarden's house at Newlands in the County Dublin, a strange, rambling old place, with as many rooms below ground as above. Kilwarden, strong in his knowledge that he had deserved the enmity of none of his countrymen,—why, a few years before he had done all man could do to save Wolfe Tone!—stood up in the coach and called out: "I am Kilwarden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench." "Then you are the man we want!" cried out a man of the crowd named Shannon; and straightway he was dragged from his carriage and piked to death before his daughter's eyes. The same fate befell his nephew; and the distracted Emmet reached the scene only in time to carry the unhappy Miss Wolfe to a place of safety.

From that moment, the bitterness of death was past for Emmet. Within an hour the rout was general. Lord Kilwarden, dying of his wounds in Vicars street watch-house, heard Major Swan threaten to hang every prisoner brought in. "What are you going to do, Swan?" he cried. "To hang these rebels, my Lord." "Let no man be put to death except by the operation of the laws of his country," commanded the dying just man.

Emmet and some of his followers meanwhile fled to the lonely house in Butterfield Lane, which he had inhabited under the name of Mr. Ellis. The Lane is a lonely country road, winding through green fields, below the blue, blue hills of Dublin.

They reached the house at eleven o'clock. Anne Devlin, the Irish peasant heroine, who was Emmet's domestic servant, and who will be remembered so long as Emmet is remembered, was, at the moment, engaged in sending a man off with a consignment of powder. When she saw them she realized that the rebellion was over. "Bad welcome to you!" she cried out; "is the world lost by you? Cowards

that you are, to lead the people to destruction, and then to leave them!" Emmet answered her patiently: "Don't blame me, Anne; the fault is not mine."

The party remained at Butterfield Lane that night and all next day, till ten at night. Then it made for the mountains. The reason of the delay was that Emmet expected Michael Dwyer from the mountains; but Dwyer never came. Emmet's messenger to him had failed, too, and Dwyer waited vainly, till he heard that all was over in Dublin.

A day or two later Anne went up to the mountains, to convey letters to her master. She found Emmet and the others sitting on the hillside in their uniforms, for they had no other clothes. When she was returning, Emmet, in spite of the protestations of his friends and followers, returned to Dublin with her. He went to Mrs. Palmer's at Harold's Cross, and took up his abode there. From there Anne carried a letter from him to his love, Sarah Curran.

A day or two later, a troop of yeomen, accompanied by a magistrate, came and searched the house in Butterfield Lane. Anne Devlin was seized furiously on their arrival, and while the search proceeded she was surrounded by yeomen, who kept the points of their bayonets actually touching her body.

When the others returned, she was examined as to Emmet's doings and whereabouts. She protested she was only a poor servant-maid and knew absolutely nothing about "the gentlemen." Threats and persuasion alike having failed, the magistrate ordered her to be hanged.

In the yard was a cart, which they tilted up and swung a rope to it by a band of leather. While they made these preparations, others of the yeomen pushed the girl against the wall, and while they prodded her with their bayonets till the blood ran down in streams they kept asking her: "Will you tell us where Mr. Ellis is now?" Her constant answer was: "I will tell nothing. I have nothing to tell."

They asked her again when the noose was about her neck. Her answer was: "You may murder me, you villains, but not one word about him will you ever get from me." Then, as she cried: "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" they swung her up.

She was, however, only half-hanged; they hoped yet to reduce this magnificent contumacy of hers, and so her life was saved. After she had been suspended for three minutes she was cut down, and on recovering was sent into town to Major Sirr.

The Major adopted other methods with her at first. He tried flattery and soft words, and finally offered her five hundred pounds just to say where Mr. Ellis had gone to, adding that all the others had told the truth, and why not she?

But nothing could break the resolution of this great creature. Major Sirr only got the rough side of her tongue, the tongue which Dr. Trevor learned to hate and dread during her years of imprisonment afterwards. The latter punished her with all the malignity of which he was capable, but he never broke Anne Devlin's spirit, not even though all the members of her family were at one time inmates of the same jail.

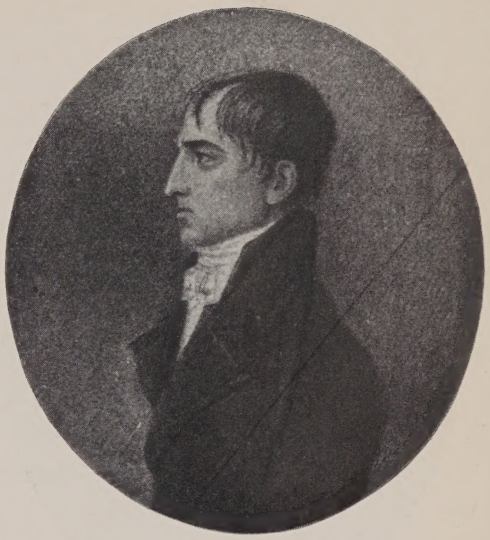
Forty years after the rebellion of 1803, Dr. Madden discovered Anne Devlin in a Dublin slum, where she earned her living as a washerwoman. Together they made a pilgrimage to Butterfield Lane, and found the house, much altered, where she had served "Mr. Ellis" so faithfully. She went from room to room, recognizing familiar things. Presently they stopped at a room under the roof. Anne stood at the open doorway gazing into it, silent at last. Dr. Madden asked whose room it had been. She could not speak, but her trem-

bling hands and the painful and difficult tears spoke for her. It was Robert Emmet's room.

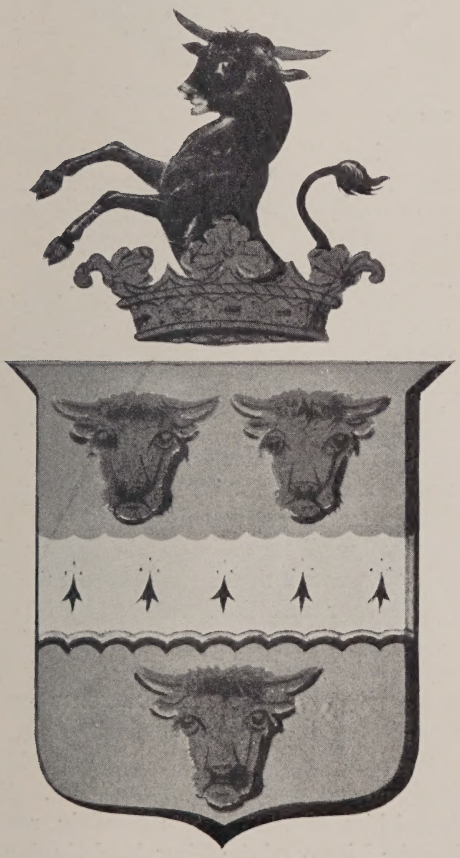
And now think of the manner of man who could excite such fidelity at the time, such memory forty years after, in the heart of this rough and heroic woman of the people.

However, her fidelity did not long suffice to save her master. He had returned from safety (there was a vessel ready to carry him to France), to see Sarah Curran. On her way to her father's country house at Rathfarnham, she would pass his lodgings at Harold's Cross; and Anne Devlin, as I have said, carried letters between them.

Whether he succeeded in what he had risked his life for is not certain. Some will have it that they met in a summer house of the garden at Rathfarnham, but whether this is so will never be known.



ROBERT EMMET.



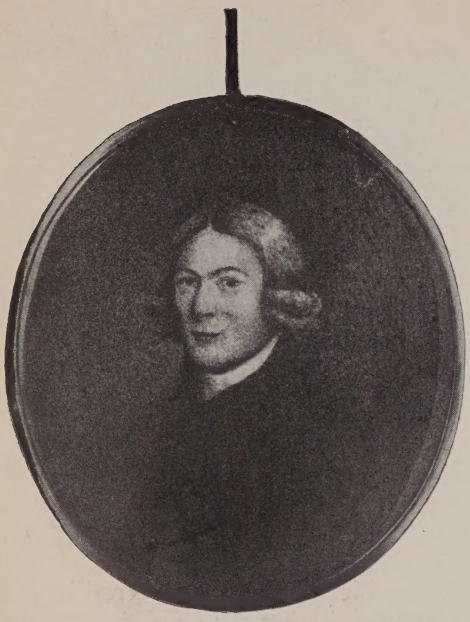
COAT OF ARMS OF THE EMMET FAMILY.

Anyhow, but a very short time elapsed before Emmet was betrayed, whether by Leonard McNally, the barrister, by Lacey, a Wicklow man, or another, is not proven. Major Sirr had the very signal: the single knock by which to be admitted into Emmet's presence.

All Emmet's trap-doors and secret chambers,—he had a boy's love for such things, and had them fixed in all his places of refuge,—availed him nothing when Major Sirr walked into his presence. He made a brave fight for it; but he was unarmed and could do nothing.

Major Sirr did not know his prisoner by sight, but had a description of him, shameful to relate, from the Provost, Elrington, of that old College which had been a stony-hearted stepmother to Emmet as to many another Irish patriot.

After being lodged in Kilmainham, he was brought up for trial on September 18th, 1803. The trial lasted eleven hours, and darkness had fallen on the court when

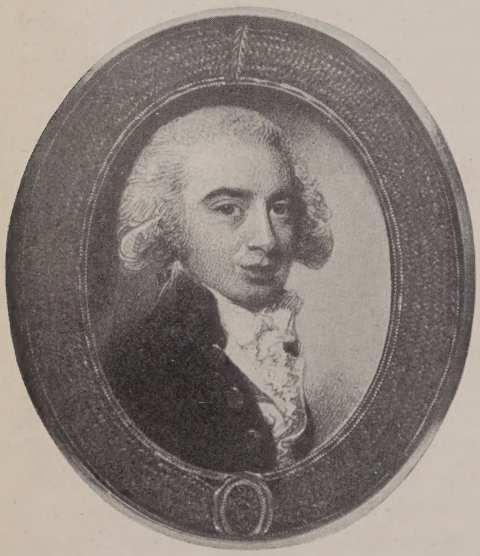


DP. CHRISTOPHER EMETT.

MRS. REBECCA EMETT.

GRANDPARENTS OF ROBERT EMMET.

Lord Norbury, at ten at night, sentenced him to execution the following day. During all these eleven hours he had stood in the dock fasting; and it was not until after midnight when he was taken, heavily ironed, from the condemned cell in Newgate to Kilmainham, that food was given him, and then by compassion of his weeping jailer, Dunn.



DR ROBERT EMMET
Father of Robert Emmet.

At his trial he wore a black suit with black velvet stock and Hessian boots. Inside that stock was a tress of Sarah Curran's hair.

The hour before his execution Emmet spent in writing a letter to Richard Curran, which was as much, or more, a letter for Richard's unhappy sister.

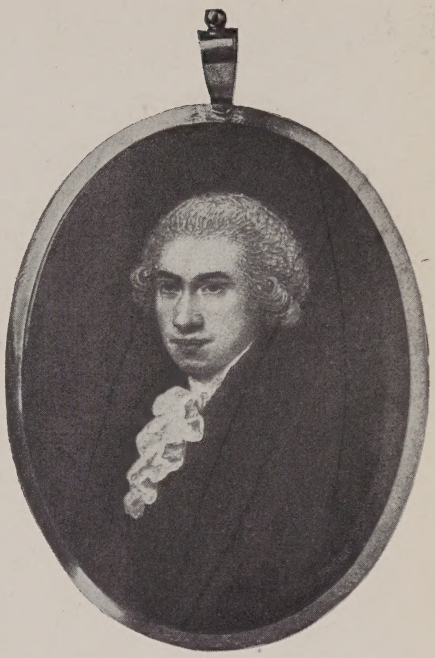
"My love," he cries out in the course of it, "it was not thus I thought to have requited your affection. I hoped to be a prop round which your affections might have clung, and which would never have been shaken; but a rude blast has snapped it, and they have fallen on a grave."

Earlier in the morning, Leonard McNally had been admitted to see him. He found him with the prison chaplain, reading the Litany of the Church of England.

He had momentous news for Emmet. Being left alone with him, "Robert," he said, "you would like to see your mother?" "Oh, what would I not give to see her!" "Then, Robert, pointing upward, "you will see her this day." For a moment or two, Emmet turned away his face. Then he said in a low voice: "It is better so."

This is the arch-traitor's account of the interview. The mother of the Emmets had indeed died, under the shock of her young son's fate.

At half-past one on the fatal 20th of September, 1803, Robert Emmet was taken in a carriage, accompanied by two clergymen, to where the scaffold had been erected opposite St. Catherine's Church in Thomas street. The place had been chosen, no doubt, because there Lord Kilwarden was murdered; though Emmet and many a follower of his, of commoner clay, would have died many times over to have averted that slaughter. He wore the same clothes he had worn in court the day before. The carriage was preceded and followed by a strong escort of infantry and cavalry, and people who watched the cortege as it passed saw a lovely and pale young face at the carriage window, taking its last look on earth.

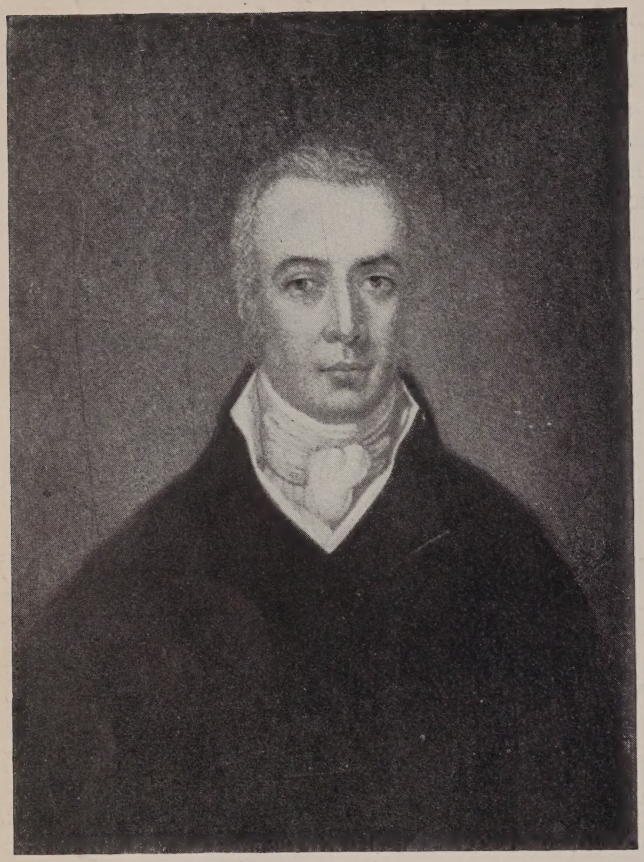


CHRISTOPHER TEMPLE EMMET.
Eldest Brother of Robert Emmet.

ANNE DEVLIN.

From the ignominious scaffold, a few planks stretched across barrels in the street, Emmet addressed in his silvery voice his parting message of love and good will to his fellow-countrymen. A moment later he was swung into eternity; and after he had hung a few minutes he was cut down, and the executioner struck the head from the body. Then the head was carried along the platform with the usual formula, "This is the head of a traitor." So perished, at twenty-five years of age, Robert Emmet, the most sensitive and stainless soul of Ireland's holy dead.

And now, to turn to the unhappy girl who loved him. Curran,—and let none



THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

excuse him for it!—had the abominable cruelty and wickedness to drive from the shelter of his roof the poor, tender, lovely and clinging creature, who loved Emmet as singly and intensely as he loved her. She seems to have been a most beautiful character, with none of the hardness of heart of her father. Her figure was slight, her complexion clear and dark, her eyes large, velvety, and black as night. "Her look was the mildest and the softest, and the sweetest you ever saw," said rough Anne Devlin. And again: "She wasn't handsome; she was more than handsome."

An ardent, gentle, patient, tender girl, Sarah Curran had given Emmet all her life and heart. He had her and the country; she had only him.

There is a story that she had an interview with him in prison, where for the last time the two clung to each other. Madden says that when the funeral procession, with Emmet's young face as its centre, left the jail, a veiled lady in a carriage awaited it by the gates of the Royal Hospital. As it passed the carriage, Emmet leaned from the window, and waved his hand to its occupant. The lady stood up, leaned forward an instant, waved her hand in farewell, and then fell back in the carriage.

A little later the dogs were lapping Emmet's blood below the scaffold in Thomas street; and the passers-by, or the more courageous of them, were turning aside an instant to dip a handkerchief in the blood of the martyr.

There was no one to claim his body. His relatives were dead,

SEAL OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

See "Notes" at end of article.

COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN.

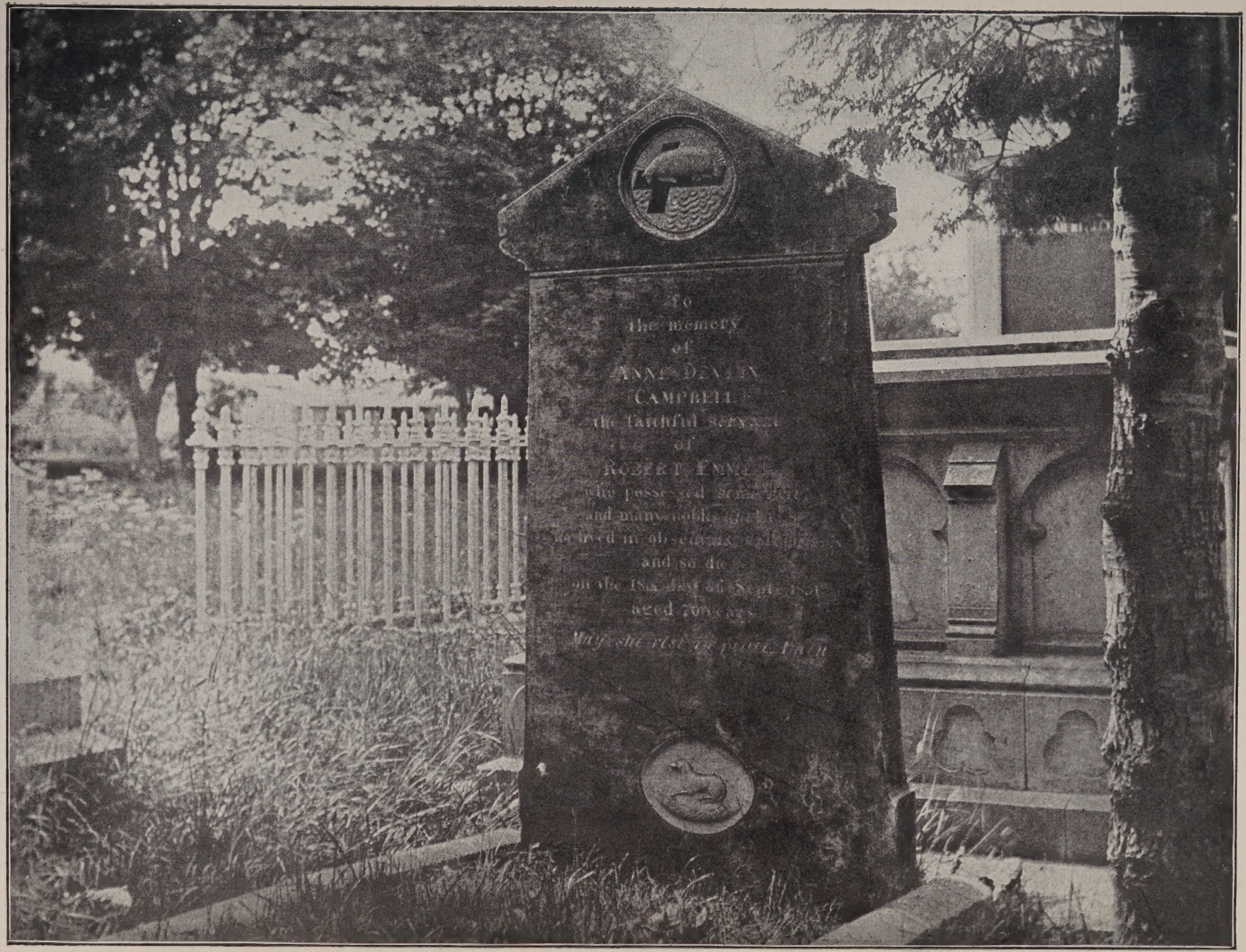
Residence of Dr. Emmet and Son.

See "Notes" at end of article.

CASINO, THE COUNTRY PLACE OF DR. ROBERT EMMET.

THE PARLOR AT CASINO.

THE GARDEN AT CASINO

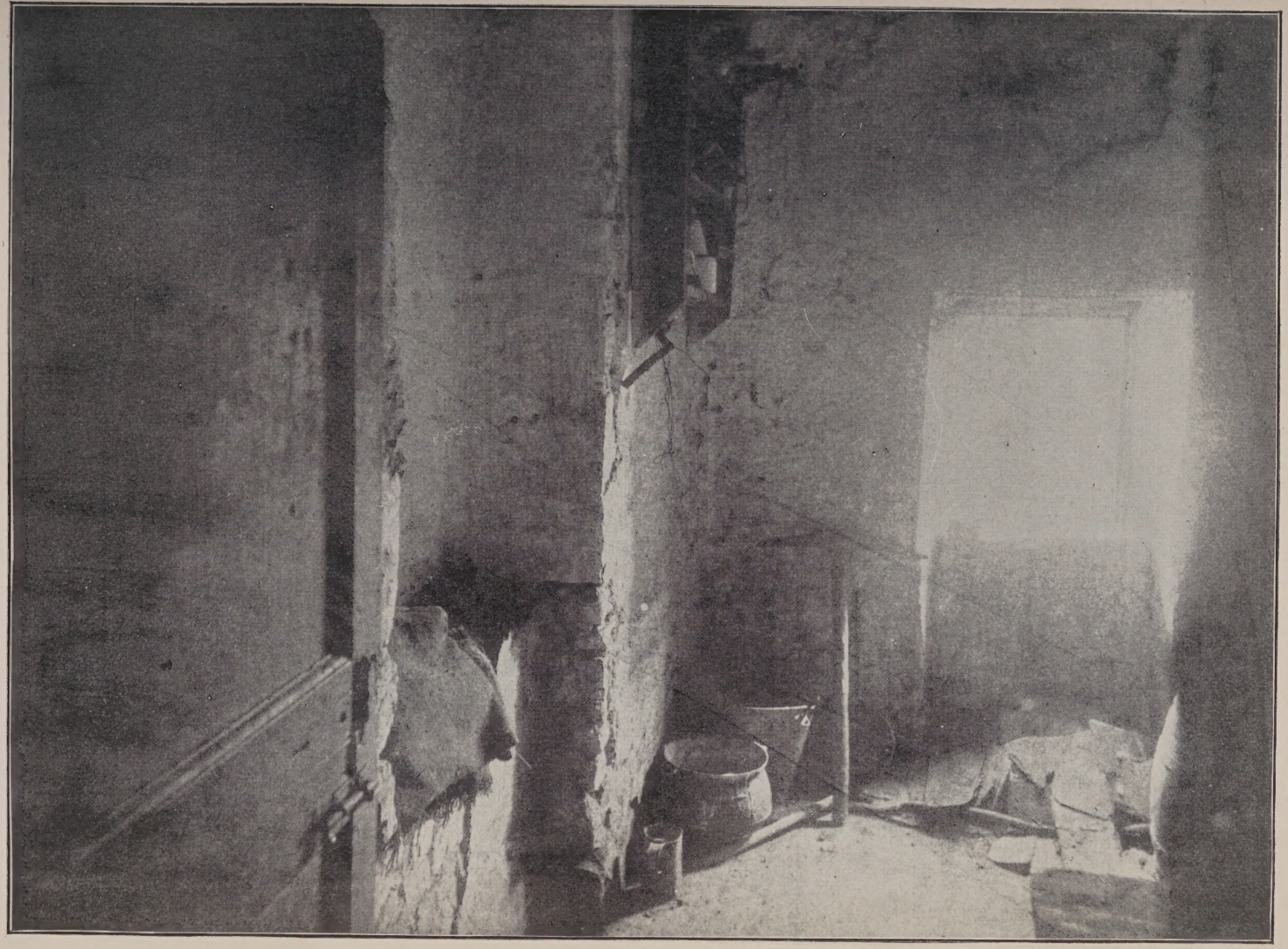


See "Notes" at end of article.

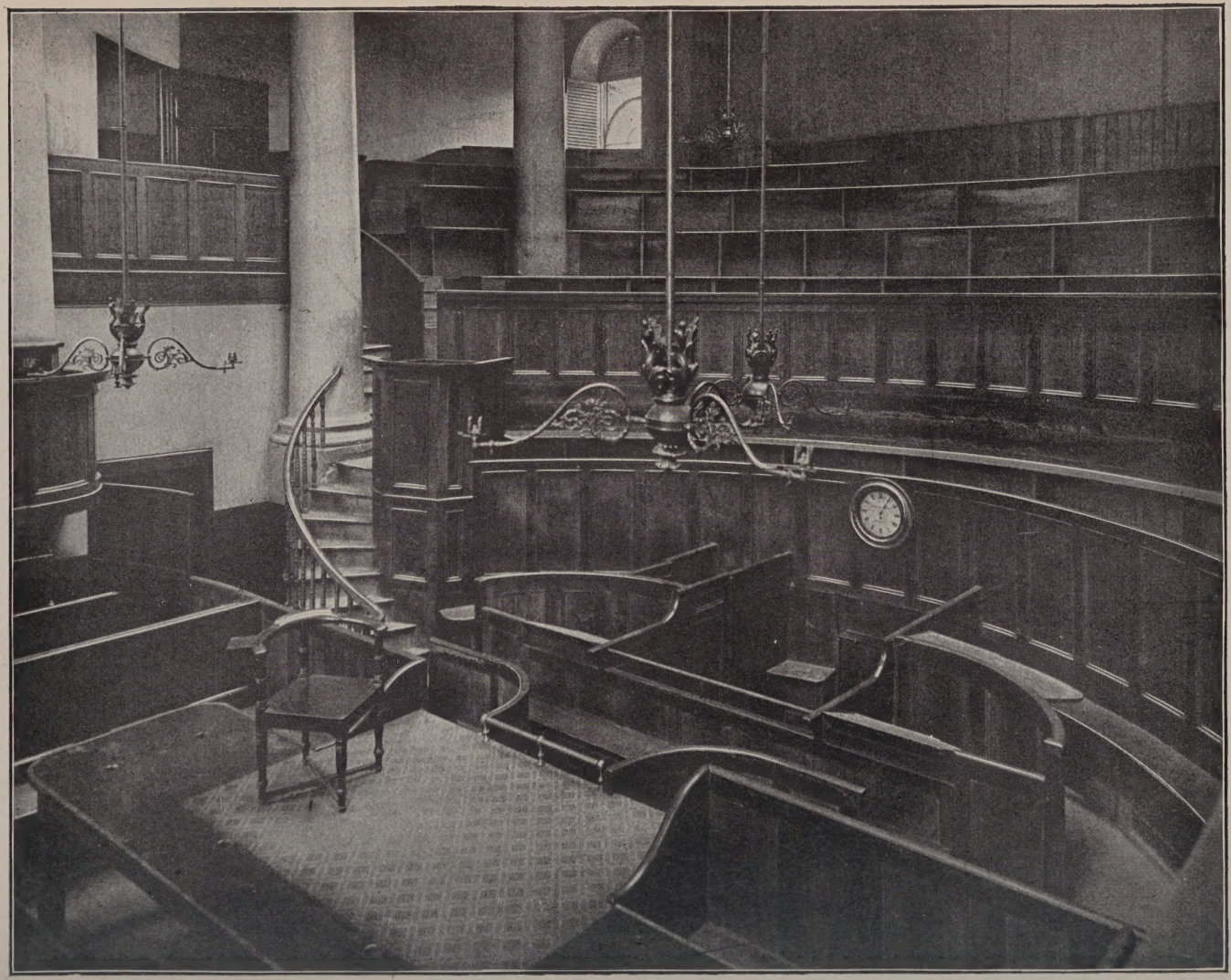
GRAVE OF ANNE DEVLIN.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH ROBERT EMMET WAS ARRESTED.

See "Notes" at end of article



A RECESS IN THE WALL OF THE ROOM WHERE ROBERT EMMET WAS ARRESTED, WHICH HE HAD OFTEN USED BEFORE AS A HIDING PLACE,



COURT ROOM, GREEN STREET, DUBLIN, IN WHICH ROBERT EMMET WAS TRIED.

See "Note c" at end of article.

Vol. XXXIII. THE Number 416.

HIBERNIAN JOURNAL:

OR CHRONICLE OF LIBERTY.

Printed and published DAILY, by T. McDONNEL, No. 30, Eden-street; where Orders, Advertisements, &c. are received.

Price Three-pence Halfpenny. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1803. TOTAL NUMB 7983.

PATRIOTIC FUND.

Royal Exchange, Aug. 23, 1803.

AT a Meeting of the Committee for conducting the PATRIOTIC FUND,

JOHN LATOUCHE, Jun. Esq. in the Chair,

Resolved, That the Bank of Ireland be appointed the Treasurers of the Patriotic Fund.

Resolved, That the several Bankers and others as thereafter to receive Subscriptions for the Patriotic Fund, be requested, once in every week, viz. on every Saturday, to transmit to the Bank of Ireland the amount of the several Subscriptions received by them during the week, and to inform the Secretary of this Committee of the amount so paid in.

Resolved, That the Bankers and all others in the Country receiving Subscriptions for this Fund, be requested to remit the same weekly to these Correspondents, in order that the same may be paid into the Bank of Ireland.

JOHN LATOUCHE, Jun. Chairman.

Letters for the Committee are desired to be addressed to Mr. JOHN HAWKINS, Secretary to the Patriotic Fund Committee, Fownes's-street.

The Sub-Committee for investing the Fund in Government Securities, reported that they had purchased in

	£.	s.	d.
3 per Cents.	21,000	0	0
5 per Cents.	8,000	0	0
Balance subscribed	70,501	4	6

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIBERS.

	£.	s.	d.
Rt. Hon. Earl Darnley, per George and Richard Palmer,	500	0	0
Hon. Judge Finucane,	50	0	0
Right Hon. the Attorney General,	100	0	0
Robert Burrows, Dominick-street,	10	0	0
Michael Barrett, spring Garden,	10	0	0
Thomas Jacobs, Ballybaghan,	2	10	0
Lord Lecale,	100	0	0
Henry Fagan,	10	0	0
Wm. Meade Cole,	100	0	0
The Earl of Shannon,	100	0	0
Wm. and E. Cassels,	100	0	0
Hogan and Passmore,	100	0	0
Francis Cobb, Esq. Cork,	100	0	0
Thomas Crosbie,	10	0	0
Richard,	10	0	0
The proprietors of the West Bottle Manufactory,	30	0	0
Rev. Mr. Stopford,	21	0	0
Sergeant L'Estrange	25	5	0
Edward Martin,	5	5	0
Peter Lardy,	5	5	0
John Bell,	50	0	0
Lord Archbp. of Cashel,	100	0	0
Rear Admiral Hawkins Whitshed,	50	0	0
Rev. John Hawkins,	50	0	0
Rev. Thomas Hawkins,	50	0	0

GRAND PANORAMA OF LONDON.

THE Public are most respectfully informed that the above Exhibition will finally close its present Season on Saturday next.

N. B. A Whole View of the Shore Painting is to Sea.

JUST ARRIVED,

At the Wholesale and Retail

IRISH STRAW-HAT MANUFACTORY,

No. 13, GREAT SHIP-STREET,

SOME STRAW PLAIT.

AS it has been the determination of the Proprietors to let the Native Manufacture establish itself by its own intrinsic merits, they have expended every advantageous ink of recommendatory Advertisement—They merely apprise the Publick of this Society, and offer Goods as well made and better in appearance, and cheaper by 30 per cent. than what they have been liberally patronized.

N. B.—Straw Hats of the newest fashion, cheaper than at any other House in Dublin;—such, as white, dyed and Welch Flannels; Mob and other Caps; Linen.

OFFICE SEALS, UNIFORM BUTTONS, & LACE, FOR THE DISTRICT COMMITTEES.

FROM the number of Seals ordered for the Different Committees, those under RAUBE, Jewellers, St. Andrew-Street, they are determined to execute them (according to their drawing, approved by Government and Committees) in a manner of superior stile, for the low price of 13s. 6d. British to save time, according as the Gentlemen and Committees may think proper to have them finished; they will be made with Screw Handles, to be occasionally used as a Wafer Press.

Mr. Raube, also offers his Brethren Committee men, that the Uniform Buttons full as the Houle are gilt and finished in the best manner.

19th Sept. 1803.

BUTTON WAREHOUSE,

No. 58, *Fishamble-street.*

MR. WALSH respectfully informs his Friends and the Public, that he is constantly supplied with BUTTONS for all the Yeomanry Corps in Dublin, which he will sell on the most reasonable Terms.—Also BUTTONS for the DISTRICT COMMITTEES.

N. B. Country Corps supplied on the shortest Notice.

BUTTONS

READY made for all the YEOMANRY CORPS in Dublin, at RENSHAW & WOODHOUSE'S MANUFACTORY, 35, Lower Ormond-quay and Great Strand-Street, near Liffey-Street.

N. B. COUNTRY CORPS served on the shortest Notice, Sell-piston, &c. &c.

On SUNDAY, the 25th of SEPT. 1803,

(AT 12 o'clock)

A SERMON will be preached, and a collection made in the CHURCH of the UNITED BRETHREN, in BISHOP-STREET, towards the Support of the Methody ensuing the Institution.

N. B. The Collection after the Evening Sermon at half after six, will be opened on the same purpose.

Pew-holders will be thankfully accepted by Mr. Peter Hibbert, Parliament Street; Mr. James Jackson, Fifty Street; Mr. W. Cudworth, Strafford-row; Mr. Hamilton Williams, Commons court; Mr. Richard Cooper, Bermondsey; Wm. Jas. Phillips, Esq. Bedford Mr. James Orr, Archer, Bank of Ireland, and at the Ministers house, 150, Bishop-Street.

PARISH OF ST. CATHERINE.

AT a Vestry held for said Parish pursuant to regular notice on the Rev. J. Whitlaw, Vicar, in the Chair, Resolved, That the sum of 150l. be collected on the 29th day of this present month of September, 1803, (when clashing legal exemptions examined) for the purpose of paying half-years for the 30 persons who were children for ballot on the 15th inst. for the proportion of the Arrears of Arrears for this parish, and that the same be raised as by the former Minister's money.

The Rev. James Whitlaw having left the chair, and Mr. Robert Smyth being called thereto,

Resolved unanimously, That the Thanks of this Parish be given to the Rev. James Whitlaw, Vicar, for his readiness in calling the above Vestry, and his manner attention to the interests of this Parish on every occasion.

Signed by order,

19th Sept. 1803. J. SPARROW, V. Clerk.

MONTHLY MEETING.

CHARITABLE SOCIETY for RELIEVING SICK and INDIGENT ROOM-KEEPERS, &c. &c. Rutland-street, Saturday, Sept. 3, 1803.

SAMUEL ROSBOROUGH, Esq. in the Chair.

Treasurer's Report of the State of the Funds.

	£.	s.	d.
Balance in hand this Monthly Night,	450	14	8
Receipts since in hand this month	38	10	11
Donations this night	13	16	7
	502	1	6

EXPENDITURE.

	£.	s.	d.
Orders for Occasional Pens.	23	0	0
A Nursing Monthly do. per do.	6	0	0
Paid Surgery to Sec. and incidental expences,	6	0	8
Postage on 1 Circular and 80 Subscriptions,	1	11	9
	36	7	6

Balance in Treasurer's hands, 331 0 0

Share of relief each Incidental laft month.

Families.—Persons.	£.	s.	d.
Barrack Divisions, 40 — 160	20	13	3½
Work Houle do. 33 — 264	29	17	8
Linquiry & Office 33 — 147	17	6	8½
Accounts do. 20 — 123	15	13	6
126 — 694	83	11	2½

Benefactions in aid of this great Institution will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Rev. Dr. Mosford, Treasurer, 8, Dominick-street; Rev. Dr. Geaves, College; and Sam. Rosborough, Esq. Sub-Treasurer, Castle-street.

Signed by Order,

L. TOOLE, Sec.

MILITARY PUBLICATIONS

SOLD by J. STEWART, Military Stationer, No. 14, King's-Inns-quay,—and by all the Bookfellers.

BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMMAND,

RULES and REGULATIONS, for the Formations, Field Exercise, and Movements of his Majesty's Forces—Part 1, Of the Duties or Instruction of the Recruit—Part 2, The Platoon or Company—Part 3, Abstract of the Battalion—to which is added, the Manual and Platoon Exercise, and the Inspection or Review of a Battalion of Infantry.—Price, 1s. 2d.

Rules and Regulations for the Formations, Field Exercise, and Movements of his Majesty's Forces,—Octavo, 18 plates, 4s. 6d.

The Manual and Platoon Exercise.—6d.

The Manual and Platoon Exercise elegantly Engraved on Copper-plate, shewing the different Radations and Motions.—1s. 6d.

Regulations for the Exercise of Riflemen and Light Infantry, and Instructions for their Conduct in the Field.—Plates, 3s. 6d.

Orvill Brachioni for the Cavalry.—6d.

Elementary Principles or Regulations for the Formations and Movements of the Cavalry.—19 Plates, Octavo, 6s. 6d.

The Sword Exercise for the Cavalry.—13 Plates, 6s. 6d.

The Little Bombardier, or Pocket Gunner.—1s. 6d.

£.20,000

IN the WHOLE or in PART, from a TICKET to SIXTEEN THOUSAND of a TICKET, as may suit the convenience of the Adventurers.

AT JACKSON'S,

NATIONAL LOTTERY OFFICE,

No. 82, *PARLIAMENT-STREET,*

TICKETS and SHARES in the BRITISH LOTTERY, which begins Drawing the 30th of September, are now filling.

☞ It is of much the fairest Plan to buy early, as from the immenſe and magnitude of Prizes and exciting circumstances, the price of Tickets muſt ſpeedily advance.

HOUSES AND LAND.

COUNTIES OF TIPPERARY AND GALWAY.

TO BE SOLD, together or in Parcels, under an Act of Parliament, pursuant to this present Seſſion, the several Lots and Lands of Ballyreilly, Ballicapples, Lisheene & Dromgunnon, and the Town and Lands of Rowe in the Barony of Upper Ormond, the Town and Lands of Ballycahan, Ballybrennan, and part of Newtown and Derry Ballyfinlan, and Determeen, Derrynadrimmy, Cappanadreer, Cahirmoyle, and Coolbaggy, Clonbeen, and Ballyfree, Clonakeen, Derrinloggery, Cooley, Gortlackbuoy, Nurrard, Ballyland, and Rathcahill, in the Barony of Owney and Arra; the Town and Lands of Ballynamona, Ballyhaggard, and Clonbeg, in the Barony of Kilnaſtry; the Town and Lands of Coolnaſs, and Falsgrove, Cloonlea, and Grattagh, in the Barony of Middlethird; the Town and Lands of Clonaroon, Knockhairky, and Ardnamonahagny, in the Barony of Kilnamanagh; the Town and Lands of Coolbawn, in the Barony of Eliogarty, and Tarrelin, all which aforeſaid Lands lie near the Town of Upperchurch, and the Town and Lands of Treſſane, in the Barony of Clonmacnowen, in the county of Galway, the whole producing the Yearly Rent of 1,098l.

Propoſals for purchaſe of ſaid Eſtate, or any part thereof, will be received by the Rt. Hon. Col. Howard, Stamp-office, Dublin, and by John Mange, Eſq. Merchant, Dublin. Truſtee appointed under ſaid Act of Parliament.

THE BEAUTIFUL DEMESNE OF CLEBRIDGE

Near the Town of Celbridge, Co. Kildare.

TO be LET, for ſuch term as may be agreed upon, that beautiful Demeſne called CLEBRIDGE, near to the Town of Celbridge, in the County of Kildare, the reſidence of the late Biſhop of Waterford, containing 378 A. 2R. 20 P. ſtatute meaſure, in the Parish of Lucan, and within three miles of the City of Dublin. An extenſive and deſirable Situation requires no encomium, as it is conſtantly one of the handſomeſt in Ireland.

Propoſals will be received by the Right Hon. Lord Tyrawly, Merrion-ſtreet, Dublin, and by Mr. Thanckſtone, and by William Leaſey, Eſq. Stephen's-green.

AN ELEGANT FURNISHED COUNTRY HOUSE.

NEAR CLONTARF,

TO LET for Three YEARS, ſuperbly Furniſhed in the firſt Style of modern Faſhion, lately occupied by Mr. Peter Eglaſtin, deceaſed, with excellent Stable and Coach-houſes, Garden, Greenhouſe, &c. &c. together with Acres of Land.

The Fruit Garden will yield this preſent Season a conſiderable Crop of Fruit. There is alſo a ſurface a Coach-houſe and Stabling for four Horſes.

Propoſals in Writing will be received by Mr. John Sparrow, St. Michan's Church-yard, or Mr. J. N. Richards, 10, Mecklenburgh-ſtreet.

No Admittance to view the Premiſes without Tickets—and which will be duly admitted on the day they will be dated. No admiſſion on Sundays.

BENEVOLENT ANNUITY COMPANY.

THE Members are requeſted to meet at Harrington's, in Grafton Street, on Wedneſday, the 5th Inſtant, punctually at Two o'Clock; in order to lay their Half Yearly Subſcription, tranſact the Buſineſs of the Day, and Dine.

By Order, RICH. CAVE, Secretary.

19th Sept. 1803.

☞ *A Public Saving of Twenty per Cent.*

BY APPLICATION AT WILLARD'S,

BOOT AND SHOE WAREHOUSE,

ARMS OF IRELAND, No. 55, HENRY STREET.

THE moſt extenſive Manufactory in ſaid Buſineſs in Perſon in this City, upwards of 1000 Pair of BOOTS and SHOES, of different deſcriptions, always ready for inſpection, engaged as good as can be produced by any other Houſe, at the following reduced Prices, viz.

	£.	s.	d.
Three Quarter Boots	0	16	6
Top Boots	0	14	6
Do. Back-Stapped	1	1	0
Calf-skin Boots Back-Stapped	1	5	0
Do. with Tops	1	6	0
Hollan Boots	0	16	6
Silver Shoe Buckles	0	2	6
Ladies' Black Pumps	0	4	10½

WORM POWDER.

MR. BENNETT, the Proprietor of this valuable Medicine, (having unſolicited many Letters, Perſons of would wiſh to preſerve their Children from worms) thinks it his Duty to give Notice to Country Dealers, but in ſale the preſent opportunity to advertiſing this Powder, it being the opinion of ſeveral Phyſicians, that its Spring and Autumn Worm Complaints are 80 prevalent. He it hopes to ſhew that the uſe of it daily gains ground, after clashing the opinions given out by ſome interested perſons;—and hopes that the encouraging the Public that he now ſells it at 2s. 6d. per Box Bottle, and employed by ſeveral of the Society in Ireland as in the Kingdom, it will not be thought he wants to puſh a moſt baſe Remedy for Worm Complaints on the Public.

Sold by the Patentee hereof,—Price, 2s. 6d.

AUCTIONS.

JAMAICA SUGAR.

JOHN LINDSEY

WILL SELL BY AUCTION,

At Tom. Kelly's Office, Commercial Buildings,

On TUESDAY, next, the 27th SEPTEMBER, at 12 o'Clock,

150 Hhds. and Tierces JAMAICA SUGAR,

of fine and very fine qualities.

Jno. LINDSEY.

Jno. Lindsey has also for Sale, Jamaica Rum, Coffee, Pimento, &c.

AUCTION.

J. BEATTY will ſell by Auction, on Monday, 26th September and days Succeeding, the whole of the Stocks, at the Houſe of Mr. Wright, Dock-ſtreet.

By PEACY, Auctioneer.

The Stock conſiſts of a general aſſortment of Linen Drapery and Haberdaſhery; Mens' black Leghorn Hats; Ladies Nankeen, Dunſtable, and other Marſeilles Bonnets; Ladies Muſlin, Velvet, and Lace Cloaks; Linen ditto and Pelices, with other Millinary.—The Sale to commence each Day at 10 o'Clock, and continue until all are ſold. On Wedneſday laſt will be Worn a new two Horſe Coach and Harneſſes, an excellent Bay Mare; Quarters for three in a Window; This Week for dancing a new Iriſh Aera Green Set to Music; two White Gallons, two Counter Glaſſe caſes, &c.

HIGHEST PREMIUM FOR GUINEAS,

At the Office of

THOMAS THORP FRANK,

No. 23, SUFFOLK-STREET.

THE highest Premium will be given for GUINEAS in all quantities.

BANK of ENGLAND NOTES are conſtantly on ſale at 1½ Per.

BILLS of EXCHANGE on LONDON, IRISH and BRITISH GOVERNMENT and PUBLIC SECURITIES, &c. are daily negotiated.

Other Houſes from ten until three o'clock.

FRENCH ARTICLES.

JUST arrived from Bourdeaux, and now landing out of the *Fame*, Capt. Wright, from Terrera laſt ſtrong Pickled VINEGAR,

10 Hhds. Cognac BRANDY.

10 Caſks of FLORENCE WINE.

18 Cwt. beſt dry VERDEGREASE,

10 Caſks LUNCH BALLS.

3 Bales fine CORK WOOD.

60 Cwt. CREAM TARTAR.

A Quantity of beſt CAPERS, BRANDY FRUITS, Bitter and Sweet ALMONDS and COCOA NUTS, &c.

Which will be ſold on the moſt liberal terms to wholeſale Purchaſers by JOHN O'NEILL, 81, Upper Ormond-quay.

150 Caſks SALTPETRE, 200 Cwt. new Zante CURRANTS, and 12 Bales SWEET PEAS, with a compleat Aſſortment of SPICES, PICKLES, SAUCES, OILS, &c. &c. &c. as above.

JUST arrived at MIDDLEWOOD'S FRUIT WAREHOUSE, 104, GRAFTON-STREET, by the Martha, from London, a large quantity of the Extra Royal Ayrſhaline Flower Seeds, ſo juſtly famed, and its ſuperior qualities univerſally acknowledged by the circles of faſhion, but alſo by the principal Farmers through the United Kingdom, for striking the ſalubrious fat and ſtrong grain of that ſagacious and ſiney ſubſtance which cannot be acquired by any other ſeed—and for the ſpring and early autumnal ſowing, retail price 7s. 6d. per ſpoon; 5 lb. 2s. 6d. wholeſale price.—Alſo the Cauliflower, Broad Paſtion and Royal Windſor Beans, Royal Eſſences, Pomatum, Milk of Roſes, &c. &c. at the London Wholeſale Prices, being the ſole Wholeſale Agent for Ireland.

N. B. All kinds of fresh and Foreign Fruits, Brandy Fruits, Pickles, Cat-ſpe, Indian Sweetmeats, new Bread Nuts, and Split Peas.

THE BALM OF MECCA.

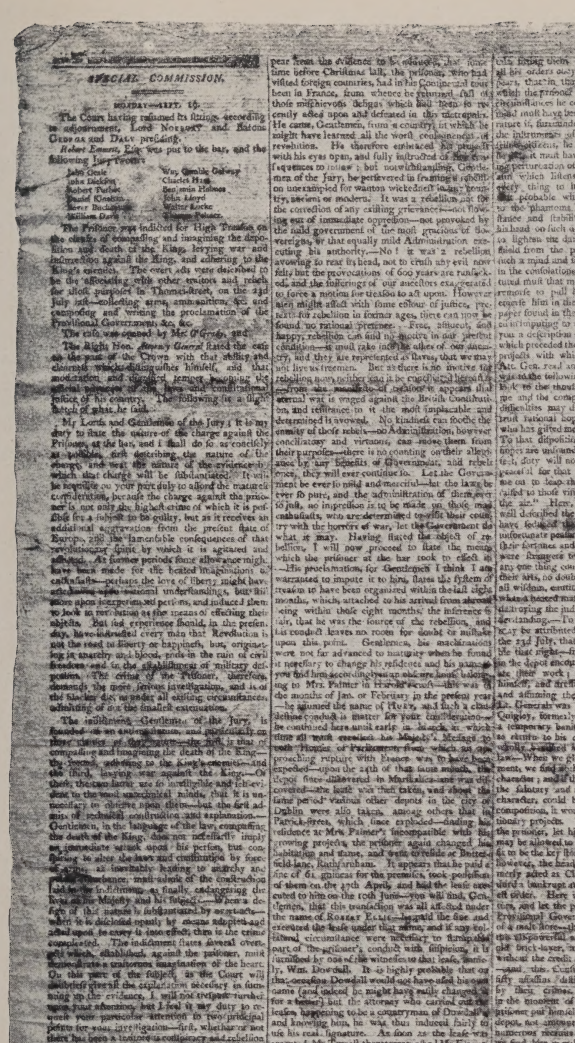
IS the beſt remedy in the Univerſe for Nervous Complaints, the moſt powerful reſtorative and reſtoreing Balm of life and Health, and the Infallible Friend to Beauty, as it keeps the Complexion in health by a reſidence in hot and unhealthy climates; the young of either ſex, made or female are therefore recommend to uſe it, as a life of miſery, and an early declination and thoſe more advanced in years, whoſe frames appear almoſt worn out, and ſeeking it their laſt reſource, all this ſoothing Balm, whoſe begin to recover new vigour and in a whole claſs of valetudinarians, a few in all caſes and in all ages are found the moſt ſalutary, where the conſtitution has reduced a decay, or is by nature ſo delicate, as to be unable to bear the ſtrong ſtain of laſſitude that is with propriety the loſt ſuch, I conſider, without any exaggeration, to all the faculties of the human frame, and which will vindicate the ſtrongeſt encomium ſcarce to be ſaid.

Proof of the Efficacy of the Balm of Mecca.

MRS. GIROUL, Eſq. Chief Officer of the Fiſt Eaſt Indiaman, gave a Guinea for the firſt bottle of the genuine Balm of Mecca that arrived in this Kingdom, and from the ſame ſhip ſhe received a ſecond ſupply for more than ſeven, ſhe ordered a ſmall quantity and now ſo recovered, and ſo much eſteemed by her friends, which cannot be ſurpriſed. The Balm of Mecca has reſtored him to a ſtate of health better than he ever before enjoyed.

The Balm of Mecca is procured from the ſame by Meſſ. Bell and Co. Surgeons, Edinburgh-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, London; and by their appointment, ſole Wholeſale and Retail, by W. BELL, 104, Grafton-ſtreet, Agent for Ireland; and by the reſpective Druggiſts of Medina, Caſtlewell, Dunſhaughlin, and Dunleer, in Meath; at 4s. 6d. and 9 guineas the full ſize.

FAC SIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 21, 1803, CONTAINING ACCOUNT OF ROBERT EMMET'S TRIAL.



SPECIAL COMMISSION.

MONDAY—SIXTY 15.

The Court having resumed its sittings, according to adjournment, Lord NORBURY and Baron DEBDIN and DALY presiding.

Robert Emmet, Esq. was put to the bar, and the following Jury sworn:

John Clerke	Wm. Charles Gubbins
Arthur Hardiman	Thomas Hamilton
Robert Pulbrook	Benjamin Chambers
Daniel Kinahan	John Adrayel
Henry Buckingham	Henry Roche
William Stamer	Thomas Pollock.

The Prisoner was indicted for High Treason on the counts of compassing and imagining the deposition and death of the King, levying war and insurrection against the King, and adhering to the King's enemies. The overt acts were described to be the advocating of his other traitors and traitorous acts, printed in Thomas-street, on the 23d July last—collecting arms, ammunition, and composing and writing the proclamation of the Provisional Government, &c. &c.

The trial was opened by Mr. O'Grady, who said:

The Right Hon. *Attorney General* stated the case on the part of the Crown with that ability and clearness which distinguishes himself, and that moderation and candour becoming prosecuting the unfortunate prisoner at the bar, and the high office of his country. The following is a digest or sketch of what he said.

Mr. Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury; it is my duty to state the nature of the charge against the Prisoner at the bar, and I shall do so as concisely as possible, first describing the nature of the charge, and next the nature of the evidence by which that charge will be substantiated. It will be impossible on your part duly to adjust the nature of consideration, because the charge against this prisoner is not only the highest crime of which it is possible for a subject to be guilty, but as it receives an additional aggravation from the present state of Europe, from the lamentable consequences of that revolutionary spirit by which it is agitated and actuated. At former periods those allowance might have been made for the benighted notions of enthusiasm—perhaps the love of liberty might have misled some occasional understandings, but this more upon temperate and serious, and indeed premeditated reflection, and upon the result of existing circumstances, scheming of not the smallest enormity.

The indictment, Gentlemen of the Jury, is founded on an existing statute, and particularly on three branches of that statute—the first is that compassing and imagining the death of the King, the second, adhering to the King's enemies—and the third, levying war against the King. Of these, the two latter are so intelligible and relevant, that I need not enlarge upon them. It is unnecessary to observe upon them—but the first admits of redundant construction and explanation.—Gentlemen, in the language of the law, compassing, imagining the death of the King, does not necessarily imply an immediate attack upon his person, but comprehends also the laws and constitution by force of which the monarch is inevitably bound to maintain his dignity, and which are the fundamental basis of his title to the throne. It is finally subscribing the laws as his Majesty and his subjects—when a design of this nature is substantiated by an act—by which it is declared openly by means adopted—and what must be meant by them to the treason completed. The indictment states several overt acts which, established against the prisoner, must necessarily create a conscious conviction of the heart. On these overt acts, Gentlemen, the Crown will distinctly state all the explanation necessary in illustrating up the evidence, I will not trespass further upon your attention, but I feel it my duty to request your most serious attention to two principles points for your investigation—first, whether or not there has been a treasonable conspiracy and rebellion for the purpose of altering the Constitution and Government of this country by force of arms—and secondly, whether the prisoner at the bar had any and what participation in that rebellion. I was happy on the opening of the Commission, to have had in my power to state to the public at large that the rebellion however base and atrocious in its action, was in its point of numbers contemptible in the extreme; and not forward by those in any degree to excite alarm. Gentlemen of the Jury, how happy in fact with more confidence and more mature investigation that what I mentioned on the first day of the Commission has turned out to be correct; reject the fabulous and further to congratulate the public on the complete tranquillity of the country, and that the disloyal effect of rebellion has only tended to make that tranquillity more permanent and all the more beneficial to the country by arousing the energies of the nation—I will not to take up your time in prospective views—I would not indulge in hypothetic conjecturing, but would confine the observations of me, Gentlemen of the Jury, to the country, the point of the majority of those who are the armed traitors and loyalty prevailed the land from one end to the other, and ready to rise in a moment to crush domestic treason and foreign hostility, I must not be deemed too sanguine in the confidence that the vigilance of Government and the energy of the people which frustrated the machinations of treason will continue to preserve us free and happy.

Gentlemen, on further occasions the persons brought to the bar have not been of high consideration, but if I am rightly attended, not one have at the bar of justice, not one has basely ventured to appear before this tribunal to be tried as one of the traitors. If I mistake not it will appear from the evidence to be adduced, that some time before Christmas last, the prisoner, who had visited foreign countries, had in the Continental countries in France, from whence he returned full of those mischievous designs which had been so recently acted upon and defeated in this metropolis. He came, Gentlemen, from a country in which he might have learned all the worst consequences of revolution. He therefore embraced his project with his eyes open, and fully instructed of the consequences to ensue; but nevertheless, Gentlemen of the Jury, he persevered in framing a plot founded on unexampled for wanton wickedness in any country, ancient or modern. It was a rebellion not for the correction of any existing grievances—not from any out of immediate oppression—not provoked by the mild government of the most gracious of Sovereigns, or that equally mild Administration executing his authority.—No! it was a rebellion arising from no cause, but to take away and destroy all the provocations of 600 years are rankled, and the sufferings of our ancestors exaggerated to force a notion for treason to act upon. However such might affect with some colour of justice, precedents for rebellion in former ages, there can now be found no rational pretence. Free, distinct, and happy, rebellion can find no shelter in our perfect constitution—it could take it in the ashes of our country, and they are represented as slaves, that we may not live as freemen. But as there is no motive for rebellion upon neither can it be explained upon principles from which reasonable observers appeal. A renewal war is waged against the British constitution, and resistance to it the most implacable and determined is avowed. No kindness can soothe the enmity of their rebellion—no administration, however conciliatory and temperate, can relieve them from their purposes—there is no counting on their allegiance by any benefits of Government, and rebels once, they will ever continue so. Let the Government be ever so mild and merciful—but the latter never so pure, and the administration of them ever so full, no impression is to be made on those who unhesitatingly, with are determined to sacrifice their country with the torrent of blood—no pretext has what it may. Having stated the object of rebellion, I will now proceed to state the means which the prisoner at the bar took to effect it.—His position, Gentlemen of the Jury, I am warranted to impute it to him, states the system of treason to have been organised within the last eight months, which attached to his arrival from abroad—being within that period of February in this year, that he was the source of the rebellion, and his conduct leaves no room for doubt or mistake upon this point. Gentlemen, his machinations were not far advanced on that day when it was not necessary to change his residence and his name as you find him accordingly on and are found lodging to Mr. Palmer in Harold's-cross—this was in the months of April or February in the year—he assumed the name of Hurry, and such a disguise conduct is matter for your consideration—he continued here until early in March at which time all such assumed disguises were thrown off, both House of Parliament from which an approaching rupture with France was to have been expected—upon the 24th of that same month, the Depot first distributed its arms, ammunition, and covered—the latter was then taken, and about the same period various other depots in the city of Dublin were also taken, among others that in Patrick-street, was applied—Dowdall under the residence at Mrs Palmer's incompatible with this growing projects, the prisoner again changed his habitation and name, and went to reside at Butterfield-lane, Rathfarnham, where he took and paid a fine of 81 guineas for the premises, took possession of them on the 25th April, and had the lease executed to him on the 20th June—you will find, Gentlemen, that this lease was all of that date under the name of Robert Ellis—he said the lease and executed to the said name, and if any following circumstances were necessary to furnish out of the applicant's conduct with suspicion, it is furnished by one of the premises to that lease, namely, Wm. Dowdall. It is highly probable that on this occasion Dowdall would not have acted in such name (one) indeed he might have made change of name, but it is also highly probable that by the lease happening to be a countryman of Dowdall's and knowing him, he was thus induced fairly to use his real signature. As soon as the lease was executed, Mr. Prentice the attorney called Mr. Frayne, who, as executor of Mr. Martin, had let the house to the prisoner, if he knew the person whom he had dealt with, to which Frayne answered, that he was wholly uninformed about them; Mr. Frayne then remarked, that he feared that they were not on a good purpose, and if not much changed Dowdall was not remarkable for his attachment to the present Government, and that he could not have much purified his constitutional principles. Mr. Frayne observed, that there was no appearance of furniture in the house, and but one mattress which the prisoner and his companions slept, as in a camp or engaged in war. He found that the prisoner was united in a suspicious manner; taken often, for the greater part of the night, and in the circumstances of the country, he could not but conclude that they were rebels. If he had interrogated they would say Conscriptions, the principal persons concerned in this rebellion might have been detected in time to have prevented all the horrors of it, but under those suspicions circumstances, until these persons—Palace in Patrick-street—the 10th July, in every such a number of persons collected in a manner such as to excite suspicion, but with Fort George and Dublin—I impute to the prisoner that circumstance of explosion in Patrick-street, he came to view towards the rebellion, and made the rebel depot his place of abode and rail. I trace him to that depot. It would any of you, Gentlemen, to put bodies for you will find him master of the family—figure him the former of pikes, ball cartridges, &c. importing arms and ammunition, and occasionally writing at a desk at one time taking there—but the manuscript of the Provisional Proclamation and reading it to his rebel companions; at another time taking from the fame desk a list of regiments, calls firing them off—in all things active, and in all his orders obeyed by them about him. It appears, that in the depot there was a mattress on which the prisoner occasionally slept, but under such circumstances he could sleep; his conscience and mind must have been of more than ordinary temperature if, surrounded by implements of death, and the instruments of civil war and destruction of his fellow-citizens, he could enjoy a soft repose; but if he slept, it must have been the effect of that wearying perturbation of mind, agitated by that unbuilding and which he could not take refuge in the consolations of religion, and yet how could it, tutored that might be which meditated without remorse to pull his King from his Throne and wound him in the blood of his subjects. From a paper found in the depot and which I am warranted in imputing to the Prisoner, I am enabled to give you a description of that disordered frame of mind which preceded those actions and accompanied those projects with which it was committed. (Hon. Mr. Att. Gen. read an extract from a manuscript which was the following words):—"I have little time to spare for the manifold difficulties that lie between me and the completion of my wishes—their thefe difficulties may disappear I have an ardent and I trust rational hope; but if not I think that God will forgive me and will to forgive a disposition.—To that disposition I am from reflection. If my hopes are unfounded and the precipice opens at my feet, duty will not suffer me to run back—I am resolved for manful struggles that no longer me on to leap the gulph while my eyes shall be raised to those visions of fancy which meet them in the air." Here, continued Mr. Att. Gen. we find that unhappy man, who had involved himself and have reduced the Cabin people of Ireland and it's unfortunate peasantry to join in treason, and commit their fortunes and happiness to feelings which they were disposed to indulge in their own and to any one thing could be to undertake.—The visions of their arts, no doubt, imagined the Provisional Government all wisdom, exertion, and prudence, little knowing what a heavy load of feeling it was compelled to—that in saping the judgments they were annihilating the understandings.—To the same unhappy state of mind may be attributed his vaunting on the morning of the 23d July, that he would make the Castle tremble to its foundations—from that moment we find him to the depot encouraging his instruments to accelerate their work; indefining ammunition; arming himself, and directing in regimentals of green cloth, and adjutant-general of the Provisional Government. Gentlemen of the Jury, that

observed, that it was but a very common error of those who oppose rebellion to pervade the country, to confound against Government, if it does not find out every thing that passes like intention & magic, and disbelief to their gentlemen every thing which it knows, and which the public interest require should be concealed—and surely a great proof of the watchfulness of Government could not be given than the necessity which the throw on Ministers emergency were under to call Parliament so recently in an obscure house in Butterfield-lane, and after collecting their depot of arms, &c. that they could not get information to aid them—and then where, under the difficulties affecting the conspiracy through the vigilance of Government, it at length broke out—these difficulties were in the strongest manner proved by the weakness of the attempt, which was extinguished in less than one hour, and by a belief that the rebellion, if it were possible, continuing its remembrance, observed, that Government were not able to affect the bottom of the conspiracy which was so impenetrably woven, but that the execution of the conspiracy intimated were also exciting a fear through from the public—On this part the Attorney General expressed his wish that these feelings had governed the prisoner at an earlier day, when he was resolving that train of explanation indispensable from civil war—but, unhappily, in one hour this rebellion had deprived the country of more virtue than this Commission could in a dozen of years.

He lamented that the web of rebellion was not more complete—he hoped the commission would not pass over without making these answers for their crimes who had seduced others into a participation of them. It was of great public moment that the heads of the conspiracy should be made known—there would be no conspiracies if there were none to perpetrate them; and if the framers of those destructive plans did not indulge the hope that an unprincipled population would be induced to rise and support schemes of avarice and ambition hatched by others.

Mr. Attorney General concluded a statement of which the foregoing is a very poor and indecorous outline, by appealing to the honour and professional candour of the Jury, and recommending him, addressed from any thing bordering on prejudice, and entirely influenced by the facts in evidence, they would give a verdict of guilty on their conscientiousness. If they should consider the charges fully substantiated, it would be their duty to convict the prisoner; if not, he would share that common pleasure which must be felt at the acquittal of an innocent man.

Joseph Reynolds, examined, deposed that he was acquainted with the prisoner—had first him before Christmas last, early in December, and understood from him that he had been a captain in the service of his brother as Brussels. On his cross-examination he disclosed a fact that ought to subtract the attendance of this country—he deposed, that the prisoner on his return from Brussels and that the abdication of the British Netherlands *restored* Bonaparte's Government. Witness believed the prisoner cherished the same impression.

George Taylor, attorney, deposed that he had been employed by Mr. Rooney, living at No. 69, St. George's south, to prepare a lease of a concern in Butterfield-lane, to a Mr. Robert Ellis—He prepared the lease accordingly, and went to the house in Butterfield-lane to get it executed by the lessee, Robert Ellis. Here he identified the prisoner as the person assuming that name. The other witness to the lease was William Dowdall, who's person and name he was acquainted with myself. [Travell]. On going to the house which had been let to the prisoner, he saw Ellis, Dowdall, and another person sitting at dinner, and from thence they went to Mr. Frayer's, to get the lease weighed, measured, and executed in letting the house to have the leases executed—Dowdall's person was familiar to the witness, both having been natives or formerly residing at Mullingar. The lease was executed in June, the 23d, which it now produced. On his cross-examination, he said he never saw the prisoner before that day, nor since, by the name of Ellis.

Michael Keogan deposed, that he was appointed overseer to the will of one Martin, an attorney, but the affair's account was James Rooney, a broth maker, in South Great George's-street. There was a house and land in the occupation of Robert Ellis, Rathfarnham, and recollected application having been made on the 23d of April last to take it. He was going down George's street, and stopped at Rooney's and found a Mr. Robert Ellis there, to whom Rooney introduced him; acquainted him with the negotiations about the concerns in Butterfield-lane, and told him Mr. Ellis would be his neighbour. Mr. Rooney received Ellis cordially, and he gave him a year for the holding.—Witness here identified the prisoner as Ellis, and swore positively that he could not be mistaken, for there was no other with Rooney. Witness was specified to prove the prisoner's position, or not a person from him, on receiving a note from him: a servant of Mr. Ellis's accordingly came with a note, and was put in possession of the house and farm on the 23d of April. The prisoner dined at his place in Butterfield-lane for a fortnight after; when he went there witness saw other persons with him, but did not know or recollect any except Dowdall, whom he collected to be a relation of the prisoner's brother-in-law, and was not willing for acquaintance, to the witness did not more free with them. Prisoner resided about two months there; the leases were executed in June, but Ellis was living, and for quiet a year for the holding.—Witness here identified the prisoner as Ellis, and swore positively that he could not be mistaken, for there was no other with Rooney. Witness was specified to prove the prisoner's position, or not a person from him, on receiving a note from him: a servant of Mr. Ellis's accordingly came with a note, and was put in possession of the house and farm on the 23d of April. The prisoner dined at his place in Butterfield-lane for a fortnight after; when he went there witness saw other persons with him, but did not know or recollect any except Dowdall, whom he collected to be a relation of the prisoner's brother-in-law, and was not willing for acquaintance, to the witness did not more free with them. Prisoner resided about two months there; the leases were executed in June, but Ellis was living, and for quiet a year for a fortnight before the rebellion. They lived quiet; no noise or drunkenness; appeared sequestered, and not willing to be any body. Saw the prisoner, and both with him, go repeatedly backward and forward on the road leading to Dublin riding. On the day when he went with the attorney to have the lease executed, he went into the parlour, where the prisoner and his friends were dining; there they asked him to sit at the table, but witness was abashed, as he saw no chairs or furniture in the room, and he invited them to his house to execute the lease. He and Mr. Tyrrel remarked, and wondered what kind of people they were; he knew not where the prisoner slept.—Nothing material elicited from the cross-examination.

John Farmer, a native of the County Kildare, lived for the last year as butler at Dillon's, no. White Bull, Thomas-street, a public-house, known as Martha Sea-lance—was convenient to Dillon's Yard, which most time in; knew the rebel depot, and was confidentially employed in it to bring ammunition out, directed thereon by his master; many things were brought through the house to the depot—he knows it as a depot, a few days after it was taken from Mr. Coleman; saw there at it previous to the 23d July, and had free and constant access thereto. The first thing he saw there was the making pike-handles, and after, heading them with iron; he saw other arms there, as carbines, pistols, and fire-locks; he saw these arms collecting for two or three months before the 23d July: saw them making cartridges, more than he could define. He knows the prisoner, and identified him a few him for the first time the Sunday immediately after the explosion of gunpowder in Patrick-street, and in Marshalsea lane; he met there with Quigley and Palmer, and many more than those regarded depot; Palmer asked the witness for three facks, to bring ammunition that they got out of Patrick-street; saw the prisoner often after him in the stores, almost every time the witness went there, which was mostly every day until the 23d July; the whole business was under the prisoner's direction; he superintended the making of pikes, &c. &c. when absent, Quigley sometimes had the direction, but mostly he (Farmer) under the prisoner. He never saw Quigley open the desk which was in the depot; (the desk was on the table) he heard some, "*a little shrink*" read by the prisoner, Mr. Farmer, as did not take much notice of it, but as well as he could recollect it was mentioned, "that the officers, non commissioned officers, and privates, or any that would earn it by pension, would have the first offer of the lands as in France, and if they would take Ireland or Dublin, they would all have share at what could be had"—Witness saw green jackets making by different tailors; saw Quigley aggravated, in likely one the jackets were for the officers; saw a green coat with gold lace on the sleeves and facings, like a General's, and two gold epaulets on the shoulders; saw Mr. Farmer sitting at the desk taking down and shewing it; there an described where the cloth stood, and that it was still the same as that than on the table; never saw but the one desk, though he knew there was two; often the prisoner and the prisoner take papers out of the desk; saw two men in the stores that appeared soldiers, and heard that they had deserted from the Barracks.

Upon this was in the Room the evening of the 23d July, and saw the prisoner there in his uniform as before described—he had a white waistcoat, white pantaloons, new boots, a frock, cocked hat and white feather, and had a sword on, and a pair of pistols; could not distinguish the colour of the cloth, being candle light; when dressed, he affect for a big coat to cover him, till he should join the party who were to take the Castle. There were officers with laced green uniforms like, Quigley and Stafford, but they had only one epaulet each—Quigley had a green feather in his hat, and Stafford a white one; Stafford was a native in Jamaica—Quigley had a good other part of the country, Palmer was about 30 men in the depot, on the evening of the 23d July, when they sallied out. They got arms there, pistols, blunderbusses, pistols, &c., and ammunition, according to. At the door of the depot, the prisoner drew his sword, and calling to the men, cried, "Come on, boys!" His attendance this Room, and to the people from Derry-lane to Thomas-street; the men after nine o'clock; the lamps were lighted; the party headed by the prisoner began to fire through the streets.

When the prisoner went first into the stores, he went by the name of Ellis; witness heard them say that they were making preparations to aid the French when they should land. The prisoner was considered as the head man, and often called General.—On his cross examination, he said he did not give information until taken up, or suspicion of having been in the rebellion, but was not promised pardon for his evidence; that he expected to be prosecuted, and did not give information from any hope of benefit.—To a question from the Court he answered, that Quigley was called Graham.

Thomas Cashgan, a tailor, in trade, deposed that the 23d July; on the preceding Sunday he came to town from Lucan, where he lived, and on coming into Queen-street met with a friend, who brought him to Dillon's, in Thomas-street, where he drank to his intoxicated; knows the last witness, Flaming; after becoming drunk, he fell asleep, and when he awoke he found himself in a place he had never been before—it was a large one—it is full of arms, poles, and things, long ones were against the wall and some down on the floor—there were numbers of persons in the house—witness was set to work to make white pantaloons and green jackets—saw the prisoner there, who appeared to have the chief command; heard him give orders, and by his threatened every thing was done; witness left worked in a little place off of the first loft, where there were mattresses, and after words was removed to the lower floor; saw a desk, and not more than one; saw Mr. Emmet go there at things out, believed he saw him write; besides pikes there were blunderbusses, guns, and pistols in the depot; saw 250 soldiers' muskets, and believed they belonged to two deserters; saw the prisoner another period, and was not willing for acquaintance, to the witness did not more free with them. Prisoner resided about two months there; the leases were executed in June, but Ellis was living, and for quiet a year for a fortnight before the rebellion. They lived quiet; no noise or drunkenness; appeared sequestered, and not willing to be any body. Saw the prisoner, and both with him, go repeatedly backward and forward on the road leading to Dublin riding. On the day when he went with the attorney to have the lease executed, he went into the parlour, where the prisoner and his friends were dining; there they asked him to sit at the table, but witness was abashed, as he saw no chairs or furniture in the room, and he invited them to his house to execute the lease. He and Mr. Tyrrel remarked, and wondered what kind of people they were; he knew not where the prisoner slept.—Nothing material elicited from the cross-examination.

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Joseph Reynolds, examined, deposed that he was acquainted with the prisoner—had first him before Christmas last, early in December, and understood from him that he had been a captain in the service of his brother as Brussels. On his cross-examination he disclosed a fact that ought to subtract the attendance of this country—he deposed, that the prisoner on his return from Brussels and that the abdication of the British Netherlands *restored* Bonaparte's Government. Witness believed the prisoner cherished the same impression.

George Taylor, attorney, deposed that he had been employed by Mr. Rooney, living at No. 69, St. George's south, to prepare a lease of a concern in Butterfield-lane, to a Mr. Robert Ellis—He prepared the lease accordingly, and went to the house in Butterfield-lane to get it executed by the lessee, Robert Ellis. Here he identified the prisoner as the person assuming that name. The other witness to the lease was William Dowdall, who's person and name he was acquainted with myself. [Travell]. On going to the house which had been let to the prisoner, he saw Ellis, Dowdall, and another person sitting at dinner, and from thence they went to Mr. Frayer's, to get the lease weighed, measured, and executed in letting the house to have the leases executed—Dowdall's person was familiar to the witness, both having been natives or formerly residing at Mullingar. The lease was executed in June, the 23d, which it now produced. On his cross-examination, he said he never saw the prisoner before that day, nor since, by the name of Ellis.

Michael Keogan deposed, that he was appointed overseer to the will of one Martin, an attorney, but the affair's account was James Rooney, a broth maker, in South Great George's-street. There was a house and land in the occupation of Robert Ellis, Rathfarnham, and recollected application having been made on the 23d of April last to take it. He was going down George's street, and stopped at Rooney's and found a Mr. Robert Ellis there, to whom Rooney introduced him; acquainted him with the negotiations about the concerns in Butterfield-lane, and told him Mr. Ellis would be his neighbour. Mr. Rooney received Ellis cordially, and he gave him a year for the holding.—Witness here identified the prisoner as Ellis, and swore positively that he could not be mistaken, for there was no other with Rooney. Witness was specified to prove the prisoner's position, or not a person from him, on receiving a note from him: a servant of Mr. Ellis's accordingly came with a note, and was put in possession of the house and farm on the 23d of April. The prisoner dined at his place in Butterfield-lane for a fortnight after; when he went there witness saw other persons with him, but did not know or recollect any except Dowdall, whom he collected to be a relation of the prisoner's brother-in-law, and was not willing for acquaintance, to the witness did not more free with them. Prisoner resided about two months there; the leases were executed in June, but Ellis was living, and for quiet a year for a fortnight before the rebellion. They lived quiet; no noise or drunkenness; appeared sequestered, and not willing to be any body. Saw the prisoner, and both with him, go repeatedly backward and forward on the road leading to Dublin riding. On the day when he went with the attorney to have the lease executed, he went into the parlour, where the prisoner and his friends were dining; there they asked him to sit at the table, but witness was abashed, as he saw no chairs or furniture in the room, and he invited them to his house to execute the lease. He and Mr. Tyrrel remarked, and wondered what kind of people they were; he knew not where the prisoner slept.—Nothing material elicited from the cross-examination.

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a prisoner, and that found on the chair. Extracts, copied from the original, were offered to be read in evidence, but the Court would not suffer any to come before it but the original. Some objection was made by the prisoner's Counsel to the near sitting of the jury allowed to the room being effected at evidence against the prisoner—but the case of Lord Russell, where papers found in the room, and a female in it, was adduced to over rule the objection.

The papers were then read—No. I. (found in the prisoner's lodging by Major Sirr), was nearly as follows:—

"It may from things that a person wearing himself to be an enemy of the present Government, and engaged in a conspiracy for an overthrow, should at certain periods, and in certain circumstances, depart that service from such a manner should be received with sensations. The writer of this, now very, does not mean to offer an opening for what in which he feels distinctly—which no endeavor might be directed his intention to the conduct he intends to pursue which he feels with the merciful, not as an Irishman with the English part of the present Government. He will remain under the most prostrate terms the line of conduct which he may be hereafter compelled to adopt—and which, however painful, would in itself be not on my to avoid it by the most explicit confessions. It is not the intention of the enclosed to be more than date what the Government must anticipate, that of the Conspiracy. It proves a thing to which the Government should be aware of, and which, if not attended to, will prove by the confusion of its information in fatally new grounds of conviction on those who are too ready to accede to the want of that intelligence which no fidelity could exist but to obtain. If, then, it is hereby by a display of differences to evince its strength and vigilance, it cannot hope to frustrate the conspiracy by that method of proceeding. It will now that men have to learn that existing into a conspiracy supplies them to be hanged—that the Government have to injure the body of the Conspiracy, to imperceptibly woven to the present, by merely cutting off a few of the ringlets—that the Irish Union can range the contract which the U. I. will adopt for effecting the emancipation of their country."

No. II. found on the prisoner's person.

"I wish particularly to know how matters stand, if you are not afraid. What hopes are there from abroad, and what they mean to say, and whether if they [illegible] off the [illegible] are [illegible] the is very distressing, and they the people are incapable of resisting, and unworthy of liberty; that he is condemned in this by the late resolutions, which must have determined but for their barbarous defeat—that all the people of Ireland think that the invasion will not take place at all, but that it is the plan to weary them out—begin by the expence of frequent preparations."

No. III. found in the Desk in Thomas-Street.

"I have but little time to look at the thousand difficulties between me and the completion of my wishes; that they will succeed I have ardent and I trust, virtuous hopes; but I think it may be the case. I thank God for having given me with a fearless disposition: in that I run from reflection; and if my hopes are without foundation—if a principle to opening under my feet from which duty will not suffer me to depart, I am thankful for that difficulties which turn me on to it, and burn me down while my eyes are raised to the witness of happiness which my fancy has formed in that."

No. IV. was the manuscript of the Proclamation of the Provisional Government, found in the desk in Thomas Street.

Here the case closed on the part of the Crown, and Mr. M'Nally having intimated to the Court that the prisoner did not intend calling any witnesses in defence, or on his Counsel to state a case, he conceived that the trial closed on both sides, and remained for the Court to say.

Mr. Plunket said it, however, his duty, from the peculiar nature of the case, not to follow the example or waive his right of speaking in evidence—this induced a fluctuation—which ended in establishing the right of Mr. Plunket to proceed, which he did accordingly with that strength of legal ability and eloquence for which he is so justly distinguished.

The Jury returned a verdict—Guilty, without leaving the box.

On the Clerk of the Crown reading the indictment to the prisoner and informing him that a jury of his country had found him guilty, and then asking in the usual form why sentence should not be pronounced against him—The prisoner in a most animated speech, replete with the most eloquent language, avowed his being one of the Provisional Government who issued the Proclamation; that he gloried in the cause, and that as he already has exposed his life for it, he would not now shrink from expending his sentiments, although in his the hands only about his body—nor be snuffed—the Court would allow him to express the sentiments, that what he had life he would publish it, and that death alone should prevent him from so doing. He particularly disclaimed any intention of the Provisional Government selling this country to the French, and disavowed that any treaty was entered into with them, save that of receiving a small body of troops, enough in number, to co-operate with the insurgents, to overturn the Government—but no intentions to establish a French province.

The Court heard him with a great deal of patience, and although indignation was visible in the countenance of every person in Court at this public avowal of his guilt, yet not a murmur was heard.—Lord Norbury after a salutary reprimand to the prisoner, and paying a handsome compliment to some of the respectable members of the family to which he belongs, pronounced the awful sentence of the law in cases of High Treason.

Court adjourned.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

Lord Norbury and Baron Daly having taken the Bench.

Henry Howley, the person who shot Hanlon the Keeper of the Tower, was put to the Bar, and arraigned in the usual form by the Clerk of the Crown, for High Treason.—Counsellors Curran and M'Nally, at his request, were assigned to him as Counsel, and Mr. Leonard M'Nally as his Agent.

Mr. Attorney General moved the Court, that it should be peremptory to the prisoner, that he shall be ready on the his trial on Tuesday next, and that the Crown Solicitor should for the purpose give [illegible] of the indictment against him.

The gentlemen summoned on the Petit Jurors were ordered to attend at nine o'clock on this day; after which the Court adjourned until Friday next.

The Hibernian Journal
AND
Daily Commercial & General Advertiser

DUBLIN.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

BRUSSELS LACE, LACE CLOAKS, LACE VEILS, THREAD EDGINGS, &c. &c.
Are now on Sale at the Lace Warehouse,
41. COLLEGE-GREEN.

☞ The above articles are well worth the inspection of Ladies who are going to the north of Ireland, as *school*, from its to 1 per Cent. under the current prices, by the first Houses in the Metropolis.

HANS RIDDALL & CO.

Owing to the lateness of the hour when we were furnished with the report of Emmett's Trial we were precluded from giving more than a mere outline thereof—to have to-day's publication given a full and accurate detail of the Attorney General's statement, and the evidence adduced against the prisoner.

Yesterday about three o'clock, Robert Emmett, who had been found guilty of High Treason the day before, was conveyed under a strong guard from Kilmainham Gaol, in a carriage, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Grant and the Rev. Mr. Gamble, in a slow leisure pace over Sarah's-bridge, and from thence along Barrack-Street, and over the Queen's-bridge, Thomas-Street, where a gallows had been erected. On their arrival at the fatal spot the prisoner remained about twenty minutes in the carriage with the Clergymen; at the expiration of that time, with a firm composed air, untied his neckcloth, and adjusted the rope about his neck;—after exclaiming, in an audible voice, "I die in peace with all mankind."—the fatal signal was given, when he was turned off;—after hanging about 30 minutes his body was cut down, when the executioner performed the remaining part of the sentence of cutting off his head.—His remains were afterwards delivered to his friends.

The Henrietta Caroline, Christopher Ebbet, Master, from Bircelona with wine, &c. arrived on Tuesday evening from Gourock, where the passengers quarantined.

The merchantmen under convoy of his Majesty's ship Sea Horse, have arrived in Gibraltar from England.

Friday morning, a small Gloucester rigged foreign galley, arrived at the quay at Limerick, prize to his Majesty's ship Argus; she was taken off the Heads, and is laden with tobacco and genevra. From thence sailed at Jersey.

On Monday last, there was a very full meeting of Governors, Deputy Governors, and gentlemen, at Cashel, for the purpose of carrying into effect, the "Proposals for rendering the body of the people as Instrumental to repel an invasion," Stephen Moore, Esq. Governor, was in the chair; the county was divided into four districts. One to consist of the baronies of Iffa and Offa, East and West, over which Lord Donoughmore is Lieutenant of Duelloon—Clanwilliam, Middlethird, and Kilnemanus, under the Lieutenancy of Lord Shee—Ellogarty, Iverno, and Shrawardagh, under Sir John Craven Carden—and Upper and Lower Clonmell, Owney and Arra, under Lord Donnally. Several Gentlemen of the highest rank, and some Noblemen, were named as Inspectors of Baronies.

On Monday fortnight between nine and ten o'clock, a fire broke out at the livery Stables of Mr. Gilding in Parr-Street, behind Duke-Street, Liverpool, which, from the nature of the premises, burnt with tremendous fury. The dreadful cry of this terrible calamity was not made up the fire had reached such a height, as to render impossible to get out the horses, and it is with extreme concern, we add, that six of their useful animals fell victims to the devouring flame. In this concern, all our readers, we are persuaded, will participate when we add, that four of them belonged to gentlemen of the country, and were employed in that honourable and important line. The alarm bell was rung a little before nine o'clock, and every possible assistance was instantly given. Detachments from the different military corps at Pontefract, and the forces of which was his Royal Highness the Prince of Gloucester and Staff. He continued upon the spot till twelve o'clock, aiding by his counsel, and animating by his presence and example. Happily for the neighbourhood, the wind was favourable, though considerable damage was done by the removal of the furniture from the neighbouring houses.

Tyrrell and Donnelly, who were arrested at Palmerstown, on Thursday last, have undergone an examination before Mr. Ryan, and were committed for High Treason.

A report went further points has been received for Patrick Dawlan and Thomas Maher, prisoners in Clonmel gaol, under sentence of death since the last assizes for burglary and robbery.

CURRAGH RACES.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 18.

King's Plate of 100gs. for horses, 108. each, 4 mile heats.

Mr. Kelly's bl. c.	1	1
Col. Lenox's brown [illegible]	2	2
Mr. Hart's [illegible] bay	3	3
Mr. Spooner's b. m.	4	4
Mr. Geraghty's b. m.	dist.	
Mr. Buckley's b. m.	dist.	

SAME DAY.

Sweepstakes for two yrs. old, 25gs. each, two yrs. old course.

Mr. Caldwell's b. c.		1
Mr. Whaley's ch. m.		2
Mr. Daly's ch. c.		3

SAME DAY.

Mr. Whaley's Duffer, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Daly's Dove, aged, 8st. 3lb. four miles, for 500gs. each, p. p.—a great deal of money was won and lost on this race.

COMMERCIAL AND MARINE REGISTER.

DUBLIN	*arrived from*
18 Industry, Jones,	Aberdovey
Peggy, Hayes,	Wexford
Mosely, Kerr, [illegible]	Glasgow
Leicester Packet,	Holyhead
19 Hope, Larkin,	Drin
May Flower, Richards,	Aberystwith
Right Colliers	
18 Hawke, Young,	Belfast
St. Mary and Patrick, Barry,	Youghal
Hawkins, Power,	Waterford
Mary, King,	Wexford
Concord, Valentine,	Sligo
Six Colliers.	
19 Lofus Packet,	Holyhead
Uxbridge Packet,	Holyhead
Mary and Sara, Burris,	Youghal
Friendly, Lithgow,	Westport
Six Colliers.	
	Sailed for
18 Uxbridge Packet,	Holyhead
19 Dolphin, Bell,	Belfast
Hawk, Dunn,	Liverpool
Minerva, Rainford,	Ball crafile
Triumph, Williams,	Warford
Venus, Crawford,	Drogheda
Hope, Peterson,	Mels
Five Colliers	
Lancaster Packet,	Holyhead
18 Mary, Stevens,	Drogheda
Adventure, Stafford,	Wexford
Seven Brothers,	Passage
Marquis of Drogheda,	Holyhead
Three Colliers	
19 Four Colliers	

STOCK EXCHANGE.

DUBLIN—TUESDAY, SEPT. 20, 1803.

Gov. Deb. 5 per cent. 88¾—Grand Canal Loan, dated 21, 87, 88, 2 per cent. 50¾

PRICE OF ENGLISH STOCKS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

3 per Cent. Cons. 63¾—Omn. 7¾ 6/8
3 per Cent. Reduced [illegible]

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Dublin on London (Sept. 19)	13¾	
London on Dublin (Sept. 19)	13¾	
Bristol on Dublin (Sept. 17)	13¾	
[illegible] on DUBLIN (Sept.)	12¾	at 2023

MEETING AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, THIS DAY.

John Byrne, of Dublin—Final Examination.

PRICES OF CORN AND FLOUR

for the Week ending Friday, Sept. 16.

	From		to		Mkt. Price
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s. d.
18 Wheat, per bar. of 20 Stone,	18	0	24	0	19 0
112lb. Oats, per ditto,	16	0	24	0	19 0
Barley, per ditto,	14	0	17	0	15 0
Beans, per ditto,	14	0	17	0	15 0
Malt, per ditto,	24	0	28	0	24 0
Peas, per ditto,	16	0	17	0	14 0
Sold in Essex Quay,					
108 barrels of Wheat, at	25	0	25	0	25 0
9½ 12 cwts. at Floors, at	25	0	25	0	25 0
Average of Wheat at Essex Quay, 25s. 0d. per barrel.					

SALES of Flour 140 Tons, and 270 Sacks, 1000 cwt. [illegible] 24s. — to 25s. 0d. — 25s. 0d.
RECEIPTS, 1093 tons.

ASSIZE OF BREAD.

FOR THE WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, SEPT. 19.

WHITE.	lb.	oz.	d.	HOUSEHOLD.	lb.	oz.	d.
Twopenny,	1	6	2	Penypenny,	0	9	1
Fourpenny,	3	0	5	Sixpenny,	1	4	3
Shipmany,	9	1	7	Twelvepenny,	2	8	6

MARRIED—Mr. Samuel Henry of Coleraine, Ironmonger, to Miss Mary [illegible] daughter to Mr. Wm. Knox, of Kilkenny.

DEATHS—At Lyrian, county Armagh, Mrs Ann Parkinson—At Ballyrone, Queen's co. Mrs. M. Perkins, relict of the late Rev. Samuel Perkins, of Curragh, in the co. Kildare—At Portaferry, Mr. Patrick Mulvany, aged 33—At Dundrum, Mrs. Margaret, wife of Wm. Magrath, Esq. of Rockhall-street—In Cork-lane, Daniel Kelly, Custom-house, much lamented by and sincerely regretted by a long and extensive acquaintance.

BANKRUPT—Christopher Halpin, of Dublin, distiller, brewer and chapman, to surrender on the 20th and 21st inst.

Mr. Kavanagh acknowledges to have received from Mr. Pringle, Esq. of Scotland, £5 5s. part of the funds for relieving fire and indigent roomkeepers.

For English Mail will be mad another this night at 12 o'clock.

☞ *A notice to Nurtured Persons, &c.*

☞ Many Gentlemen and others having been deceived by Shaw Boards, with the name of *Morris, &c.* within one or two Doors of him, he gives us notice thereof to inform his Friends, that he has no Shaw Board, but that his House is distinguished by Iron Rails.

N.B. A report having been industriously spread abroad, that Mr. Morris had retired from Business—He begs to inform the Public, that there was not, nor is there the smallest foundation for such a report; and that he still continues to attend Practical Treatment of Ruptures at his House, No. 40, Essex-street, but now No. 140, Townsend-street, (Lower's old).

NOTICE.

HIS Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to appoint Captain Widdows of Dublin, to be Agent for the Widows of Officers belonging to Regiments (serving on the Irish Establishment) quartered in Ireland, and Mr. Widdows has accordingly received his Appointment thereof. Father Thomas Vesey, Infantry, of Half-pay, at Mountrath, Queen's County, Colonel A. Wilkinson, Lieutenant Colonel Joint Agents to the Widows of Officers, and the Widowhood, thereafter, inform all those concerned, that the several Certificates and Affidavits (in the usual Form) early attended and sworn to, immediately after the 24th of April, 24th of August, and 24th December, which are required to entitle them to the Allowance of their Pensions at the End of each Four Months, must be regularly sent in to the Agent's Office, No. 6, Batchelor's Walk, Dublin, in the Weeks after the Terminations of those Periods.

The Widows are directed to apply as above, from 11 to 1 o'Clock, during the First Week or Fortnight, after which the Agent will be attending the Dublin Journal, and at the several Weekly Fairs throughout the Year.

Dublin, 30th August, 1803.

WM. & W. G. COLVILL.

By the Lord Lieutenant and Council of Ireland.

A PROCLAMATION.

HARDWICKE.

WHEREAS by an Act passed in the 31st and 32d years of his Majesty's Reign, entitled "An Act for better securing the Liberty of the Subject," and commonly called the Habeas Corpus Act, it is provided, that if any Lord not peer, be found to exist for the Chief Governor or Governors for the time being, and Privy Council of Ireland, to suspect the fact so alledging (such time only at the time Lord or an Act or more than or resolution in the case of [illegible] Gentleman, no Lord Lieutenant, or Lord Deputy or Deputies or persons charged with being concerned in treason or rebellion without an Order from the Lord Lieutenant, or Lord Deputy or Deputies, or Privy Council of Ireland, for the time being, signed by six of the said Privy Council, any law, statute, or usage to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.

And whereas a daring rebellion hath already broken out in this land, and it hath become advisable to dispose of the persons of the said rebels during the continuance thereof:

Now we the Lord Lieutenant and Council of the said province, in pursuance of the said Act, and the same is hereby suspended, of which all Judges, Justices of the Peace, and others, are required to take Notice.

And whereas there is reason to apprehend that several persons, charged with having been concerned in the late Rebellion, are endeavoring to effect [illegible] by departing from Ireland:

Now we the Lord Lieutenant, being desirous to bring all such offenders to condign punishment, do by and with the advice of his Majesty's said Honourable Privy Council, strictly forbid any person whomsoever to depart from Ireland without having first obtained a Passport for that purpose, signed by our Chief Secretary, or the Under Secretary for the Civil Department, or either of them, or by some person authorized by us, or either of them, for that purpose, or either of them, to sign such passports.

And we do hereby strictly command all Masters and Commanders of all ships and other vessels departing from Ireland, that they do not upon any account whatsoever, take on board their vessels, or on account any from Ireland, any person not having such passports, as aforesaid.

Given at the Council Chamber in Dublin, the 18th day of July, 1803.

Redesdale, C. Chan. Dublin. W. Fawn. Dogherty. Annesley. Mulkerry. Tyrawley. J. Beresford. H. E. Fox. Ed. Cooke. C. Ellis. Henry King. D. Latouche. J. Hamilton. M. Fitzgerald. Standish O'Grady.

God save the King.

TO THE LADIES OF IRELAND.

MR. LOW, Perfumer, London, has discovered in the courts of his Professional experience, the most wonderful cosmetic for the preservation of the hair, ever yet made public; he has completed the work, and produced it in the form of a liquid soap called the *Oriental Aqueous Composition*; this great remedy has obtained the general approbation of the Nobility and Gentry of England, and the performers when generally known, it will be equally admired and adopted in every Country of the part of the United Kingdom called Ireland. For their convenience he has appointed two respective Hair Dealers in Dublin and Cork, where a constant supply may at all times be had.

Mr. Atkins, Perfumer to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and the Right Hon. Countess of Moira; and Mesdlle. Jamilton and Regan, Perfumers, Capel-Street, price 10s. 10d. per Quart.

THE CORDIAL BALM OF GILEAD

possesses wonderful efficacy in all nervous debilities, head-aches, vapours, heartburns and lowness of Spirits, disorders of digestion, dizziness and weakness of the mind, tremors and melancholy, and all kinds of nervous complaints it is highly valued by the sick or his industrious Orphan: in fact it is a cordial to women, virgins, dancers and orchestras; it is a safe, speedy and effectual remedy for hot [illegible] bons of the good effects are forcibly and [illegible]

Sold only by Dugdale and Bell, Dame-Street; Caldwell, College-green; Davidson, Parliament-street; and the only Warehouse, No. 6, College-green; of whom may be had, price only 3s. 3d.

A CURE FOR DEATH.

And as a Remedy to those who have the care and education of Young Likewise, Advice to Mothers, particularly the afflicted with Worms or Convulsions.

A LOVER'S CALL TO ECHO.

Miss Darling's my dear, shall I love her for ever—
Echo, For ever.

How shall I secure, her affection I crave—
Echo, Shave.

When I give command she be rid of my Beard—
Echo, Be-heard.

But the razors are [illegible] and fit to [illegible]
Echo, To Pickwood.

Will his Strop make a Razor or Penknife Sharp as Steel,
Echo, Sharp and keen.

Do it first [illegible] Reason too far—the Truth is known
Echo, No

Inform me who best method of curing [illegible]
Echo, Buy a Strop.

At Simonds's, the Capel-Street, Dublin, [illegible]
Soap, With double Duty

DR. MADDEN POINTING OUT THE SUPPOSED GRAVE OF ROBERT EMMET.

SUPPOSED GRAVE OF ROBERT EMMET IN THE PROTESTANT PARISH CHURCHYARD, GLASNEVIN, NEAR DUBLIN.

AN UNINSCRIBED TOMBSTONE IN ST. MICHAN'S CHURCHYARD, DUBLIN, WHICH IS SHOWN AS COVERING ROBERT EMMET'S GRAVE.

or in prison, or in exile; and the country was cowed. It was laid in the common burying-place known as Bully's Acre, where criminals and paupers were buried, though in earlier days it had been the last resting place of chiefs and kings.

In his comprehensive history of the Emmet family, a valuable work recently published, the author, Thomas Addis Emmet, grandson of the patriot whose name he bears, gives the result of his painstaking effort to obtain authoritative information relative to the final resting place of his illustrious kinsman. Dr. Emmet says:

"The place of Robert Emmet's burial remains to this day in doubt. But it was the opinion of Dr. Madden towards the close of his life that the body was buried in the Protestant parish churchyard at Glasnevin, an opinion which should carry great weight, for certainly no man ever gave the subject closer investigation. Shortly before Dr. Madden's death the writer had the good fortune to see him and obtain from him many interesting facts. The old gentleman had become quite infirm, being past eighty years of age, but he kindly came up from his residence near Dublin to point out the different places connected with the family history. He was first driven out to Glasnevin without knowing his destination, and on getting out of the carriage at the church he did not at first seem to recognize the place. But after entering the churchyard leaning on the writer's arm, he suddenly became excited in his manner, and increasing his pace, he started off alone. Passing to the left of the church he walked around behind it, and placing his hands on a rough headstone near the wall he exclaimed: 'This is Robert Emmet's grave, which Mr. ——, the tailor, showed me over fifty years ago.' A photographer having been employed to accompany the party, an instantaneous impression of the scene was taken while the old gentleman was speaking. The Doctor had not visited the spot since he was taken there by the tailor, who claimed to have assisted in removing Emmet's body and in digging the grave. If this be true it must have been dug directly across the foot-path, as is evident from the position of the other graves and the dates on the nearest headstones.

"After the execution the body was taken to Bully's Acre, or Hospital Fields, as it was sometimes called, the Potters' Field of Dublin. It is believed that the body was not buried, but was put aside where it could be easily gotten at in case it were claimed. That night the body was sought for by the Rev. Thomas Gamble, of Dublin, who was the only friend of the family not imprisoned or in exile. When Mr. Gamble found the body he immediately went to obtain a permit to remove it. While he was absent getting this permit, Dr. Petrie came to take a cast of the face, and likely also with the purpose to make some disposition of the body.

"It is said that being unable to procure some water to prepare his plaster, he took the head, which had been decapitated after the execution, with him to some neighboring house. During his absence Mr. Gamble returned, and with some assistance took away the box containing the body, but what he did with it still remains a mystery. Dr. Madden was informed that Dr. Petrie had the skull in his keeping until a short time before his death, when he gave it to some physician who lived in Galway. No one who knows anything of Dr. Petrie's life and views would doubt, if this be true, but that he made careful provison for its preservation. When the time comes for writing Robert Emmet's epitaph, this relic will certainly be forthcoming, and it may prove the only portion of his body obtainable.

"On the night of Robert Emmet's execution the people were in a great state of

THE TRIAL
AND
DYING BEHAVIOUR
OF
Mr R. Emmett,

Who was Executed September the 20th, for High Treaſon.—Together with his Solemn Exhortation to his Countrymen to reject the proffered Friendſhip and Aſſiſtance of Deſpotic, Cruel, and Perfidious FRANCE.

ON Monday September 19, ROBERT EMMETT was put to the bar, at Dublin, on trial for High Treaſon. The priſoner challenged nineteen peremptorily out of the pannel for a Petit Jury, and ſix were ſet aſide by the Crown.

The Attorney General took a retroſpective view of the public calamities incident to the ſpirit of inſurrection which had hitherto prevailed the minds of the common people of that country.

The priſoner at the bar, if Mr. Attorney was properly inſtructed, would appear by ſubſtantial evidence, together with a variety of corroborating circumſtances, to have been the prime ſource, origin, and ſpirit of the recent inſurrection in this city ſo enormouſly wicked in the conception, but ſo truly contemptible and puerile both in the plan and execution.

The priſoner in a ſpeech marked by ſome traits of ingenuity and elocution juſtified the conduct imputed to him, on firm and long adopted principles.

The Jury returned a verdict GUILTY, without leaving the box; and Lord Norbury pronounced ſentence of DEATH on him.

At ten o'clock this morning, (Sept. 20), a confidential friend of this unfortunate Gentleman was permitted to viſit him at Kilmainham gaol. The viſitor, a Profeſſional Gentleman of conſiderable eminence, on his entrance into the culprit's chamber found him reading the Litany in the ſervice of the Church of England in the preſence of the Rev. Mr. Gamble, the Ordinary of Newgate; after which he made a hearty breakfaſt. Retiring afterwards to a room with his friend, after certain family communications, he adverted to the circumſtance of having his pockets examined in the dock on the preceding evening, for ſome inſtrument with which it was apprehended he might deſtroy himſelf. He diſclaimed ſuch notion, alledging it was incompatible with the religion he profeſſed.

The culprit was led from Kilmainham gaol under a ſtrong military guard, compoſed of detachments both of Cavalry and Infantry of the Regular Troops quartered at the Barracks. He arrived about three o'clock at the temporary gallows, in Thomas-ſtreet, in a carriage with two clergymen. In his progreſs thither his demeanour, however, did not appear of that ſerious caſt befitting the awfulneſs of his ſituation, or the religious ſentiments he had uttered in the morning. He gazed about, particularly in Dirty-lane, the ſcene of his exploits, with a ſpecies of light inattentive ſmile, approaching a laugh, until he was carried to the place of execution, and ſpoke and nodded to ſome of his acquaintance with the greateſt coolneſs. After mounting the platform attached to the gallows, he addreſſed the ſurrounding crowd in a few words, ſaying he died in peace and univerſal love and kindneſs with all mankind. While the Executioner was adjuſting the rope round his neck, he became very pale, and he ſeemed earneſtly to talk and expoſtulate with him moſt probably about ſome awkwardneſs in his manner, from which he felt an inconvenience. After the hangman had pulled a cap over his eyes, the culprit put up his hands, pinioned as they were, and partly removed it. The platform was dextrouſly removed. After which he hung for near a minute quite motionleſs, but violent convulſions then ſeized him, which laſted for ſeveral minutes. The proceſs of beheading, &c. was afterwards gone through, and his body removed to Newgate.

The admirable deſcription which he drew of the French fraternity muſt powerfully operate on that part of the people of Ireland, who ſeek, through the agency of the Firſt Conſul to diſunite theſe countries.

"I have," ſaid he, "been accuſed of being actuated by a wiſh to bring about a revolution of this country, through the means of French influence. I deny that either myſelf or the Provifional Government, had any ſuch idea in contemplation. Our own reſources were ſufficient to accompliſh the object. As to French interpoſition, it cannot be too much deprecated: and I exhort the people of Ireland to beware of ſuch aſſiſtance. I urge them in the ſtrongeſt manner to burn their houſes—nay even the very graſs on which a Frenchman ſhall land. Various opportunities have occured to me of witneſſing the miſery and deſolation they have produced in every country where they have gained an entrance, under the fallacious pretences of aiding the Inhabitants who conſidered themſelves in a ſtate of oppreſſion."

Jones & Co., Printers, Upper Mary's Lane.

(Issued by the British Government after the trial of Robert Emmet.)

excitement, as the country was under martial law; consequently it would have been almost impossible for a few individuals, and without a guard of troops, to have taken the body into the city; moreover, it would have been far easier, and a more natural course, for them to have taken it across the country to the nearest burying-ground. Glasnevin was the nearest churchyard out of town and the most likely place for them to have carried the body, as the wall had been broken down some years before, and the burial could have been accomplished there without disturbance or the delay of getting a permit. One may easily see directly behind the grave where the break was repaired years afterwards with material different from that used in the original wall.

The fact that Mr. Gamble was the assistant curate in St. Michan's Church is the only plausible reason which can be advanced in support of the plea that Robert Emmet was buried there, where a large, flat, uninscribed stone is said to cover his grave. If the body could have been gotten into town it naturally would have been taken to St. Peter's Church, for it was well known that the family had a vault there and that Robert Emmet's parents had been buried there but a short time before. No good reason can be advanced for a selection of St. Michan's Church, with which the family had not the slightest connection. These two churchyards were not far from each other, and both were surrounded at that time, it is said, by a high wall. Therefore it would have been necessary even for Mr. Gamble, the assistant curate of the church, to have hunted up the sexton to gain admission, and even then he could not have dug the grave without first obtaining a permit for burial, and the circumstance would then have been recorded. But the right did exist to bury Robert Emmet at St. Peter's Church, in Anugier street, while an attempt to place a body of a stranger in the other, under the circumstances, would have needed an explanation, with every likelihood of a refusal from those in authority. These in brief were the reasons advanced by Dr. Madden for believing that Robert Emmet's grave was in the Glasnevin parish churchyard."

"As the first step toward settling this mooted question, it will be necessary to locate and open Dr. Emmet's vault at St. Peter's Church to determine whether or not Robert Emmet's body is there. It is true that, so far as is known, the family vault has not been opened since the remains of his mother were deposited there, a few days before her son's death. But with the connivance of the sexton it would have been a matter of but a few moments to have placed the body in the vault, and this could have been done at night without a permit and without attracting attention. But to have dug a grave in St. Michan's churchyard at the spot claimed would have been impossible, either by day or night, without attracting attention.

"In regard to the doubt and uncertainty as to where Robert Emmet was buried, Thomas Moore wrote:

Oh! breathe not his name,—let it rest in the shade
Where, cold and unhonored, his relics are laid;
Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

"Dr. Madden states the fact that 'Dr. Emmet died at Casino, near Miltown, in the autumn of 1802. He was buried in

the graveyard of St. Peter's Church, in Anugier street (Dublin), on the right-hand side of the entrance, close to the wall on the south side.' He also states that the tomb or vault had the following in scription on it:

> Here lies the remains of
> Robert Emmet, Esq., M. D.,
> Who died the 9th of December, 1802,
> In the 73rd year of his age.

"In 1880 the writer not only failed to find this tomb, but any other in the churchyard. On inquiry he ascertained that all the tombstones had been removed some years previously, but were yet preserved, and several feet of earth had been put on the surface of the ground to raise it to the level of the street in front. The tombstones after removal were all placed in piles at a distance, and though these were carefully examined, no trace of any connected with the family could be found.

"The only compensation for the labor of investigation was that at the bottom of the pile was found the headstone of John, Earl of Clare, broken and forgotten, notwithstanding the fact that it had been elaborately emblazoned with the arms of his mushroom title. This man had been honored by the British Government for services rendered in bringing about the so-called 'Union,' with which the Irish people themselves had nothing to do, and by means which we know today were the most corrupt and damnable ever designated as statecraft or devised by mortal man. The enjoyment by Clare of his honors was deservedly brief. He died in January, 1802, despised by every honest man in the country, and but for this accident no one would today know where the remains of this unhallowed man had been hidden away.

"As the stone found by Dr. Madden over the Emmet tomb was a flat one covering the entrance to the family vault, doubtless it was simply covered in and not disturbed. Dr. Madden writes in addition: 'Here, also, the remains are interred of the widow of Dr. Emmet, who survived her husband only nine months. She preceded her youngest son, Robert, to the tomb by a few days."

Thinking the grave was in Bully's Acre, Sarah Curran, escaping from the watchfulness of her friends, had stolen there to visit it, in the dark of the autumn evening. The place where the unhappy girl prayed and wept was closed against burials after the cholera of 1837, and now it is a wind-swept prairie of long gray grass, with here and there the shoulders of a tombstone emerging, and the cromlech which marks the grave of chieftains who perished at the Battle of Clontarf standing, time-defying, above all.

Even Emmet's touching letter from the very shadow of the grave had not reached Curran's heart, any more than the prayers of the Attorney-General, Mr. Standish O'Grady, and others who would have interceded for his child. Sarah Curran was cast off forever. A Quaker family in Cork, the Penroses, gave her the shelter of their roof. They and all about her were of the English sympathizers, and she had not even the comfort of knowing that she had the love and pity of the common people as the widow, and more than the widow of their hero.

It was while she was with the Penroses, that the moving incident told by Washington Irving in "The Broken Heart" took place. Under her weight of trouble, her life was being sapped; her senses almost giving way. Leaving the gay crowd at a reception, she sat alone with her memories of her lover; and presently, forgetting everything but him, she began singing a mournful song with such poignant sweetness, that the company which gathered quietly around her was moved to tears.

It was then that Captain Sturgeon, a brave and manly young officer, saw and loved her. He knew she had no love to give him, but she was dying homeless, and abandoned by her own people. He offered her the shelter of his name and love; and after a sad marriage ceremony, he took her to Italy to try to save her life; but her heart was broken, and she only liver a little while. Moore's beautiful lyric about her, beginning: "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps," will be remembered.

Surely some of us will recall John Philpot Curran, not as the orator, the patriot, the wit, the friend; but as the *Father*.

"NOTES."

RESIDENCE OF DR. EMMET.

Dr. Emmet leased a house in Molesworth street on first settling in Dublin, but which one could never be determined, as the houses in that street were not numbered until long afterwards. In 1777 he purchased a large house on the corner of Stephen's Green, West, and Lamb's Lane. On the opposite corner, and taking up the whole space between Lamb's lane and York street, the building for the Royal College of Surgeons was subsequently erected. Robert Emmet, Jr., was born in the Molesworth street house, and it was just after his birth that the family moved to Stephen's Green. On the marriage of his son Thomas, the doctor divided the house by a partition wall, into two separate dwellings, keeping the corner house for himself. His son took possession of the inside one, and there his children were born. After the arrest of Mr. Emmet many old friends and acquaintances drifted away in consequence of the family troubles, so these houses were rented, and the family sought retirement in their country place.

For years before Dr. Emmet's death he devoted much time to improving the grounds and garden at Casino. The writer had the good fortune to see the place in 1880, and before any material change had been made. A Mr. Meldon, who died shortly afterwards, owned it at that time. He had come into possession of the property some fifty years before, the place having undergone little, if any, change, as the previous owner had purchased it from the family and had taken care to preserve everything intact. So in 1880 the appearance of the house and grounds was essentially the same as when occupied by the family, with the single exception that the window-frames in the front of the house, having become decayed, new ones filled with plate glass had been substituted for the old. The garden had been preserved just as Dr. Emmet had laid it out; for when the greenhouses had become decayed, new ones in facsimile had been put up in their place. The wall-fruit, too, which the doctor had planted and trailed, was all preserved by building new trellis about it where necessary. It was stated that even the vegetables were of the same stock as had been found on the place and occupied the same locality. The parlor was still covered by the tapestry paper as of old, which, no doubt, had been a source of delight to the younger generation of the past.

After the death of Mr. Meldon and the expiration of his lease the house was pulled down and the whole grounds were built upon within the last few years, and that Casino has now become incorporated with the suburban portion of the city of Dublin.

From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D.

NEWGATE PRISON.

"Newgate was the Bastille of Dublin, and likewise was pulled down on account of its infamous notoriety. Over the top of the door was a stout iron hook, to which Major Sirr and Trevor, the jailor, strung up many a patriotic Irishman to save the necessity of erecting a gallows. The window to the right just above the entrance opened into the cell in which Lord Edward Fitzgerald died." From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D.

On the site of this old prison there is today a public park, called St. Michan's, formally opened December 22d, 1898. Here the children, particularly the children of the poor, will play happily, unconscious of the grim associations of the place, once the scene of many evil deeds.

There is a circular plot in the centre, which is to be the site for the erection of a memorial to the memory of the patriots who suffered incarceration in Newgate Prison.

WHERE ROBERT EMMET WAS ARRESTED.

Robert Emmet, with several of his followers, successfully reached the Wicklow Mountains, and could have escaped to France had he not blindly determined to have an interview before leaving Ireland, with Sarah, the daughter of John Philpot Curran, to whom he was engaged to be married. To accomplish this he returned alone in a few days to the house of a friend in Dublin, a Mrs. Palmer, who lived at Harold's Cross.

He chose this location, as it was situated on the road leading to Mr. Curran's country place, and from this point he made frequent but unsuccessful attempts to communicate with her. Someone betrayed his place of con-

cealment, as well as the manner by which friends were to rap on the door to gain immediate admission. Consequently, on the evening of August 25th, Major Sirr surrounded the house, and gaining immediate admission, seized Mr. Emmet before he had time to conceal himself. Some years ago the writer had pointed out to him a house as the one in which Robert Emmet was arrested. It was situated on the left side of the road to Rathfarnham, looking toward the country, and was just beyond the bridge over the canal at Harold's Cross. However, on describing this to Dr. Madden, he claimed it was not the correct house, the true one being on the same side of the street but somewhat further on and a little back from the main road.

It was most fortunate that the old gentleman was not only able to show the writer the proper house, but also where Robert Emmet had prepared a place of concealment behind the wainscoting in a small wing, shown in the picture of Mrs. Palmer's house, which at the time was not in use and filled with rubbish. Luckily the house was photographed at the time of the visit, for within a year it was completely demolished, as the writer has been informed, and the site was again built upon.—From "The Emmet Family," by Thos. Addis Emmet, M.D.

GRAVE OF ANNE DEVLIN.

"Dr. Madden, at his own expense, placed a monument over this noble woman's grave in Glasnevin. On it he had sculptured a most appropriate emblem in the figure of an Irish wolf dog, now extinct, but which in the days of old was considered the most noble of animals. The following epitaph is inscribed upon it:

To the memory of Anne Devlin (Campbell),
The faithful servant of Robert Emmet,
Who possessed some rare and noble qualities;
Who lived in obscurity and poverty, and so
died
The 18th September, 1851,
Aged 70 years."

COURT ROOM.

With the exception of the introduction of the gas fixtures and the clock over the dock in which Robert Emmet stood throughout the trial, no change has been made in the appearance of the room since that time. The position of the judge is not shown in the representation of the room. The witness was placed in the chair shown between the judge's bench and the dock, while the jury occupied a small gallery on each side of the bench, a small portion of the one to the left being shown in the illustration close to the gas fixture.—From "The Emmet Family," by Thos. Addis Emmet, M.D.

SEAL OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

The design is a beautiful figure, which was cut in Dublin on an emerald brought from India some years before by Sir John Temple and presented to his cousin, Dr. Robert Emmet. The English Government, it is said, obtained an impression and had it copied for use as a decoy. After the arrest of Mr. Emmet it is also said that a large reward was offered by the Government for this seal, and the house was several times searched to obtain it, but without success. During the whole time, and even throughout her imprisonment, Mrs. Emmet had it concealed on her person. The writer recalls an account given him by his father of one of these searches, made a year or more after the arrest of T. A. Emmet. While sleeping with his younger brother in the nursery, he was suddenly awakened by a bright light in the room, and became greatly alarmed on seeing a soldier standing guard within the door. As soon as the man saw the child was awake, with the instinct of a brute he pointed his musket at him as if about to shoot. The two children naturally got under the bedclothing as quickly as possible, and in their terror did not dare to move, being more dead than alive, until the soldiers had left the house and their grandmother could come to them. This seal, which has been reset in its present form as a ring, is in the possession of Lieut. Robert Temple Emmet, formerly of the United States Army, who inherited it from his grandfather, Judge Robert Emmet, the eldest member of the family.

The seal of the whole organization was designed in the north of Ireland, and was different from this one, which for a time was used in the southern portion of the country only.

The seal of the United Irishmen and two others which have been preserved show us Robert Emmet's artistic taste and talent for designing. Dr. Madden presented to the writer one of these which had been in his possession for some fifty years, and it was the one worn by Robert Emmet on the morning of his execution. The design, which is an original one, represents a willow tree nearly prostrated by the storm, and below the motto, "Alas my country."

Just as Mr. Emmet was leaving the prison on his way to the scaffold he passed a Catholic priest whom he had known in better times, and seeing the priest's expression of profound sympathy he pulled this seal from his fob ribbon and handed it to him. Unfortunately, the name of the priest has now been forgotten by the writer, but on his death he willed the seal to his friend, Dr. Madden. The doctor stated, when he gave it to the writer, that he had fully verified its authenticity on the evidence of several persons who had been present at the time and had witnessed the occurrence. In addition he stated that the seal had been fully identified by his friend, Mr. John Patten, who recognized it beyond question as the one he had seen his kinsman, Robert Emmet, wear for some time.—From "The Emmet Family," by T. A. Emmet, M.D.

IRELAND'S LITTLE HERO.

BY SHIELA MAHON.

He was only fifteen, a fair haired boy with eyes of heaven's own blue, and a face charming in its expression of seriousness and innocence. He had all a lad's daring and love of fun; no better player at chimney; no more fearless climber of the rugged cliffs that surrounded his home; no gayer spirit in all the countryside. His whistle rivalled the thrushes and his young voice carolled from morn to night in sheer light-heartedness. Love of country was inherent in him. From childhood it was his delight to sit at his mother's knee and listen whilst she told him tale after tale of the wrongs of centuries. To see the sunny look disappear from his face, to note the clenched hands, the heaving breast, all spoke of deep passionate feelings that, given the opportunity, would yet add another to the illustrious list of heroes gone before.

Sprung from a sturdy people who were always amongst the first to join in the struggle for independence, he was born and bred in an atmosphere of rigid hate against the oppressor and longed with boyish impatience for something to happen that he might show his love for the old land. Yet although he was only a little lad the heart within him was that of a lion. Absolutely fearless, he courted danger rather than avoided it. Many a time his companions would watch with bated breath his slender body poised twixt heaven and earth on the dizzy heights of the Gobbins (that historic spot red with the blood of Ireland's martyrs), penetrating into the fastness of some cavern where young eaglets shrieked defiance and the white gulls flew in frightened clusters, and eyed the daring boy in wonder.

Those were the golden days of childhood. Soon came troublesome times when men went about stern-eyed and watchful, and none could tell who would be the next ground down. For the Yeos were let loose on the country and quartered on the people, and it was no unusual sight to see a white-faced mother with her dead babe clasped to her breast wandering with unseeing eyes, alive to nothing but her own misery.

Small wonder if desperate men, maddened with a sense of their wrongs, gladly joined the United Irishmen founded for relief against oppression, and the numbers augmented so rapidly that in 1798 five hundred thousand men with but one thought, Freedom for the old Land, stirring them on to deeds of deathless valor were waiting eagerly for the call. It came at last, and little Willie Nelson's blue eyes glowed with excitement when the news was whispered round that the rising was to take place at Donegore Hill on the seventh of June. It was now the sixth; but by some strange mischance the word had come late, and who was to warn the Mallusk men and the men from Magheramorne and Island Magee?

Who but Willie Nelson, the widow's fair haired boy. "Let me go," he pleaded. "I am young and the soldiers will never suspect me. I will get a horse from Red Hall," and he smiled roguishly as the men looked at each other, for the owner of Red Hall was a despot, and a captain of the hated soldiers.

"Take care, Willie, you were always a daring lad: heaven send you safely through this," said an old man as he noted the glint of the boy's eyes and the flushed expectancy of his face.

"Oh! they would never touch a little lad like me; but if they do, I desire no nobler death," and he turned his sunny face heavenward.

With much misgiving they let him go

In the early dawn of the fatal seventh of June, he sped down the long village street of Ballycarry on his danger-fraught errand, only pausing once to pluck a twig of sycamore from a clefted tree to climb which was the delight of his young heart. Did no foreboding of the future cross his mind as he gathered the green leaves, or under what cruel circumstances he would next stand 'neath its shady foliage? Seemingly not.

Whistling, he sped up the broad avenue towards the stables of Red Hall, and with boyish nonchalance told the groom to saddle the best horse in the stable. With alacrity the man obeyed, thinking it an order of the Master's, and Willie Nelson, overjoyed at the success of his simple ruse, flew on his way rejoicing.

One can imagine the gallant lad flying from house to house with the glad news; the joy of the oppressed people that at last one decisive blow was to be struck for home and motherland; the prayers of the women for their safe return, crowned with victory.

We will not linger over the details of that fight. The Antrim men fought like lions and took the town; but alas! alas! Might conquered Right, the military returning with reinforcements recovered it, and the insurgents under Henry Joy McCracken had to fly.

There was wailing from Maylenas Banks to Carrickfergus Tower,
And by Carmoney's desolate hearths, the sad-eyed widows cower,
And the few who came to tell the tale long shuddered o'er that scene,
When Irish pikes crossed English steel, on the bridge of Massareene.

And where is the little lad who roused the country? Far and wide the Yeomanry sought him, to find him at last by his mother's ingle nook, weary and worn out. He had been all through the battle, and was now sleeping from sheer exhaustion. They took him, despite his mother's cries and imprisoned him in Carrickfergus Tower, and by bribes and promises urged him to tell where the gallant McCracken lay hidden.

"He thought of Slemish then,
And the ruined hopes of as true a chief as ever marshalled men,"

and answered never a word. Then they threatened him with the lash and the gallows, but they might as well have spoken to a statue.

With a refinement of cruelty not to be surpassed in the annals of history they brought him back to his native village, with a halter round his neck to hang him before his mother's cottage. Then, only then, he stooped to implore, thinking of the anguish of that dear heart. Moved by his entreaties they consented to hang him farther down the village street, opposite to Red Hall, from the very sycamore tree he had passed so lately in all the joyousness of hope. He pleaded also for his young brothers, asking would not his death suffice? Just before they entered the village his distracted mother came rushing forward and threw herself at the feet of the commanding officer—who happened to be the very Richard Kerr, owner of Red Hall and the horse that little Willie had used on the fatal seventh—and implored pardon for her boy.

"He is such a little lad," she pleaded. "You surely, surely, would not hang him?"

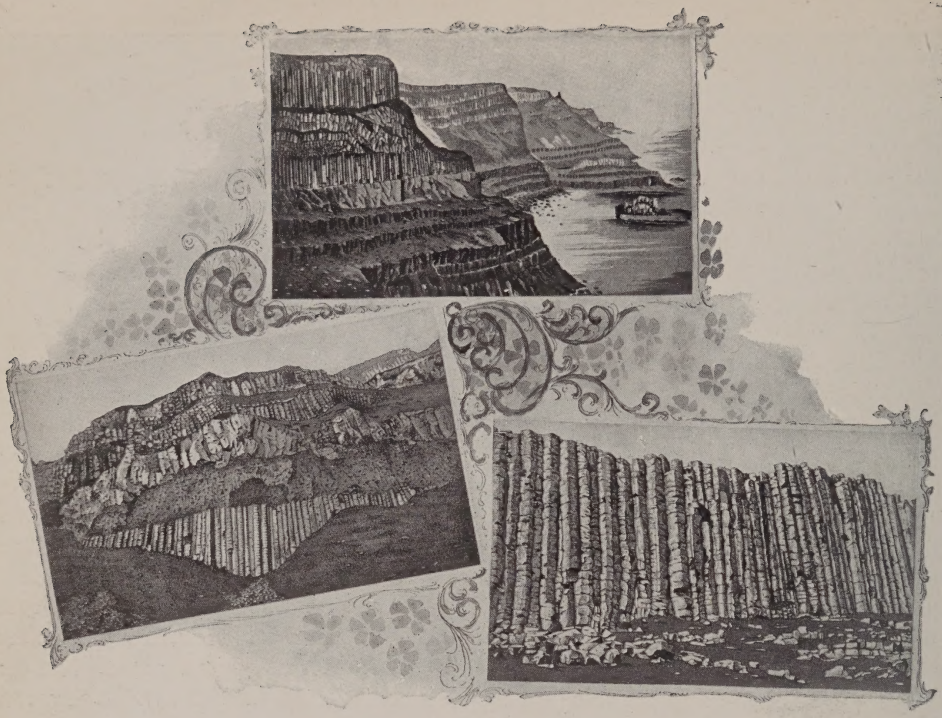
Even the brutal soldiers, used to such scenes, were affected. But Richard Kerr's answer was:

"Up, woman, or I spur my horse on you."

So on that June morning not much more than a century ago, little Willie Nelson died a hero's death, leaving behind him an example of courage seldom equalled in a country's history. His memory is as fresh today in the minds of the people as on that glorious morn when, sooner than act the traitor's part, he gave up his young life, and died for Ireland.

See page 262.

ESS-NA-CRUB, GLENARIFF, ANTRIM.



THE ORGAN. PLEASKIN HEAD. THE LOOM.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

THROUGH THE NINE GLENS OF ANTRIM.

BY SEUMAS MacMANUS.

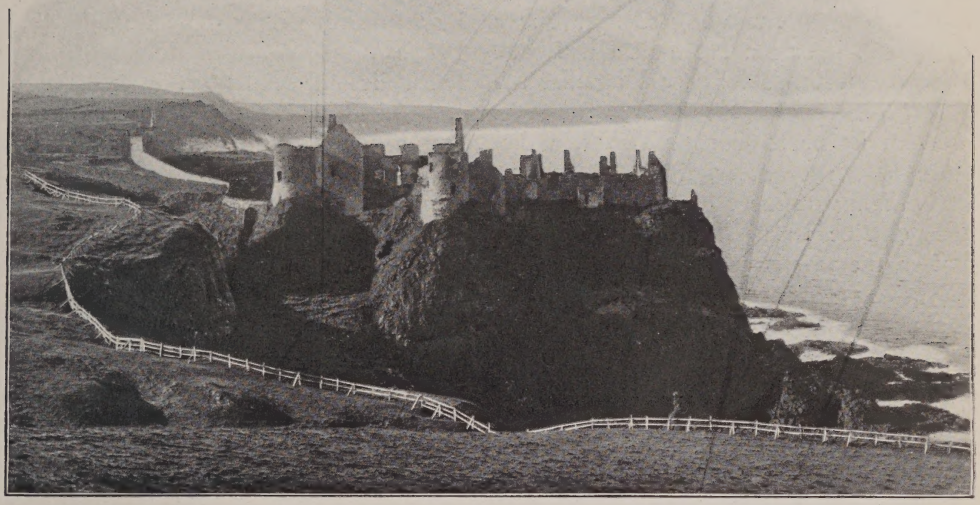
After dwelling with a typewriter for a whole summer I wanted to get away, far, far from its rattle. The praises of the Nine Glens of Antrim had been said and sung into my numbed ear, and their beauties made to stalk before my bored mental gaze for so many years back, that I at length felt I must lay the ghost, or die.

"When we were little childre, we had a quare wee house
Away up in the heather by the side of Brabla burn,
The hares you'd see them scootin', and you'd hear the crowin' grouse,
And when we'd all get in at night we hadn't room to turn.

"O, the Nine Glens of Antrim will show you many a sight,
But not the quare wee house where we lived up Brabla way,
Nor a child in all the Nine Glens who knows the Grace for Light."

So when at length, one boiling sunny week in August—one of those on which the sun and the soft breeze steal in your window to taunt you and to seduce you,—persuaded me away from my desk, I rid up my study with a hay-rake, and stacked my manuscripts with a hay-fork, mounted my bundle on the end of my blackthorn and hied me for Antrim.

A friend who had already done it said



GLENLUCE CASTLE, PORTRUSH, ANTRIM.

to me, "If you want to do the Nine Glens of Antrim at your ease, and see them to advantage, engage a shake-down and bespeak a knife and fork at Garron Tower."

And as I put every trust in this friend (except during the borrowing days), as soon as I reached Larne (which may be called the hall door to the beauties of Antrim—Portrush being, after all, but the back door) I inquired what turn I should take for Garron Tower.

I could not have made inquiries in a better place, for, as I soon found, Larne is noted as the headquarters of the redoubtable and world-famous Henry McNeill, who may be said to manage and to run—almost to propriet (pardon me)—the Nine Glens of Antrim. His courteous secretary, Mr. Robinson, is willing to give one all the information he possesses, and more, and is only too happy to advise a wayfarer, and to direct him to any given place in this world.

Mr. Robinson placed me on the long car which was starting for Garron Tower. The main street of Larne was just then lined with long cars—some of them prolonged jaunting-cars, some of them great, high cross-seated wagons, access to which was only to be had by a desperate scaling-feat. Mine was of the latter order. When one has surmounted the car, the extensive view repays him for his trouble.

Mr. MacNeill himself stood at his hall-door, with hands in his pockets, and looked up and down the long car-lined street with the autocratic air of possession. From time to time he waved a hand, and, in response, a long car, freighted with human cargo, dragged itself out of the side-line, and trundled off, and out of sight, in one direction or another.

After we had sat till our backs, pretty well broiled by a pitiless sun, were just beginning to fizzle, the hand of the autocrat described a delightful curve in the air, and then, with Paddy of Parkmore (a

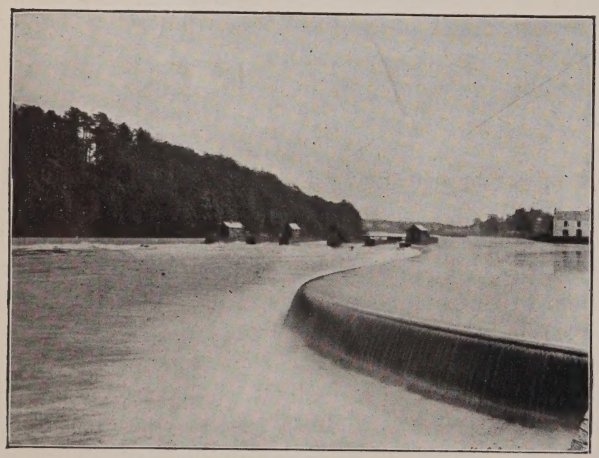
truly trustworthy jarvey) in charge of the ribbons, we drew out of the waiting line and lumbered away. After a long wait in the torrid street of Larne it was good to feel the fresh breeze blow from the seas across one's face. There was an elation, too, in being borne along so high above the world. For a nerve tonic I will back Henry MacNeill's long cars against the globe.

From Larne to Garron Tower, a distance of twenty miles, the road follows the winding of the coast. From half-a-mile outside Larne, all the way to the Tower, the way is wave-washed, and, for the most part, runs between the sea and the sheer-cliff, upon ground either wrested from the former or carved from the latter: at two points it is tunnelled through the cliff. It is a magnificent road, and an enchanting drive. In all of my travels I have seldom had the delight of journeying by a route that can boast at the same time so many and such long-sustained beauties.

The white limestone precipices almost continually threaten to drop an extinguisher of a few hundred tons or so upon the puny carriage and horses, with a load of thirty liliputians, which crawls beneath —an incident which, if it happened, would be very embarrassing indeed. Sometimes the limestone crags are carved into grotesque figures by Nature's chisel. At one place an isolated mass which rears on the seaward side of the road is penetrated by an opening appropriately called Madman's Window, which giddily overlooks the frolicsome sea below. The Devil, too, has staked his claim even here in Antrim; for one point, where a wilderness of crags admits the sea, and then confines it, whilst it swells and roars with rage, is called "The Devil's Churn."

At intervals the cliffs retreat or subside, and pleasant glens in mantles of luxuriant green amble down to the sea. From the lap of distant hills a rippling river rambles through each valley, and shimmers and laughs joyously, as it creeps through or crawls around the inevitable little quaint village, which is dropped everywhere that the subsided cliffs will allow.

Of all these valleys the most beautiful is Glenariff, which extends upward from Red Bay for a distance of four miles. It is at its very uppermost portion, just where the hills begin to part, that the grandeur of Glenariff is most striking. Here, between two precipitous banks that are densely clad in a wild tangle of trees and underwood, a deeply-gorged river rushes and leaps from ledge to ledge down the rapid descent, forming in its course four magnificent cascades. There is about a mile of this steep descent, and all of the way a little narrow winding path, at some places broad enough for two, at most places only wide enough for one, runs by the side of the gorge under the overhanging wood-clad cliff; and occasionly this path crosses the gorge by



THE BAWN FALLS, COLERAINE.

THE ROPE BRIDGE TO CARRICK-A-REDE, NORTH ANTRIM COAST.

under-bridges formed of limbs of the fir-trees.

At the bottom of the gorge is erected a little rustic tea-house, for the convenience of visitors, where you may have, and will be sure to enjoy, after your winding walk through the solitary gorge, a delightful cup of the beverage that cheers. When my companion and I, having driven hither from Garron Tower, on a Sunday afternoon, when the leaden skies were weeping, and having traversed the gorge when the trees drip-dripped, and the river rumbled mournfully, and the atmosphere was heavy with a haunting melancholy—when we, I say, reached the open valley below, and the tea-house, we were overjoyed at the anticipation of, and felt never in better mood to relish a refreshing cup. But, alas! as it was Sunday the tea-house was closed and forsaken! And we had to fare forward again, I lamenting that I had missed the most delightful cup of tea I had ever had in my life.

I do not know if Henry MacNeill, amongst all his score of jarveys (MacNeill possesses one hundred and twenty long cars, besides jaunting-cars beyond count), has any more pleasant or more genial and interesting than Paddy of Parkmore. If he has I failed to meet them. One of his jarveys under whom I traveled is so conscientious that he refuses to relate particulars concerning any object of interest along the way, lest (I think) he should be guilty of taking the bread out of the mouth of the guide-book. Not so Paddy of Parkmore, who is replete with fact and fiction concerning every interesting object on the way, and a generous soul about it, too. He does not consider that his whole and sole duty is to drive you direct to your destination—though he can do that fully as well as, or

maybe better than, his more "pernickitty" comrade. And, apropos, he was only once known to fail in his duty. It was an occasion when he had charge of a cantankerous Englishman, who carried more whiskey than was good for him. The fare had no particular idea of where he wished to go—only he wanted to be driven "somewhere." Consequently, Paddy of Parkmore drove him everywhere; and as his passenger was persistently dissatisfied, Paddy at length appealed to him, "And tell me where, for the Lord's sake, I will take you to?"

"Take me," said the Englishman, "to—" well, no matter.

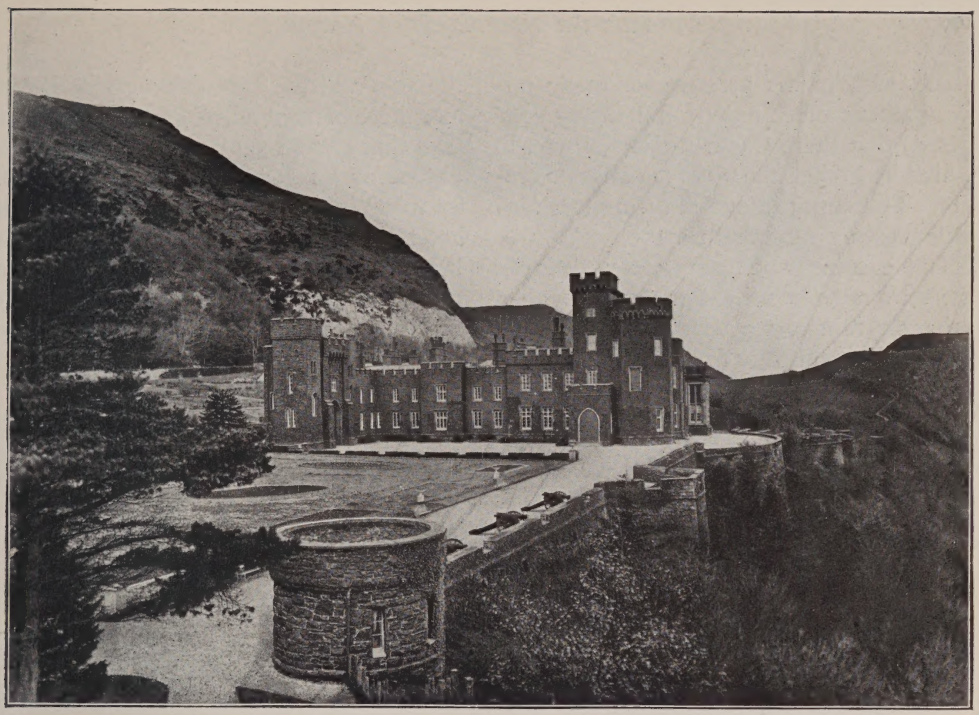
"Very well, then," said Paddy promptly, "just take hoult of the reins, and direct the mare. It's yerself that knows the road."

At the time I was doing the Glens I had not known that the geological department of some board or other was re-mapping the country, until, having seen several isolated poles stuck upon hill-tops, and enquired the wherefore of the encyclopædic Paddy, I was gravely and seriously informed that "them poles was put up there by the chaps who are takin' a theological survey of Antrim."

GLENARIFF AND RED BAY, ANTRIM.

On the day of the Big Wind (about sixteeen years or more ago), Paddy had a very wonderful experience. The day was so dreadful that no horse could make any headway against the wind; whilst, if an attempt to go with the wind was made, the horse would assuredly progress faster than its legs could follow, and it would get its neck broken in reward for its haste. Now Patrick McAuley had got storm-stayed at Cushendall this day. But there was an aggravating commercial traveler there who must proceed to Glenarm. And the worse the storm got the more obstreperous became the bagman. Paddy at length felt compelled to dare the journey —though he knew well that the moment he should head for Glenarm, with such a violent storm behind him, his horse would be blown over its head. Yet he dared, and did it. And this was how. He drew out his conveyance, headed it in the opposite direction to that in which he really wanted to go, and pretended (to the storm) that he was driving for Cushendall which he must reach or die. The consequence (which the more intelligent reader has already foreseen) was that he was borne backwards to Glenarm at the rate of a wedding, and made the journey in a record time that has never been reduced—either before or since.

The beauty spots of Cushendall, Cushendun, Glendun, Glenarm, Glenariff, and five and fifty others (for, really, every rood of this east coast of Antrim is a beauty spot) are all within easy radius of Garron Tower, and each will make a forenoon's or afternoon's drive. Indeed, if one wishes a permanent lodging, from which to irradiate upon the beauties of the Glens, I know of no better or pleas-



GARRON TOWER, ANTRIM COAST.

anter place than the Tower. I remained there for ten happy days, and during that time took in almost everything of interest on the east coast, from Larne to Ballycastle. Friends, whose tongues are evil, and whose livers are disorganized, told me, in their spiteful way, that I likewise took in everything of interest on the dinner table—which I protest was a mean and vile slander.

Garron Tower, which for the past few years is being used as a hotel, is a splendid castle, belonging to the Londonderry family, and was erected in 1848 by the then marchioness. It is picturesquely perched on a well-wooded cliff, overhanging the sea; and above the castle again, on the inland side, rises a second high and densely-wooded cliff; so, the Tower (as the castle is called) sits upon a pleasant plateau-stage, having the broad sea immediately on one hand, and the bold mountain immediately on the other. Rusty cannon, some of them relics of the Crimean War, some of the Indian Mutiny, grin over the bastions, crouch upon the lawn, and perch, all innocent, in the hall and in the ball-room. Here also (in the ball-room) hang rich tapestries, wrought by the hand of the late marchioness. A couch, too, is covered with her wedding gown.

It is a delightful pile, is Garron Tower, and as I happily idled away my ten days in it, I several times blessed the memory of the noble marchioness who had built it for me. The company—there were between thirty and forty guests hailing from all corners of the Three Kingdoms—was social, pleasant, even jolly; but a few young ladies who thirsted to be considered *a la mode*, gaily attempted to commit cigarettes in the hall after dinner. Having done so, with more or less success, the first evening, they felt the Castle rapidly begin to grow too small for them. On the next evening, whilst they were again enjoying their post-prandial smoke, an unfeeling manager descended upon the

scene, and, in the presence of many unsympathetic ones, quietly but firmly suggested that there was a smoking-room, to which he invited the *a la mode* ones to retire. Thereupon, they felt themselves rapidly growing too small for the Castle.

One evening a holidaying friend allured me four miles from the tower through a drizzling rain to see what he assured me was undoubtedly the first waterfall in the Glens; only—and he added this bit of information incidentally, just as a wet and wearied man, I reached the destination—only there wasn't any water falling over it this week.

From Garron Tower I proceeded out of the county by the magnificently beautiful way of Carrick-a-Rede, The Giant's Causeway, and Portrush. At Carrick-a-Rede the whiteness of the bold cliffs, the intense green of the sea, the deep blue of the sky, and the rare clearness of the atmosphere formed an effect the most beautiful that I had seen for a long time. The Causeway I reached only in time to see it by moonlight. The kind landlady at the hotel insisted that a man should take a lantern along to show me the beauties of this great and wonderful work of Nature. She put utterly in the shade my friend, who, one night, gravely took me through his fruit and flower garden, to admire it by the light of a candle!

CUSHENDALL, ANTRIM COAST.

The Causeway has been railed in, barbed-wired, gated, and a toll imposed. And I pray from my soul that when those Goths and Vandals who have been guilty of this sacrilegious grab, reach—if ever they get so far—the confines of Heaven, they may find a wall of barbed-wire and a toll, the tithe of which they will be unable to pay.

There's a spot far o'er the ocean, and above it skylarks hover,
Making there the sweetest music while the spring winds come and go;
And you ne'er will find the equal, though you search the wide world over,
Of that old *boreen* in Ireland where the fairyfingers grow.

There the blackbird greets the morning with a strain of raptured gladness,
There the butterflies and brown bees on the golden sunbeams ride;
And when comes the purple twilight there's an under-note of sadness
In the song the thrushes warble in the hush of eventide.

There the hawthorn snows are whitest, and the hazel nuts are sweetest,
There the flaming yellow gorses keep the sunshine captive bound;
There the earliest violets waken, there the shadows pass the fleetest,
There among the short cool grasses are the wild, ripe strawberries found.

In it primroses are many ere the coming of the swallow;
And a veil of lace bejewelled hides the darkness of the sloe;
There are shamrocks, too, in plenty, sweetbriar, scented thyme, and mallow,
In that old *boreen* in Ireland where the fairyfingers grow.

Every charm of hill and valley, wood and streamlet, town and city
Only has increased my fondness for that far-off, old *boreen*,
And my eyes are often smarting with the salt tears of self-pity
When I think I ne'er in life shall look upon its gold and green.

But in sunshine and in shadow, and in time of joy or weeping,
To that spot across the ocean oftentimes my thoughts shall go.
Oftentimes my steps shall wander, both in waking dreams and sleeping,
In that old *boreen* in Ireland where the fairyfingers grow.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

A COTTAGE GARDEN THAT WON FIRST PRIZE LAST YEAR FROM THE DUBLIN COUNTY COUNCIL.

SOME IRISH GARDENS.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

Perhaps no where in all the world is there a climate more suitable for the growth and culture of flowers than is our Irish climate, assuredly no where else is there the same background of tender, beautiful green to throw out and enhance their loveliness. In a sense, all Ireland is a garden in the spring and summer of the year, untended and wild though its blossoms may be. What could be more beautiful than a boreen on a sunny April morning? Its banks and the sides of the rugged cartway are a veritable carpet of flowers,—cowslips, "delicately-pale," with their little half-brothers, the primroses; shy-eyed modest violets, daisies, and tender young fern fronds, making a galaxy of beauty in the soft green moss. A little later, in the month of May, the same banks will be studded with buttercups and the pink and white blossoms of the sweet-smelling clover; the hedge behind them will have put on its new coat of pale green bedecked with the blossoms of the

FLOWER SELLERS, NELSON PILLAR, DUBLIN.

hawthorn, "the darling buds of Mary." The delicately-white, almost transparent blooms of stellaria, the star-flower, clamber side by side through the brambles with the speedwell, limpid-blue as a baby's eyes. In the moist, marshy places, the wild orchids, in varied tints of white, mauve, pink, and violet, push up their stately heads through the lush green grass; the ground ivy and the wild spearmint send forth a pungent fragrance as one presses the peaty sod beneath one's feet.

Glancing over the hedgerows, surely all the world seems a garden. Look at that field of buttercups and dandelions, a soft yellow sea! here again a whole field of cowslips! Be it known that every field is not a cowslip field They like to keep in their own groove. Later you will see a waving meadow all red and white with poppies and moon-daisies, dancing amidst the purple seed-heads of the grass. Not a very profitable crop, this, for the farmer, but a lovely thing to look at. The hedges are covered with wild roses and woodbine; and, beyond, the woods are beautiful with the fresh green leaves, the purple tints of the copper beech or the fairy pink and white lanterns of the chestnut trees. A few months later the same hedges will shine darkly red with haws, or glow scarlet with the bright berries of the mountain ash; the hills will be purple and gold with the blossoming heather and gorse.

THE FRIAR'S WALK.

Many counties in Ireland lay claim at present to be called "the garden of Ireland." Perhaps Wicklow or Kerry may, either of them, have the more solid right to the title, though it is difficult at times to differentiate. However, it is of the garden proper that I propose to speak in this article. It is an inexhaustible subject in treating which one is sadly handicapped by an embarrassment of riches. Not that we, as flower-growers, have done very much to be proud of in the past. It is true, I fear, that we in Ireland have been too much wrapped up in politics and discussions, and in other even more engrossing occupations, such as staving off starvation and the rack-renters, to trouble ourselves much about the lighter and brighter aspects of life. Of course the gentry and well-to-do folk have always had their gardens, and have taken as much pride and pleasure out of them as the flower-lovers of other lands. But the country has been too poverty-stricken and the circumstances of life too anxious and unsettled, in the majority of instances, to encourage the poorer people to

A QUIET POOL IN A MONASTIC GARDEN. (ST. MARY'S, TALLAGHT, THE NOVITIATE OF THE DOMINICANS IN IRELAND.)

beautify their homes and surroundings, even by such a simple and inexpensive means as the culture of flowers.

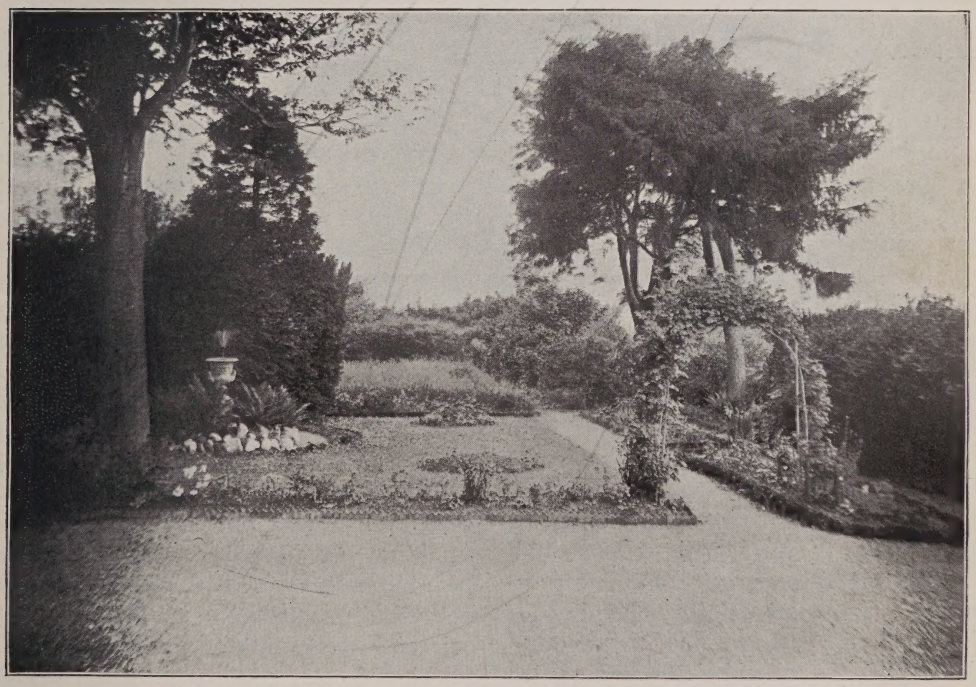
A few years ago it was the exception rather than the rule to see a nicely-tended and cultivated garden in the usually squalid and unlovely type of Irish village, but signs are not wanting that things are improving in this direction. I know some cottages occupied by laboring men, earning an average of twelve shillings a week, whose little gardens are a veritable delight to look upon. The cottages are covered with clambering roses, and woodbine and clematis; the gardens radiant and sweet with flowers—daffodils and wall-flowers, pansies, stocks and carnations, sweet peas "on tiptoe for a flight," dahlias, hollyhocks, and even chrysanthemums, each in their season. It is very pleasant to see the laboring man, after his day's work is done, tilling and tending his garden in the spare hours of the summer evening, his wife and children giving a helping hand.

In this connection a word of praise must be spoken for the new County Councils, who, in a most praiseworthy and practical fashion, are encouraging thrifty and tasteful habits in the people. They give prizes, ranging from two pounds to five shillings, to those occupiers of their newly-built, laborers' cottages who keep their little houses and gardens in the most attractive condition. Last year a poor woman came to me with a letter which she asked me to read. It proved to be a communication from the local County Council, enclosing an order for a pound, as being a third prize in the district for a well-kept house and garden. When she learned the contents of the letter, the recipient of the prize manifested much

pleasure, and surprise as well, as she had not known of the promised prize, and was therefore doubly deserving of the award.

I know other gardens belonging to people in a slightly higher social position, small farmers or shopkeepers. One especially, belonging to a dear old maiden lady, is a perpetual joy, not only to its owner, the sister of a small farmer, but to all her visitors as well. High up on the hill-side, between the white walls of the cottage and the trim hedges that adjoin the public road, this little garden stretches itself sleepily in the sun, a quaint old-world paradise of sweetness and content. The tiny summer-house with its green lattice-work and its climbing, all-covering, trailing plants; the privet hedge, trimmed in such fantastic patterns and surmounted by leafy peacocks or baskets of flowers; the little oblong or diamond-shaped flower-beds, box-edged and filled with every kind of bloom, are a real delight to the eye and mind. Here is a bed of anemones, the wind-flowers; here a more flaunting display of scarlet and yellow and white tulips and golden trumpet daffodils; and here again is a bed of polyanthus, and of red and pink and old-fashioned double mauve primroses. One little walk is edged with a row of "bachelor's buttons," and another has a framework of "London Pride" (St. Patrick's Cabbage). One corner is stocked with old-fashioned herbs of many kinds. "Hot lavender, sweet mints, savory, majoram" and Rosemary "that's for remembrance" and the marigold, that goes to bed with the sun.

This old lady's greatest pleasure is one of her infrequent visits to the village or to the convent where she went to school as a girl. Should she be in luck Sister Cecilia, a flower-lover like herself, may present her with a slip of sweet-scented



"AN OLD-WORLD PLEASAUNCE."

OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE AND GARDEN IN LUSK.

verbena or heliotrope, or perhaps may even give her half a dozen root bulbs of some new and rare kind. She will carry her treasure home as guardedly as if it were the kohinoor, and be perfectly happy for at least a week after. Think of the delight she will experience as she watches her precious cuttings take root and bud and blossom! And how she will long for April and the spring sunshine to bring her precious new variety of narcissus to its full perfection of bloom!

Another delightful garden that brings back to one's memory the joys of childhood is one attached to an old paper-mill, now alas! long years in disuse. Can there be anything more picturesque or more romantic than the surroundings of an old-fashioned mill—none of your new prosperous, commonplace factory buildings—the pond, the stream, the great, lazy, slow-revolving wheel! This old garden was some acres in extent, surrounded on two sides by a moat, and on the other two by very high walls covered with vines and ivy, peaches and cherries, golden apples, pears and plums. Here in front of the ancient manse, with its quaint gable-ends, and rooms wainscotted in oak, lay the most delightful pleasaunce, a mossy sward cut in fantastic shapes and dotted with stately standard rose-trees, with blossoms yellow and cream, damask, and dusky red, almost black.

In the centre of the sward lay a little circular pond filled with gold-fish, a silvery fountain ever playing above it and sending a shimmering spray over the water-lilies or marsh marigolds and other water-loving plants that grew beside it. Flowering shrubs of every kind,—rhododendrons, lilacs, white and mauve, yellow laburnum, laurustinus, flowering currants, and guelder roses, hydrangeas, and pale pink tree-peonies—all made delightful bits of color against the green grass, or gave glimpses of a pleasant vista down the long, narrow, overshadowed paths,

where violets, snowdrops, and lilies-of-the-valley grew and flourished in the shade.

Out in the moat beyond the garden lay a little island thickly covered with willows and cresses and thick sedges, in which the swans and wild ducks had cunningly made their nests. How pleasant alas! fallen on evil times and scattered to the farthest corners of the earth.

Then there is the monastic garden, another charmingly secluded old-world spot, with its long peaceful paths and its shady "Friar's Walk." Here on Sundays in summer the children walk in procession and throw flowers before the Blessed Sac-

A DAFFODIL FIELD AT RUSH, CO. DUBLIN.

on a sultry summer evening to lie hidden here under the bending branches, fishing in the lazy stream for all too wary trout that would not be caught, and watching the water hens steal in and out of the sheltering sedge! What happy, half-sad memories that old garden awakes of its kindly owner and his many fair young daughters, his "garden of girls," now,

rament, and Benediction is given by the Dominican Fathers to a kneeling crowd of humble and devout men, women, and children. In this monastic garden there is an old tree, dating back to the eleventh century, which bore bravely and unharmed the great storm of February 25th of this year, when hundreds and thousands of younger trees were ignominious-

HARVESTING TULIPS.

ly leveled to the ground. Here Brother John, the genial and kindly head gardener, manages to combine pleasure with profit by not only keeping the convent with its more than two score inmates always abundantly supplied with the best of fresh fruits, and flowers, and vegetables, but also contriving to do some market gardening for the benefit of the community as well. Apples, pears, plums. peas and cauliflowers, new potatoes, daffodils, dahlias, and roses, go to market each week, and on some days he has been able to send as much as eight hundred weight of tomatoes alone.

This brings me to the practical side of gardening, which now begins to take a really firm hold in Ireland. Notable among those who grow flowers for profit are the Dublin firm whose great bulb farm at Rush, deserving its title of "Holland in Ireland," is now one of the chief resorts of sight-seers. This farm, extending altogether over eighteen acres, is a most beautiful thing to look at, especially in the months of April and May, when the flowers are in full bloom, for, as a writer on the subject has said, "Flowers grown by the acre mean a picture rare and never-to-be-forgotten." It is situated beside the sea, on a wild, almost desolate, tract of land; nevertheless the climate, and the

A DAFFODIL DRYING HOUSE.

light sandy soil are so suitable for bulb-growing that the flowers grown here are not to be surpassed by any in the world. Imagine six acres of narcissus alone, the lovely golden and white blossoms dancing gaily in the sea breezes, or seven acres of tulips, pure white, pink and white, scarlet, golden, bronze, violet, orange, vermilion—a mass of radiant, brilliant life and color. A writer in The Garden says: "Though I have seen tulips in Holland and in England, I never saw them happier than upon this wind-swept shore. * * * The soil is mainly sand which has for ages been manured with seaweed from the adjacent shore. It is deep and easily worked in nearly all kinds of weather, and is supplied with moisture from below, in much the same way as are the bulb and other gardens of the Dutch and Belgians. This sunny strip of sand is said to have the lowest rainfall in Ireland, for which the subterranean moisture makes amends—I never, even in Holland, saw foliage so clean, strong, and healthy, nor flowers so fresh and splendid in form and color. Now that the fact is accomplished one wonders why bulb-culture was not tried here long ago."

Many visitors come long distances to see this farm, which is not only delightful to the eye, but a very profitable undertaking as well. It will surprise most of our readers to hear that, while bulbs may be had for a few pence per dozen, five guineas a bulb is quite a common price for some of the newer and rarer sorts, and twenty, thirty, and even fifty guineas, has been obtained for exceptionally valuable ones. In addition to tulips there are cultivated here hyacinths, snowdrops, crocus, iris, anemones, gladioli, and every conceivable form of bulb, giving much badly-needed employment to the laboring men and women of Rush, many of whom find constant work on the farm, especially in the planting, and, later, in the lifting or harvesting season, when the bulbs are taken out of the ground, cleaned, dried, graded, and stored, to be ready for sale or replanting when required.

Equally well-known, and, I believe, longer-established, is the great bulb farm at Ardcairn, Blackrock, County Cork, where, almost a quarter of a century ago an energetic bulb-grower began the cultivation of daffodils, tulips, and other bulbs, though friends advised him to abandon the project and grow champion potatoes instead. There are now ten Irish acres of ground under bulbs, and about two hundred and fifty varieties of daffodils and narcissus alone are listed in the catalogue. These range in price from four pence a dozen to five and ten guineas for a single bulb.

There could hardly be a more striking proof of the success of the enterprise than the fact that the proprietor is at present taking orders from Holland, the cradle of bulb-culture, for his tulips, and that he, as well as the Dublin firm, has taken medals and awards away from the Dutch growers, at the Temple Show, London, and at other shows.

What has been said of the beauty of the bulb farms at Rush and Ardcairn, County Cork, applies also to the bulb farm at Lismore, County Waterford, conducted by a woman, whose enterprise is for this reason even more creditable and deserving of support. Were it not for the limitations of space, I should like to write more at length of this lady's undertaking, and also of the work and success of another woman-gardener whose violet farm, near Skibbereen, Cork, is a beauty spot well worth visiting. I should like, too, to say something about the very interesting fruit-growing industry at Gormanstown, County Meath. This little village, with its quaint cottages and gardens and or-

chards, a mass of pink and white bloom, is a sight to delight one on a fresh May morning, or on a day in autumn when the fruit trees glow orange and scarlet under the sun's warm rays.

And what about our famous "Strawberry Beds" along the beautiful Liffey banks, the particular resort of pleasure-seekers in "the leafy month of June," when the strawberries are ripe and are to be had almost for the asking? But there! the "Strawberry Beds" is too tempting a subject to take up so late. Like the orchard at Gormanstown, the violet farm at Skibbereen, or any one of the bulb farms, not to mention hosts of other gardens, it would really require and deserve a whole paper to itself.

"COMIN' FROM THE CUTTIN'."

BY "CAHIR O."

I was comin' from the cuttin', home, and she was comin' too,
There was not a soul about the bog but only just us two.
And, fegs! I be to laugh, at her not lettin' on she knew
That myself was comin' after from the cuttin'.

A sunset ray was glancin' off her curlin' yellow hair,
As the whisp'rin' breath o' June time blew it softly here and there;
And beneath her stripéd petticoat her purty feet all bare
Were boggy-brown from trampin' thro' the cuttin'.

I whistled up a lively lilt—the darlin' turned her head,
And och! the coaxin' look of her: her bonnie cheeks all red
As "Pat *achroidhe* is that yersel?—is't home yer for?" she said,
"Sure I thought ye'd stay till night-fall at the cuttin'."

My blessin's on her purty face; 'twas just the gran'est sight
Wi' the eyes of her like winter stars, fair dancin' wi' delight.
The coaxin' rogue 'twas well she knew I'd feel the gloom o' night
When my bonnie yellow yorlin left the cuttin'.

Oh! could I for't, the yellow gold in England's bank secure
I wouldn't give, by *goghenties!* for all I may be poor
That evenin' with my *sthoreen bawn* when o'er the *roisin mór*
We footed it together from the cuttin'.

THE MAN FROM AMERICA.

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

Very many had gone away from Meenagortin, but in the memory of living people Michael Gormley was the first to come back after he had made his pile with a view to spending it in the old country and ending his days there. People wondered why he had come as they sat in silent awe listening to his account of "the States." And how much better everything was over there; the trains ran so much faster; life was blither; business brisker; and prospects opened in every direction for the man who knew how to take advantage of them. For a month or two after his return to his native town he did nothing but laugh and ejaculate in surprise and disgust at the amazing slowness with which things were done in the Old Country.

"It makes me tired to look at you," he said, as he stood at the gap in the hedge watching Ned Curran at work with a reaping hook in his ragged little field of oats, and in a burst of eloquence he described reaping machines crossing mile after mile of cornland, with golden grain falling like waves before the prow of a ship.

Old Ned wiped the sweat from his sunburnt brow and reaching for the whetstone to sharpen the edge of his hook spat contemptuously right and left, and then answered sulkily, "A pity but you stayed there, Michael Gormley! What brought you home out of it at all, at all?"

"I came," said Michael, "just to show you how. I guess I'll make things go brisker in Meenagortin before I'm many months older." And he proceeded on his way with a jaunty swagger, gazed on with envy by all who met him, commented on after his passing in terms like these:

"There's Michael Gormley, old Patrick Gormley's Michael, home out of Amerikay. He has sacks of gold they say, and doesn't know what to do with it."

"Yet he's openin' up a shop, to take the bread from them that has more need."

"Shure the shop's only for an occupation and divarsion, to keep him from rustin' with idleness. He needn't do a hand's turn from this on, except he wants to."

"Faith, he's a smart man Michael, but 'tis a wonder to me that he can stand the air of Ireland, after what he was used to in Amerikay."

So spoke the critical neighbors. Nor did any one dream, or dare to suggest, that it was a sentiment, a sort of homesick longing for boglands and stone walls, and the ways he was used to that had led the wanderer home, a desire to make sure that his dust would mingle with that of old Patrick and his kindred in the weedy grave under the ruined Abbey wall in the Meenagortin chapel-yard. That seemed to his Celtic heart a better place than the vast necropolis bristling with marble monuments to which he had followed many an exile's funeral.

Returning from such ceremonies he was wont to grow contemplative. Pictures of Ireland and of the grey mists rose before his inward eye, and he felt that there was no bliss for his heart, no hope for ease, in his later days, except he should return to the hills of his boyhood, and look to lie there after death.

So his delicate wife and his one grown son, Peter, and the boy Patrick, and Mary and Josephine, the two girls, were rooted up from the bustling town of their birth and transplanted to the quiet Ulster village, to astonish the natives, and as Mi-

chael Gormley himself put it, "to make things hum," and generally "to show folks how to do it."

The motive of the return of the exile, the sentiment and homesickness, were artfully concealed under that expressed desire to show off and astonish the slow-going Irish. And so it is often in life; men, even worldlings, are better than they seem.

* * * * *

The humming in Meenagortin was at the outset caused by Gormley's astonishing experiments in the new Yankee dodges of advertisement. His shop in the main street bore the pretentious title of *"The Kansas stares,"* and the fame of this establishment was soon spread over half the county of Tyrone, aye, and beyond the border of it.

Billy, the bell-man, whose ringing and shouting on the Market-House hill and up the high street on fair and market days was the sole medium of advertisement, was transformed on the May hiring day into nothing less than a sandwich-man with board on back and breast. He was, moreover, only the herald of a processional line of others who followed in his wake, for every tramp and ne'er do well in the little town had been pressed into the service. *Kansas Stares* was emblazoned in enormous letters on glaring red and yellow bills, and beneath was this query and answer: "What do they sell there?" "I won't tell. You must just go and see."

So in those first opening days the premises were thronged by crowds of the inquisitive. What Michael sold was at one counter, seeds, agricultural implements, corn and meal of every sort. He was assisted by his sons, Peter and Patrick. At the other counter groceries were dispensed by his wife and the girls.

The red and yellow bills were to be met with for miles along the roads, on every side of Meenagortin, on walls, gate-posts, and even slabs of natural rock. Billy the bell-man now found rest for his throat and was employed as a bill-sticker, and he entered on the new rôle with enthusiastic zest. His master achievement was the spreading of a bill like a great banner on one of the standing stones of the Mullaghmore Cromlech, a famous pre-historic relic of pagan Ireland, which antiquaries from as far away as Dublin had made pilgrimages to see. This act of vandalism was actually the subject of correspondence in the county newspapers, and also in the journal of a learned society in Dublin, and the Rev. William Potter, the Protestant curate, gained much applause by removing the objectionable defacement and then taking active steps to have the Cromlech protected from Michael Gormley and all like him, under an act of Parliament.

"Protected faith!" said Michael, laughing and rubbing his hands. "The old stone has looked after itself this thousand years and more, and is fitter to protect itself than he is. My bit of a bill will wash off with the rain. All the same, this newspaper talk will do no harm. It will serve as an advertisement."

Sometimes his son Peter felt it necessary to remonstrate and say that too much was going in paper and print, but he laughed such remonstrances away and said: "Enterprise, my boy, is everything in this world. I didn't come home here out of the States to rust and must, and there's no enterprise where there's no advertisement."

The people of the town and county when they got used to his ways liked Michael Gormley well enough. The mere fact that he had come home to them out of prosperity and splendor in America was sufficient reason to make him popular. His shop was never empty; purchasers

were always coming and going, or rather coming, and not going for a long time. They liked to linger and hear the cheery talk of the smart, bustling man behind the counter.

But if purchasers were many, alas their purchases were small. If it was a matter of nails, or tin tacks, or pig-rings, or maybe a needle or reaping hook or any small inexpensive article, custom was given to Michael, but if anyone had to lay out a considerable sum, he felt that it would be a sin and a shame to let the money go the way of a man who had made his fortune twice over, and who could afford to indulge in vagaries, and spend his time in keeping shop, not from necessity, but just as it were for fun.

The end of it was that before the second year was out, the walls and gate-posts on the roads leading into Meenagortin were adorned with bills announcing "a great clearance sale." Michael Gormley, formerly of Kansas City, was selling out and retiring from business, intending, as the people said, just to live like a gentleman on his money, out on old Peter's hitherto despised and neglected farm.

It was at this period that young Peter Gormley began to keep company with Alec McCrossan's Rosie. He was growing up into a fine, handsome young man by now. His slight veneer of American speech and manner had worn almost away. Enough only remained to keep him a little different from the other country boys, and therefore more interesting in the eyes of the girls, who looked admiringly on him among the crowd lingering to gossip at the cross-roads after Mass.

Michael Gormley's Peter was as handsome as the best of them, and besides, was he not eldest and heir, if all went well, to the most and best of his father's fabled wealth.

"Sacks of gold he has banked somewhere, or put into railways out in America. Our Rosie will travel far before she does better," said Alec McCrossan to his wife. And so the young people were marked out for one another. It had not come to any definite matchmaking yet.

The Irish way of courting in those days and in quiet country places even to the present day, was, and is, very different to that style of thing which makes the subject of many finely-painted romances. There were no stolen interviews, no twilight walks, no thought of kisses or ever hand-clasps, in short, no love-making whatever. But if they were at reaping or hay-making, Peter took his place next to Rosie, helped to bind her sheaves when his own were done, and at noonday took his share of soda cake and his draught of milk from her hands. Then in the quiet evenings when the work was done, and the evening meal was over, Peter would rise and look out of the door and say to his father or sisters, " 'Tis a fine night. I think I'll go for a bit of a stroll." And the bit of a stroll inevitably ended on the narrow path through the whin-bushes up to the stile, over which it was but three steps into Alec McCrossan's haggard, and then across to where the firelight shone welcoming through an open door.

Around the fire, the family circle was widened to make room for him, as a matter of course. Maybe he took a draw at the pipe, and maybe he didn't. Anyhow, he would sit there quiet and contented for long enough, talking all the time to McCrossan or the neighbor men, but with quiet, happy eyes, watching Rosie, the loved and chosen one, as she sat in the flickering light or moved about the room. And there was a gleam in her eyes and a smile on her lips, which told him he was welcome, and bade him stay long and come again soon, and in his heart was a firm resolve, as soon as ever

he saw his way to marrying, that he would have Rosie and no other.

This in spite of all that is written in story books and silly romances, or shown on the stage, is the recognized and seemly Irish way of courting.

CHAPTER II.

Those were happy times, but bad days were in store. They began with a frost in June that nipped the potato tops, and continued with harsh, dry, dusty weather and drought when rain was wanted for growth. Then to culminate the disaster, harvest-time brought continuous chilly, heavy rains. There was no weather for gathering in the scanty crops. The hay-cocks in the lowlands stood in flooded fields, the oats were beaten down with the rain, and sodden. A hard winter followed, but the brave, poor people battled on, lived thriftily and looked hopefully into the coming year for better times. Alas! God's ways are hard sometimes to be understood. Perhaps it is that in prosperity men are prone to forget their dependence on Him, and on one another. So sometimes a bad year comes, and in it those who suffer least turn in charity and pity to their poorer neighbors. Out of evil comes good, the young and thoughtless learn with softened hearts the wholesome lessons of adversity. So was it in "the black winter," as it was called for long after in Meenagortin.

Father John Duffy was the first to gain in the estimation of the countryside during the progress of the calamity. He had suffered at the outset of his curacy by perpetual comparison with his predecessor, the Rev. Tom O'Kane, who had died young and deeply lamented, with a halo of glory for learning and piety illumining his memory.

The most people could say for Father Duffy was "He means well, the cratur, and he does his best—but he can't hold a candle to poor Father O'Kane." But when the famine days came it was found that the shy curate who lacked self-confidence in the pulpit was the very man for an emergency. It was he who took counsel as to the measures of relief, who rode night and day over the parish amongst those who had suffered least, urging them for God's sake and for the common weal to stand by those who were on starvation's verge. By his wise precautions a fever outbreak was averted. He provided for the due isolation and careful nursing of those first stricken. In short he emerged out of the trying time a popular hero, and Meenagortin suffered less than richer districts.

It was in Father John's company that Alec McCrossan went one October night up the length of Michael Gormley's to ask him to put his name down for something substantial on the relief subscription list. What exactly happened was only rumored, for Father John, as they went away after the fulfilment of their errand, entreated his companion to exercise charity and keep silence. The returned American, after some tall talk, as if he was about to give half of his income, had handed out no more than five shillings.

"Five pounds, you mean," said Alec. "Sure Father John here is down for twenty, and has spent as much again and no note made of it. Five pounds, Michael, is what we want from you, though well able ye are by all accounts to make it fifty."

Then it was that Michael had burst forth into a furious denunciation of the thriftless, lazy, home-staying Irish; the senseless rascals that had not laid by for the rainy day, but had spent and squandered, and then came whining to the hard-working, industrious men like him

to pull them through. Let them go to the States and learn to slave and save as he had done. He put his five shillings in his pocket and turned his back on his visitors.

Alec McCrossan was scarlet in the face with rage and surprise. Hard words were on his lips, but the young priest's restraining hand was on his arm.

"No use pleading here. May God soften his heart. Come, Alec, we have far to travel," and they went together out into the night.

But there was no restraining influence at hand when Alec came at last and alone to his own threshhold, and pausing to shake the rain off his coat saw young Peter Gormley facing his own Rosie across the hearth. His pent-up rage burst suddenly as a thunder-clap, scattering the fireside group in trembling dismay.

"Go!" he shouted. "Begone out of my house this minute and never cross the door-stone. And hear this, Rosie—never pass word with him this side the grave, but thank God to be rid of one of his black, miserly breed. My eyes have been opened this night."

Surprised and shame-faced poor Peter heard the story of his father's miserliness, and hanging his head went away with just one backward, pathetic look towards the girl of his love, but her face was hidden in her apron and she was crying as if to break her heart.

* * * * *

The long frost came on then and the question of fuel was as much of a problem as that of food. Little turf had been saved; bog-wood was scanty, coal out of the question. For economy's sake Father John recommended that fires should not be lit in every house. On the separate selfish system each would only have a spark of a fire on the hearth. The stock of fuel was made common, and cooking fires were lit in central houses, all being free to come and go and bring their pots and kettles and to sit at the heat by night. There was a good store of turf at Alec McCrossan's piled to the top of his cart-shed. Part of it was his own saving, part purchased by the relief money gathered in by Father John. There was great cooking at nights in his big, roomy kitchen, and singing and dancing and story-telling went on more gaily than usual, to keep up the hearts and spirits of the company. But Rosie, who had been the sweetest singer in the townland never gave as much as the verse of a song now, and when dancing was set afoot she made it a custom to slip away on some excuse.

"She's fretting her eyes out," said the watchful mother. And "let her fret," said Alec gruffly, "she's well rid of any son of Gormley's though he was wading in gold to the elbows."

The winter deepened and Alec's observant eyes took note of the fact that his stack of fuel was being interfered with. He consulted with Father John, pointing to the bog fire stack. "I took nothing from that end of the shed this fortnight, and see, it's all slid down."

"Maybe some one comes who is in need, but ashamed to tell," said the priest.

"More likely some rogue that brings it to market and deals in it at a high price. I will loose Grip, the bull-dog, one of these nights, and then we will see. He won't tear anyone, I think, but just bark and growl and waken the house, and then we'll see who's right."

So one night, not long before Christmas, Alec leaped from his bed and called his sons to follow him. Grip was heard barking and baying with incessant ferocity from the direction of the turf-shed. Hastily dressing, the farmer and his boys ran across the yard and approached the

shed, flinging in a ray from the stable lantern to show the face of the culprit.

Crouching back in the shadow of the turf-stack was a thin, ragged figure. "Come off, Grip! Come," said Alec in a peremptory tone, seeing at a glance that this was some one in need. A sob broke from the bowed and hidden face.

"Stand up, man, and never mind. You're welcome to it, welcome, for the askin', or without the askin'. Come, I'll help you to fill a creel of it."

He commenced to pitch down the turf and bog for gathering.

"Alec, man," said a husky, broken voice that he knew, but had not heard for months back. "Alec man—ye might have known if I had had money to give that night ye would have had it."

Alec stopped as if thunderstruck. "Michael—Michael Gormley, is this the way of it? Was it in need ye were all the time—but putting the bold face on you? Why did you ever—sure ye should have known; poverty's no disgrace in Ireland, and miserliness in times like this is the blackest shame."

He rushed forward and raised the shrinking figure. A wan, hunger-stricken face was turned to his. It was indeed the man from America, who had been counted so rich.

At the blaze of Alec's fire he told the sorrowful story of his struggles. The five shillings he had offered to the priest and which had been so scornfully refused was more than he could afford, for he was even then in need. Peter had been away since in Glasgow, sometimes in work and sending a little money, which was all the rest of the family had to depend on, but oftener out of it, and then the outlook was dark indeed.

"And all the time," said Alec, "your pride kept you away from us. And why need it, when your boy was as good as a son to me, being Rosie's sweetheart? Her husband he will be when we pull through this black winter and can take time to arrange the weddin'. 'Tis frettin' her heart out the child is any way. And as for a share for Peter—give him a bit of the land and I'll stock it for her fortune, and they'll make a fair start. The American ways were too big for the little farm at home, but it'll prosper yet if ye take my advice and farm it on the old-fashioned plan that you used to laugh at."

"My laughin' days are over," said Michael Gormley solemnly, but there was something like a smile round his lips and a light in his eye as he spoke, and that was because he had had a peep at Rosie, who was listening from behind a door and could be heard sobbing for joy on her mother's breast.

THE AWAKENING.

BY REV. JOHN J. DONLAN.

As Hyperion's daughter opes her castle blind
The quivering shadows slyly dance away
Anxious lest the radiant dawn should find
A ghostlike gleam besprent the fields of day.

THE THEATRICAL TRUST.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

If only to be in fashion, the theatre had to have its trust, along with other industries. A trust is simply a monopoly, and monopoly is as old as trade. All industries begin or end with a monopoly. While monopoly remains a necessity, traders have little reason to complain; when circumstances do away with the necessity, monopoly becomes tyranny. There in substance is all that need be said about it. The modern trust is monopoly in its meanest form, since its promoters plot to reap all that others have sown. The promoters of a trust have just one object in view: to get all the money that can be made out of one or many industries. In order to achieve that success, they violate every law that stands in the way. They close the business to all competitors, dictate the prices to consumers, always exorbitant, reduce the wages and salaries of their workmen, and seize every penny in sight. Rank injustice and open robbery are characteristics of the modern trust. The number of crimes necessary to form and maintain a trust is sufficient to put the promoters in jail for their natural lives. The difficulty is to prove the guilt of the criminals. Where the proof would be easy to gather and present, as in the case of the Standard Oil Company, the guilty parties are too powerful to be brought to court.

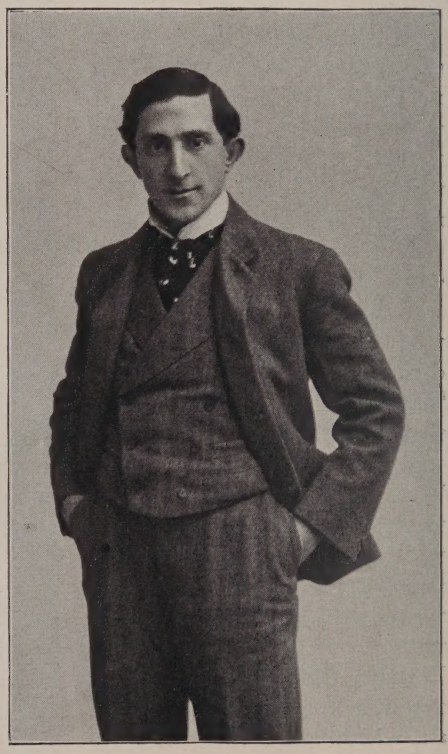
Perhaps the exception to the above indictment is the theatrical trust, which has rather the form of the ancient monopolies than of their modern imitators. It began its career somewhere round 1895, when such firms as Nixon and Zimmerman of Philadelphia, Klaw and Erlanger of New York, and Managers Hayman and Frohman of the same city, made it known to the dramatic world that thirty-seven first-class theatres in different parts of the country had passed under their control. The number of these theatres has since increased. The work of preparation for forming the trust had been done by these firms in the building up of their business. For example, Nixon and Zimmerman secured control of the leading theatres of

JAMES K. HACKETT.

HARRISON GREY FISKE.

Philadelphia; Hayman had control of many theatres in the west; Klaw and Erlanger controlled the best theatres on the route between New York and New Orleans. In time they secured control of the best theatres on the routes between Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and Chicago to New Orleans. In consequence, all companies that desired to take these routes had to make terms with the trust. The terms were not merely such as a manager would make with a group of theatres on his route: they were complete surrender of independence to the trust. The aim in securing the theatres was to secure the slavish service of the best actors of the day, to make them mere employees.

The theatrical trust could not adopt the usual methods of a trust by securing all the theatrical property in the country. That would have been simply impossible. It was also unnecessary. By controlling the best theatres in leading cities along the lines of theatrical travel it was able to shut out the companies and stars that would naturally seek these theatres. It may seem strange that the trust could secure the control of so many theatres, all independent. The trick was simple. It offered to provide each manager with thirty attractions every year, all of the best quality and suited to his particular needs. He was thus saved the bother of the voluminous correspondence required to get a season's attractions. In return for this favor he signed contracts which reduced him to the level of a clerk in his own theatre. The good work went on with ever-increasing success. At the present moment the trust has touched the



JOSEPH WEBER.

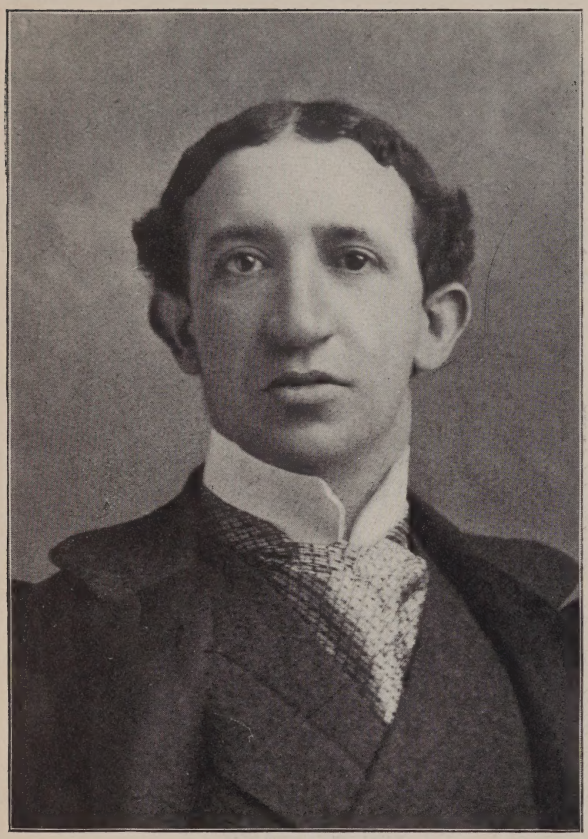
highest point of its glory. Its villainies, however, have come to light at the same time. Monopoly cannot continue without villainies of various sorts, and its agents are in part the clever people with a salary proportioned to their lack of conscience.

The theatrical trust is a booking agency in form: that is, it acts as agent for the companies desiring to play along a fixed route, engages theatres for them on fixed dates, and charges a percentage for its services; having its own companies, the trust provides first for their welfare, and leaves to the other companies such dates as suit its pleasure. When it becomes necessary to put a competitor out of business, and monopoly always finds this necessary, the trust employs several methods to do so under the guise of agency service. It arranges a tour for the company to be destroyed in such a way that more money would be spent in railroad fares than could be taken in at the theatre door; or it arranges a tour that would certainly give no profit to the victims. In some cases it adopts the less delicate method of refusing to give dates at all. There is nothing to wonder at in this brutal injustice. Mr. Rockefeller, leading light of the Baptist denomination, chief supporter of the Baptist University of Chicago, has set the stupendous example in The Standard Oil Co. He thinks no more of wiping out a competitor than of crushing a mosquito. American business life holds it a principle to destroy competition and competitors by fair means or foul. Without the acceptance and exercise of that principle the trust becomes an impossibility.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN.

Naturally, the great body of actors declined to be held in subjection to a trust, and the revolt against the dictators was instant and bitter. An attempt was made to organize the leading stars for battle with the enemy, but the attempt failed. When the time for the battle arrived, the main positions were in the hands of a trust, and the stars, rather than lose a few years of income, surrendered. Joseph Jefferson told the tale in a few sentences. He wrote to the Herald of March 13th, 1897:

"The first that I heard of a Theatrical Syndicate was the receipt of a letter from one of the leading managers, desiring me to play at one of its theatres. At the same



LEWIS FIELDS.

time I got a communication from one of the anti-Syndicate managers, trusting that I would not join the new combine, which he deprecated as an unfair movement and asking me not to desert his house. I declined the offer of the Syndicate manager, and acted with my old one. Another old manager from one of the anti-Syndicate theatres wrote me in the same strain, and asked my advice as to how he should act to protect himself against the 'octopus who was gradually coiling himself around the old, legitimate managers.' I was about to reply and encourage him to meet the matter boldly, and that I would stand by him, when, to my surprise, I found that both of the old managers had joined the octopus."

The trust either bought off opposition or frightened the actors. It had the whole field to itself, and went on working with the patient unscrupulosity peculiar to its kind. Mrs. Fiske alone refused to accept its domination, and for some years fought it single-handed. Pursuing its policy of silence and the avoidance of public struggles, the trust did not give her too much trouble. Its success was great, and there was little need of outcry. But success developed its meaner nature. The tyranny in it, the poisonous quality of all monopoly, began to work actively. Actors, managers, and playwrights began to find the ordinary difficulties of their various professions multiplied tenfold by the trust. All entrances were barred except by the one door, and no one was admitted there unless the trust approved of him and his work. The promoters of all trusts are loud in their praise of the benefits conferred upon the public by the more economical distribution of their products. The theatrical trust composed its own hymns of adulation and scattered them everywhere: only the best plays, by the best dramatists, interpreted by the best actors, were to get before the public. The promise has not been fulfilled. Instead the principle of disintegration and decay, natural consequence of monopoly since society began, has shown signs of its working. For instance, take first the condition of the actors employed by the trust. Annie Russell and Maude Adams are good illustrations. Both are capable actresses, well-trained along certain lines, and capable of large development. They will never develop

more, while the trust employs them. Having made their reputation in certain parts, they will be held to these parts as long as the public is willing to endure them. For the sake of the advertisement, Mr. Frohman will allow Maude Adams to make a spectacle of herself in such plays as *L'Aiglon* and *Romeo and Juliet,* but for the most part she will repeat year after year her success in *The Little Minister.* That fate seized and destroyed John Drew, who had the making of a fine actor. As Mr. Frohman's star he has gone on playing the parts which he made famous under Daly's management, and has made himself ridiculous.

Just as a monopoly reduces its employees to the one general level of clerks without individuality and without enterprise, the theatrical trust reduces its actors to the level of vaudeville specialists. They will be able to do one or two things well, and will be kept at it forever, if the public will pay to see them. Of course it is just possible that the trust, in a fit of generosity, might undertake the process of incubation for Juliets and Camilles and Wolseys, but that would not be like a trust, which does nothing that will not return one hundred per cent. The effect upon the actors has been matched by the effect upon the managers. As one writer expressed it, if these gentlemen have suddenly been reduced to the position of janitors to their own theatres, or sub-treasurers of their own companies, they have simply nothing to say or do except as the trust dictates to them. As they foolishly submitted to the demands of their masters at the start, without taking a man's thought of the course they suggested, no pity need be wasted on them.

The worst effect of trust methods will probably be seen among the writers of the drama. Under the most favorable circumstances it is exceedingly difficult to get a play before the public. The difficulty has been increased a thousand-fold by modern methods of staging a play. The trust now purposes to make it impossible for any but writers of reputation to get a play read. Charles Frohman, for example, has practically abandoned the American drama. He will take no more risks. He controls the market for foreign plays, and many of the managers and stars are following him to the foreign market. He can dictate the style and manner of a play. He will not look at a play in which the hero and heroine are married before the end of the last act. If at all possible, his plays must in some manner fit his stars. And so on to the end of a wretched list of limitations. When he takes up a play, rotten or moral, good or bad, it must succeed. Half of the stuff which he forces on the public is unworthy of any attention, but he forces it through in spite of the public. What sort of drama will develop under such withering conditions?

The trail of the trust in modern times breeds corruption everywhere. The theatrical trust has ruined the dramatic critics and dramatic criticism in New York. While it cannot control the press it can influence the critics. It may not be able always to buy the critics directly, but there are more ways of barter than in the open market. It is almost impossible to gather from the New York journals the value of any particular play, either from the view-point of literature or of mere entertainment. The venal critics are as cunning in their methods, and as honest in their denunciation, as could be desired. They serve the trust artistically. Who would believe, from a reading of the journals, that Maude Adams made a fool of her charming self in *L'Aiglon?* Who would believe, from reading the journals, that *The Sporting Duchess* and *The Con-*

querors were vile plays? The press agent keeps up a perpetual din throughout the country. He is a new thing in theatrical journalism, a kind of mermaid, half reporter and half critic, whose business it is to keep little rills of news and criticism running through the newspapers concerning the actors and companies and managers with whom he is connected. He was not invented by the trust, but the trust is using him, and improving on him. What can we expect in the shape of criticism under these circumstances? Indeed, it would take a volume to follow in detail the evil consequences of this rampant commercialism. The trust is no worse than the men who compose it, all rank speculators, with as much knowledge of, and respect of the true drama, as Swift, Armour, and other magnates of the Beef Trust, had of the American soldier whom they tried to poison while he was fighting the battles of the nation.

When actors, managers, and playwrights began to suffer severely from the tyranny of the theatrical trust, they caught a glimpse of that future in store for them; when every manager, actor, and playwright worth the name would be wearing the collar and chain of the trust, and known by number instead of the title given them in baptism. Mrs. Fiske had continued for many years to defy the trust single-handed, and her reputation had increased in the meantime. Around her the opposition to the trust began to center. Her husband and manager, Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, had secured a lease of the Manhattan Theatre on Broadway, New York, and this place became the headquarters of an organization known as the Independent Booking Agency. Maurice Campbell, the husband and manager of Henrietta Crosman, and James K. Hackett, the successful actor who since became a manager, joined their forces with those of Fiske. Later, Weber and Fields joined the movement. As the main difficulty for the trust-fighters lay in the impossibility of securing the use of theatres in certain cities, their first work was directed to breaking the monopoly in such places as New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Louis and Montreal. In this object their success was gratifying. They have independent theatres in all these cities, and their number is increasing. Capital has offered itself to the building of new theatres, convinced that there is a future in the enterprise. There are strong organizations in the lesser dramatic field, which may be induced to join later, when the movement has taken strength from success. Whatever be the outcome the fight against the trust has begun. It is a fight that must be made in all departments. The play will benefit immensely by the struggle, if the combatants but fight to the death.

What are the chances in a struggle of this kind? Not altogether unfavorable. It may be admitted at once that the trust cannot be destroyed. This is the era of the trust, of the giant monopoly, to which modern inventions and commercial dishonesty have given a great opportunity. The trust will flourish until the legislator has discovered the law which will destroy it. The theatrical trust will go down under that law. Hardly before. Its opponent, however, is not interested so much in its immediate destruction as in maintaining the freedom of the stage for those who desire it. With independent theatres in the leading cities, and a sufficient number of attractions to keep them going, the Independent Booking Agency will probably be content. The character of the actors and managers behind it is sound enough to guarantee moderation.

Harrison Grey Fiske, the manager of Mrs. Fiske, and lessee of the Manhattan Theatre, New York, is a man of the highest probity, and has enjoyed considerable success as a dramatic critic, a playwright, a dramatic editor, and a manager. His ideals have always been high, and his ambitions modest. His training and his education have both been good, his ancestry had spirit, and his manners and appearance indicate the best breeding. Of Mrs. Fiske enough has been said in this magazine to give readers a good idea of her quality. Maurice Campbell, the second member of the anti-Syndicate, is the manager of Henrietta Crosman, who is his wife. The star and her husband rose into prominence with a single play, *Mistress Nell*, and have had the nerve and the ability to retain that prominence, against all attempts on the part of the trust to drive them into trust service or into obscurity. Miss Crosman has proved herself an able interpreter of Shaksperean comedy; but as far as the trust cared she might have been Ellen Terry or Bernhardt, and they would have given her work only in dry-rotten farce. James K. Hackett, the third member, is a very popular actor, who made money enough in starring to enter the managerial field. He has grit, but little experience, and has made the mistake of seeking plays in the foreign field. His popularity with the people and with the actors is a source of great strength to the movement. Weber and Fields are famous everywhere for their peculiar entertainment, which has often acted as a healthy antidote to the moral poison of current plays.

The fight with the trust undertaken by these men has no charm of romance about it. They will have to endure much in the contest, because the trust has no conscience, no delicacy, no scruple. Its members may be as respectable in private life as Rockefeller, the high Baptist, but the trust cuts the throat of a woman or a child as indifferently as would any pirate. No means will be too coarse for its agents. The commercial game has no rules, and does not recognize the ten commmandments, nor the welfare of the state. In the ten years that the trust has been working the American stage has sunk several degrees below its normal level. The percentage of dirt has increased, and would have increased more but that the public turned its back on indecent plays. The dulness of the stage at this moment surpasses any similar condition in its history. This dulness is not altogether the work of the trust, since other influences have been operating. Let us hope that the dangers threatening the American stage from commercialism of the worst type may be averted.

LOYALTY.

BY MARY WEST.

When the Virtues fled from Eden,
But the soul of Loyalty,
Lonely in the deepening shadows,
Silent mused all mournfully.

Happiness had gone unbidden,
Sweet Serenity was dead,
Joy and Innocence had vanished,
Where the soul of Peace was fled.

And yet Loyalty still lingered,
Brave and true until the last,
With a heart all fond and tender
For the memory of the past.

Neither was the Rood forsaken,
Loyalty kept vigil there;
Even beyond the tomb's dark portal,
Clearly sounds her voice of prayer.

Guardian thou of all the Virtues,
Faith and Hope and Charity,
Truth and Justice high in Heaven,
Rest, dear Loyalty, in thee.

Last to leave the Crucifixion,
First to greet the Easter morn,
Grief's support and Joy's evangel,
Loyalty of God is born.

THE MISSION OF A ROSE.

BY G. W. HUOT.

On a bright morning in June I opened my eyes for the first time. I was in the centre of a beautiful garden containing a great many flowers. Jasmine, tulips and honeysuckle were my immediate companions. The dew made the robes of my neighbors as bright as if covered with diamonds; and I cast a look upon my own pink vesture to see if I likewise was adorned with the same glory. As I bowed my head to inspect myself, a few drops of crystal which had condescended to come at nightfall fell upon the grass, and by this I knew that I was indeed gifted with as many gems as those around me.

Some time afterward I learned that flowers were doomed to fade away; for which I was sorrowful.

Later, strange beings bent over us at times. They held dominion over us, and I learned afterwards they were called men. At noon of my first day, the shadow of the tree passed over our heads, completely hiding me from the sun. I was deeply grateful, as the rays so cheering in the morning were almost scorching now.

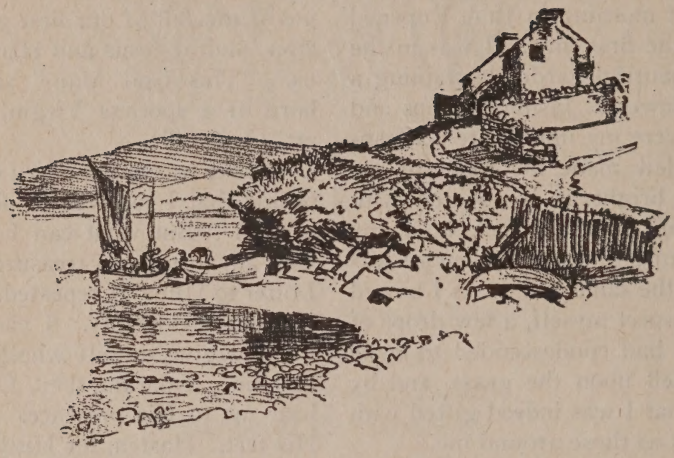
Soon some one came and knelt beside me, and with her eyes talked to me thus: "Beautiful rose, thou art an emblem of my blessed mother!" A dew more pure and sweet than the drops of the morning flowed along the dark fringes of her lids. I could not hear the voice again until the beautiful gems had fallen on my bosom. Then she spoke to me a long time, telling me of the fall of our first parents, of Lucifer, and of Jesus and His great love for us. "This God Man," said she, "was born of a spotless Virgin, pure as thou art, O rose!"

Then it was with a spirit of holiness upon me that I resolved to dedicate myself to God. "But what can I offer Him? I who am so poor in treasure! What shall I offer to Him?" I repeated. "I have nothing but my beauty. I can do no more than to give myself wholly and entirely to Him. Take me then, O dear maiden, bear me to His presence. I would lie at His feet. Hasten, for His love draws me, and I would tarry here no longer."

The young devotee separated me from my companions, and bore me to the foot of the altar. Passing the sanctuary she made the sign of the cross, and in immersing her fingers in the blessed water she sprinkled some of it over me. I then experienced a sensation which I had never felt before. I saw the maiden consecrate herself to God.

It was by mere chance that the sacristan did not see me. I was behind the tabernacle, where I remained a long time until I fell to the floor, when the sacristan, supposing me to be a small particle of incense, put me in the censer, and at benediction in the evening I had finished my mission.

I never see the maiden now. I think an angel has brought her where there is no death—in Heaven.



MEMORIES OF THE MARBLE CITY.

BY WILLIAM PEARD.

The city of Kilkenny (sometimes called the Fair City) lies between two hills. On one elevation stands the noble baronial home of the Ormondes, known as the Castle of Kilkenny, and founded in the year 1191 by an English nobleman, William Earl Marshal. The property remained in the hands of his descendants until 1391, when it passed into the possession of the third Earl of Ormonde, in whose family the estate has remained to the present day. So many alterations and additions were made to the Castle during the early years of the last century that in its present condition it has few traces of age, and is in almost every respect a modern structure. There are few mansions in the kingdom more beautifully situated. It rises about one hundred feet above the river Nore, which flows close by its massive walls. From St. John's Bridge, a short distance to the north, one gets an excellent view of this magnificent pile. From this point can be noted its beauty of outline, the grace and lightness of its architectural style, and the charm which nature has added in creeping ivy and wall flower. The traveler who looks on this scene for the first time is charmed with the view, and carries away with him enduring memory of beauty in nature and art.

It was my privilege when a boy to ascend to the top of one of the round tow-

ers of this Castle, and look out over the lovely landscape, with its distant hills, green fields and wooded slopes, the winding Nore, and the fertile valley through which it passes.

On entering the castle through the main gateway, the visitor is usually ushered into the picture gallery, which is far the most attractive part of the entire building. This hall, elaborately decorated in wood carvings, marble, and cut glass, is one hundred and fifty feet long, and probably half that in width. Its high arched and ribbed roof suggests ecclesiastical architecture. Here are the portraits of many distinguished members of the Ormonde family, a family which for centuries played an important part in the national affairs of Great Britain. Within those spacious walls may be seen many pieces of exquisite statuary in marble and bronze, and also a collection of rare historical paintings, illustrating famous events in England's military and naval history.

The canal walk is by far the most frequented public parade in the city. It commences at St. John's Bridge, in the shadow of the walls of Ormonde Castle, and runs along the Nore for some miles in the direction of Bennett's Bridge, a town built on the river bank, five miles below the city. In the afternoon, particularly on Sunday, hundreds of well-to-do, fashionably dressed people are seen parading on this famous walk. Some time in the sixties of the last century the troop of English cavalry to which John Boyle O'Reilly belonged was stationed in Kilkenny, and O'Reilly in his spare hours often visited this charming resort. Many times has he described to me the impressions which the beauty of the place made on his mind. The panoramic views of the Boyne, in his native county, delighted his boyish fancy, and no doubt inspired many of the beautiful thoughts expressed in his poems. He saw the Nore in more mature years, in his early manhood, and was always enthusiastic in his descriptions of it, saying that his affection for it was second only to that he cherished for the Boyne water.

High street is the leading business thoroughfare of the city. Here fine modern stores are located. Merchandise of all descriptions can be purchased at wholesale and retail. The Tholsel or City Hall, the Court House, National Banks and other important buildings front on this highway, and opposite the Court House is the historic Rothe Mansion. It was built in 1594 by John Rothe, a brother of Bishop Rothe, who at that period presided over the see of Ossory. Under the roof of this famous residence were entertained many of the delegates to the historic Confederation of Kilkenny. This distinguished body of men convened to discuss the civil and religious rights of the people in this section of the island, who felt keenly the oppression of prohibition laws enacted by the English Puritans. This mansion, although more than three hundred years old, is in a good state of preservation, the oak floors and rich panelling of its stately halls being still in sound condition. Many an assembly of eminent men and fair women met here in the centuries past, and it is recorded that the Irish bard, Turlough O'Carolan, gave an entertainment in these halls, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. His wonderful skill as a harpist charmed all who were privileged to hear him.

The Cathedral of Ossory, St. Mary's, built by the Catholics during the middle of the last century, is an artistically-finished piece of Gothic architecture, perhaps not surpassed by any ecclesiastical building throughout the United Kingdom. It is indeed a magnificent monument to the Christian zeal and generosity of the generation which witnessed its construction.

On a gentle eminence a mile distant from the proud castle of the Ormondes stands the beautiful cathedral of St. Canice, noble in its antiquity and associations. It is the building which travelers desire most to look upon when visiting Kilkenny. Its location is superb, yet the charm of the place is mingled with an air of sadness, and the winds seem to sing an eternal requiem to the memory of the dead, who for generations have reposed in those hallowed grounds. The building itself is in its grace and unity of style, its varied structural lines and its massiveness, a signal triumph in cathedral building. Standing at a southwesterly point, and close to the high walls surrounding the bishop's residence, one gets an excellent view of this stately pile and adjoining tower. In contemplating its majestic proportions, the mind runs back to the period of its commencement, the closing years of the twelfth century. What momentous events have happened in the world's history during the course of those dim, past centuries!

It is remarkable how well this building has resisted the corroding effects of time. It is solid and substantial today, and warrants the belief that it will so remain for ages to come. The round tower seen in the illustration is six feet distant from the facade of the westerly transept, and stands one hundred and ten feet high and is about fifty feet in circumference at its base. It looms far above the roof lines of the church, exciting wonder as to what use this shaft could have been intended to serve. The date of its erection is not definitely known, but it is asserted by local archæologists that its construction antedates by several centuries that of the adjoining edifice. The dignity of the exterior of the cathedral somewhat prepares the mind for the splendor of its interior. The wonderful genius of the designer is seen on all sides. The nave is divided into a centre and two lateral aisles, communicating by pointed arches, springing from solid marble pillars. Four massive columns at the intersection of the nave and transepts give support to huge arches on which the tower (seen above the roof) is constructed. The windows are of the style of early English Gothic. The tracery under their gracefully-curved arches is delicate and finely wrought and well sustains the artistic character of the interior. The ideal of unity is admirably maintained in the faultless ceiling lines, and their perfect relation with all other parts of the building is marvellous. Like many an old French Cathedral, St. Canice has witnessed the succession of a long line of powerful Bishops, who fearlessly represented Mother Church. Many a storied exploit of staunch faith and bravery hovers about this sacred place, and the crypts (several of which are in the aisles) contain the relics of many a sainted soldier of God and Fatherland. In one of the aisles is a striking life-size monument erected to a great and intrepid Churchman, Bishop Nicholas Walshe, who in 1585 was assassinated by one James Dullard, whom the Bishop had cited to answer to the charge of adultery. It is related that after the perpetration of the awful act, Dullard fled into a wood outside the town, where he joined a band of robbers, whose favor he sought to gain by a boastful recital of his crime. But the outlaws, shocked by the atrocious deed, brought the murderer to a formal trial among themselves, and, finding him guilty, twisted a rope around his neck and set him swinging from a tree, and there left him in the depths of the forest.

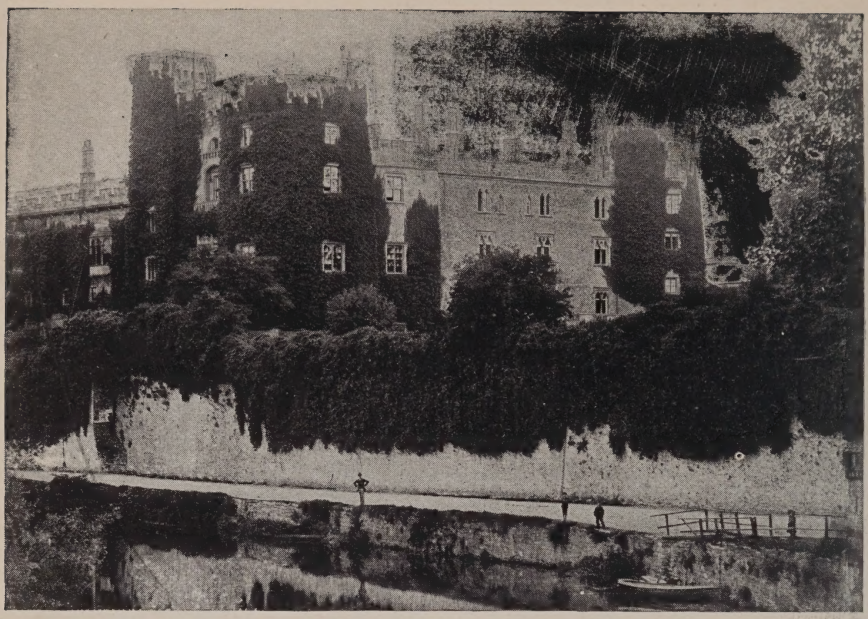
Another monument of striking appearance is that of Pierce Butler, the eighth Earl of Ormonde, who died in 1539, and

KILKENNY CASTLE.

his Countess, the celebrated Lady Margaret Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Desmond, whose memory is still preserved in stories of her beauty, and riches, her wisdom, and valiant deeds, told by the fireside of many an Irish peasant. In the monument the effigy of the Earl is finely carved in black marble, in full length and in complete armor, his sword lying across his body, and his feet resting on a dog. There are many other monuments of distinguished merit in the aisles, erected to commemorate the memory of the good and great ones, whose illustrious lives reflect glory on the dear old city.

St. Canice's is not now in the possession of Catholic authorities, nor has it been since the days of Cromwell's occupation of Kilkenny. The soldiers of that devastating marauder destroyed many a precious piece of art which enriched the interior of the building, and on their departure left it almost a wreck, in which condition it long remained. Its restoration was assumed by the Protestant Bishop of Kilkenny, nearly two hundred years ago, and the property has remained in the possession of the Protestants down to the present day. Canice's steps, of which there are just twenty-seven, are known all over the county. They lead from the main street of what is called the Irish part of the town. I can well recall the last time I ascended those famous steps. When about midway up I passed a gathering of young men seated on the steps, singing various national songs, among others that old and well-known air, "The Boys of Kilkenny." I quote one verse from memory to show the jovial spirit of the lines:

"Oh the boys of Kilkenny are stout roving blades,
And whenever they meet with the pretty fair maids,



THE CASTLE, WITH VIEW OF NORE.

They kiss them and court them and spend
their money free,
And of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for
me."

In the quietness of the evening the musical strains attracted a small audience at the top and foot of the steps.

St. Kyran's College, situated not far from the Ormonde Castle, is a venerable and honored seat of learning, well-known throughout the land. The buildings are noted as examples of the finest Gothic construction, and were erected during the second quarter of the last century. The chapel was designed by a relative of mine, and I therefore feel more than an ordinary interest in this classic institution, and still retain delightful memories of the place.

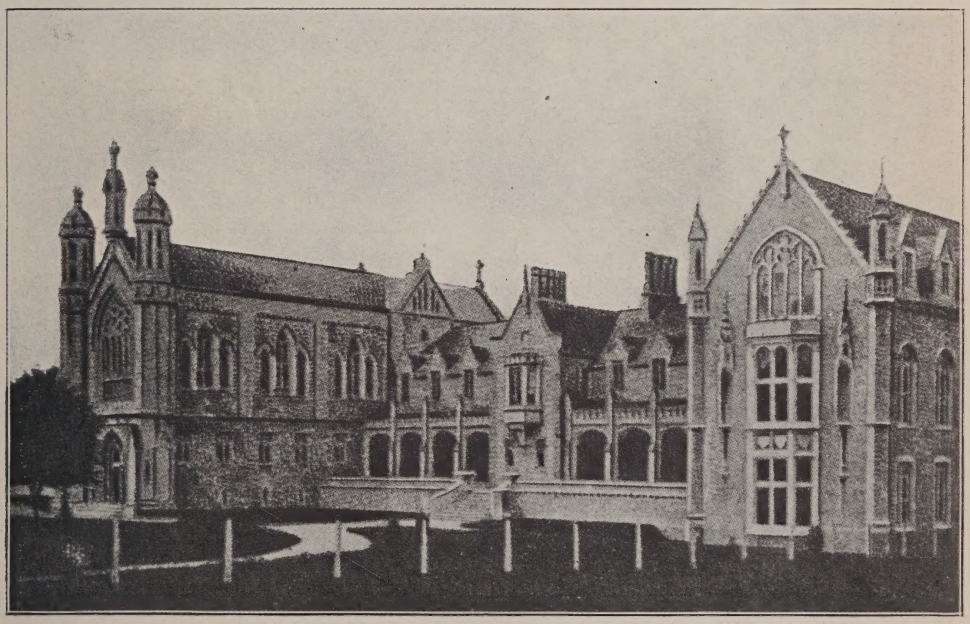
The part of the city which I have endeavored to describe is located on the westerly side of the River Nore. The opposite or easterly side has also many places of interest. St. John's Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, is now a ruin, and, close to it, the new St. John's was built nearly one hundred years ago. This property, which is quite extensive, was also confiscated by England's unwelcome visitors, whose successors are still in possession. The military barracks, the railroad station, the English College, and the lately-built Catholic Church of St. John,—a most imposing edifice,—with other buildings of less note, contribute to the importance of this section of the city. It is sometimes called the English section, owing to the fact that the invaders originally settled there. It would be a mistake, however, to regard the people on this side as being less patriotic, less imbued with Irish national feeling, than their fellow citizens on the westerly side of the river.

Southward of Kilkenny and close to the banks of the Nore there is an elevation known as Moll Makey's Hill, one and a half miles distant from the city. Cromwell with his invading army approached the town from this direction, and occupied the hill, with the determination to storm the city from this vantage point. A story is told of Kelly, an expert gunner, who

belonged to the Irish army. His accuracy as a marksman was known, and wondered at, all over the country. Cromwell, who had heard of his renown, thought of a plan by which he might protect himself from the unerring aim of Kelly. He exchanged uniforms with a drummer named Savage. It may be supposed that after the conflict began Kelly watched for a chance to shoot the leader of the English forces. The chance finally came, and off went Kelly's gun, shooting the head from the body of the commanding general, as he thought. But alas! it was not Cromwell's lifeless body that lay on the northern slope of Moll Makey's Hill, but that of the unfortunate Savage. Though he knew the shot had been intended for him, when Cromwell captured the city, he sought out Kelly and presented to him the finest mansion in Irish town, in which was held in 1642 the celebrated parliament of Kilkenny (so called).

This city was granted a charter by James 1st in 1609, just eleven years before the Pilgrim Fathers arrived at Plymouth. For reasons well-known to the Irish people it has not made that progress so rapidly attained by the settlers in the Plymouth Colony. The population at present is about eleven thousand, less than one-half the number resident there in 1820. There are three weekly newspapers published in the city, all having a prosperous existence, judging from the large quantity of advertising patronage shared by them.

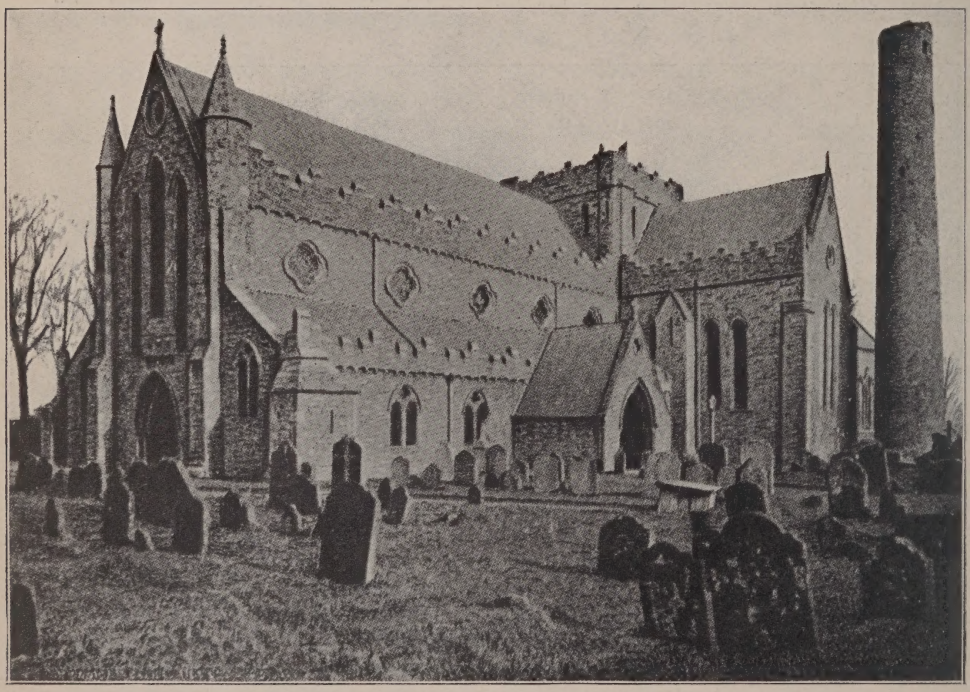
Kilkenny can boast of being the birthplace of two of Ireland's great novelists, John and Michael Banim, authors of the Tales of the O'Hara Family. Their writings produced a vivid impression on readers of fiction at the time of their publication, 1825. Faithful and truthful in their delineation of Irish life, they pictured the pathetic features in the everyday existence of the peasantry, whose character, habits, and feelings, they knew so well. The tur-



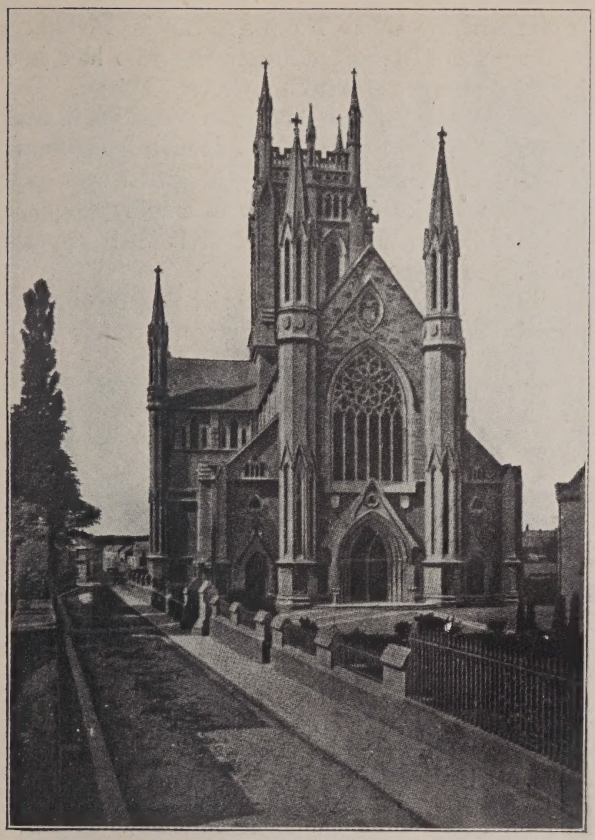
ST. KIERNAN'S COLLEGE.

bulence, violent passions, and crime, to which, alas! the people were sometimes driven by oppressive laws, are described in a most realistic manner. The story of the "Nowlans" and that of "Croohore of the Bill Hook," can never be forgotten by those who have once perused them. John Banim was the author of the well-known tragedy," Damon and Pythias," which met with immediate success on the stage in the cities of Great Britain. Of his poetical creations the one best known is the "Soggarth Aroon," which Lord Jeffrey pronounced an Irish gem, and Charles Gavan Duffy, the most thoroughly Irish ballad in existence. In addition to the two novels already mentioned, the brothers conjointly wrote "The Croppy," "The Bit o' Writin'," "Father Connell," "Boyne Water," "Peter of the Castle," and others not so well known. Richard Dalton Williams, one of the compatriots of General Meagher, Smith O'Brien, and John Mitchel, in the Irish National movement in 1848, wrote a notable sketch of John Banim and his literary works. Here is an extract: "The lessons taught by this gifted man sank deep into the eager hearts and pure souls of those to whom they were addressed, and to them is due that intelligence and just appreciation of the beautiful and grand in our native literature, which has learned to distinguish between the slap-dash style of Lever, the buffoonery of Lover, and the sordid bigotry of Carleton, and the pure classical writings of Gerald Griffin, and the equally gifted and far more national works of Banim, to whom is universally assigned the foremost place among Irish writers of fiction."

Kyran T. Buggy, author of the once famous poem, "The Saxon Shilling," was a native of the Marble City, and for some time during the first half of the last century, was editor of the Kilkenny Journal.



ST. CANICE'S CATHEDRAL.



ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.

John T. Campion, also a native, wrote the Life of Michael Dwyer and the spirited ballad called "The Felons," which was born of an incident in which Thomas Francis Meagher and two of his associates were concerned during the eventful days of '48, in the County of Tipperary, where Meagher and his patriotic band were looked upon by the government authorities as wandering outlaws. Two other sweet singers, who passed away before reaching middle life, but who during their brief careers added lustre to the literary character of the town, were the Rev. James Lecky, and Paris Anderson. The latter was a most lovable man, of distinguished appearance and fascinating manners. He has been pictured to me, by those who knew him, as a writer and poet of great promise, cut down in early life and mourned by innumerable friends. Years ago I remember reading a beautiful and tender ode to Spring, written in March, 1839, by Anderson. I quote a few stanzas:

"The spring time is coming, the young laughing spring,
With the breath of the south on her golden tipped wing,
And the violets and cowslips and primroses fair,
Bind her long wavy tresses of sunny hued hair.

Oh! the sweet Spring is coming, she brings in her train,
The sunbeam commingled with life giving rain:
And the young buds that slept all the drear winter through,
Are bursting again in their beauty to view.

The rivers and streams, and the rills are all free,
And their blue gushing waters are singing with glee,
As if 'neath the ripple that sparkles so bright,
A water nymph poured forth a strain of delight.

The sunbeams are lighting the tops of the mountains,
And piercing the depths of the fairy gemmed fountains,
And the skylark, with heart light as wind-driven feather
Seeks the chambers of sky, from his home in the heather."

Apropos of poets, it may not be generally known that Thomas Moore was, at one time, on the stage. He visited Kilkenny in 1808, at the opening of the first theatre of importance built in that city, and took the part of David in "The Rivals." The newspapers of that date did not regard him as a star, yet his presence added much to the interest of the performances as, between the acts, he frequently sang some of the Melodies. The poet, it

is said, had neither a rich nor a great voice, but his rendering of the Melodies was such as to enthrall and delight an audience.

Of all the men who swayed the hearts of the patriots of the city, none was better known or loved than Dr. Robert Cain, a man of magnificent presence and noble features. He was of a scholarly mind, and at one time was connected editorially with a magazine of strong Irish national tendencies, published in Dublin in the years immediately preceding the uprising of '48. Doctor Cain's occasional visits to Dublin in the interests of the magazine brought him into close relations with the leaders of the national movement, residing in that city,—such men as Mitchel, Doheny, O'Gorman, Gavan Duffy, Fenton Lalor, Joseph Brennan, Dalton Williams, Devin Reilly, and others, who dared fate in behalf of their country. Perhaps no one of the group stood out more prominently than Thomas Francis Meagher, the dashing young student who had just emerged from Stonyhurst College. His public life lasted but two years, yet in that time he became the acknowledged orator of a country wealthy in gifted speakers, who knew well how to employ eloquent diction ,force and fervor in their appeals to the people.

Many are the memories that throng upon me as I write, but only a few have found expression here. It may be, though, that they will bear a message to others who began life in the fair city between the hills, and who in the new country yearn for "the gold-misty vales of Kilkenny."

ST. JOHN'S ABBEY.

"There is a heather-belted hill lifts high its summit bare
And up its sides the pleasant fields are climbing everywhere;
If I'd my way, 'tis there today I'd breathe the blessed air,
And greet my old friends in Kilkenny."

REV. LAWRENCE C. P. FOX O. M. I.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The Rev. Lawrence C. P. Fox, Tewksbury, Massachusetts, one of the oldest members of the Oblate Order, recently completed his fiftieth year in the priesthood. Father Fox was one of the very few Quakers who became converts to the Catholic Church, and was the only Quaker who ever became a priest. His career, less prominent than that of many of his contemporary converts, has been wonderful in its works.

This honored priest was born in Yorkshire, Eng., in 1820. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, and he was a member of the community until twenty-three years old.

In 1843 he was baptized, his first confession was heard by a Catholic priest, and he received first communion on Assumption day. He received the habit of the Oblates on the vigil of the Assumption in 1848. He was made a perpetual Oblate on Assumption day in 1849, and celebrated his first mass in Sir Walter Scott's Abbottsford, Assumption day, 1853.

Fr. Fox, O. M. I., was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Gillis of Edinboro at Galashiels, near Edinboro. He was stationed for two years at the Oblate house in Galashiels, and later was stationed two years in Leith, when the Oblate community was transferred there. During his long service in the priest-

SEUMAS MacMANUS (MAC).

hood abroad, Fr. Fox was also stationed for two years in Yorkshire, near Leeds, and was on duty in Ireland for twenty years. He was in that period ten years at Inischore, near Dublin, and assisted in founding the Oblate mission there. He was six years manager of Glencree reformatory, near Dublin, and was for years chaplain of the South Dublin union workhouse, returning to Inischore.

Later he was for three years stationed at Rock Ferry, Eng.; three years in Hilbur district, London, and three years in Tower Hill in that city.

Coming to Canada, Fr. Fox was eight years in service in Winnipeg and two years at Rat Portage. On coming to New England he was for two years a priest in the Immaculate Conception Church in Lowell, and has been for nearly five years assisting in various ways in the work in the novitiate of the Oblate order in Tewksbury.

Fr. Fox preaches in the novitiate frequently, and has preached in the services at the state hospital in Tewksbury and in St. Andrew's Church, North Billerica. In the services during last Lent he preached in the Immaculate Conception Church in Lowell. While stationed in that church Fr. Fox says he assisted the late Fr. Joyce, O.M.I., in establishing the Young Men's Catholic Institute, in which he takes great pride.

While living in Devonshire, Fr. Fox formed the acquaintance of the parents of Charles Dickens, and later in London he was intimately acquainted with the famous author.

One brother of Fr. Fox lives in New Zealand and three brothers in England. Three of his brothers are married and have grandchildren.

Wherever he has been stationed Fr. Fox assisted in establishing societies for young men. In Winnipeg, where he was stationed for eight years, he assisted in establishing two such societies.

Mr. Seumas MacManus, of Mount Charles, Donegal, Ireland, will give a course of lectures in the large American cities, during the coming season. Mr. MacManus, who comes to this country under the auspices of the Columbian Lyceum Bureau, needs no introduction to the American public. He is widely-known through his books, and magazine articles con-

tributed to the leading American publications. Through his unaided efforts this gifted young Irishman won almost immediate recognition as a writer on Irish subjects, from folklore tales to the discussion of issues vitally affecting the welfare of his native land. In his latest book, "A Lad of the O'Friels'," he gives delightful glimpses at out-of-the-world lives full of gladness and quiet content and the true joys of living, and by his suspiciously intimate knowledge of the many moods of the Knockagar lad creates the impression that he is recalling scenes in his own boyhood.

A year ago Mr. MacManus lost his young wife, Anna Johnston (Ethna Carbery), the gentle Irish lady who wrote so lovingly of her people and of the purple-shadowed hills among which she lies at rest.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

(Continued from page 227.)

the sub-deacon mingles water with it, not for the purpose of consecration, but of ablution. After having been covered with a pall, the celebrant incenses the offerings and altar in the usual manner; when he passes before the Blessed Sacrament he bends his knees, and when he washes his hands he faces the middle of the altar to avoid turning his back on the Holy Eucharist. After a short prayer of humility, which he says bowing down before the altar, he turns to ask the prayers of his brethren through the "Orate fratres." He then chants the Lord's Prayer and its sequel as at an ordinary Mass, and at the termination of the prayers he makes the proper reverence to the Holy Sacrament; then holding it over the paten, he elevates it with one hand, during which all kneel. After this he divides it in the usual manner, putting one particle in the chalice. He makes his preparation by saying the last of the usual prayers before Communion; then striking his breast and repeating the "Domine non sum dignus," he receives the Holy Sacrament and afterwards the precious blood. Then all rise from their knees and the lights are extinguished. The celebrant purifies the chalice and washes his fingers at the Epistle corner of the altar, says a short prayer of thanksgiving, and departs.

The matins and lauds of Saturday are said in the afternoon of Friday. The third lesson of the first nocturn is the prayer of the prophet Jeremias; those of the second nocturn are a portion of the commentary of St. Augustine on the sixty-third psalm; those of the third nocturn are the beautiful passages of St. Paul to the Hebrews, commencing at the ninth chapter, from the 2nd to the 22nd verse. The antiphons, responsories, etc., refer to the burial and repose of the Saviour. The sentiments which the Church wishes to inspire are those of hope mingled with sorrow for sin.

V.

The ceremonies of Holy Saturday begin with the blessing of the fire and incense. The ancient custom was to spend the morning in examining the catechumens who were preparing for baptism; and those found competent received their final instructions before evening. Toward sunset preparations were made for them by beginning the office which lasted till midnight. Previous to its termination baptism and confirmation were administered; then Mass was celebrated, Communion was given, and the faithful either remained through the night or returned home to take some refreshment and rest and to prepare for the coming back at an early hour in the morning. Hence all the

offices refer to night and terminate with evidences of the resurrection which took place at a very early hour before daylight on Sunday. The custom of having the offices early in the day is but a departure, within six or seven hundred years, from the ancient discipline.

The lights having been extinguished it became necessary to procure the means of again illuminating the place, which had been thus kept in desolation. The mode of procuring it was not everywhere the same. In some churches where they had not extinguished the upper candle, this was kept for the purpose of renewing the other lights; in others they kept three large lamps concealed, as emblematic of the three days that the Saviour's body lay in the sepulchre, and renewed the others from these as significant of the resurrection. Where all the lights had been extinguished they had recourse to ordinary fire, but in others they either produced it by means of a sun-glass or struck it from flint. In Florence the fire is struck from flints brought from the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem during the Crusades. Five grains of incense are blessed for the purpose of being put into the candle. The acolyte then takes some coals off the fire that has been blessed and puts them into the censer, upon which holy water is sprinkled and the celebrant casts incense upon the coals, with the usual blessing.

The remaining part of the ceremony takes place in the church proper. The celebrant lays aside his purple cope and prepares for Mass. The deacon who is to bless the paschal candle wears a white dalmatic with stole and maniple of the same color, but the sub-deacon continues to wear the chasuble, folded in the front. On their return they are followed by two candle bearers; also by an acolyte with the five grains of blessed incense on a plate; on the left is the censer-bearer: then comes the sub-deacon with the cross, the deacon follows with a long support on the top of which is a triple candle; on the left is a master of ceremonies with a candle lighted from the new fire—after these are the altar boys.

The object of the Church in her ritual service is to imprint upon the imagination as well as upon the memory the great lessons she would impart. She now would inform us that the light which the revelation of the Saviour gave to the world has made us more fully and more clearly acquainted with the great mystery of the most Holy Trinity than were the patriarchs or prophets who existed before Christ.

Having proceeded towards the altar the master of ceremonies lights one of the tapers, upon elevating which the deacon sings "Lumen Christi" (the light of Christ). All except the sub-deacon who carries the cross bend their knees at the sacred name to pay homage to Him Who reigns over the heavens and earth. The choir answers "Deo gratias" (Thanks be to God). After advancing a few paces the second candle is lighted, and at the altar rail the third is lighted with like ceremony; and at each time the deacon sings upon a higher key. This being done the deacon prepares for the blessing of the paschal candle. This candle is usually large and beautifully ornamented and formed of wax. The ceremony is most ancient. Pope Zozimus, in 417, extended to all parish churches the faculty of performing the ceremony, which previously had been confined to the basilicas. The appearance of this candle is that of a large pillar, which mystic writers tell us symbolizes the cloud representing the pillar of fire that guided the Hebrew people through the desert on their journey to the land of promise. It is also an appropriate

emblem of the manner in which the catechumens are led out of the darkness, through the waters of baptism, to that haven of rest in the Church of God where they shall be fed with the Sacramental Manna of the Holy Eucharist.

The deacon, having received the blessing from the celebrant, goes to the reading stand, where he places the missal which he incenses in the usual form. All rise while the deacon sings the "Exultet," generally supposed to have been written by St. Augustine. Some, however, attribute it to St. Ambrose, some to St. Leo, and others to Peter the deacon. The Fourth Council of Toledo informs us that this ceremony is a symbol of the resurrection of the body of Jesus, and five holes made, in the form of a cross, in the candle represent the five wounds inflicted upon our Jesus.

The blessings of the Church are usually performed by a bishop or priest; but this is one of the few which is given by the deacon. He is vested in white as the angel announcing the resurrection, whilst the others by their violet still show the grief and fear of the apostles and disciples. St. Augustine reminds us of the fact that the resurrection was announced by an angel to the pious women, who conveyed the tidings to the apostles; that as by a female the human race fell, so through the Virgin Mary redemption came. And as by females the resurrection was made known, it is a lower minister of the Church who takes the place of those personages by announcing the fact to the superior orders of the hierarchy, in the blessing of the candle. At the proper time during the canticle, he lights the candle which thus burns at the principal public offices of the Church, the festival of the Ascension, to show how Christ remained conversing with the apostles and disciples, extending their knowledge, whilst He cheered them with His presence, until that day on which the Gospel proclaims His ascent, when it is extinguished. Soon after the lighting of the candle the lamps of the Church are kindled.

The number of prophecies or lessons was fixed at twelve and these were read after the blessing of the paschal candle. They were called prophecies because they are chiefly taken from prophetic books. They are read by the deacon and chanted by the clerics, who succeed each other at the foot of the altar. At the termination of each the celebrant, turning to the altar, sings "Oremus"; the deacon "Flectamus genua," and the sub-deacon "Levate," after which he sings the prayer. The tracts are also sung at the proper times; formerly the lessons were sung in Greek as well as in Latin.

Baptismal water and Easter water are blessed immediately after the reading of the prophecies, after which adults or infants, if in readiness, were baptized. Then follows the chanting of the litanies of the saints. The celebrant and his assistants in many places prostrate themselves before the altar whilst an invocation to the saints and appeals to the Almighty God, for His mercy, are made. At the petition "pecatores te rogamus, audi nos"—(we sinnners beseecch thee hear us)—the deacon and the sub-deacon retire with the assistant priest to the vestry. They return to the sanctuary in white vestments and the celebrant goes to the chair, where he robes for Mass.

The candles upon the altar are now lighted. If converts were present their candles were also lighted. The commencement of the Mass is as usual, but there is no Introit. As soon as the "Kyrie Eleison" is finished, the celebrant intones the "Gloria in excelsis deo." The veil is now

removed from the front of the altar, which represents the resurrection; the organ takes up the joyful strain; the silvery toned bells are heard again, and in many places a military salute proclaims the festival.

The tract is blended with the gradual because though Christ has risen He has not yet manifested Himself. And for the same reason no lights are carried at the singing of the Gospel; nor is the Creed said because the rite of the day is more ancient than its introduction; and also to show that the faith was not fully established.

On this night the offerings were made before the conferring of the sacrament of baptism, and long before the Mass commenced, and on that account, as well as because of the antiquity of the ceremonial, no Offertory is said. The bells ring again at the Consecration but no "Agnus dei" is said, no "pax" is given because Christ has not yet appeared to His disciples giving them the salutation of peace. (St. John, XX. 19.).

After the celebrant has communicated and taken the ablutions, vespers are chanted in a short form. The celebrant after the usual salutation sings the prayer, after which he repeats the "Dominus vobiscum" and the deacon adds two "Alleluias" to his "Ite Missa est." The bishop gives the usual blessing and the celebrant publishes the papal indulgence and then all retire.

IN THE LAP O' THE BOG.

BY CAHIR HEALY.

Weary was I of the clamor and rush of the town,
Of its lies and its sins and seductions, its walls of brown,
And its squalid dreams.
And my soul was a-thirst for the gold-starred brae,
The cabin, rose-grown, and the heather in May;
The glint of *weeny* streams.

Strained were my ears for the swish of the wind in the grass,
The rapture of fiddling, the songs of the *sidhe* that pass
On their steeds of fog;
And the tales by the fire, and the laugh and the tear,
Where reigneth not gold nor the devil,—out here,
In the lap o' the bog.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Exits and Entrances. By Charles Warren Stoddard, Boston. Lothrop Publishing Co. 1903. $1.25.

Who has not enjoyed to the utmost, the exquisite South Sea idyls, with their delicate imagery, their keen humor, their broad view of life? The same author now presents to the public a volume of essays and sketches in which scenes of travel are joined to critical essays, and personal reminiscences succeed half-visionary reflections. Kingsley, George Eliot, Stevenson, Bret Harte and Mark Twain are brought before us in vivid colors, and their work is appreciatively considered. Some of the descriptions are almost Oriental in style, so brilliant is the language employed. Take the following for example:

"There is the silence of the sea (at dusk in Venice), that compels reciprocal silence; the reflections of the distant lamps vibrate like flaming censers swung by golden chains. . . . . We sweep through the Grand Canal; the facades of antique palaces are painted in colors by the moonlight upon a background of ebony. We approach the Piazetta; the Palazzo Ducale is transformed into a pavilion of alabaster . . . . . at the top of the immense arena, clouds of startled doves flutter among the gilded arches of the basilica, or rush upward like smoke-wreaths to seek shelter in the high gallery of the Campanile. . . . . By and by the Piazza is deserted. . . . How serene it all is at this hour, while the ripples creaming upon the marble threshold beguile the moon, and night and mystery are building a dream city of ivory and pearl, lapped by the enchanted waters of the Venetian Sea!"

In a simple strain, speaking of Joaquin Miller's writings, he says: "There is in his prose a child-like candor that fascinates me; it babbles like a brook—a meadow brook, that filters through sorrel and cress and then spreads and sparkles among the pebbles and the shoals; it even lisps a little at times, and then it is quite bewitching. He has the native eloquence of the Indian, this backwoods laureate; you will find no drawing-room commonplaces in his pages; but the delicate fragrance of wild thyme and the pungent odor of the pine breathe from them. His heart seems to throb all through the 'Life among the Modocs,' it glows with color and thrills with action, and contains passages so dulcet in diction they soften the lips like cream."

Surely this is a display of the wealth and panoply of language! And yet with all these riches of speech, there are passages which sadly offend our artistic sense, because they lack the dignity and refinement which the reader expects from a writer of Mr. Stoddard's years and reputation. Page 20 may have been intended as a sample of wit, but it is wit of a strange quality.

Educational Briefs—M. Gabriel Compayre as an Historian of Pedagogy. By Rev. Brother Azarias, F. S. C. Philadelphia, 1903.

The introduction to this scholarly article informs us that the Philadelphia Diocesan School Board will issue a quarterly pamphlet containing original articles and reprints from various sources upon current educational topics. The project is one which deserves our hearty support. Education is the topic of the hour, and, unless we are to surrender our position, we must enter the field of pedagogical journalism. All honor, then, to the Philadelphia Diocesan School Board for its enterprise and leadership. No better, no more opportune choice could have been made for a beginning. Brother Azarias was a true LL.D., learned, logical and deep.

The Life of Pope Leo XIII, from his personal memoirs. By Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly. Philadelphia. John Winston Company. 1903. $2.50.

In the eight hundred pages of this single volume edition the reverend author gives his readers a complete review of the life of the late Pontiff, to the celebration of his pontifical jubilee. The work is divided into four parts, "The Early Life of Joachim Pecci to his Elevation to the Priesthood," "Administrative and Diplomatic Career," "Joachim Pecci's Glorious Episcopate in Perugia," and "The Pontificate."

It is the result of years of labor on the part of the venerable writer, who thus recounts the circumstances under which it was written:

"I have been permitted," he says, "to complete the Life of His Holiness, Leo XIII., just as he is completing His holy career, I may say, beneath the eyes of all peoples, and with the love and admiration of his own flock.

"While in Dublin, and laboring heartily with the Parliamentary Party and its chiefs, together with my friend, Charles A. Dana, and the entire laity and press of America, I was summoned by cablegram to Rome by the Cardinal Vicar (Parocchi) to His Holiness, and under his eyes, with the aid of the personal memoirs furnished by his command, I wrote, and the Pope corrected chapter after

chapter, the "Life" which has already received the approbation of the entire American Clergy and Hierarchy.

"It is issued in its completed form with the approbation and blessing of James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, and the Delegates Apostolic to the United States and Canada."

The present edition was prepared with the assistance of Mr. John J. O'Shea—further proof of its reliability as a reference and of its literary value.

The Question-Box Answers. By Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P. New York. Catholic Book Exchange.

Father Bertrand Conway has collected from many sources the questions proposed by non-Catholics at the missions given by the enterprising Paulist Fathers to those earnest seekers after truth who are outside the true Fold of Christ. These questions cover the entire field of religious truth, and deal not merely with dogmas as such, but with many points of history and of church discipline. The answers are, in the very large majority of cases complete and conclusive. It is no exaggeration to say that every Catholic and every non-Catholic in the English-speaking world will find the book both interesting and instructive, and we trust that the leading members, both among clergy and laity, will spread the book generously and unsparingly.

We cannot help regretting that the paper and binding are of so poor a quality as to make the work an almost impossible gift for the educated and refined. It is a pity that publishers do not realize how the most useful volume in the world can be ruined by a wretched setting. It may not be the highest wisdom to pay much attention to the exterior of a book, but we have to face fact, not theory, and the fact is that educated people insist upon having their literary and religious truths presented in suitable form. We trust, too, that Fr. Conway, will, in a second edition, recast a few answers, especially the first concerning the existence of God. As this first answer now stands, it will not satisfy a philosophic mind. Why did the erudite author not give us a synopsis of that excellent brochure, "The Existence of God," by Rev. Richard Clark, or of the pertinent chapters in "Natural Theology," by Rev. Bernard Boedder? In fact, the least satisfactory portion of the work is that which deals with questions of philosophy and natural religion. Then, too, we should like to see a reason adduced for every assertion made in a volume which appeals to non-Catholics who are, as we know, extremely exacting and critical. It may be argued that certain points can be taken for granted, but it is more satisfactory, the reviewer thinks, when dealing with inquirers, to establish every point, briefly but adequately, and thus to close perfectly a chain of unanswerable reasons.

The Autobiography of a Beggar. By I. K. Friedman. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co. 1903. $1.50.

If you want to while away a tedious hour, to drive away the blues, or to cure chronic dyspepsia, read the Autobiography of a Beggar and study the eighteen full-page illustrations of the artist, Glackens. The book relates the adventures of several members of the "Begging Fraternity," who rejoice in the significant names of Cripple Tom, Blind Bill, Hungry Henry, Pete the Squealer, Sam the Scribe, Harry the Skate, Shirtless Sam, Deaf Dan, Footless Frank and Lazy Mike. The strange and often perilous devices to which this curious class of individuals resort in order to gain *a livelihood without toil* are told in that amusing and expressive phraseology which must ever make the begging tramp an object of interest, much as we must despise that utter lack of manhood shown by all who shirk nature's command to labor for food and lodgment.

Quincy Adams Sawyer. A story of New England Home Life. By Charles Felton Pidgin. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.

This is a charming story, full of pathos, of generous deeds, and of entertaining scenes. Seldom have we read a truer description of New England life; seldom have we spent hours more pleasant than those devoted to the reading of this book. From start to finish the story is as clear as crystal, as enchanting as mountain scenery, and as invigorating as the Nahant sea-breezes.

The Our Father. Analyzed according to the Doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas. By Rev. J. G. Hagen, S.J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1903. 10 cents.

The learned Father Hagen arranges for us in this phamplet the deep lessons which St. Thomas finds in this prayer of prayers, which, composed by our divine Lord Himself, has been translated into every language, repeated by all classes and races under heaven, and continually recited by all devout believers since the dawn of the Christian era. A careful consideration of the suggestions herein made will deepen our love and increase our understanding for this exquisite outburst of filial worship and of pious entreaty.

St. Anthony's Hymn Book. By Belle and Gertrude Menard. Marlier & Company. Boston, 1903.

Though primarily intended for the use of members of the Third Order of St. Francis, this collection of hymns, the only Franciscan hymn book published in English, will be welcomed by all who love "the saint of all the world."

The inspiration of the work is evident throughout, but nowhere expressed more beautifully than in the following lines:

How sweet it is, O gentle saint,
In these unquiet days,
To muse upon thy holy life,
Thy meek and peaceful ways.
How sweet it is in hours of grief
To call upon thy name,
And find thy pity ever true,
Thy love always the same.

As God to thee in solitude
His sacred will made known,
Speak thou to us in silences
In moments hushed and lone.
Let deepest love and tenderness
Inspire thy gracious voice,
Till once again our weary souls
Shall waken and rejoice.

No earthly love is true as thine,
No earthly care so fond;
The hearts that give themselves to thee
Are held by dearest bond.
Then in thy realm of heav'nly bliss
Gain us, O Saint, such grace
That our dim lives may shine as bright
As did thy fair, young face.

Miss J. Gertrude Menard is a frequent contributor to the leading Catholic publications and many of the selections embodied in the collection now offered to the public appeared first in the pages of Catholic monthlies and weeklies. Her many friends will be glad of the opportunity to secure them in permanent form, and with the added charm of being set to music by Miss Belle Menard.

In addition to the hymns the book contains the Novena of the Nine Tuesdays and other devotions in honor of St. Anthony.

This little volume should find a place in every Catholic home, not only as a tribute to St. Anthony, but as a refining influence inspiring love for uplifting music and spiritual thoughts—an influence sadly needed in those days of "catchy" airs and inane compositions.

Donna Maria. By Richard Bagot. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1902. $1.50.

Mr. Bagot's idea of Catholicity in general and of Italian Catholics in particular is so very peculiar that we are forced to regard his work unfavorably. The untrue can never win abiding recognition, and the story of Donna Maria has a false ring from beginning to end. According to Mr. Bagot, the religious life is only for men and women of ugly features, of narrow minds and of dwarfed education, for his characters are aghast at the thought of a maiden fair with a substantial fortune and possessed of a quick mind, cherishing the desire of consecrating her life to God in the service of religion. It cannot be too strongly proclaimed to writers of Mr. Bagot's stamp that the cloister is not an asylum for the wilted flower, the crushed heart, the unsightly form and the mentally crippled. God chooses the fresh blooms of life, not decayed flowers, for His spiritual garland.

Nor do respectable Italians invite to their receptions literary monstrosities to read their compositions upon slimy themes "in pure, classic Italian, flowing like a limpid stream of melody." What disgusting balderdash!

The Passionate Hearts. By Ethna Carbery. Post free from office of Irish Nights, 70 Gt. Strand street, Dublin. 1903. Paper, 30 cents; cloth, 55 cents.

Ae every page this little volume reveals the delicate, tender touches, the subtle sympathy and the loyal devotion characteristic of all Ethna Carbery's work in Irish song and story. The author's deep love for her race finds expression in these tales of the passionate hearts; of Brigid, the daughter of Dara and Sibeal; of the Men of the Music, playing in perfect harmony the crooning air of the Yellow Bittern; of the Singing Women of Tory, where the currachs go in danger; and of the children up on Gortawarla where the little Red Lark, Shameen's fiddle, sobbed and laughed in turn at the bidding of the handsome lad who held too lightly the love of Una MacFelimy.

"When she wrote of our people," says the writer of the preface," her eyes were wet with fondness. Her faith in them was full, and great, and strong. Now that the grass is green above her grave in Donegal, the friends who knew her—who knew her unending work for our land, and who knew the passionate love of country that consumed her—can stand by that little mound, and say from their hearts: "There lies one who gave her life to Ireland."

For its beauty and its pathos, "The Passionate Hearts" deserves the success that carried "The Four Winds of Erin" into a ninth edition in an incredibly short time.

Philosophy Four. By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1903. 40 cents.

Man Overboard! By Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1903. 40 cents.

The "Little Novels by Favorite Authors" afford pleasant occupation for idle hours. In Philosophy Four, two Harvard students strive at the last moment to qualify for an examination, and with the aid of a tutor make a rapid course in philosophy. They outline much work for the day before the examination, but wearying of intellectual effort slip away from tutor and books and fare forth in quest of a good time. That they manage to get it goes without saying, and results prove the wisdom of their course, for, despite their lack of knowledge, they stand the test of examination, coming out not only creditably but with flying colors. The conversation is bright, clever even, but at times the language of these college men is that of the gamins of the street.

Man Overboard! is a well-told tale of the sea replete with weird happenings that lead up to a climax creepy enough to suit the taste of the believer in ghosts and their power to walk. Mr. Crawford makes Captain Torkeldsen, formerly mate of the Helen B. Jackson, tell the story, and it loses nothing in the sailor's quaint phraseology. The crew of the Helen B. is a remarkable one, thirteen in number, including the captain, "with a face like a monkey wrench," and the Benton brothers, twins, who were so alike that the only difference seemed to be that one whistled "Nancy Lee" and the other didn't. The one who whistled was the Man Overboard, swept from the deck at night, in a heavy sea. "Some people don't seem to be so dead, when they are dead, as others are," says Captain Torkeldsen, and "Jim Benton proved to be like that." Occasionally the strains of "Nancy Lee" were heard in the rigging, and soon the cook complained that when he and the cabin boy cleaned up after meals there were always more things than he had given out. Even the mate quailed a little when he saw Jack Benton on reaching for his pipe draw out two, one of them water-logged and with a little green weed clinging to it. He had seen Jack throw that pipe overboard after his brother had been drowned, and was naturally disturbed by its reappearance. The scene changes from the schooner to the shore, on the day of Jack's wedding to Mamie Brewster. The bride takes Captain Torkeldsen into her confidence. She, too, is troubled by haunting doubts. "You know Jack is Jack right enough, and it's Jack I'm going to marry." And marry him she does though during the ceremony she screams aloud, protesting that his hand is "like ice, and it's all wet."

"I knew that they would like to walk down the path alone now that they were man and wife at last," says the considerate captain, * * * and when I looked again I stood stock-still staring at what I saw. Mamie was walking between two men, Jack on her left in his black-tail coat and round hat, and the other man on her right—well, he was a sailor man in wet oil-skins. I could see the moonlight shining on the water that ran down him."

But readers will want to read the end for themselves, without any suggestion as to what it was. It is certainly a fitting conclusion to as weird a story as even Mr. Crawford can write.

The Boston Guide Book. Compiled by Edwin M. Bacon; published by Ginn & Co., Boston. 1903.

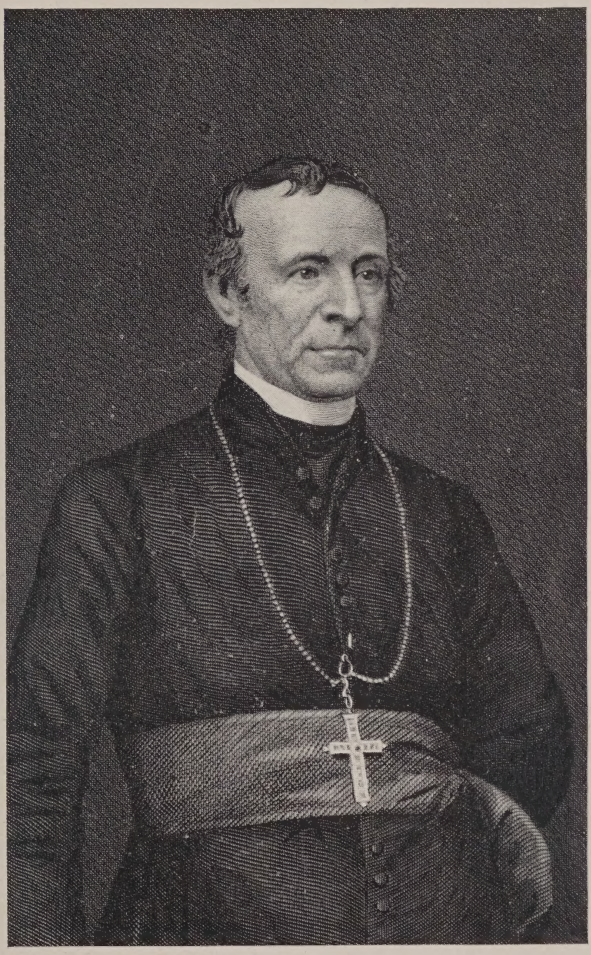
This thoroughly useful volume is recommended not only to tourists, but to residents of Boston as well, for the wealth of information it contains. Its colored maps, numerous diagrams, full table of contents, carefully arranged material, obtained by reference to original sources and documents, and alphabetical index, make it one of the most reliable and convenient guide books ever published. The author's name alone is a sufficient warrant of its trustworthiness. It was issued in two editions, one as a souvenir for free distribution among the teachers at the convention held recently in Boston, and an edition attractively bound in black and gold which is offered to the general public.

Forget-Me-Nots. Gathered Moss. By Mary Allegra Gallagher.

Two dainty booklets, treating of varied themes, but chiefly of flowers and flower-legends, of which Miss Gallagher seems to have made a close and sympathetic study.

All On the Irish Shore. By E. Somerville and Martin Ross. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1903.

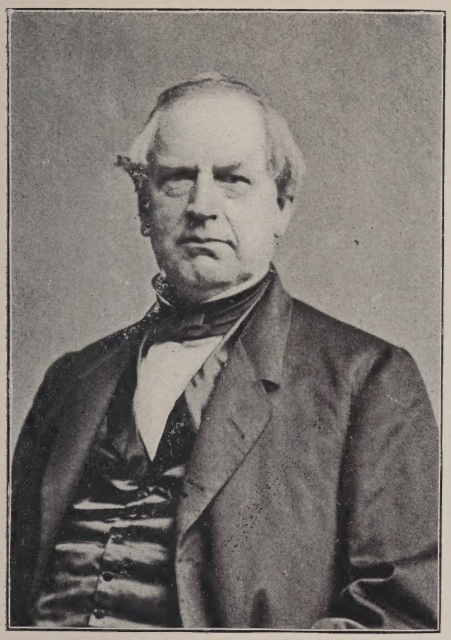
The eleven short stories comprising the contents of this volume are so cleverly written that one could wish the authors had applied their talent to a description of a more representative class of Irish. The drinking, hunting, gambling, and, on the whole, disreputable element presented in this book is fortunately lessening in numbers every year, and with the decline of the landlord system will ultimately disappear.



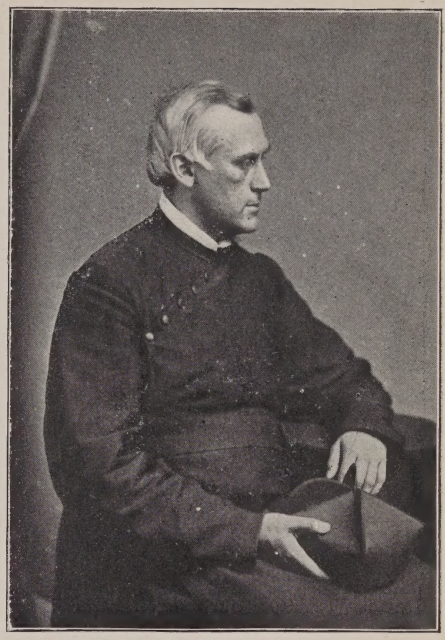
ARCHBISHOP HUGHES, NEW YORK.

Whose lectures on the Middle Ages increased Brownson's desire to know more of the Church. (See page 315.)

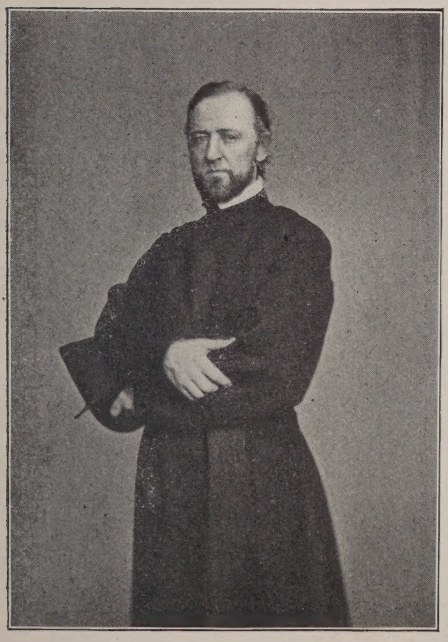
THE SOLACE OF A SONG.



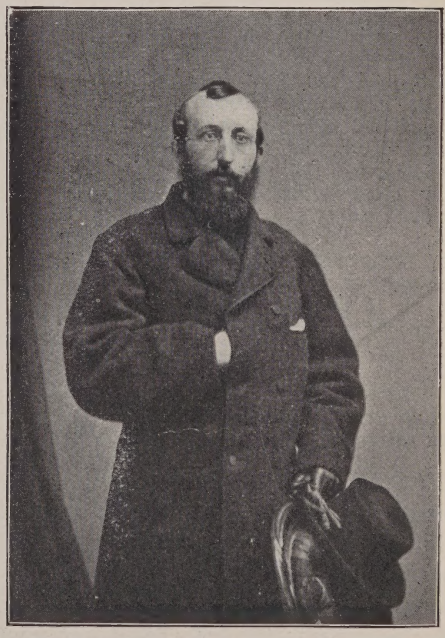
JOHN P. HEALY.
Father of Mrs. Brownson.



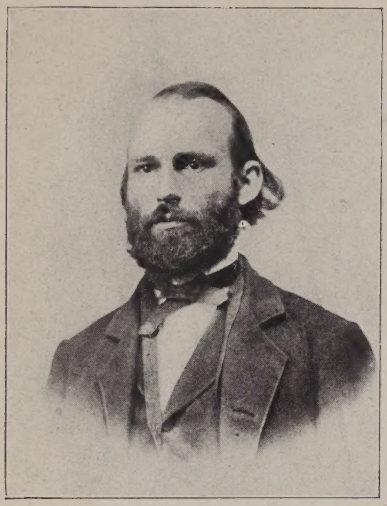
FATHER HEWITT.



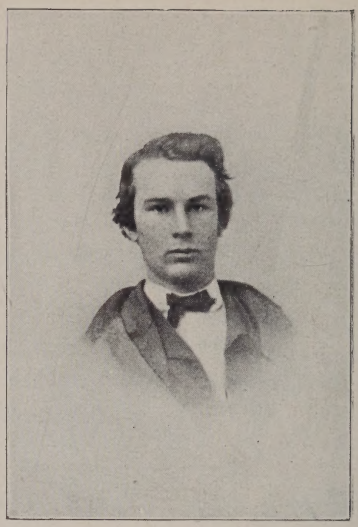
FATHER WALWORTH.



HENRY S. HEWITT, M.D.



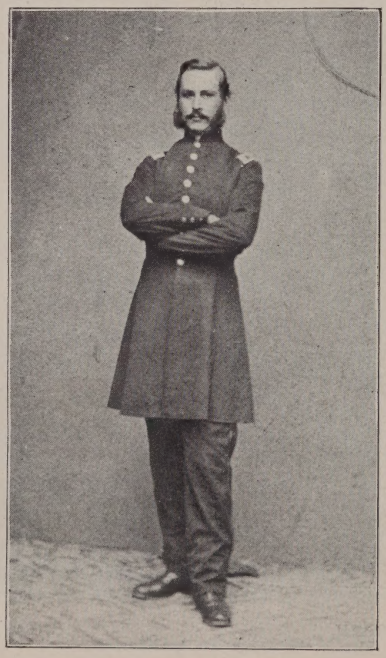
ORESTES A. BROWNSON, JR.



EDWARD P. BROWNSON,
Son of Orestes A. Brownson.

Referring, in his later life, to this period, he said:

"I grew up a healthy, active, well-made, and an unusually strong boy. I never begged, I never stole the value of a pin, and would have starved or frozen to death sooner than I would have done either. I had no vicious tendencies and think I was kindly disposed, and my heart swelled and my eyes overflowed if any one spoke a gentle word. There are vicious and criminal poor, but we are very wrong when we class the very poor generally with the criminal or dangerous classes. I have seen with the poor a self-denial, a strict sense of justice, a resistance to temptation, an heroic virtue, which I have never found in the more prosperous classes."



HENRY F. BROWNSON,
Son of Orestes A. Brownson.

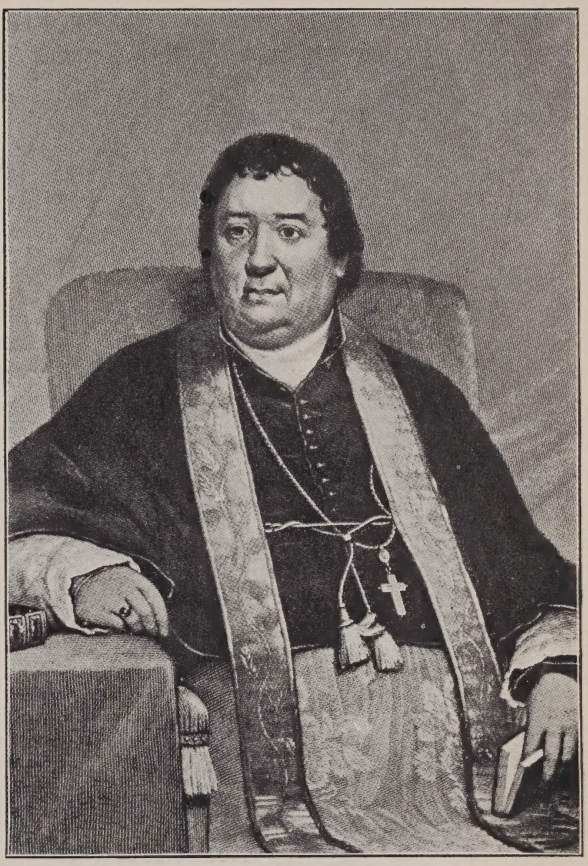
In considering the activities of his boyhood, it is interesting to note the class of matter on which young Brownson's taste for reading was formed. His opinion of children's books is also instructive, viewed in the light of the present day when almost no restraint is imposed as to the quality and quantity of the reading matter supplied to juveniles, and when the habit of thought is no longer seriously encouraged.

"I had access to no public library, and none of the people into whose houses I could enter had many books, and no one had what would now be called a private library; but such books as they had were at my service, and it is astonishing how many valuable and standard works there can be picked up, one here and one there, in almost any neighborhood in our country. I found with one gentleman the English classics of Queen Anne's reign, with another some fifty volumes of the English poets, with another a work on universal history, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, and Pope's Homer, with still another various monographs of American history, the planting of the colonies, wars with the Indians, Robinson Crusoe, Philip Quarles, and The Arabian Nights. I devoured them all, but no

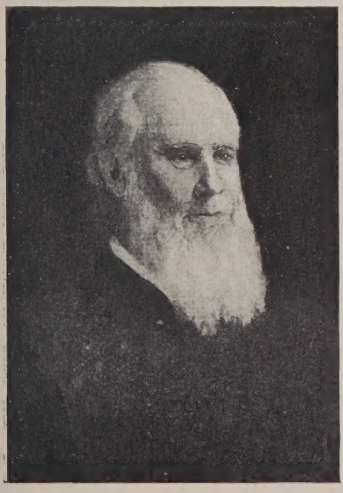
book with more intense interest than the Bible. At first, of course, I understood very little of what I read, either gave it no meaning or a child's meaning; yet I enjoyed them.

. . . . . .

"There were in those days few children's books and none of them came in my way, for which I have been thankful. Old people may read children's books and find recreation in them; but they are unprofitable reading for children. It is a damage to children to have thought made easy for them. The earlier their intellects are taxed, and the harder they are obliged to struggle to find some meaning in what they read, the better it is for them. Their minds grow by exercise and become strong; but children's books feed their young minds on pap and panado, and keep their mental digestion always weak and incapable of relishing, even in after life, strong, healthy, and invigorating food. Hence in our day we are obliged to dilute literature for grown-up men and women, and write novels or romances, and to take care that we do not overload them with thought. We no longer train our children to be men, thinking men, or, as Emerson says, men thinking. We do their thinking for them, what little thinking there is, and keep them children in understanding all their life-time. I think it was a great advantage to me that I read books beyond my age, and could think, reason, reflect, before I had a beard on my upper lip."



RT. REV. BENEDICT J. FENWICK.



FATHER HECKER.

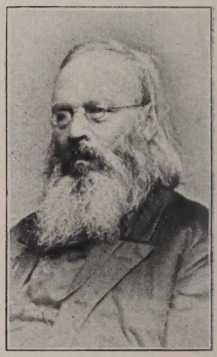
Without opportunity to learn the conventionalities of life young Brownson grew up bashful and awkward, "ill at ease if I found myself even in a humble employment among people who were my social superiors. With really high-bred people I could get along passably well for their manners were simple." Industrious and studious, gifted with quickness of apprehension and unusual dexterity of hand he suffered no one of his age to surpass him in manual labor, and as he grew up he was able through his skill in craftsmanship to earn a living that gave him a little

RT. REV. JOHN B. FITZPATRICK.

leisure to indulge his passion for reading. His only want that he could not fully gratify was the want of books, and despite the poverty of his youth, or perhaps because of it, he realized that the most lasting pleasures of life are the simplest and cheapest.

About this time Mrs. Brownson must have overcome her financial difficulties to a certain extent, for when Orestes was fourteen years of age, his biographer tells us, he went with his mother to live at Ballston Spa, New York. Here there was an academy which the boy attended, learning Latin and Greek, in addition to the usual English studies. In Ballston also he learned the printer's craft, and changed his religious profession, becoming a Presbyterian, under the leadership of Reuben Smart, "who would rather mitigate than exaggerate the asperities of Calvinism." In 1823 the young printer changed his occupation, becoming a teacher in the village school of Stillwater, Saratoga County.

In joining the Presbyterian Church Brownson had hoped that his religious doubts would end, and he therefore endeavored to mould his thoughts after the method prescribed by his church. But his efforts were futile. On the last day of the year in which he embraced Presbyterianism he wrote in his diary the thoughts surging through his brain, and they reflect the conflict between gratitude for blessings vouchsafed, and despair that spiritual progress had been so slight. In one sentence he thanks God for saving him from "dashing my speculative brains against the rocks of infidelity," and in the next he exclaims, "But ah! how little do I feel to praise my God. Shall I never apply myself to wisdom nor seek after instruction?" "Dead is every sense of pleasure" he mourns, "O my God grant that



ORESTES A. BROWNSON IN LATER LIFE.

those sad forebodings which hang over my soul may disappear, and one ray of hope may beam afresh upon a melancholy heart."

Despite his mental disquiet he entertained the thought of entering the ministry, with a view to missionary work, but his enquiring mind discovered difficulties.

"We see little reason to support the present missionary system, because we think the situation of the heathen will not be made better. We have paid some attention to reports from our missionary establishments and candidly confess we see but little to approve. The system of religion which is taught them must certainly be productive of no good consequences. What are its fruits at home? What sober reflecting man can view the divisions, the discordant views disseminated by the disciples of Calvin and Arminius and not feel his bosom glow with honest indignation at their baneful effect? Can he, then, wish it to be carried to those who are deplorable enough already?"

Brownson's saneness was his salvation. The discipline and doctrines of the Presbyterian church did not satisfy his reason, and as the next step in his spiritual evolution he rejected them for liberal Christianity, and avowed himself a Universalist. Youth is supposed to be the time of hope, of irrepressible courage and high endeavor, but at twenty Brownson afforded one more proof that young life does not always throb to happy thoughts and impulses. His life had gone wrong; pessimism replaced the cheery spirit of former days; and he railed bitterly against the world for its failings in general and for its treatment of him in particular.

"The man is nothing without his trappings. . . . . Get money, the spirit saith, get rich, no matter how, by gambling in stocks, by false pretences, by extortion, by swindling, cheating, feeing lawyers, buying up legislators, corrupting incorruptible courts of justice, and you will be great, honored, and followed. Add to this that out of some portion of the money you have contrived to transfer from the pockets of others to your own, you found a seminary, endow a professorship, or when you are old, health is failing, death is approaching, and you have no heirs, and cannot carry your money with you or enjoy it longer, take care, with the sounding of trumpets, beating of drums, fanfaronade and bluster, to dispose of your wealth to the poor, but so that the real poor and needy will receive no benefit from it, and count with certainty on your apotheosis, and that the old world and the new will unite to do honor to your lifeless remains. Behold your gods, O England and America!"

A sweeping condemnation truly to be uttered by a boy of twenty who reveals the brevity of his span of existence when he complains: "I am amiable and honest, I have intelligence, and even some learning; I have wronged no one, and have helped the needy, as far as in my power; I am and have been a burden to no one; from my earliest distinct recollection I have earned my living and paid my way in the world. Yet nobody heeds me, nobody loves me."

Early in 1824 Brownson went West and located at Springwells on the River Rouge, where he was attacked by malarial fever, being confined to his room for nearly a year. On June 15, 1826, at a session of the New Hampshire Universalist Association, "holden at Jaffrey, N. H.," he was set apart "to the work of the ministry by public solemn ordination." In the following year he married, at Elbridge, New York, Sally Healy, second daughter of John Healy. She was a slim, tall girl, with refined features and beautiful dark eyes, and was better educated than most girls in rural districts. For three years he preached and wrote as a Universalist minister, calling himself a Christian of the liberal sort, and promulgating a creed that had for its basic principle, "Let every one be honest."

From Universalism to avowed infidelity was the next step in Brownson's career, though he claimed that he did not renounce the Christian religion and become a disbeliever, but only an unbeliever, a confusing distinction not rendered more clear to the average understanding when

later on this man of many experiences in religion appears as an independent minister, having cast off the trammels of Universalism. "You will therefore," he commands, "forbear to associate my name with any party, either orthodox or heterodox. I am an independent minister accountable to my God, to truth, to my country, to the people of my charge, but to no other tribunal." His return to a belief in God is thus acknowledged:

"At some future day I hope to give in full the considerations which produced my own conversion from scepticism to an unwavering and joyful belief in one God—My Father. . . . . For the present, I can only add, the atheist who looks only at external nature for proofs of a God will probably look in vain; but if he will turn his mind inward and converse with his own spiritual nature, he will hear the still, small, but clear and convincing voice of God to the inner man. . . . . I turned my thoughts inward; I heard the voice of God, I believed—felt myself again locked in the embrace of my Father."

Through all his changes of religious convictions there was no evidence of change in Brownson's views on his duty to his fellowman, in business relations. Thus we find him suspending publication of The Philanthropist because the subscribers had neglected to pay their dues, "and we dare not contract a debt with our printer that we cannot pay, it would be wronging him." And again, he says: "To give a man credit is often the worst injury you can do him, compel him to earn and pay for the article he buys before he consumes it and he may live free from debt, free from embarassment, free from intemperance. Would all our merchants insist on being paid at the time of selling an article, it would be better for them and in the long run fifty per cent better for the community." At this time the young minister's salary was $212 a year, "with hay ten and twelve dollars a ton, corn about a dollar a bushel, and butter at thirty cents a pound."

As a Fourth of July orator Brownson improved the opportunity to drive home another one of his fixed opinions, "the all important truth, that our only hope for the full development and perpetuity of our free institutions is in the moral soundness of the people." He held the schools accountable for the neglect of moral and mental discipline, asserting that children should be taught to reason and reflect and that knowledge of things should be imparted, not merely of sounds or words.

With the discontinuance of The Philanthropist came the resolution to return to New England, and in the summer of 1832, Brownson established himself at Walpole as pastor of the Unitarian Society of that town. Here he lived a pleasanter life than before, with congenial, intelligent neighbors, and an income permitting him many comforts, including the purchase of books. In his leisure he applied himself diligently to the study of French. When reading a book it was his habit to analyze it thoroughly, making a synopsis of each chapter or division, to show what the author wished to make clear, and his own judgment as to the extent of his success. This preparation, unconsciously made, doubtless had much to do with Brownson's fame in after years as a reviewer. In the same way, by persistent exertion and study, in a few years he felt perfectly at ease as an orator.

His personal appearance as a Protestant minister was very different from what he became in later life. He was more than six feet in height, with broad shoulders, large frame and his bodily strength was unusually great. His hair was black and brushed straight back from his forehead; his eyes were of a mixed grey and hazel; his upper lip long. His dress until he gave up preaching was broadcloth. He wore a dress coat at all

hours of the day, and a large white handkerchief crossed behind his neck and tied in front. He slept little, sitting up until two or three o'clock writing or studying. His diet was sparing and he was a total abstainer from wine and spirits.

From Walpole Brownson moved to Canton, but wishing to come more closely in touch with Boston life as a larger field for his labors he left Canton in 1836 and took up his residence in Chelsea. During that year he held religious meetings in Lyceum Hall, Boston, and organized the society for Christian Union and Progress. Many were the trials that came to him through this new movement. Dissensions sprang up, criticism fell unsparingly on the preacher, even infidelity being charged against him, but that he retained the confidence of his friends was manifested on numerous occasions when he was requested to exchange pulpits with other Boston preachers; and once, at Dr. Channing's request he went to New York to address Channing's followers. "Our collection of hearers is very small," wrote the Doctor, "fifty being the greatest number who have ever met there, but you would help on the cause of truth though your hearers were so few." Among those who listened to Brownson on that occasion were the Hecker brothers, John, George and Isaac, who after became his very dear friends.

It is related that he found Dr. Channing more satisfying as a spiritual leader than as a host, for after dining with the doctor, whose table was most sparingly spread, he felt obliged to appease his hunger at an hotel.

In July, 1836, Brownson assumed editorial charge of the Boston Reformer, and in the following year he issued the Boston Quarterly Review, "not because he was certain that the public wanted it, but because he wanted it, as a medium through which he might say to those who chose to read it just what he wished to say, and in his own way and time." That this was not altogether satisfactory is suggested by the discontinuance of the Quarterly in 1842., its list of subscribers being purchased by the Democratic Review. Almost friendless and alone Brownson had conducted the Quarterly for five years, and he parted from it feeling that he owed to it some years of very high enjoyment, intellectual and moral. His contributions to the Democratic Review proved not only unacceptable to a portion of its subscribers, but occasioned its publishers a serious pecuniary loss. The connection was therefore severed, and Brownson once more assumed control of a publication of his own, "Brownson's Quarterly Review."

In its opening pages he appealed to his subscribers to believe none of the idle rumors that might have reached their ears. "I come back what I was," he says, "the heart may be sadder and less buoyant, but it beats still for the same great moral and social aims and retains all its old faith in God, in Christ, and in human capacity. * * * * You have known me too long and too intimately to give in to the false notion that I am constantly changing my opinions. I deny that I have *changed,* though I own that I seem to myself to have *advanced.*"

During the winter season lectures contributed a great part of Brownson's income, and there was hardly a small town in New England or a large one in the Atlantic states where he had not lectured. The arrangements were made by zealous friends, among whom were the Heckers in New York and William D. Kelly in Philadelphia. Brownson's fearlessness never failed to control the judgment of his audience. Once when menaced by an unfriendly gathering in the Tabernacle of

New York, he advanced to the edge of the platform and shouted above the tumult, "I came not here to gain your applause, or to escape your censure; but to tell you the truth, and I *will* tell it." He told it. Another instance of his masterful ways was afforded when his congregation took offence at the character of his sermon. When the preacher gave out the hymn after the sermon not a voice in the choir responded. "Sing! I tell you," he cried in a tone of fury, and the contralto, Hannah Hawkes, began the hymn alone; at the second line the others joined in, and the service proceeded.

In the winter of 1842-43 Brownson took the Middle Ages as the subject of his lecture course, and Protestant though he was, condemned the ungenerous prejudices of Protestants against the Catholic Church, and showed that these prejudices were due either to ignorance of the teachings of the Church or to unwillingness to do it justice. He freely owned that if he must submit to authority in matters of belief and conscience he should much prefer that of the Catholic Church to any other. Not long after Rt. Rev. John Hughes, Bishop of New York, also lectured on the Middle Ages, and in the January following lectured before societies in Baltimore and Philadelphia on the importance of a Christian basis for the science of political economy. His views gave Brownson infinite surprise and pleasure, impressing him favorably not only with the Bishop, but greatly increasing his regard for the Catholic Church.

Studying, reasoning, seeking ever to answer two questions, "What is the Church?" and "Where is the Church?" Brownson's mind rapidly acquired more and more of the truth of Christianity, not the Christianity of Presbyterianism, or Universalism, but the Christianity of the Catholic Church. One familiar with Catholicity could trace his progress and foresee its issue years before he himself was aware of whither he was going. What his old associates considered merely fluctuations were rational steps leading to the avowal that he presently made.

"Our ecclesiastical, theological, and philosophical studies," he wrote, "have brought us to the full conviction that either the Church in communion with the see of Rome is the one holy, Catholic Apostolic Church, or the one holy Catholic Apostolic Church does not exist. We have tried every possible way to escape this conclusion, but escape it we cannot. We must accept it, or go back to the no church doctrine. . . . We are thoroughly convinced in mind, heart, and soul that Christ did institute a visible church; that He founded it upon a rock, that the gates of Hell have not prevailed, and cannot prevail against it, and that it is the duty of us all to submit to it, as the representative of the Son of God on earth."

Having a slight acquaintance with Rt. Rev. B. J. Fenwick, Bishop of Boston, he determined to submit to him his remaining doubts.

"What most impressed me in this interview with Bishop Fenwick," he says, "was the firm and uncompromising character of his Catholicity. . . . He saw clearly what held me back, and that I believed I was prepared to join the Church if I could only have some assurance that individuals dying out of the pale of her communion need not necessarily be despaired of. But neither by word or tone did he indicate that he had any such assurance to give. . . . It was well for me that he was thus stern and uncompromising in his Catholicity. . . . If I had perceived in him the least disposition to soften what seemed to me the severity of the Catholic doctrine, or to conceal or explain it away, I should have distrusted the sincerity of his faith, have failed to give him my confidence, and have lost what I had in his Church."

He was less happy in his first impressions of the Co-adjutor Bishop, Rt. Rev. J. B. Fitzpatrick. It was several months before they understood one another. Brownson was reserved in expressing the philosophical views by which he had overcome his difficulties concerning the

Church, and the Bishop was almost doubtful of the docility of one so bold and independent in thought and expression as his catechumen was known to be. The latter, however, was convinced of the necessity of the Church for acquiring the Christian life, and finding nothing in the teachings of that Church which his reason rejected, though much which his reason could never attain to, he renounced Protestantism and became a Catholic, October 20, 1844, being then forty-one years of age.

He afterwards compared his experience of different beliefs during the twenty-two years between his profession of Presbyterianism and his conversion to the Catholic faith as that of one stepping on cakes of ice, each cake barely supporting his weight until he could reach the next, until at last he stepped on solid ground. His old associates prophesied his return to Protestantism within six months, but no man ever adhered more firmly to the truth once he had found it. Mrs. Brownson became a Catholic immediately after her husband's reception into the Church; the children who were too young to need instruction were baptized with their mother, two others just before her, and the last two a few months afterwards. One of Mrs. Brownson's greatest sorrows was the unchristian character of her husband's writings and speeches a few years after their marriage. She was then a devout believer in the so-called orthodox faith, but she knew that it was useless to argue with her husband. She waited and prayed patiently and hopefully, as the years went by, and in the end had the supreme happiness of seeing him accept not only all of Christianity which she believed, but going even further and embracing all that Christ had taught.

Brownson's subsequent career was one of comparative tranquility of mind, though he found himself confronting a seemingly unsolvable problem of providing a maintenance for himself and family; and undoubtedly had many reasons for the "symptoms of gloom and discouragement" of which the Rev. C. A. Walworth makes mention in his letter, where he asserts, "It is both my pride and pleasure to class myself among your friends. All times which try men's souls are times which try men's friendship also. * * * And permit me to say there never was a time when I listened more earnestly to hear the sledge-hammer blows of the Review, or felt more confidence in its power to do execution than in the present crisis of affairs." His mental industry was indefatigable. He wrote much and lectured much and his controversial spirit soon engaged him in discussions that in some quarters called in question the staunchness of his belief. In a letter to his son he writes: "My Catholic position I have lately heard is good at the Propaganda, but not very good here. What will be the upshot I cannot say. My faith I need not tell you is firm, and let come what may I shall live and die in the communion of the Church."

Subjection to editorial supervision was sometimes very irritating to Brownson, as his letters to Fathers Hecker and Hewitt show, but he was always rational, and his humility, the humility of a truly great man, was touching. "I shall always listen with profoundest respect to your remonstrances, and as far as possible remove the grievance," he wrote to Father Hewitt. "Do not run away with the notion that remonstrances are lost on me, especially if they come from yourself, whom I have so much reason to love as a friend and to respect as a teacher. There is little, except abandoning principle, that you cannot make me do if you tried, for

the truth you tell me even in wrath I will accept as if it was told in love."

In 1864 Brownson suspended his Review because he was unwilling to continue a periodical which had not the full confidence of the Catholic hierarchy; in many circles he was distrusted as a Catholic, and the common talk was that he had returned or soon would return to some form of Protestantism. It was said he was disgusted against Catholicity and was turning against it. But no man was ever more unjustly suspected. Never for one moment, whether or not he had erred in his opinions, had his faith in the Church been shaken, or the thought of leaving her been entertained. It was hard for him to conceive how men ever really Catholic in faith could be so deluded by pride as to abandon the Church. Brownson had no such pride of intellect or of learning to dominate his loyalty and love for the Church which only had the words of eternal life. In it he lived and in it he died on Easter Monday morning, 1886. While the prayers for the dying were being recited by his side, "he gave sign by a longer and stronger breath that his spirit had gone to meet the absolute good and the absolute truth."

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO—AND TODAY.

THE CHURCH IN BOSTON.

BY GEORGE W. JOYCE.

When Bishop Carroll visited Boston one hundred years ago to dedicate the first Catholic church erected in that city, journalistic enterprise of the day did not realize the importance of his coming. Seeking for a detailed account of the ceremony in Franklin Street church the writer examined a file of The Independent Chronicle (published in Boston) for the year 1803, and not even a paragraph bearing on the subject rewarded the search. In fact, church news of any kind was not included in the contents, though moral issues were frequently discussed. Thus a prominent column was devoted to the warning uttered by a "Repentant Gambler" who deplored the havoc wrought in his life by High, Low, Jack, and warned his fellow men to shun the pernicious game lest they too, ruined and disgraced, might be driven to contemplate the awful death of the suicide. "Velvet waistcoatings for gentlemen" are advertised side by side with "Bossuet's Sermons"; and obituary notices record the deaths of "virtuous consorts," giving the recorder a fine opportunity for the expression of pious sentiment—presumably at regular space rates. Here is an instance: "When the grim tyrant snatches from our enjoyment a friend so amiably and dearly beloved, though in the evening of life, the heart of sensibility almost despairs of acquiring that resignation that religion ought always to inspire." Nearly every one who died was "possessed of a fine mind," a fact readily accounted for in the educational advertisements—all of a class with that of one Mrs. F., who guaranteed "a genteel and correct education," and proved her fitness to mould the character of youth. "If it should please the Great Disposer of Events to afflict this town with malignant fever," she announces, "I have provided a wholesome house in another town to which the young ladies will be removed." A wise precaution that should have commended this model academy to the favorable consideration of "genteel" parents. There are copious

notes, Latest Foreign Intelligence (from four to six weeks from date of happening), scathing political diatribes, verbose letters on many subjects, anecdotes that provoke mirth, though rather serious in tone, an occasional amateur essay on travel, very similar to the "We-left-the-port-of ———" style of the tyro tourist of this present year of grace. There are graceful "lines" to many things, including the Faded Flower, but no church news, and the word "Catholic" is conspicuously absent. I do not remember seeing it in the complete file of twelve months' numbers. There is a "calamity" reported—the death by fire of a Donahoe family, including "two fine young men, thirteen and fifteen years of age,"—and we may infer that the Donahoes were members of the little band of Catholics whose efforts reared the Franklin Street church, and brought to Boston the prelate of Baltimore to dedicate it. Contrast this dearth of newspaper interest in Catholic events in Boston with the activity of the press today in furnishing its readers with full reports of the celebration of the centennial, and in reviewing the progress of Catholicity during the century! In this very change we have unqualified acknowledgment of the strength, numerical and political and social, of the Catholic body in Boston in 1903.

One hundred years ago the Catholics in Boston numbered probably one thousand, an appreciable increase from the one hundred accredited by Father Thayer in 1791, though probably his estimate could have been considerably added to from unconsidered sources. For some time preceding the opening of the first church the Catholics of Boston had been attended to by the Abbé de la Poterie, who was appointed pastor by Bishop Carroll, the congregation having already provided a place of worship. This was the old French Protestant chapel on School street, first used by the Huguenots. The British are said to have used it as a stable in 1775. Before the hiring of this chapel private services had been held in the West End at the house of a Mr. Barry. The first public Mass was celebrated in the chapel by Abbé de la Poterie, on Sunday, November 2nd, 1788. It has been stated that a full account of this ceremony appeared in The Independent Chronicle, published the following Thursday, but the file for that year was incomplete, the desired date being among the missing numbers. The Abbé was not altogether successful in his ministrations, and after a short tenure of office was suspended from his pastorship, but it must be recorded to his credit that he formed the first congregation in Boston, and gave to the church the name which is borne by its direct successor. The altar plate and vestments used on the occasion are still preserved. After the departure of Abbé de la Poterie the city was once more without a priest. The Rev. Louis Rousselet, another Frenchman, occasionally administered to the flock until the arrival of Rev. John Thayer, the Puritan convert.

The Sunday after his arrival in Boston Father Thayer held services in the church of the Holy Cross. Hancock was then Governor, and John Adams was Vice-President of the nation. Father Thayer's relatives and friends received him kindly, and crowds flocked to see the former parson arrayed in flowing vestments and conducting a service that seemed strange indeed to them. At that time the population numbered 18,000, with the Catholics, French and Irish numbering one hundred, as far as their priest could determine. When Father Thayer opened the little church it was dilapidated and deserted. Father Rousselet does not seem to have exerted himself unduly, and he and the energetic New Englander were soon at variance, with the result that the French

element in the congregation was estranged. Bishop Carroll visited the town and Father Rousselet was removed. This was the occasion of Bishop Carroll's first visit to Boston, and he was received with profuse cordiality. The Governor attended Mass as a mark of respect, and the Bishop was asked to pronounce thanksgiving at a banquet of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. Despite this, the prejudice he found in Boston amazed him. "Many here," he wrote, "even of their principal people, have acknowledged to me that they would have crossed to the opposite side of the street rather than meet a Roman Catholic some time ago. The horror which was associated with the idea of a Papist is incredible, and the scandalous misrepresentations by their ministers increase the horror every Sunday."

Father Thayer was not fortunate in allaying this feeling. He was always ready for heated controversy and new troubles speedily arose. He avowed his readiness to answer "publicly or privately" any objection to the doctrine he preached, and the challenge was taken up by Rev. Mr. Leslie of Washington, New Hampshire. There was a series of controversial lectures in the church, and much newspaper discussion, Leslie finally subsiding into silence, to the mortification of his followers. A lawyer named Gardiner took up the debate in a more abusive tone, and latent antipathies were stirred into activity.

The marked progress of the Church in Boston begins with the coming of Rev. Francis Anthony Matignon, who came in the summer of 1792, setting Father Thayer free to travel through the different towns, lecturing, publishing, discussing and baptizing. Father Thayer subsequently went to England, and finally to Ireland, where he passed the remainder of his life, and where no doubt his many fine qualities of mind and heart were fully appreciated. He had conceived the idea of founding a convent in Boston, and continued to labor for this purpose. The funds which he had collected, amounting to eight or ten thousand dollars, were bequeathed to Dr. Matignon as a trust, and were applied to the foundation of the Ursuline convent, destroyed in 1836 by a mob. In this centennial year it is well to remember what New England owed to the brave, outspoken Father John Thayer, who compelled the Puritans to listen to him respectfully, and through whose efforts many New Englanders were led to study the doctrine of the Church.

Father Matignon quietly set about the task of uniting his flock. He was a type of the high-minded clergy whom the Revolution had banished from France. He was a Parisian, thirty-nine years old, scholarly, tactful, patient, and reasonable. He not only smoothed over the difficulties besetting his own path, but prepared the way for an associate who was to exert an even greater salutary influence. This was Jean Lefebvre de Cheverus, a French priest, living in England in exile. He came of an ancestry which for generations had held the chief offices in the town of Mayenne. After passing through the schools of his native town he was sent to the college of Louis-le-Grand, Paris, and there at the age of thirteen he was invested with a clerical benefice. He made a splendid record in scholarship and was ordained in December, 1790, just as the Revolution was about to burst forth. He was not yet twenty-three years of age, though in mental attainments and depth of spirit fully fitted for the office he assumed. In the frenzy of the revolutionary outbreak he narrowly escaped death. Declining to take the oath of submission he made his way to England, and although he possessed only sixty dollars when he reached England he declined the

proffered aid of the British Government. "The little I have," he said, "will suffice for my wants until I learn something of the language, and when I am once acquainted with it I can earn my living, if in no other way, by the labor of my hands." In three months he was teaching French and mathematics at a boarding school conducted by a Protestant clergyman who became his devoted friend. At the end of a year he gave up public teaching, and opened a chapel for English Catholics. And here came to him a letter from Dr. Matignon, who had known him as a seminarian and admired his brilliant talents and charm of character. The new field to which he was invited embraced the whole of New England, but difficulty only fed the flame of zeal in the young priest's soul, and yielding himself to the impulse of the missionary spirit he reached Boston, October 3rd, 1796. A rare intimacy sprang up between the two French exiles. "Send me where I am most needed," Cheverus wrote to Bishop Carroll on his arrival, "without making yourself anxious about the means of supporting me. I am willing to work with my hands if need be, and I believe I have strength enough to do it." He was sent to Maine the following summer. He reached Point Pleasant and took possession of his bark house and church. The latter was lighted only by the door, and the altar piece was formed of two pieces of red and blue cloth. The General Court of Massachusetts had appropriated two hundred dollars a year for a Catholic missionary, and Father Cheverus was therefore assured of some support. Escorted by Indians he visited Oldtown in the following year, and here too he found a bark chapel, but no vestments or plate. He visited the Indians in Maine twice a year, and attended the scattered Catholics on his way. In January, 1800, he became involved in a legal difficulty through having married two Catholics, whereas the law of Massachusetts, which then included Maine, prohibited all persons, except the minister or justice of the peace of the place to perform the marriage ceremony. Father Cheverus directed the newly-married couple to go next day before the justice of the peace to ratify their marriage, but this did not placate the representatives of the law. The gentle, pious priest was arrested and tried at Wiscasset, being placed in the dock with the coarsest and most brutal criminals. Judges Bradbury and Strong evinced great hostility to him, Bradbury saying that if Father Cheverus had not been proved a settled minister at Boston he would have made him stand an hour in the pillory and pay a fine of eighty dollars, but being a settled minister he was liable only to a civil action. The civil suit was pressed. Bradbury declared vehemently that Father Cheverus must pay the fine, but he was thrown from his horse and prevented from attending court. The attorney general was absent when the case was reached, and the lawyer who usually attended to his business had been retained by the priest whom these fanatics were persecuting. The case was passed and no more was heard of it. Father Cheverus' tour in the wilderness was an unmeasured joy to the Indians, and he could only tear himself away by a promise to visit them every year, and this he did faithfully until Rev. James Romagné came to them as a missionary. Father Cheverus returned to Boston in time to aid Dr. Matignon in caring for the victims of the epidemic of yellow fever which then set in. Established in Boston, Father Cheverus, while assiduously pursuing his labors among his little flock, entered also into the civic life of the time. As a naturalized citizen he identified himself with public movements, and before long had laid the Puritan community under the spell of his personality. The Cath-

olics had still deeper reason for attachment to their priests and they welcomed the opportunity to express their loyalty when the project of a new church was broached. The lease of the School street building had expired and the size of the congregation rendered a renewal unwise. At a meeting held Sunday, March 31st, 1799, a committee of seven members was appointed to consider the question of a change and to draft plans. The committee consisted of Hon. Don Juan Stoughton, Spanish consul at Boston; John Magner, Michael Burns, Owen Callaghan, Edmund Connor, John Duggan and Patrick Campbell, and, within a few weeks they had raised $3,000. Many pledged themselves to give half their monthly earnings for the object dear to their hearts. A lot of land at the foot of Franklin street was purchased and a building fund opened.

The subscriber who headed the list of this fund was John Adams, President of the United States, and of the total sum collected, $16,153, one-fifth, or $3,433, was contributed by Protestants—an expression of religious tolerance and goodwill never before manifested so generously in New England.

On St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1800, ground was broken for the church. It was a brick structure on a stone foundation, and cost about $20,000. On September 29, 1803, the church was dedicated by Bishop Carroll, assisted by Rev. Dr. Matignon, Rev. John de Cheverus, and two other priests. A procession from the house of the Spanish Consul opened the ceremony, and after Bishop Carroll had blessed the church, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated, Mr. Massé presiding at the organ. The church was crowded and the outdoor assembly was very great. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Cheverus. A bell, now in the mortuary chapel at Holyhood cemetery, was presented to the Church by Mr. Hasket Derby.

The Church of the Holy Cross was subsequently enlarged to meet the growing wants of the congregation, and for many years was the only Catholic Church in Boston.

In the year 1808 Boston was made an episcopal see, and Rev. John Cheverus was consecrated its first Bishop. His consecration took place in Baltimore, November 1, 1810, the consecrating prelate being Bishop Carroll, who had appointed him assistant in Boston to Father Matignon. Europe was at the time in a troubled condition, and the official papers from Rome, appointing Dr. Cheverus as first Bishop of Boston, were considerably delayed. The new diocese embraced all the New England States. It was from the date of Bishop Cheverus' consecration that the Franklin Street Church became known as the Cathedral of the Holy Cross.

St. Patrick's Church at Newcastle, and the log cabin of the Indian mission at Pleasant Point, Me., together with the Boston church, comprised the whole number of churches within the jurisdiction of Bishop Cheverus. His "episcopal palace" consisted of a single room, which served alike for reception room and sleeping chamber. When the few chairs with which it was supplied proved insufficient for those who had occasion to call on him his bedstead helped to seat the company. He dressed plainly, rarely took more than one meal a day, employed no attendants, split his own kindling wood, but was most assiduous in the performance of his ecclesiastical duties, going miles by day or night to administer the consolations of religion to the sick, or material assistance to the poor and oppressed. That he might have more to give in alms he rigorously denied himself, even going without fire in his room in winter, and tramping long distances that he might save the fare. Fre-

quently he walked from Chelsea to Salem, a distance of twelve miles, trudging steadily three or four hours over roads that were none too good in those early days. For fifteen years he ruled as Bishop of Boston, winning the love of all classes, and so gaining the confidence of his Protestant neighbors that many of them sought his counsel.

On May 31, 1817, Bishop Cheverus for the first time used his episcopal faculty for the conferring of holy orders in the Diocese of Boston, ordaining to the priesthood Rev. Denis Ryan, who was assigned to the Indian missions of Maine.

The following year Dr. Matignon died, September 19, and his remains were interred in the tomb of John Magner, in the old Granary burying ground, but were transferred to the new Catholic cemetery in South Boston, in 1819, and now repose under the floor of the mortuary chapel of St. Augustine. The record of his interment, in the handwriting of Bishop Cheverus, contained that prelate's testimony to the worth of his departed friend, "He died as he lived—a saint," an opinion held not alone by his own co-religionists but by the community in general.

The health of Bishop Cheverus began to fail, and he was recalled to France in 1823. There he was made Bishop of Montauban, and afterward was transferred to Bourdeaux, where he died a cardinal archbishop, July 19, 1836.

After the departure of Bishop Cheverus from Boston the affairs of the diocese were temporarily administered by Very Rev. William Taylor, vicar-general, and then Rev. Benedict J. Fenwick was appointed bishop, being consecrated in Baltimore, in his native state, on November 1, 1825. When he came to Boston he found only two priests in the city, Rev. William Taylor, V. G., and Rev. Patrick Byrne.

In 1827, Rev. James Fitton and Rev. James Wiley were ordained priests. The first Catholic school in Boston, for boys, was opened in connection with the old cathedral on Franklin street, in 1827. Ecclesiastical students who were pursuing their studies under Bishop Fenwick, were the teachers, and it was here that His Grace, Archbishop Williams, received his first lessons in the rudiments of Latin.

The growing needs of the Catholic people necessitated an increase in the number of priests, and Bishop Fenwick after much difficulty secured a clergyman, Rev. John Mahony, from the south, sending him to Salem, and Rev. C. D. French, a convert of New York, whom he sent into Maine. Rev. Robert D. Woodley labored in Rhode Island and Connecticut. Gradually, however, the number of clergymen grew, and then the bishop determined to build more churches.

In 1829 old St. Mary's Church, Charlestown, was dedicated by Bishop Fenwick, to accommodate the Catholics of Craigie's Point and Charlestown, and in 1831 St. Augustine's Chapel, South Boston, was enlarged to provide a place of worship for the Catholics of the peninsular district. St. Mary's on Endicott street was dedicated in 1836. Then in rapid succession were erected St. Patrick's Church on Northampton street, St. John's on Moon street, and later St. Stephen's, Hanover street, and in 1844 SS. Peter and Paul, Broadway, South Boston.

About this time it was deemed advisable to appoint a coadjutor to assist Bishop Fenwick, whose health was failing, and in 1844 Rev. J. B. Fitzpatrick was appointed. Two years later Bishop Fenwick died, and was buried at Holy Cross College, Worcester.

As a result of the Famine of 1846-47 Irish emigration vastly increased the number of Catholic residents in Boston. They settled chiefly in the old Fort Hill district, where a church was purchased by Andrew

Carney, at the direction of Bishop Fitzpatrick.

During the following twenty years of Bishop Fitzpatrick's ministrations, churches sprang up all over the city. Several religious communities came to Boston during this period. The house of the Angel Guardian was also established. A church was provided at the corner of Albany and Harvard streets, where one of the freight houses now stands, in 1855, and of it, His Grace, the present Archbishop of Boston, was pastor when he was appointed coadjutor bishop. Later on it was replaced by the present St. James' Church on Harrison avenue. The German Catholic Church on Tremont street, the old St. Francis de Sales Church in Roxbury, and the convent of Notre Dame were all established about that time.

The number of Catholics in Boston in 1853 was estimated as being about 80,000.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception, Harrison avenue, was opened for divine worship in 1861, the dedicatory ceremony being performed by Archbishop Hughes, of New York.

The land for the new cathedral of the Holy Cross, on Washington street, was purchased in October, 1860. Ground was broken for the foundation April 27, 1866, and the basement chapel was ready for use, December 7, 1873.

In 1866, the present Archbishop of Boston had been appointed coadjutor bishop with right of succession, and on February 13 of the same year, Bishop Fitzpatrick, under whose rule the Catholic Church in Boston had made such progress, died at the episcopal residence.

The history of the progress of the Church in Boston under the wise and beneficent administration of the Rt. Rev. John J. Williams, D.D., the present honored and beloved archbishop, is known to all men.

In the archdiocese of Boston alone, the one church and one clergyman of a century ago have been multiplied several hundred fold. The Catholic population of one hundred souls to whom the saintly Matignon ministered a century ago has grown to be this year 650,000. If the territory which he and Bishop Cheverus presided over be included, the figures rise to 1,739,000 of a Catholic population.

Besides the metropolitan of Boston there are six other prelates ruling spiritually over the area which a century ago had to be attended to by Father Matignon. They direct the diocesan sees of Springfield, Burlington, Portland, Manchester, Providence, and Hartford.

They number in the ecclesiastical ranks within their borders, including the archdiocese of Boston, 1,616 clergymen, 925 churches and nearly 1,750,000 of a Catholic population. The seminaries, schools, institutions for the care of the sick, infirm and unfortunate, are in proportion to the growth of the Catholic Church in other directions.

Surely the prayer of the Puritan convert has been answered! What joy would have possessed the soul of Father Thayer could he have foreseen the status of the Church in New England today, when he pleaded, "I entreat all those who shall peruse this narrative to pray with fervor the Father of Lights and the God of Mercies to bless the designs of his unworthy servant and to open an easy access to the faith in my country, and to cause it to shoot forth and to fructify in a land in which it has never yet been possessed."

THE AUSTRIAN VETO AND THE SACRED COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

BY GIUSEPPE MUCCIOLI.

Many were the persons who when Leo XIII. took to his bed—his splendid vitality conquered at last by the illness that caused his death—could not or would not believe that the venerable Pontiff was near his end. Affection, personal interests, the ready way he had always resisted the inroads of disease led them to think that this time, too, death would be defeated, and that the Holy Father would live to celebrate his hundredth birthday, an illusion which had become almost a certainty. Hence the fierce opposition, the hostility, leveled at Doctor Lapponi, when in his honesty he deemed it necessary to declare that hope of recovery was slight indeed. "It is the first time that the Pope is seriously ill, and Lapponi is killing him," was said to willing and unwilling listeners, the accusers basing their assertions on the fact that the first bulletins announced that the disease was pneumonia, while later reports mentioned the presence of symptoms of pleurisy. Doctor Lapponi, hurt and indignant, appealed to his illustrious colleagues, Mazzoni and Rossini, and the result of their consultation was the confirmation of the accuracy of Lapponi's diagnosis. Even then hints and insinuations were not wanting, even slander was employed to such an extent that when the end had come, and the body of the Pope was to be embalmed, the faithful physician was seized with a doubt lest what science had revealed to him might not be sustained by the conditions disclosed in the embalming process. This doubt was natural in one whose judgment had been denounced even by persons whose rank claimed his respect, and in his momentary perturbation Doctor Lapponi wanted to exclude all witnesses not bound by honor to preserve secrecy. Above all, he did not want the members of the Noble Guard on duty to remain in the embalming room.

It may be well to explain here that as soon as the death of a Pope is deemed inevitable a corps of the Noble Guard enters the sick room and maintains an uninterrupted sentry duty until death ensues, when it assumes guard over the body, not leaving it a moment until burial. Therefore the request of Doctor Lapponi that the Guard be withdrawn was energetically opposed by the officer in charge, and finally it is said, the issue was settled by the members of the detail on duty taking an oath not to reveal anything that the autopsy would make known to them. But results established beyond question that pleurisy was present, and the doctor was vindicated.

Still his enemies were not satisfied and when it became known that contrary to custom, the body of the Pope would not be exposed in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in such a manner that the people could kiss the feet, through the bars of the closed bronze gate, dissatisfaction broke forth anew, and absurd charges of incompetency were actively circulated, the prejudiced preferring to believe that Doctor Lapponi and his associates had failed to embalm the remains properly, rather than the truth, which was that owing to the Holy Father's extreme age it was deemed unwise to follow the established custom of exposing the feet to the touch of the public. The reverent, delicate forethought of the doctors was directed to preserving the frail body of the

beloved Pontiff, and even the process of robing it in pontifical state was modified, the heavy robes being merely laid upon the remains. Doctor Lapponi's full vindication was made when Pius X. appointed him to the place of *archiatra*—a high-sounding Greek word meaning simply physician to the Pope.

But let us pass from Leo of happy memory to the reigning Pontiff, pausing a moment to consider the august assembly by which he was exalted to the heights of the Papal See. It is said that the foreign cardinals were unanimously opposed to the election of a member of the Curia, that powerful assembly through which all matters relating to the administration of church patrimony, religious congregations, foreign missions, archbishops, bishops, clergy, etc., must reach the Pope. The various departments of the Curia, called the Congregations, study, accept or refuse the questions submitted to them; it will therefore be readily understood that a Curia cardinal wields much power, and has a knowledge of affairs not possessed by the foreign and other cardinals residing in their dioceses, officiating as bishops, and not in touch with the inner workings of the Vatican.

Two Curia cardinals, Rampolla and Gotti, were mentioned as the favored candidates. Their parties, so said report, were strong, their adherents faithful, but the foreign cardinals and the Italian cardinals not in favor of Curia candidates, exerted their influence, and it soon became evident that the votes of Cardinals Rampolla and Gotti could not advance beyond the number given at the second ballot.

Cardinal Satolli, the former pro-nuncio to America, aided by the lofty mind, indomitable will, and superior judgment of the Archbishop of Baltimore, grasped the situation at a glance. He won to his side Cardinals Cavagnis and Agliardi and, after a consultation with the foreign group, launched the candidature of the Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Sarto. It was taken up with great enthusiasm and the fortunes of him who was destined to be the future Pope rose at every ballot, with wonderful rapidity.

It is said that the veto pronounced by Austria on the name of Cardinal Rampolla was the cause of his defeat. Nothing less true. Without the coalition of the foreign cardinals that same veto would have made of Rampolla a Pope, such was the indignation of the Sacred College at the daring of the Emperor of Austria in attempting to control the will of the Conclave. But if the Italians were ready to subordinate other issues to their desire to rebuke the insulting interference of Austria, the foreign members of the Conclave stood their ground, and the relative position of the candidates remained unchanged.

It is said that the scene which followed the declaration of the veto was both solemn and appalling. As soon as Cardinal Putryna had finished reading the imperial message, a cry of righteous indignation rose from the august assembly, but was almost immediately hushed by the voice of Cardinal Rampolla himself, who rose from his seat, and, though declaring himself unworthy of the papal dignity, nevertheless energetically protested, as a member of the Sacred College, against the violence which an earthly power had dared to commit against the freedom of the Conclave. Cardinal Putryna might have answered, trying to explain the Emperor's will, but he had no opportunity. Cardinal Oreglia was seen to leave his place and advance slowly towards the middle of the Conclave; there he stood, a tall commanding figure, attracting to himself the eager

attention of the sacred council. In heartfelt terms he began a splendid eulogium of Cardinal Rampolla, whom he proclaimed worthy of the highest dignity, and, turning then towards Cardinal Putryna, who stood trembling, awed by the solemnity of the scene, the Camerlengo by virtue of the power bestowed on him by the Church during the interregnum, addressed to the Austrian Cardinal words of severest censure for having dared to disturb the calm, the dignity, the freedom of the Conclave, by introducing the veto at the command of an earthly sovereign.

The ballot which followed that scene ought to have made of the Cardinal a Pope by acclamation, but only thirty-one votes were given to him. Cardinal Sarto stood out as the favored candidate and the day after he was elected with fifty votes out of sixty-one.

And we have a new Pope, a saintly man beyond any doubt, a clever man, surely, and one to win hearts by his magnetic personality. When Cardinal Oreglia, in his capacity of Camerlengo, asked him according to the rite, if he were ready to accept the pontificate canonically bestowed on him by the Conclave, he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears, calling himself unworthy of that high honor. The stern Camerlengo had to repeat his question in a firm, almost commanding, voice to elicit from him his consent, "God's will be done. I accept."

Among the seventy thousand people who witnessed the Coronation in St. Peter's there must have been many who had had the privilege of seeing the late Pope enter the great basilica on occasions of pontifical state. In marked contrast to the bearing of Leo XIII., when with sparkling eyes and head nobly erect, he rose from his throne to give his blessing to the wildly-cheering crowds, was the manner in which Pius X. received the demonstrations of the multitude when he made his first appearance in St. Peter's, as Pope. Acclamations of welcome broke forth tumultuously, but died away suddenly, for the Pontiff was visibly disturbed by the demonstrations of his people. His manner was not that of the Sovereign Pontiff receiving the homage due to him, but rather that of the priest troubled because the silence of the temple had been broken by such a wild burst of enthusiastic feeling. His hand rose half in benediction and half in an imploring gesture as if to beg for silence; and as the cheers broke out now and then with renewed vigor he put his index finger on his lips as an humble parish priest would do to calm down a somewhat unruly rural congregation, or as mothers do to quiet their children. Romans smiled good-humoredly at that simple gesture. "What a saint he must be!" their comments ran after the ceremony.

It is not possible to judge fully as yet the possibilities, the energies, the talents of Pius X. Evidently accustomed to a simple, retired life, he will simplify to the best of his power custom, etiquette and ceremonial. He literally took away the breath of his court on Coronation Day by the most decided breaking through protocol ever heard of in the Vatican for centuries. Coming back from St. Peter's to his apartments, the Holy Father entered for the first time the *portantina* or sedan chair, a conveyance he dislikes, used to carry the Pope through the never-ending passages and corridors of the Apostolic Palace. Some sixty persons, Noble guards, Swiss guards, chamberlains, trainbearers, and other attendants followed him. The procession had to pass in front of the "lift" which runs from the St. Damaso court to the third floor, where are located the provisory apartments of

the Pope. The head of the pageant had already passed on, when His Holiness ordered his bearers to stop, calmly left the *portantina,* and turning to the officer of his Noble Guards, said: "Come with me. We will take the lift." And entering it he disappeared before the astonished eyes of his court. But the punctilious attendants quickly came to a decision; their strict duty was to accompany the Pope until he reached his apartment, and so up they went three long flights of stairs, and when they reached the landing they found Pius X. calmly waiting for them. "I am sorry," he said, "to see you so flushed and out of breath. I could very well have entered my room alone, but as you insist on accompanying me, let us then go on all together."

But those calm, tranquil, apparently retiring men, are apt on an occasion to show unflinching strength of character when they have come to a long pondered decision. Patriarch Sarto gave ample proofs that his strong will knows how to win when duty is calling for action. Apart from the fact that, though the son of peasants, he rose by his merits alone to the highest dignity in the Church, his admirable work in Venice inspires great hopes for his future as a Pope.

The Venetians worship him, not only for his unbounded charity, and for the truly apostolic spirit with which he ruled his diocese, but they remember too that the working classes, and above all, the peasantry of Venice and of the neighboring provinces, have been saved, thanks to him, from the dreadful curse of usury, through the institution of the parochial banks which now cover the land, offering cheap and honest credit to painstaking labor.

Coming often in contact with the members of the royal family, Cardinal Sarto had shown always that an ecclesiastical dignitary could find the way of conciliating the sacred rights of his Church and the patriotic sentiments of his country. Complete conciliation between the Vatican and the present political powers of Italy is utterly impossible. The Pope cannot be Italian in the strict sense of the word; that is, he cannot take too much to heart the political interest of Italy without exciting a certain degree of jealousy among Catholics of other nationalities. But Pius X., ready to keep his oath of defending even the temporal rights of the Church "with his very blood," may be trusted not to look to diplomatic cleverness for satisfaction and triumphs which would wound the national pride.

Pius X. confirmed in their offices all the Court dignitaries. He has not yet chosen his Secretary of State, his right hand so to say, the man who will have to put into practice the Pope's ideas and decisions. Real power will be in the hands of the man who will be called to this office; nevertheless I think that the prudent slowness of Pius X. indicates that his choice will be a wise one. Those mentioned as possible candidates feel that they are being calmly but keenly observed by a man slow in decision, but firm in his purpose to choose the most deserving. Already there is a general recognition of the fact that despite his simplicity, and his retiring disposition, Pius X. is master, and will prove himself a worthy successor of the great Leo XIII., of happy memory.

PIUS X AS CARDINAL PATRIARCH OF VENICE.

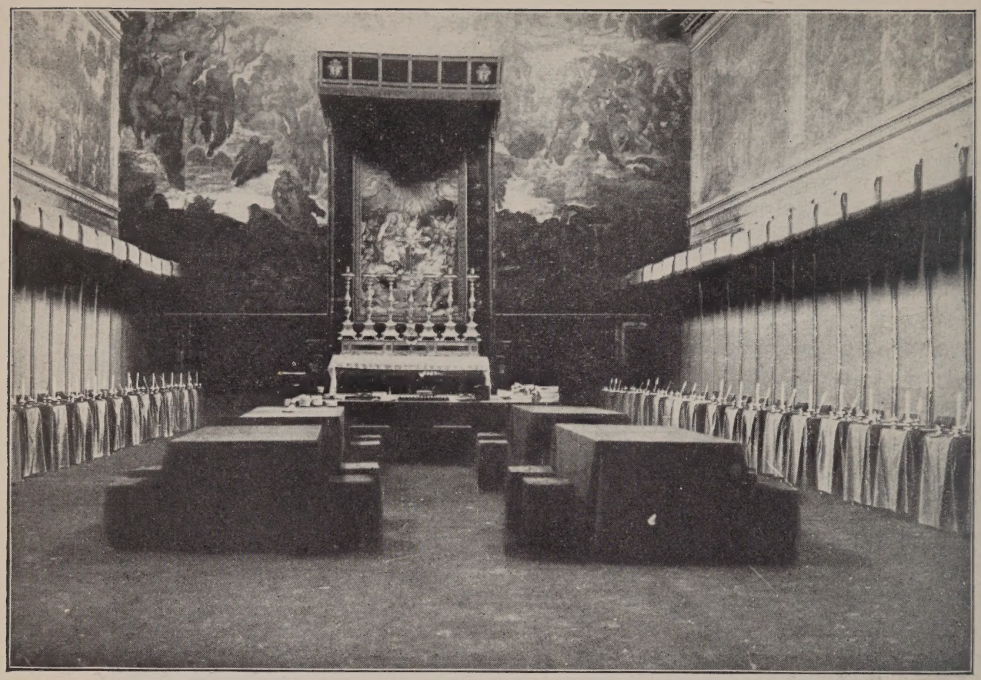
(Taken a few weeks before his elevation to the Papacy). A most striking portrait, and exactly as the Cardinal appeared in the Sistine at the Papal Requiems.

THE SUMMER OF THE "PASSING," THE "CONCLAVE" AND THE "COMING."

IMPRESSIONS FROM THE CITY OF THE CONCLAVE.

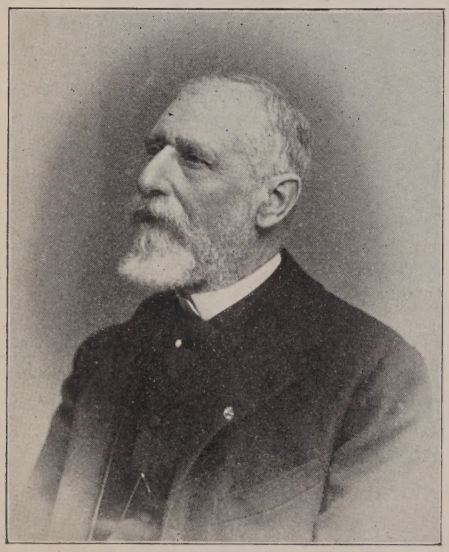
BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

It will be long before the memories of this eventful summer of the "Passing," the "Conclave" and the "Coming" have passed into oblivion. A strange change came over the papal city, that strangest of all changes, an "interregnum" after



THE SISTINE CHAPEL READY FOR CONCLAVE.

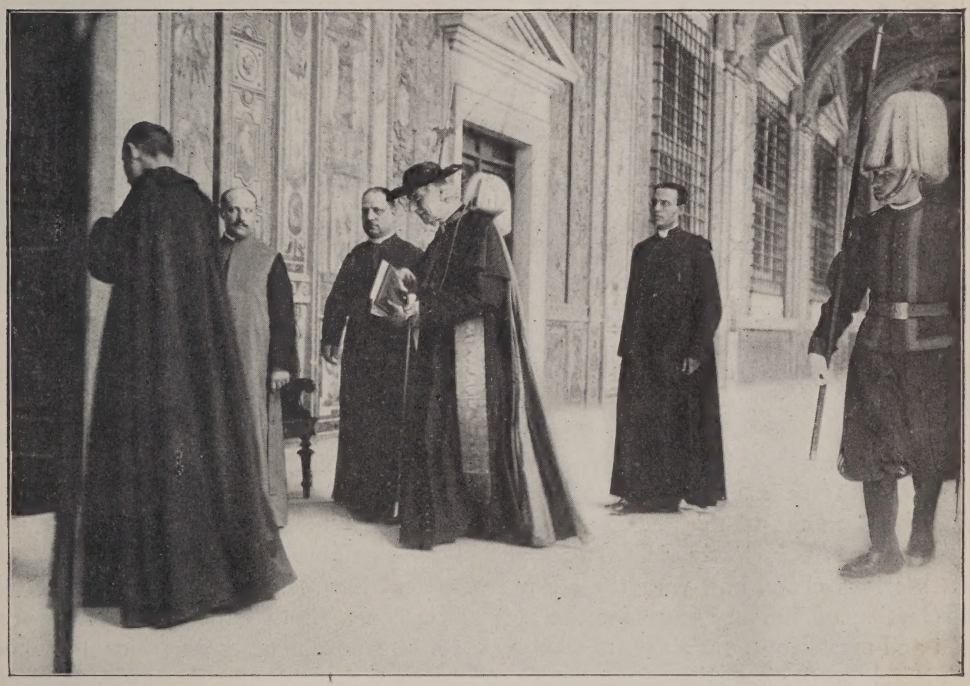
twenty-five years of peaceful government; when the Apostolic See had lost its Sovereign, and the aged Camerlengo ruled temporarily. We had closed an epoch sacred to the memories of a wise and beloved ruler, and opened a page of history as yet unknown. The thrones in the apartments of the respective cardinals, always turned to the wall during the lifetime of a Pope, were turned outward, and each cardinal was paid sovereign homage, every member of the Sacred College being at the time a possible Pope. The reign of the "Vacant See" was inaugurated and every official document or notice issued from the Vatican during that period bore the coat-of-arms of the Vacant See. It was a strangely-concentrated atmosphere of suppressed anxiety and waiting, eager, yet, as it were, reluctant, for the mysterious "Coming." There seemed to be but the one pass-word trembling on the air, "When *He* comes!" Even the aged Cardinal-Camerlengo and his busy assistants were wont to meet demands and enquiries addressed to them concerning future arrangements with the unfailing, undisturbed rejoinder, "Patience! Things will



PRINCE MARIO CHIGI, PRINCE-MARSHAL OF THE CONCLAVE.

adjust themselves, and all will be right, when *He* comes!"

Every day the cardinals had their congregations in the Consistory Hall of the Vatican, while the *Novendiali* were going on in St. Peter's. On the three days preceding the Conclave Requiem Masses were celebrated by the Sacred College of Cardinals, in the Sistine Chapel, with all the cardinalatial pomp of the Vacant See. A service in the Papal Chapel without the crimson velvet canopy hung a tapestry picture of the Resurrection of Lazarus. Nevertheless the atmosphere was one of deepest sadness. An appropriate background for the requiem of a Pontiff—the frescoed types of the Redeemer and their fulfillment, and Michelangiolo's Judgment—that eternal epitome of death and grief and endless mourning—looked down like an embodied *Dies Irae* from the wall. One by one, and in silence, the Car-



CARDINAL OREGLIA GOING INTO CONCLAVE.

Pope seems but an anomaly, and curiously empty is all the state and ceremony which so fittingly surrounded that central figure. None of the sombre trappings of a funeral attended this pontifical requiem. Though a towering catafalque arose in the centre of the chapel, surrounded by starry lights and surmounted by the triple crown, its draperies hung in heavy folds of crimson velvet, and over the altar with its

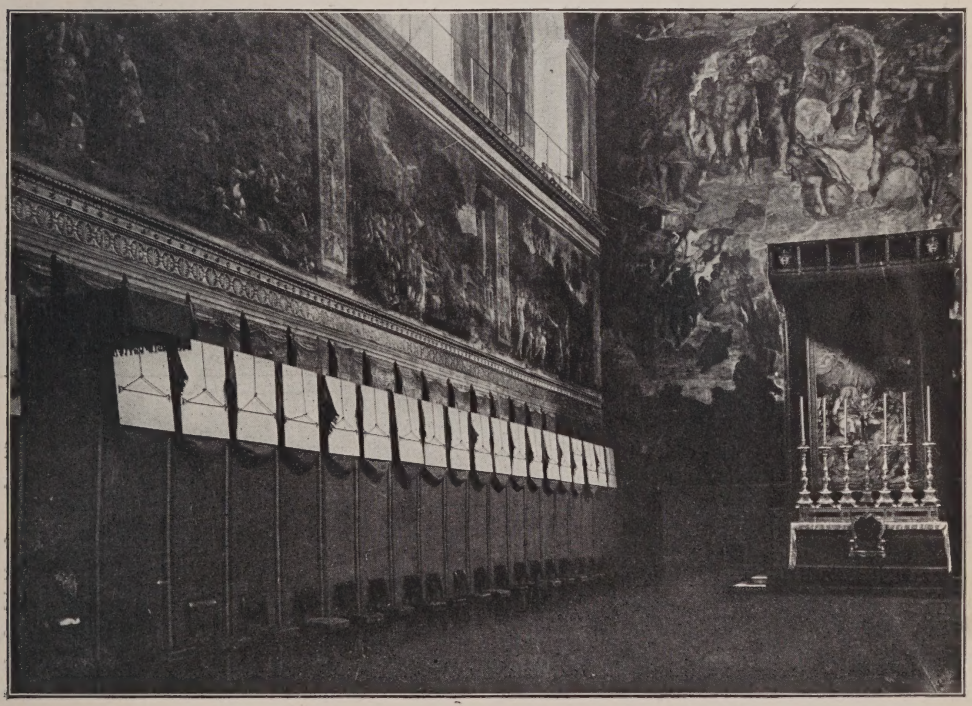
dinals took their places in the rows of tapestried stalls, their secretaries at their feet, while the archbishops, bishops and prelates of the Curia stood behind. The Mass, celebrated by a member of the Sacred College, began.

Nothing more impressive than this scene could have been imagined, as the *Dies Irae* of the Sistine Choir thundered its trumpet-call out through the mighty

THE PIAZZA DI S. PIETRO, SUNDAY, AUGUST 2nd, 1903, SHOWING SMOKE FUNNEL IN SISTINE.

spaces, then died away, wailing and re-echoing from the frescoed vaulting, in the infinitely pathetic pleading of the *Ricordare Jesu Pie*. In the choir-balcony the boyish face of the Maestro Perosi (who had composed this masterpiece for the occasion) was clearly visible, directing his glorious choir, but, with the strange fascination of human nature for the hidden and mysterious, one's eye traveled instinctively to the long line of cardinals on either side. At the head sat Cardinal Oreglia, with his fluffy crown of snowy hair. One noted the singular energy indicated by his grand leonine head. Then Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, dark-eyed, imperturbable, benevolent of aspect, then Cardinals Mocenni, Agliardi, and Satolli. Near the middle of the cardinalatial stalls came a memorable trio; in the centre Cardinal Rampolla, inscrutable, unseeing, his lips moving almost unconsciously in prayer, an incarnation of rigid devotion; the outlines of the strong Saracenic face were gaunt and weary, and now and again he brushed the heat-drops from his brow. On his left sat our Cardinal Gibbons, with his clear-cut manly face, impassible, supremely dignified, a veritable Prince of the Church, a fit representative in that imposing gathering of the vigorous Church beyond the seas. Looking at those two faces one felt that these were men born for the purple of power, men to whose voices the world must listen. At the right of Cardinal Rampolla sat the venerable Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Richard, with head bent almost upon his breast, in his feebleness a strange reminder of Leo XIII., whose features his somewhat resemble. Further on came a group of Italian cardinals, representing three great Metropolitan Sees and Patriarchate, Bologna, Venice and Milan, Cardinals Svampa, Sarto and Ferrari. In the centre sat Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, the chief characteristic of whose manly face was the great benevolence of the

mouth, and the look of almost youthful hopefulness and alertness. It was the face of a "straight man true and honest," whose eyes looked out full and direct upon the world. His coloring was fresh and healthy, and the thick white hair escaping from the scarlet silk *zucchetto* was thrown back carelessly from the forehead. Beside him loomed up Cardinal Svampa, dark, frank, intense, a strong man from the mountains, with a splendid largeness and generosity about him, which seemed to reveal his character. On the other side sat the Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Ferrari, bright, active, wiry, essentially modern, and young compared to his colleagues (the youngest member of the Sacred College), the face of a man of action who is yet a man of prayer. Here one caught a glimpse of the dark calm face of Cardinal Martinelli, there the saintly outlines of venerable Cardinal di Pietro, or the white-robed Cardinal Gotti in his Carmelite garb. Then Cardinal Logue, grown older and more bent; Cardinal Mathieu, characteristically Gallic; and the prominent kindly features of Cardinal Macchi, upon whom as Cardinal-Deacon would devolve the duty of proclaiming the new Pontiff from St. Peter's. But already the list grows too long, as one searches among them for *the* face, over which hovered the shadow of the tiara. Among us that morning, all unknown to himself and his colleageus, was the "Heir of all the Ages," the living embodiment of the Saviour's promise. Already, though not preconized as yet by human hands, the *Tu es Petrus* had been pronounced upon a member of that assemblage, separated from us only by the narrow limits of the chapel. At the



THE SISTINE CHAPEL AFTER THE CONCLAVE. CARDINALS' THRONES FALLEN--THE POPE'S REMAINS

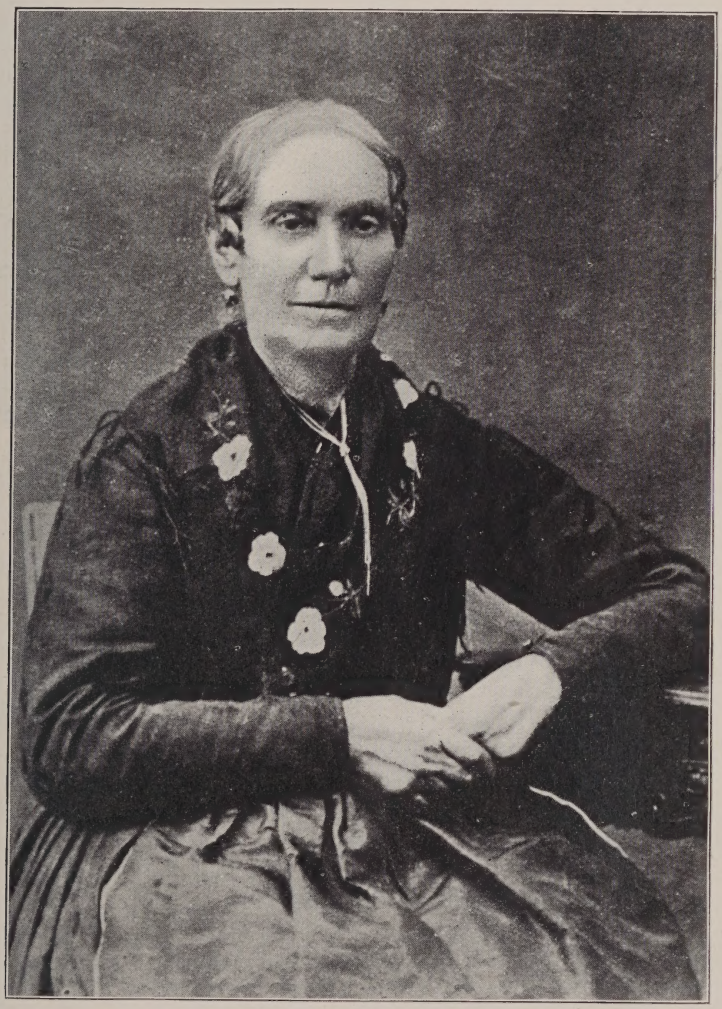
thought one felt a strange emotion. Upon which of those venerable heads, seen through the misty smoke-wreaths, would fall the solemn summons, and would the voice now raised in the prayers of the absolutions be that to answer the *Adsum*. The five times repeated solemn absolutions at the bier were given while the exquisitely-modulated strains of the Sistine Choir excelled themselves in matchless sweetness, the boy-voices soaring till the very air was filled with the tremulous harmony of the requiem, the mourning of those who have the eternal hope.

THE PROCLAMATION OF PIUS X. AUGUST 4th, 1903.

It seemed strange to anyone who had assisted at other funeral services in the Sistine to look at the site once occupied by the throne. Constantly when one raised one's eyes a vivid mental picture came before them—of the sunlight pouring through the high windows on the great white throne and its aged occupant —that slender ethereal figure, apparently overpowered with the weight of the magnificent vestments,—the ivory outlines, and gaze turned sadly, meditatively upwards, as if the things of earth were far from his soaring thought. For a second that once familiar sight seemed reality, then one woke with a start to the realization that it would never be seen again on earth. But its memory lingers in the Sistine, an intrinsic part of those historic walls.

Meanwhile, in the rest of the Vatican, preparations for the Conclave were being pushed forward. From end to end of the mighty palace resounded the hammers of workmen and masons, as the mortared walls gradually shut out the Conclave from the outer world, even of the Vatican.

It was a strange sight, this new and curious aspect of the Vatican. When passing out of the Sistine through stairways and courtyards, one noted the various preparations. Wooden shades marked the various windows of the palace destined to be occupied by those in Conclave. A high wall of separation, rising brick by brick and quickly mortared by the skilful workmen, shut in the arches of the Cortile di San Damaso, at whose staircase entrance stood two of the great *ruote* or revolving wheels, through which all communications and provisions for the members of the Sacred College during the time of Conclave, must pass. It made the courtyard seem altogether new and unfamiliar, completely enclosed by the high mortar walls except for the one small doorway in the centre, now being rapidly walled-up. In



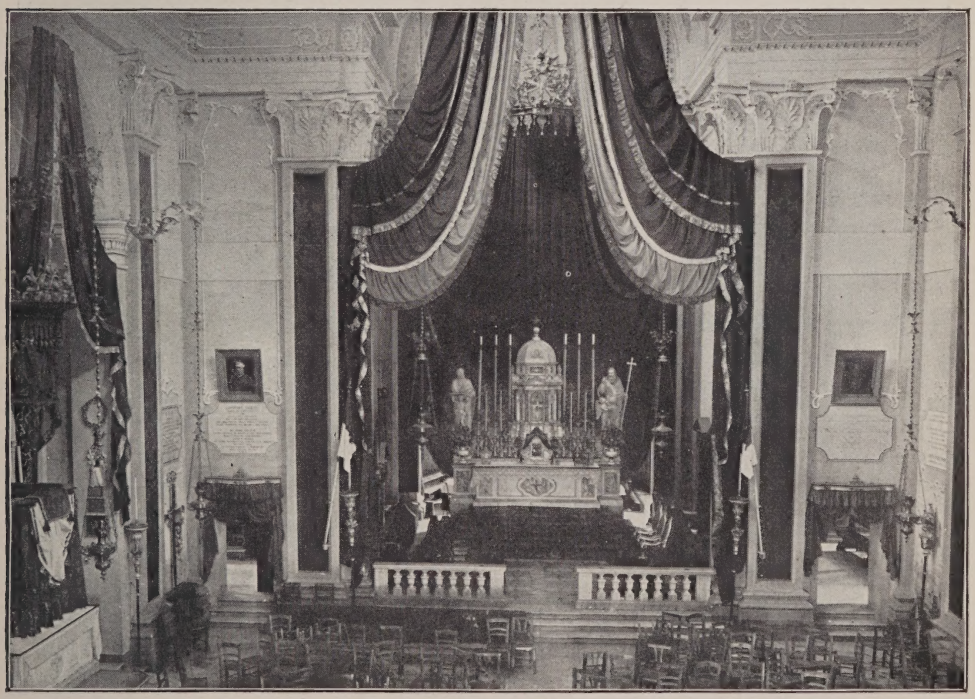
THE MOTHER OF PIUS X.

THE LITTLE HOME AT RIESE WHERE PIUS X. WAS BORN (WITH THE POPE'S LITTLE NIECE IN THE FOREGROUND.)

the first courtyard we passed in our exit, one caught a glimpse of final personal preparations for the interior, examples of the Spartan simplicity of the furniture destined for the cardinals' cells; the tiny altars to be erected around the walls of the Paoline Chapel, where the Cardinals were to say their Masses. Finally, in a corner of the court looking towards the Square of St. Peter's one saw the iron furnace and its long rolls of piping, the furnace in which the cardinals' votes were to be burnt. Could it be counted more than a pardonable curiosity when groups of passers-by from the Sistine stopped to look at the historic funnel, from which would arise the smoke-wreaths.

On Friday morning, the day on which the cardinals went into Conclave, was celebrated the opening function of the Mass of the Holy Ghost, attended in state by all the members of the Sacred College, and accompanied by the music of the Sistine Choir. All those present related that the Mass was most solemn and impressive when the Fathers of the Church implored the inspiration of the Holy Spirit on the weighty undertaking on which they were about to enter, most especially touching being the moment when an eloquent oration was addressed to the cardinals, warning them of their momentous decision. At its termination the whole of the Sacred College passed into the Consistory Hall to take the oath of fidelity according to the Apostolic Constitutions. Then the preliminary ceremonies were over, the last preparations complete, and in the afternoon hours the cardinals returned again to the Vatican to close themselves within those impenetrable walls till the fiat had gone forth, until "He had come." As the carriages of the *Eminentissime* passed through the streets of Rome into the Piazza of St. Peter's, the thought arose in all minds, inevitably and with a strange significance, that *one* of their number looked his last on the streets of the Eternal City that July afternoon, that after the doors closed upon them,

one, in all human probability, would never come out of the Vatican again, alive. By five o'clock the Cardinals were assembled in the Paoline Chapel, and to the strains of the *Veni Creator* the long train of the Sacred College defiled two by two through the Sala Regia into the Sistine, there to receive the oath of allegiance from the Prince-Marshal of the Conclave and his subordinates. The Swiss Guard formed the escort, and as the cardinals passed through the Royal Hall the companies of the Noble Guard and the Palatine, rendered the full military honors. Then was enacted a most strikingly picturesque scene. Those who saw it relate that it might have come down direct from the XVIth century. First walked the lackeys of the house of Chigi, in brilliant gala-liveries, the Dean of the household servitors bearing before him a velvet cushion on which the Prince was to kneel in the Conclave. Then came the Prince-Marshal himself, tall, erect, active, with white hair, short white beard, and clear-cut aristocratic face. Prince Chigi is a fine representative specimen of a Roman gentleman. The appointment of Marshal to the Conclave is hereditary in his family. He was dressed in the antique court costume of a Roman patrician, with orders and decorations, while the group of gentlemen surrounding him, the captains of the *ruote*, wore court uniforms with the arms of the Vacant See embroidered on the lapels of their coats. Closing the princely cortege walked the remaining members of the Marshal's court, escorted by the Swiss



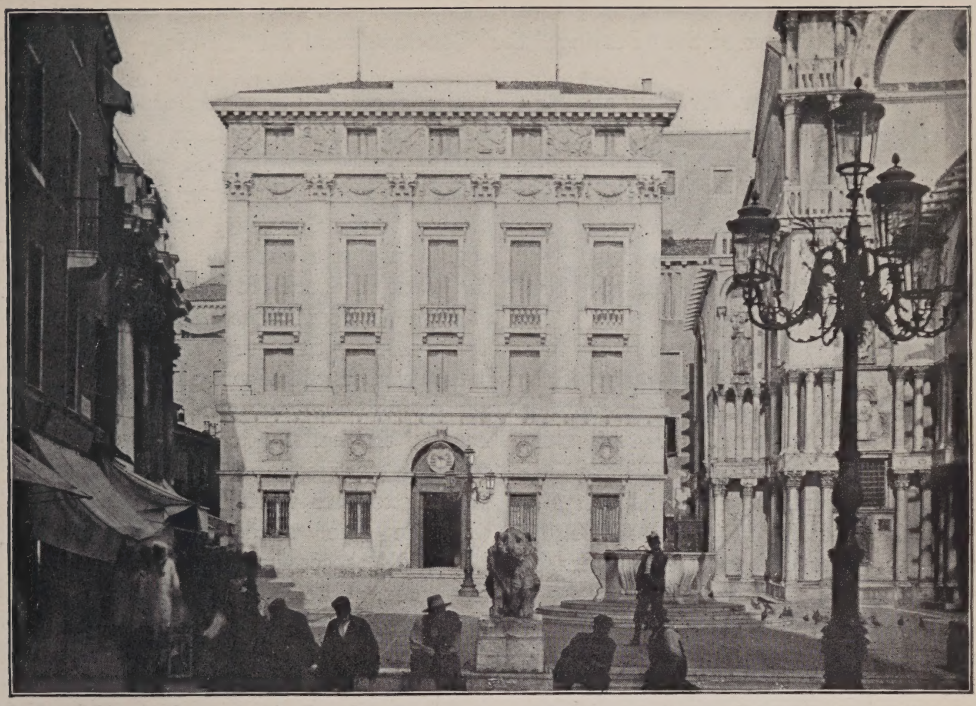
THE CHURCH AT RIESE WHERE PIUS X. WAS BAPTIZED, MADE HIS FIRST COMMUNION, AND SAID HIS FIRST MASS.

The church is decorated for the Mass celebrated on Coronation Day, August 9th. The picture over the door represents Cardinal Sarto, and under it is a tablet to him as the most illustrious citizen of Riese.

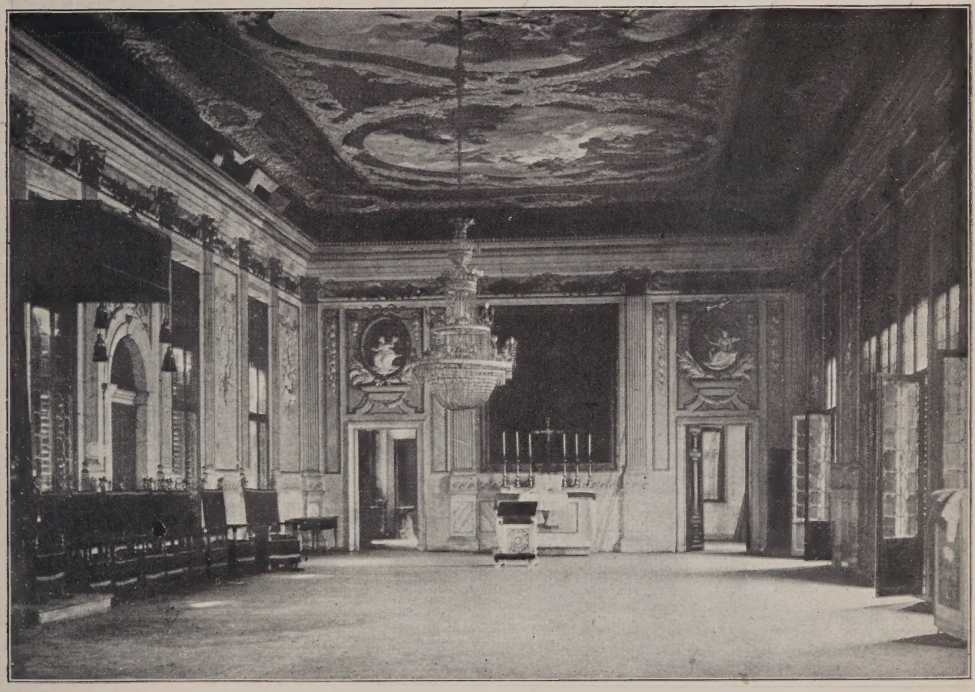
Guard, and the officers of the Vatican armed corps. Thus the procession of old-world state entered the Sistine.

Around the frescoed walls of the chapel rose the sixty-two thrones of the Sacred College, each with its green and gold canopy of sovereignty, each occupied by a Prince of the Church in violet robes, with the scarlet silk *zucchetto* on his head. Could a hall of council more appropriate have been found for the Fathers, convoked to elect a head for that Church, whose history stood grandly depicted before them on those deathless walls. Nor could solemn oath have had more solemn witness than the awful and compelling Judgment before which Prince Chigi, in the presence of the assembled cardinals, took his oath of office. They say one could have heard a pin drop throughout the chapel when the Prince-Marshal's voice arose in the solemn words, "I—Marius—Prince Chigi, Perpetual-Marshal of the Conclave—Captain and Deputy for the custody of the Apostolic Palace—promise and swear," etc. Meanwhile the other persons who were to remain within the limits of the Conclave, the Conclavist of each Cardinal, the personal attendants, the employès, and everyone in any way connected with the Conclave, took the solemn oath of secrecy and fidelity, in the adjacent Paoline Chapel. Then the cardinals left the Sistine in procession, separating outside the door, each cardinal being escorted in state to his cell. At the threshold of the cell the soldier left the cardinal he had the duty of escort-

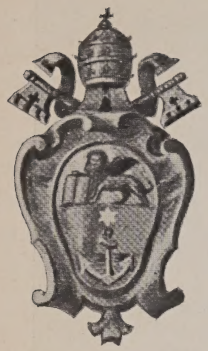
THE CATHEDRAL AT MANTUA, SHOWING THE EPISCOPAL THRONE OCCUPIED BY ARCHBISHOP SARTO WHEN ARCHBISHOP OF MANTUA FOR NINE YEARS.



THE PATRIARCHAL PALACE AT VENICE. THE RESIDENCE OF PIUS X WHEN CARDINAL PATRIARCH OF VENICE FOR NINE YEARS



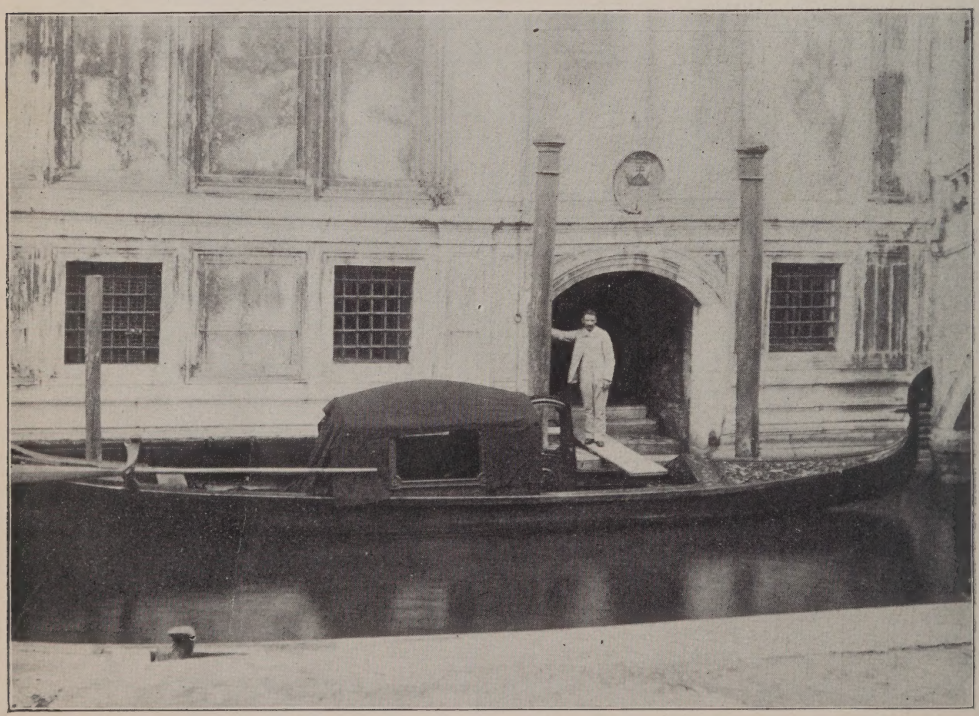
THE THRONE ROOM OF THE PATRIARCHAL PALACE AT VENICE, WHERE CARDINAL SARTO HELD STATE RECEPTIONS.



COAT-OF-ARMS OF PIUS X.

ing, for after the *Extra omnes* is proclaimed, none save the Cardinals, conclavists and attendants are allowed to penetrate the sacred precincts.

At dusk was performed, by the three cardinals representing the orders of Cardinal-Deacons, Priests and Bishops, the formality of searching the cells, lest any outsider had remained within. While this lengthy duty proceeded, the Masters of Ceremonies traversed the corridors, halls and stairways of the Vatican, loudly proclaiming the order of *Extra omnes,* and the Conclave bell sent forth solemn thrice-repeated warning to quit the precincts. When night had fallen in brooding stillness over the silent palace, a still more impressive ceremony took place, unwitnessed by outside eyes, the solemn official closing of the Conclave, within and without. On that memorable night the Vatican must have seemed unreal and dream-like, peopled by scenes and personages of the past. Strange and altogether mediæval was the aspect of the procession which glided silently through the darkness of the halls. Preceded by the servants in gorgeous liveries, bearing great flaming torches which scarcely served to dissipate the shadows, the Prince-Marshal's procession, accompanied by the Governor, the Papal Major-Domo, ascended the stairs, to meet the three Cardinals engaged in the inside examination. Then together Prince and Cardinals descended the Stairway of the Marshal



THE PATRIARCHAL GONDOLA WITH THE PATRIARCH'S GONDOLIER. THE COAT-OF-ARMS OF THE PATRIARCHATE IS SEEN OVER THE DOOR.

(called after this very ceremony), and entering the walled-up courtyard of San Damaso, by the one entrance still available, proceeded to a minute examination of every part, also the apertures of the *ruote.* This accomplished, the Prince-Marshal and his attendants came out, the three Cardinals remaining within. The entrance was finally closed and sealed, after which ceremony the Marshal proceeded once more up the stairway to the Sala Regia, where the Cardinals, who had ascended by an inside staircase, met him at the door. One would have given much to witness that meeting of the two processions on the threshold of the Sala Regia; the Cardinals with their attendants, the Marshal and his court and the escort of the Swiss Guard—the whole scene with the mighty life-like frescoes looking down upon it, lighted with the flaring glare of torches, a bit of pictorial history snatched from a Rembrandt canvas.

Then took place the final closing of the last doorway. Cardinals and Prince-Marshal exchanged a stately salute of leave-taking; the massive door swung forward on its creaking hinges, and the Marshal turned the key in the lock. An answering click from the interior showed that the same ceremony had been accomplished by the cardinals within. The function was over. The Prince-Marshal collecting his heavy keys on a green and gold cord enclosed them in a velvet bag, which he kept on his person. Then the stately procession moved silently away in the torchlight to their quarters, and deepest silence reigned in the Vatican. The Conclave had begun.

On the next morning the proceedings were inaugurated by the Mass of the Holy Spirit celebrated in the Paoline Chapel. On the successive days this Mass was also celebrated, but the cardinals said their Masses at the hour most convenient, at the various altars erected in the chapel. After this took place the first "Scrutiny." The only communication held with the outside world by the Conclave was by means of the *ruote.* Any ambassador or personage who wished to communicate with those within the Conclave, was obliged to speak in a voice perfectly audible to all, as no communication, oral or written, could remain secret from the Conclave officials. A curious incident occurred during the morning. The *Sedia Gestatoria,* which would be needed immediately on the election of a Pontiff, strangely enough had been forgotten, and had to be passed through the *ruota.* This naturally gave rise to the rumor that the Pope had been elected, which was far from being the case.

Meanwhile as the scrutiny went on in the Sistine Chapel, the outside world of Rome waited anxiously on the Piazza, on that Saturday morning of August first, in spite of the burning heat. All eyes were turned upwards to the slender funnel, which arose from the roof of the Sistine, against the translucent morning sky. The first morning of the traditional *sfumata* or smoke was a memorable occasion for Rome and the world, for beyond the gates of the Eternal City, in the "greater Rome" extending over the universe all Catholic hearts were with us that morning, waiting for the decision to come to them on the misty smoke-wreaths. St. Peter's and the great white palace slept under the sunrays, no sign of life was visible, no outward manifestation of the momentous happenings transpiring within. The only change in the outer aspect was that provided by the wood screened windows, marking the cardinals' cells. Only one single set of tightly-closed shutters appeared without the modern enclosures—the long line of sealed apartments belong-

ing to Leo XIII. As we looked we thought of the days of vigil so recently passed, when the crowds looked up at these self-same windows, now silent and unnoticed, watching and praying for a frail life that hung in the balance. Now with life's strange mutability, we had come to inaugurate another vigil, the expectation of a Pope. Though there is usually little or no probability of an election at the first *scrutinio,* crowds had gathered to witness the first *sfumata.* Detachments of troops suitable for any great public contingency were held in readiness, all unneeded, in the sides of the Piazza. At eleven, the hour for the *sfumata,* the people congregated, massed under the grateful shadow of the colonnades, an essentially modern crowd with opera-glasses, field-glasses, and cameras levelled on the Vatican, lest the first faint breath of smoke should escape them. The clocks had struck the hour, but still there reigned a drowsy, all pervading mid-day calm. Carriages rattled into the Piazza, drawing up in the desired point of observation, the coachmen pointing out the funnel with their whips. Suddenly, something like a faint shadow darkened around the slender pipe. A shout of *Eccola!* resounded through the crowd, and the smoke poured out in volumes, denser, thicker, yellower, as it mounted. There was no room for uncertainty. No Pontiff had been elected, and we turned away, not disappointed, but expectant of what the evening *sfumata* might bring forth. It too passed without eventfulness, though the crowds grew and gathered as the evening shadows spread over the Piazza. On the stroke of six-fifteen the fleecy smoke-wreaths mounted slowly and triumphantly into the ether, carrying their negative message more clearly than words. The *second* scrutiny was over, and still the cardinals delayed within their citadel. The crowds slowly dispersed, the most citywards, a few still lingering in the Piazza, idly watching, while others (and they were many) entered the great basilica where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed on the altar, and the prayers, *Pro Pontefice eligendo,* going on. For that evening St. Peter's was truly of the Romans. No guides or sight-seers wandered among aisles and monuments, criticising, commenting with uplifted voices, to mar the solemnity of the sacred pile. Crowds came and went, but they were praying crowds, kneeling in long lines from the side-altar where Benediction was given, out into the central nave. On the eve of this great election Rome was praying, earnestly, fervently, for the Pontiff who was to come. Indeed this vigil of prayer in St. Peter's, when Rome's highest and poorest knelt side by side on the marble pavement, was one of the most edifying sights of those Conclave days. On Sunday came the third scrutiny, with its hopes and fears. The crowds who came to Mass at St. Peter's passed out afterwards to take their places in the Piazza in the blinding heat. The clocks had passed eleven by a quarter, then twenty, twenty-five minutes, but still no smoke. People turned to each other anxiously, "Had *He* come at last?" At that anxious moment a white flutter showed against the funnel; there was a half-suppressed cry of breathless anticipation, then a white dove spread her pinions and hovered motionless over the orifice, exquisitely beautiful in her dazzling whiteness. Was the pure creature symbolic of the Mysterious Power shortly to descend upon the venerable body of men? No doubt the poetic imagery occurred to the minds of many, but as we strained our eyes against the dazzling light, the dove flew away to join her companions in the eaves of the colonnades, startled by the smoke-clouds which gushed out, yellow and voluminous, a

sight to which we were becoming slowly accustomed. As time went on the interest redoubled, and that evening at six o'clock, the most magnificent spontaneous gathering of people ever witnessed in modern Rome took place in Piazza S. Pietro, where fully fifty thousand souls stood beneath the Vatican, patiently awaiting the result of the fourth scrutiny. Seen from the steps of St. Peter's this sight was superb, majestic—one vast immovable block of humanity, fifty thousand white faces turned up expectantly towards the funnel. Long rows of carriages lined the sides, but movement was impossible. The troops were placed in cordon across the entrances to St. Peter's, and in the air there was a continuous murmur of excitement. A strange intuition appeared to have gone the rounds of Rome that the Pope would be elected that evening. Why or wherefore they knew not. Long and patiently we stood there, almost till the sunset fell, but no breath came from the silent funnel, and at twenty minutes of seven a rush into the church began, thinking to receive the Pontiff's benediction. It was a superb moment for a pontifical coming, and one felt with a pang what a mighty ideal could be realized if the new Pope, free again and a sovereign in his own city (even with the King of Italy still reigning, *but in another capital*), could have come out again on the balcony to bless his people gathered around him, out there in the grand Piazza.

One saw clearly on that August afternoon what *only* the Pope can effect in Rome, draw the vast crowds like a magnet, out there in the summer heat. No talk now of strangers' curiosity, of foreign excitement and enthusiasm for the Pope. The strangers were gone like the swallows and these waiting thousands constituted the practical, undeniable embodiment of the representative "Romans of Rome." But the Utopian mirage faded, as *once more* the crowds roared out their greeting to the smoke volumes, dense and cloudy, which shot up almost angrily against the rosy sky. "*He* had not come!" and in an incredibly short time, considering their numbers, the multitudes had dispersed, only to resume their vigil, but in slightly lesser numbers for the third day on Monday. It was a day of small eventfulness for the outside world, and the fifth and sixth scrutinies passed without result. As one waited, one tried to imagine the picture within the Conclave walls, the Cardinals, wearied by the long three days of mental strain, seated at their thrones in the Sistine, each before his table with its apparatus of paper, ink, seals and pens, preparing the fateful votes which were to decide the destinies of the Church. Then the unutterable solemnity of the defile to the altar, where each Cardinal, holding his folded sealed vote in the uplifted right hand, proceeded in turn to the altar, where he placed the vote on the paten, transferring it from this to the silver chalice on the altar. Then came the visit of three Cardinals, appointed infirmarians, to collect the votes of any of the Sacred College who were ill. Cardinal Gibbons received the appointment as one of the Cardinals infirmarian.

In the case of election the votes are burnt alone, producing an almost imperceptible smoke, whereas, in the event of *no* election, they are mixed with straw, which produced the thick, yellow smoke we watched with such anxiety. Tuesday, the fourth day of our anxious vigil, dawned clear and cloudless, but as the hours wore on the blinding heat poured remorselessly on the already blazing pavements. Nevertheless the crowds still poured into the Piazza to begin another day of watching. As a Roman quaintly and seriously remarked, "We must have

patience, for afterwards one would not like to have had the remorse of conscience of going to every *sfumata* and missing the last." During these historic days of Conclave the *sfumata* formed the daily topic. All conversation hinged upon it, the density of the smoke, and the day's probabilities of election. Cardinals' names were passed around, and old wise papal prophecies revived. St. Malachy's *Ignis Ardens* was joined to that still more mysterious prediction (said to be that of a thirteenth century monk) of "One who was to come from the coast, encircled with a cord." Clearly this pointed but to the one cardinal, Cardinal Gotti, the Carmelite from the sea-coast of Genoa. In *salons*, at receptions, the guests hurried away *en masse* like Cinderellas, as the magic hour of six approached, fearful lest tarrying they should miss the coming of the great expected guest. On foot, in carriages, all joined the people's pilgrimage wending its way to the Vatican. Some of the comments of the crowd as they beguiled the morning's waiting were truly characteristic. To a stranger they might sometimes have seemed irreverent, but no Roman marveled at such an exclamation as "Hurry! my Cardinals, Hurry," or this touching expostulation, "Holy Father, *why* do you not come?" Yet that morning, little though they knew it, the strange, mysterious Presence was coming near them.

The hours wore on slowly, and every moment, in spite of the week-day morning, the crowds grew more and more. There was none of the first day's lingering under the colonnades, to escape the fiery rays of the sun. The crowds ventured out boldly on the Piazza and steps of the church, braving that white, shadeless, blistering concentration, which on ordinary occasions would make one flinch. "Patience! it will finish, quando viene Lui" (When *He* comes). Men, women and children stood closely together, their heads turned upwards to the burning glare, till the white mass of the Vatican burnt and dazzled, and the funnel seemed to swim in a sea of lucent light. *Eleven*, the *quarter*, the *half-hour*, chimed monotonously from St. Peter's height. Still the crowds relaxed not their vigilance, but gathered instead, under that melting, blazing, August sun. The minutes went on inexorably, *twenty minutes to twelve now;* no sign of life from the silent palace; no faint shadow about the Sistine funnel. As with a common impulse the crowd turned their heads away from the object of their four days' scrutiny and gazed before them on St. Peter's—on that high balcony under the bas-relief of the "Calling of Peter," where the proclamation would be made. "*E venuto lui!*" *He* has come at last. The words were bandied with the insistency of exultation through the crowd together with Cardinals' names. Excitement grew intense. Some poured into the church to avoid the rush, but the majority remained outside, to witness every detail.

Out on the terraces above the colonnades of the Vatican came princes, and prelates, and soldiers in splendid uniform, their eyes also turned to St. Peter's. Then we knew our expectations were not unfounded. The "interregnum" was over —the Vacant See vacant no more. In a few moments we would know our fate. While we stood out in the Piazza, exultant for the election of a Pope, up there in the mighty Vatican *one throne* only stood, while all the others fell, *one* Cardinal bowed and trembled at the shadow of that throne. It was with a sense of strange familiarity, of something long expected, that we watched them open the colossal windows and spread out a rich brocade of white and crimson (the damask used in

the Corpus Domini blessing from St. Peter's in the days of papal rule).

A sudden rush and tumult from the back, as the crowd in the Piazza invaded the steps, and we on the summit were pushed forward till we stood nearly under the balcony. Then, without warning, the loggia high up above us was filled with a splendid group, a circle of violet-clad prelates and attendants, a glittering golden cross, and the slight spare figure of the Cardinal-Deacon in his cardinalatial robes. At their appearance a shout of enthusiasm burst from the crowd. The long pent-up excitement would have its vent, and the Cardinals stood there patiently waiting till it subsided. In a few seconds it died to a wordless, breathless murmur, nervously pervading the over-strained crowd. Then the single voice rang out, clear, distinct, measured, with a constantly upward inflection, long pauses between each word. We knew the words of the beautiful ritual, we had expected and imagined this scene, but what was it in the reality of the great joy that thrilled with a strange thrill of mysticism. *Annuntio—vobis—gaudeam—magnum!* The words fell solemnly like heart-beats. *Habemus-Papam!* The words had been spoken. Once more the joy of the tidings broke out, quieting down again instantly into a deathlike silence as the Cardinal proceeded with his task. *Eminentissium — Dominum,* here he paused a second as if overcome with the exertion and his emotion. The moment was absolutely painful in its intensity of expectation. Men took off their hats, out there in the blazing sun, soldiers presented arms, and once again the voice rose clearer than before—*Josephum—Sarto!* An unrestrained burst of enthusiasm shook the excited multitudes, ringing and reverberating, till the tidal-wave of silence once more rolled in, as the Cardinal spoke, *Qui—sibi—nomen—imposuit—Pius—decimus!* The name, so long and dearly-beloved in Rome, aroused another thunderburst of wild enthusiasm and *evivas,* and the crowd moved like one person into the basilica, amid shouting and waving of handkerchiefs. He had come—with an enthusiastic joy of welcome—this Venetian Cardinal from the sea. He of the prophecy of the coast, the *Ignis Ardens* of this burning midsummer, with the fiery crest of St. Dominic as his herald. And the Roman people poured gladly in to pay him their homage. It was a transition startling in its suddenness, from long drawn anticipation to accomplished reality, and after being borne into St. Peter's on the crest of the wave of humanity, one waited there, trying to gather scattered threads and sensations. Though we knew how often papal elections came as a surprise, and that the Cardinal-Patriarch of Venice was one of those known as papabili, still it was not his name one had expected to hear fall from that fateful balcony. But the Holy Ghost had spoken. Now that we have grown so quickly to know and revere the gentle human-hearted Pontiff who draws all hearts to Peter's See, it seems strange that there was a time when he came among us a stranger—with fatherly benevolent heart asking for and compelling our sympathy, reverence, and affection. The crowd shifted and murmured uneasily in its intensity of expectation, apprehending perhaps a prolonged period of waiting. Almost before we had time to realize it, an involuntary shout broke out as the high sunlit window over the door was darkened with figures. Pius X. had come. We had anticipated the sensation of a shock in seeing a new Pontiff in St. Peter's instead of Leo XIII., almost, if one might say it, a distastefulness, to an-

other—strong and vigorous—in his place. But all these apprehensions faded before the sight of Pius X. Beforehand one imagined the first act of homage would be an effort, that to convince oneself of the reality one must make an act of faith of "Thou art Peter." There was no need.

The new Pontiff stood between his Cardinal-Deacons; clear-cut in the sight of all, in the white soutane and crimson *mozzetta,* with the white skull-cap on his head. His Holiness had not come among us in pontifical vestments, nor were his arms outstretched in the imposing majesty of Apostolic Benediction. It was less the *Pontifex Maximus* than the *Father* we looked upon for the first time, this white, strangely-pathetic pontifical figure, with the hands crossed on his breast, and the gentle head downcast, as if overwhelmed with the weight that had fallen upon him. The Pope's aspect had changed greatly since the requiem in the Sistine, when we saw him last as cardinal, only six short days before. The days of strain and mental suffering had done their work. The color and much of the alert and hopeful energy had gone from the kindly face, leaving a shadow of quiet resignation in the straightforward honest eyes. This was no man of iron, but a human being, stunned with the terrible responsibilities of the highest place on earth. Pius X. had touched the hearts of the people, and a great wave of human sympathy went out, together with reverent homage, to the successor of St. Peter. The *Evivas* went up like thunder from the shouting crowd. One saw that it was a terrible crisis of emotion for the Sovereign Pontiff—this first public appearance as the "Keeper of the Keys." For a few short moments he stood motionless, overwhelmed, immovable—the hands still folded on his breast. Then the strong sweet nature reasserted itself as if by a powerful effort, and with gentlest dignity the Pope lifted his hand to bless, as the crowds fell on their knees, not with a sweeping majesty of benediction, but a quiet fatherly movement, as if he laid it on our heads. The voice rang clearly and beautifully—*Sit nomine Domine benedictum,* and its chanted response. Then *Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domine!* From henceforth indeed his help must be in the name of the Lord. *Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus. Pater . . et . . Filius . . et Spiritus Sanctus!* The first Apostolic Benediction was over. The moment long waited for had come and gone, but it left behind it a lasting impression of peacefulness and content. Pius X. had passed from our sight, but those who saw him on that first memorable appearance will remember it for all their lives.

THE BODY-SNATCHING.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

Now that I was fallen so low was in some measure the fault of my hard fate, though I would not excuse myself. In the days of the late troubles my thoughts went as high as a star; but when those starry ones we followed had had their setting on the scaffold and in the grave, and for my own part I lay in Newgate cells utterly forgotten, these things certainly made me mad.

Four years of it I had, and never looked to see the daylight except through bars again. The despair and the dulness of my solitude had grown over my soul as the rust over a fine blade. I had come to making friends of the rats who came up to me from the sewers and the river, and tamed them so that they would sit to my foul food with me, and behave as prettily as a kitten or a dog. And God knows their companionship was the one thing that kept my soul from leaping stark naked into the abyss of madness. I owe them so much: and I have never since speared a rat as once I could do carelessly enough, and often I have intervened to save them from others who had not my debt.

Then one day at the end of the four years I was haled from my cell to the blessed light of day, a suit of new clothes was hastily thrust upon me, I having been washed and shaved, and, escorted by warders, I was carried in a hackney-coach to the Castle of Dublin.

I remember that as I trod the velvety floors between the marble statuary and the paintings and up the stairs that led to his Excellency's apartments—how well I knew it in old days!—I caught sight of one coming to meet me, who seemed strangely sad and distraught in this fine place.

The face seemed oddly familiar: and while I wondered to myself what had so scored his face and whitened his hair for he was young, with a sudden pang I recognised myself in the great mirror at the end of the corridor. No wonder I had not recognised him whom Eleanora Foster had loved, who was the gayest of the gay in the old days before the troubles had broken the country's heart.

I was yet quivering from the pang of the recognition when I entered the room which had only one occupant.

A tall, young, golden-haired man dressed in plum-color, with a ribbon across his breast and a jewelled garter about his knee, stood with his back to the fire and watched my entry.

I confess I saw him but dimly. 'Twas a twilit world for me after that long sojourn in the darkness of my cell, albeit the glare was whiter than the whitest day.

Then I heard him command my escort to withdraw; and he and I were left alone.

The door had hardly closed upon them when he spoke, and he had hardly spoken before he had one arm about my neck.

"Why, Jack! Jack De Renzy," he cried. "I have been looking for you, man, high and low. 'Twas your own fault that you put aside your rank and carried a common fellow's name. 'Twas but a chance we found at last Sir John De Renzy in Patrick Houlihan. You might have died there. Ah, Jack, Jack, what have they done to you?"

Over all the years and the bitter, bitter changes I knew his voice. How often at Eton College by Windsor town we had wandered through Berkshire meadows, that fond young arm flung round my neck as now it was. It was my own fault that I had lost sight of Humphry. God knows I had heavier things to think upon than the old boyish love: and so his letters and

messages went unanswered. And now to think that he should be here as the King's Viceroy and I never to know!

So I was set at freedom and had my friend's promise that my house and estate, made forfeit to the Crown, should, if mortal means could do it, be restored to me. And equipped, by his love, with a fine horse and a purse of guineas I rode out of Dublin gates on an embassy, the result of which should say whether it were better for me to be a free man and the Viceroy's friend or yet rotting in that dungeon.

I had no joy in my freedom, and though I rode fast on my way to Gowran Grange, —to my shame be it said with many a rowel-point in the generous beast's flanks, —I had no joy of the fierce riding, for the shadow lay over me of what was to come.

As I crossed Maryborough Heath I was stopped by Freney's men; and made at them so furiously with sword and pistol that they had finished me if one of the party who had been with me in the late rising had not recognized me. Then they would have carried me to their captain and made much of me; but I was in no mind to tarry among those gallant robbers, and seeing my desire to be gone they sped me on my way with a blessing.

Three days and three nights it was before I came to Gowran Grange, and what I meditated to do there if I should find Sir Richard Foster and his son, Anthony, still playing the watch-dog over Eleanora, I did not consider. For certainly if the doors had been shut in my face six years ago, they were not likely to be open today.

A rank, unwholesome, rotting autumn it was; and I had left Dublin in the grip of the small-pox. Nor did the country seem a whit more sound: for the whole air breathed of rotting vegetation, and I came to cottages shut up and barred as though the plague had passed that way: and indeed it was true that it had scourged the villages.

The thin beasts stood in the fields and shivered. There were low mists curling off the hedge-rows and creeping about the ground. I saw a fox slink about one of the empty houses. The birds came near me as I paused, with the tameness of starvation. It had been an evil summer. The winter was like to bury the summer's sick.

When I came to Gowran Grange at evenfall it stood empty. Why I had known it every minute of my ride since I had left Dublin and the thing was no surprise to me. I turned away with an oath from the long ranges of black windows with their panes broken here and there. The house was like a dead body. And where now was I to seek Eleanora, who had been its life and its light?

Well: people like Sir Richard Foster, his son and his niece were not likely to have slipped out of the world without leaving some trace.

At last after much hunting I came upon an ancient crone gathering sticks in the wood, who was so overcome by trepidation at my apparition that I had some difficulty in making her speak.

She could tell me nothing but that they had gone away, that the house had been untenanted for more than two years.

"They are dead of the small-pox most likely," she said, through her chattering teeth. "Everyone here is dead or blind. And the famine will take the rest of us."

I put a guinea into her palm and closed her fingers tightly upon it lest she should lose it. Then I rode back in the darkness slowly the way I had come.

I raged against myself now because I had not made enquiries in Dublin concerning Sir Richard Foster. And I had the long journey back before me and a tired beast, and hardly any place on the road where I could stable him and bed myself, for the troubles had swept across the

country and its prosperity like a flight of locusts.

Alas, after all, I reached Dublin fast enough, and as I rode in by Bloody Bridge the tolling of the great bells of Christ Church and Patrick's shook all the air.

"Is the King dead?" asked I, of a fellow who leant on the parapet of the bridge, and spat in the swirling flood.

"Nay," he said "but the Lord Lieutenant is. This week back he hath lain sick of the small-pox: and is no more now than any Irish. I that spit in the river am more than he, seeing that I am alive to do it."

I turned away sick with grief. It was too true: all the town had it: and I read it myself in the *Freeman's Journal* when I put up myself and my horse at the "Bird in the Hand" Inn in Mary's Abbey.

I saw him, by the intercession of one who knew that he loved me. And, lord, it was a thing to sicken one of the world to see how that comeliness was marred. Yet I kissed him, careless of the danger to myself. His arm about my neck might have been the thing to hold me in the paths of virtue even though Eleanora was lost for ever. But now he was gone, and my fortune with him, and my name even; for I retained that which I had carried in prison. And presently when I was sure that no seeking would bring Eleonora back to me, I railed upon that Power which had taken him from youth and honor and love, and had left me alive.

I went low enough, God knows, after that, only not too low for God yet to reach me. For a time I was with Freney, and again from time to time the companion of all the rogues and rapparees in the country. Yet presently because the solitary madness was upon me I would ride alone, and take purses alone. I still had the horse my dear friend had given me: and a more leal friend I could not have. We took the ills of the world together, and he, a silky thing of Arabia, knew what it was to be stabled in the bogs and coated with mud down all his slender flanks: was often thankful enough for a handful of mouldy hay: drank brackish water: yet never looked less than love upon me.

But presently he had a ball in his flank from the guard of the King's Mail: and though we got away clear I had to stable him for a month or it might be two. Even I had my friends among the poor; and I knew a little farm in the mountains where they would cherish him for my sake.

So afoot I took the way to Dublin. I knew not what brought me there nor what hope its dingy streets could hold for me. Yet I was drawn back. In all my wild living and through my evil courses the face of Eleonora had not faded. Even yet I could not forbear looking up at house-windows, or in the faces of any I met, with a wild hope that only was born to be slain.

Christmas Eve wakened to a world of hoar frost. It was welcome enough coming after a drenching season, to them who were not, like me, coated with the mud of the roads and wet through with sleeping out. But that day as I walked through the fog of the frost I felt my clothes freezing upon me till they rattled like a suit of chain-armour. I had forgotten the days when I was a gentleman. I could hardly keep myself alive for the cold. I should surely die of an ague, I thought, although hitherto I had borne a charmed life, and I should surely have so died, I think, if some charitable souls at a wayside inn had not warmed and fed me, albeit they looked at me askance, as though at a bird of prey.

It was dark when I set out on the last stage of my journey: and it was nigh midnight when I trudged wearily under the wall of the old churchyard of Kilbride. It was pitchy dark then to eyes unused like mine to seeing in the darkness: and even I could see but little.

Under the wall I found the trunk of a tree which invited me to rest. There was no hurry: Dublin had no hospitality for me that would not wait until the dawn; so I sat down, albeit with a shrewd expectation that I might wake up frozen if I should be careless enough to drop asleep.

I was indeed nodding when I heard the wheels of a cart approaching me through the darkness. I started suddenly awake, and as it came nearer I made out the figures of two men in a long, low country cart.

It came very softly. There was something of stealthiness, of fear, in the air of it at that hour of the night in such a place. Yet I started forward.

"I am frozen, good fellows," I cried, "and I can go no further. Will you, for God's sake"—how easily the old prayer started to my lips!—"take me somewhere where I shall have food and a fire?"

The light of a dark lantern flashed in my face, and for a second was turned steadily upon me.

"It is the man we want, Ned," said one to the other, "since you had the confounded ill-luck to sprain your ankle. Where is the brandy-bottle?"

In a second a cup holding the pure spirit was held out to me. I drank it like water; and felt the returning life in me go tingling through my veins.

"So you are sleeping out," said the same voice. "You have an odd taste in a bed, my friend, this night of all the years. If we had found you twelve hours hence you might have saved us some trouble."

He laughed: but even the laugh was below his breath as the words had been.

"What would you do for a night by the fire and a golden guinea?" he went on.

"Anything," I answered; for the spirit was in my head, and, God knows, I was reckless enough before.

"You are the man for us," he replied. "We have a little job in yonder: and my friend is disabled for his part. Can you handle a spade?"

"For you," I replied, "seeing that your brandy has brought me to life. I won't pretend that I like the job, but I am ready."

"You speak like a gentleman," he said: and now the shadowy memory I had had of his voice took shape. Why, it was Brady, Ned Brady, who had been my comrade once, and of whom I had since heard as the leading surgeon at Madam Steeven's new hospital.

"I was one once," said I, "but we need no gentility for what is before us. If the watchers are waiting for us they may put an end to one worthless life, and for my part I shall not blame them."

"Nor I," said Ned, "especially seeing that you have not the thirst for knowledge which leads men to do these things."

"There is too much talk," said I, "for the work that is in hand."

"Why, we are of the one mind," said he. "Come! another pull at the brandy-flask, and then to work. But we have less reason to fear the watchers since it is Christmas Eve."

He flung off his heavy countryman's coat, and he and I scaled the walls of the old churchyard, leaving the other behind with the cart.

The graveyard was overgrown to our knees. My eyes that had learned to see like a cat's in the dark, looked upon a prairie of gray grass, silvered now with sharp frost and bristling like so many spear-points. The night was lighter. As we stumbled over graves, and with outstretched arms embraced buried headstones, Ned muttered that we would soon have the moon, and no chance of escape if the watchers should surprise us.

"It will not be frozen hard," he went on, "since they buried her only today."

So it was the grave of a woman we were to desecrate. I had rather it were a

man's. Yet I set my teeth to it, and the strong spirit helped to make me desperate.

The ground was hard enough. I had to take the pick to it, and the clink of it was enough to wake the sleepiest watchers if any such there were. She, whoever it was, had none to keep that dreary watch for love of her poor tenement.

At last the coffin was uncovered. I was down in the grave fastening the ropes about it, when over our heads floated out the silver music of the city bells borne to us on the clear frosty air. It might have been the singing of the angels! Dear God, and to think that I once learnt my prayers at my mother's knee, and was the lover of Eleanora!

The bells still rung while we lifted the coffin. It was light enough for a young maid or a child. Then Ned was kneeling beside it prying it open with the tools he had brought. I turned away my head. I had no stomach for such work, and I would not look while he lifted the white thing from it, and placed it within a sack. It was light and slender, and he needed no help. Such a pity for it and such a loathing for myself seized upon me that I had a sickness. I had thought that I was harder.

I replaced the coffin and the clay hastily, Ned assisting me, while the helpless thing in the ignominy of the common sack lay out upon the grass.

We were soon done, and I took the tools to carry them. But then, I knew not what madness came over me. Some desire to protect, to warm that poor body we had so wronged came upon me.

"Nay," said I, shoving Ned aside. "I will carry her."

I knew Ned of old and that nothing surprised him.

"All right," he said, "but do it quickly. Even yet we may be followed,"—and so saying he shouldered the pick and spade.

As for me I lifted her with a quick shudder of delight. Then remembering that she was dead my mood changed to tempestuous pity and despair. I held her against my heart. If my passion could have brought her to life she would have lived. But at least they would not desecrate her. I made that oath to myself; if I had to kill the two I would rescue that fair piteous body, when I had looked upon the face.

The cart was heaped with honest sacks of potatoes. Of that I became aware by resting my hand upon one of them. I laid her first gently within the cart. Then I drew myself up, and seating myself upon a sack again I took her within my arms.

I heard Ned mutter something to the other that they had saddled themselves with a madman. But they let me be.

"When we come to the city gates," he said, "you will lay that among the other sacks."

"So that they go not over her," said I; for I had the wit still to perceive that I must not ride through the city clasping a sack of potatoes in my arms.

"There will be no need," said he, "though many a time I have made a seat of such a sack as you are carrying."

We reached the hospital without misadventure. The night was well chosen for such an enterprise as ours.

We entered through a narrow postern which was immediately closed behind us, and, still carrying my burden, we crossed the dark gardens, and into the lighted hall. A porter sat there in a great chair sleepily rubbing his eyes.

"Take this," said Ned to him, "and let this man have a seat by the fire for the night, and a meal to warm him."

"Nay," said I, "I will go with you."

"I thought you were going to give us trouble," said Ned. "It will be a case for a strait-waistcoat, and Swift's. You have come to the wrong house."

Then he peered at me and a light broke over his face.

"Why," he said, "it is Jack De Renzy.

I thought they had finished you in Newgate."

"I had not your discretion," said I: though it had suited me best not to be so bitter. But I was mad at the moment. And Ned, like many another had been a patriot in the good days.

But though he winced he spoke gently, taking my hand.

"Come with me," he said, "and bring her if you will not leave her."

"Then I will go to my bed," said the other doctor. "I am in want of sleep."

"Then, good-night," said Ned, "and it is a good-night to me since I have found an old friend."

I followed him into a room fire-lit and lamp-lit. Through all my madness the warmth of it stole sweetly, caressingly, after the nipping night outside, or the dawn rather, for now 'twas Christmas Day.

I hardly heard what Ned said to me about food and drink and a bed. I had laid her down on a couch, and was gently withdrawing the sack from her body.

"She is past warming, Jack," he said, watching me with the utmost gentleness; and I know that he thought my troubles had turned my brain.

"Nay," returned I, "for I felt her warm in my arms. No dead woman was ever so soft as she."

Then I uncovered her face, and stood looking upon it with rapture. Why I had known it from the moment I lifted her. The pure lids lay upon her cheeks. The hands were folded on her bosom. She was very pale. But then the frozen earth had gone near to killing her. She was lovely as of old; and so I had found her.

"Is there a woman here?" said I, "to take these grave-clothes from her and put on her the garments of the living. Else when she wakes, she may die of fear."

He had been watching me pityingly. Suddenly he stooped and lifted her hand. Something of surprise, of amazement crossed his face. Then he passed his hand under the shroud over her heart.

In a second he was at the door, shouting like a madman for the fellow who snored in the hall. The other doctor came, hot water was fetched, blankets were laid before the fire to receive her.

I went a little way off so as not to hinder them. I knew she lived: and that which they thought my madness was really but the madness rolling from off my brain. O, how good God was that by the ways of my iniquity He led me to my felicity! It must needs have been because Eleanora prayed for me on earth and my mother in heaven.

So Eleanora lived, and Sir John De Renzy came back among his fellow-men; and as for the crimes as well as the glorious madness of a common fellow known as Patrick Houlihan, who was conspicuous in the late rebellion, they were all done with, or buried in the gentle breast of her who was so ready to forgive.

So we were married ere ever she left the hospital, and she and I together faced her uncle, who had hidden her away in a vain endeavor to break her spirit, that is bright and tempered as a Toledo blade. Together we demanded the restitution of her fortune. But, alas, poor wretch, I came near to being as soft-hearted as my Lady and forgiving him. For his hunchback, Anthony, for whose sake he had sinned, was dead, and so all his wickedness had been for nought. Yet he repented not except after his fashion, and made an end of himself with his own pistols. For which may Heaven forgive him!

And afterwards, since good things come not singly, I had a notification that through the intercession of my dear dead friend my estates were restored to me. I might have known it of him that he would put the matter in train without leaving it to any chances. And since Mr. Pitt loved him the thing was done.

So we are De Renzys of Castle De Renzy: and we have an heir to our name.

THE HERITAGE OF CARN À GREHAN.

BY FLORENCE M. WILSON.

Carn Grehan was a sea-lover, and he lived out Inver way in the Kingdom of Donegal. If you have never been where the brown Eaney river swirls into the fretted silver of the bar, over the white warren sands,—well! God has kept something sweet for you hidden in the hollow of His hand and it will prove so in the seeing. That He may allow *me* to guide you there on a blue day of spring when the gulls foregather!

But to Carn there was only monotony in the incessant crying of the sea-birds, and the sun-dazzle on the shimmering sand-heaps. And if he wearied of the edge of the land, he was sick unto death at the swelling country behind the huddling cabins. How a man could spend the strength and the power of him over the brown earth with its eternal seed-time and harvest was beyond him! "Digging and plodding with the sweat dropping off their down-bent faces! Faith! it was beasts' work, naught else, and if it wasn't that his old mother wouldn't be for staying long here, it would be the sea for him the morra!"

Thus Carn to his cronies! but it was a gentle-handed and easy-tongued son who tended old mother Grehan on her sick bed and trod lightly through the cabin. She never guessed as she talked to him the long pain-ridden nights through, that she had bequeathed to him an heritage that would prove stronger than love for hearth and wife. There was a fire smouldering in the depths of his gray eyes,—so had it been with his father before him! Unwittingly she fed that flame with tales told him in the lonely hour before the dawn crept up to their little window, wan and cheerless, with its footsteps rippling behind it in the moaning sea. And Carn would draw across the curtain and let the light fall across her bed, and each day he saw the old face thinner. Thus one dawn peered in to see him crouched motionless on the earthen floor holding a chilling hand in his warm man's grasp.

* * * * * *

A week after, Carn Grehan had shipped before the mast, on the "Orinoca," outward bound for the Indies, from Liverpool, and he left no sore hearts behind him. The love of his boyhood was the one he followed, and to it he was loyal. A year passed. Two! Three! And the December of that third year after his going was as bitter a scourge as ever came on these misty islands. There was a day when the maddened sea roared in thunder against the pitiless iron will of the hail bitten blast. It gave its thunder vainly. There was no element of kindliness abroad. The Storm-Fiend was breathing the burden of his deep displeasure on man and his petty handiwork, and his paths on the waters and over the grieving wounded land were tracked in wreckage and desolation.

At Inver the doors were barred and the windows darkened, for out yonder, dear saints! men were being washed out of life into eternity. So each family cowered round the fire, where the spent hail-stones hissed into the crimson heart of the turf like tears from an unseen weeper, and many a quiet prayer was sent up that was heard above all the turmoil.

It was the day after, and that day was Christmas, that Carn Grehan chose to come home. It is only safe to allow that but for Micky Devlin he might never have won home at all. Micky takes little pride by it these days, but he must have been a hardy man, or else he would not have ventured out the morning after the Big

Wind, when there was the makings of two ordinary storms in the gale that was blowing. But Micky owned afterwards that he had heard something about a vessel been seen, under little or no canvas, off St. John's Point, away at three in the morning, and a very bad place it was in any stress of weather. So he splashed in and out of the pools and tangles, praying audibly at times when the kelp-clusters took upon themselves the semblance of human forms laid prone by the hand of the sea. When his fears subsided, and his prayers likewise, he actually did come upon the body of a man lying face down, with a ship's white dingey keel upwards close beside. It looked as if, perhaps, man and boat had weathered the worst together till the broken surge near shore capsized them. If so!—here Mickey stooped and lifted the inert figure as if it was a child, and strode recklessly home. He gave no look to the white face, with its leaden-lidded eyes, or the matted hair from which the water dripped at every step, but he kicked at the door of the public house until he got in and his burden with him.

That was all for half the day as far as outsiders were concerned; then Mickey, standing with his cap in his hand, gave it from the doorstep that "Carn Grehan was back in Inver again an' doin' well."

Five months after Carn brought a girl from the mountains to the chapel, and Father Byrne made them man and wife. As he gave her nothing but love, she gave all that goes for wealth in those parts. And a very decent farm it was, well-stocked and well-kept, with no encumbrance save the bride's old father who led a child's life again among the fields that had felt his baby footsteps.

So Carn settled down to the despised round of seed-time and harvest, and had heed only of Cassie's voice as she crooned over her household duties or fed her hens round the back door. He knew that a gift of peace had been given to him in that sheltered nook in the home-hills and it was for him to cherish it tenderly. And Cassie was happy but for one thing. In the stack-yard lay a ship's white boat carefully covered with tarpaulin, and she was jealous of it! For no matter how tired her husband was, or how fierce the night, it was his last thought. A passionate cry would rise to her lips as she watched him, towards this thing of painted wood that was ever between Carn and her.

For a long time she bore in silence. Man-like he never saw the brooding anger in her eyes, and daily spent more idle moments with the object of her hatred. But the wrath came suddenly upon him when he wasted an afternoon, in precious harvest weather, building a shelter for his sea-toy, against the stress of the coming winter. It was the first time he had seen her brown eyes flash in aught but love, and surprise kept him mute. When the cause of her bitterness was clear to him, he sat down amongst the new-sawn planks and laughed as one might at the small tantrums of a child. But Cassie had taken up arms in earnest for her slighted woman-hood.

"I'll end it some way!" she said to him, and her tanned cheeks glowed feverishly. "Let me get you away from it though it's never you leave it, an' I'll promise you not one inch of it will hold together. First look in the mornin' is for it an' last one at dark!—Ay! an' how many times in the two years you've been my man, have you stolen out o' bed like a thief when it was blowing bad to see that naught would hurt it? Oh! I've watched you, an' studied you, Carn à Grehan, an' it's no farmer you are at all, but a sailor born an' bred, an' it's to the sea you'll turn before all's said an' done."

"Why, Cass, it's fun you're having now," he answered quietly. "If it hadn't been for that bit o' cockle-shell I'd never

have seen Inver again, or what's more ever met you."

He could have ended it then once and forever, may be, if he had remembered that they loved each other, but he was thinking long thoughts just then. He got up and stood beside the boat, and drew his hands over the graceful curves and lines of it, over the many dents and bruises, and the woman watching him saw that his every touch was a caress, and that *she* was forgotten. It was between clenched teeth she spoke: "I'll grant ye that ye'll not be able to do that again. So take as long as you like to say 'Good-bye' to it!"

He swung round and gripped her arms till she cried with pain, and his pent-up feelings came in a hot stream of Gaelic.

"You dare not! You dare not! I say, touch one seam or rivet in it! What hast thou given me else to care for? What love another man givest his *son,* I give to this child of my loneliness. Thou hast spoken true words today. I cannot turn willingly to the still fields and the yielding furrows there is a something calls me—but there! Thou canst not understand, little one, and why should God put such a grief on thee as I see?—I see?"

He dropped his hands and stared beyond her. What did he hear or see? But his smile was tender as he turned to her.

"He can keep us many warm years in this house thou hast given me—and perhaps will."

He went indoors and left her standing with the salt tears of a new pain stealing down her face.

"Am I not lonely too?" she said, as she bent her back to the swathes of stricken grain in the harvest-field. And she thought of the sister who had gone over the water to America to better herself; and the one who went further, even to a land where there was no following until one's time came; and the brother that the gloomy city in the North had swallowed up! Then she had the sharpest sting of it all.

"What love a man gives his son!" Oh! for the press of tiny hands, and the lilt of a baby-voice, that would bind Carn forever to the brown earth! and to home! and to her!

But it was not to be.

Life for these two after that day was a truce of guarded intercourse and peaceful monotony. Did they love less? I do not think so, but there was the sense of something hidden that threatened the steady flame on love's altar. It burnt dimmer, but it was lighted by a Divine Hand and feared no eclipse of earth. If Carn tended that white child of his in secret his wife gave no heed. She neither censured him nor referred to it, but she saw with a hungry dread in her heart that his face was getting thin and worn, like a man engaged in a losing struggle. His favorite haunt was a heathery brae on the farm, and there in the mild autumn weather he would lie for hours. Sometimes Cassie joined him, until, one day, she discovered why he was so fond of the hill.

"It's because," he said lying with half-shut eyes, "that no odds how calm it is beneath, there are always weeny winds losing and straying themselves in the heather,—and sighing and mourning about me."

"There's little comfort in getting a slap of cold wind against ye, Carn," Cassie said sharply. "It's like enough to lay you up ill."

"Ay, but you don't understand, dear. It's not the wind but the sound o' it I come to hear, for it's the very callin' o' the sea." She rose and left him abruptly.

As yet he was true to his wife, though the Other called him, and held out white arms to him only a short cry away. He was not "fey," though he got the name of

it, but Cassie knew him to be as sensible as those who avoided him.

The man was simply fulfilling his destiny, and coming into his heritage.

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Winter came in a rush of stormy rain. Cassie barred and shuttered the farmhouse on the wildest night of it, and let her beads slip through her fingers thankfully in the cosey kitchen. Carn was a-bed no doubt, an' well he was, with the sea roaring as if at the very windows! With that there was a-knocking at the door. She did not care to waken him, so she opened the door bravely herself on the turmoil outside. It was Carn himself who walked in, drenched and weary. No need to wonder where he had been! But she kept her gaze off his gloomy face, and dried his sodden clothes at the glowing fire. He caught her gown as she passed him and pulled her towards him.

"It's the good wife you are to me acushla! Oh! the good one surely! but you needn't strive against the Hour, an' it's callin'. I must take the top o' the tide." He stroked her bent head lovingly, then with a smothered cry turned the hidden face up to him and kissed it.

"Why cryin' Cass? Do you remember the day in the stackyard?"

"Ah don't!" she said. "I can't ever forget it. It wasn't the wee boat I minded, Carn, it was that I knew *something* had a hold on you—closer than my claim even, an' I had to fight against it, or give in to it."

"Hast thou conquered?" he asked quietly. She only shivered and moved closer to him. Outside the storm was dashing rain and hail against the mocking windows. They listened in silence for a long time until by her breathing Carn knew she had fallen asleep.

"Poor child!" he said, looking down at the dreaming face, "Child-face and woman-heart! an' I didn't think you could understand. Foolish me!"

He lifted her and laid her on the bed, covering her carefully. She did not waken or stir. Would it have made any difference if she had?

The man watched the sleeper, through the darkness and the clamor, until suddenly there fell a waiting stillness on the wind. A frightened moon looked out from the torn sky for a minute, and stared down at the lonely watcher. Then! not far off! but near! so near that it seemed to be hammering at the very door of the house, came a great calling of the sea. Three times it called! and then down shut the gale again and the moon was veiled in scudding clouds.

Carn à Grehan obeyed that call. No one knows how he dragged the boat onward in the teeth of the gale to where Eaney swirled swollen with the ceaseless rain.

He felt nothing, neither the ache of straining sinews, nor pain of bleeding hands. On! on! let him reach the river and the rest was easy! and the calling never ceased. But Eaney who had mirrored him and played with him from boyhood moaned savagely, and strove to beat him back as he sought time after time to launch the boat upon her maddened bosom. But she was no match for Fate. He pulled for the middle current.

As he felt the swaying beneath him and heard the hiss of the racing water, Carn à Grehan stood up in the rocking craft, and waved wild arms in a last "Farewell" to a glimmering light, that showed like a golden star, in a far-off room where a sleeper cried in her dreams.

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And the river bore him swiftly, and withal safely, to the Love that was drawing him. But none may know what Eaney saw or heard, before those white arms closed around him.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

A MEETING OF THE LEAGUE OF FRENCHWOMEN AT THE HOME OF BARONESS PIERARD.

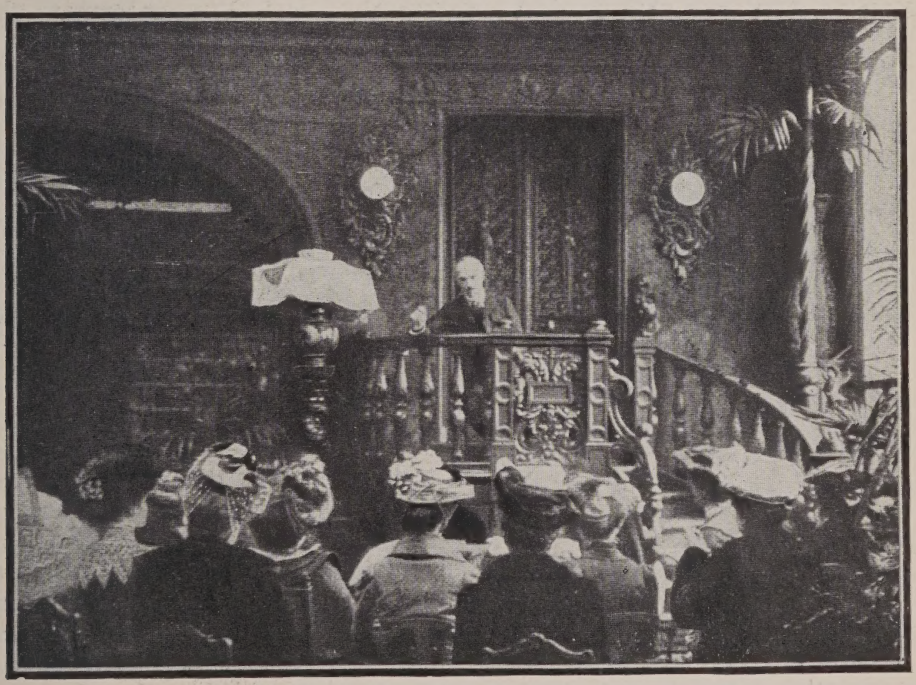
SOCIETY WOMEN OF FRANCE.

THEIR WORK AFFECTING POLITICAL SITUATION.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT, PARIS.

Women have always played an important rôle in French politics. Perhaps in no other country have they so strongly influenced the men who govern. In the early days of her history St. Geneviève, by her courage, her devotion and wisdom, saved the starving people; again Jeanne d'Arc led the armies to victory. In this crisis, when so many men have lost heart in France, the women are banding together to battle for God, for their country, for liberty! They have established a "Ligue des Femmes Françaises" under the protection of "the Sacred Heart, Mary Immaculate, and Saint Michæl, patron of France." The readers of DONAHOE'S doubtless remember the magnificent spectacle of courage and devotion presented by thousands of women, rich and poor, marching through the streets of Paris last year, to present to President Loubet their indignant protest against the expulsion of the Sisters. Mounted soldiers were sent to disperse them. Fearlessly they faced the armed forces of France. At that moment every woman would have been trampled on by the horses, or shot down by the enemy, rather than yield. But the President refused to see them! Their valiant leader, Madame René Reille, is

the granddaughter of Marshal Soult, one of Napoleon's most illustrious commanders. Her husband and three sons have long been connected with the political life of France, and her influence among the people has been most valuable to them in many hotly-contested campaigns. "When I came to Paris last year," said Madame Réne Reille, "I was horrified by the political situation, and gladly yielded to the solicitations of my friends to present a protest to the Government. From that time I have not ceased to battle for our religion. That admirable woman, the Baroness de Brigode, who has consecrated her life to good works and saved in her Refuge more than *thirteen thousand* unmarried mothers, was founding the Ligue —I enrolled under her banner and now work only with this association. We are not a political body, we belong to no party. We are simply banded together in defense of our holy religion—determined to unite with *all* Catholics in demanding our liberty. We go from city to city, from village to village, holding meetings and making speeches. Everywhere we find women eager to serve on our committees. Branch associations are formed, which in turn hold monthly reunions. One woman promises to distribute our literature among the working people, another undertakes to enlighten the mothers on the danger of schools without religion, a third to inaugurate all kind of social reforms, of lectures and classes for working men and women. Here they can reach the men, teach them to love and aid us in our work. We hope in this way to replace the good influence of the Religious who have been driven from France. A few days ago I spoke to more than a thousand working women. Each time that I appealed to their re-



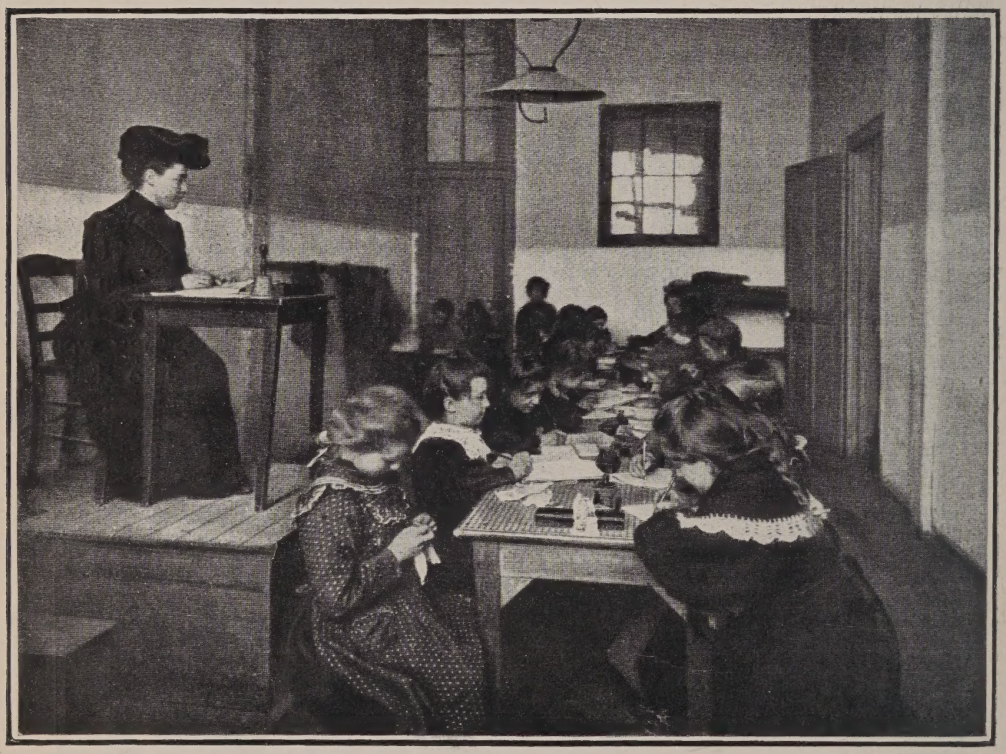
A LECTURE ON SOCIOLOGY IN HOME OF BARONESS PIERARD.

ligious sentiments I was overwhelmed by their applause! We do not know the generous hearts of our people; we should put our faith in them, and all our hope for the future. The work which we have undertaken may be slow—but in the end I feel sure that we will enroll under our banner the working people of France."

How much reason Madame René Reille has for this conclusion is shown by the following letter:

"Dear Madam,—

You are too good to ask me to help you. I am only a poor woman who must labor to gain my living, but I promise to make every effort in my power to propagate your ideals of patriotism and religion. The pamphlets which you sent me before the last campaign were distributed, and after reading them several of the men voted for good candidates. Those who work in factories and mills have their minds poisoned by newspapers and tracts which teach them that the priests, the rich, and *all religion* should be fought against as one would fight the plague! Unhappily the wealthy proprietors do not live among their laborers—do not treat them as their friends. As soon as the workingman sees himself looked down upon, set apart, he becomes bitter, grows to hate the upper classes, and at last becomes their enemy. If the rich will go among our people as friends, they will always obtain good results, and in the end render them less bitter against the upper classes and against religion."



A CLASS AT A MAISON SOCIALE STUDYING LESSONS FOR NEXT DAY.

That women of title should encourage the poor to express such sentiments, and should publish these letters in the monthly bulletin of the League, proves the earnest spirit in which the society women of France have undertaken their great work. Much time will be required to conquer class prejudices, but the results

will be enduring. François Coppée, writing the president of the League, said, "While we men are busy with politics, you women are endeavoring to conquer by your personal influence. You go straight to the people and carry with you but one motto—*serve them.* You strive to become their friends and advisors, to counteract the calumnies and lies with which they have been poisoned, to prove to them by your acts, what it means to be a Christian and a French woman, nothing could be more efficacious. To the cry of hatred which you must at first encounter, you will reply with words of love."

Already incalculable good has been accomplished. As Cardinal Vaughan said to me last year: "The rich and poor have been too long separated—they must be brought into closer sympathy." It is difficult for Americans to understand the class distinctions in an old monarchic nation, where rich manufacturers, mill owners, all in fact who belong to the bourgeoisie are treated by the nobility as a class beneath them—where in turn the bourgeoisie look down upon the petite bourgeoisie and all speak with contempt of "le peuple." No country has ever practised greater charity. Hundreds of women belonging to the highest aristocracy have in every age devoted their lives to the poor, to visiting the sick, and founding asylums. But it has been the charity of the superior to the inferior. God in His wonderful Providence seems to be using this religious persecution in France as a means of teaching Catholics the higher significance of this gospel of charity. To the clarion cry of "God, our country, our liberty," the women of all classes are responding. Everywhere we find the barriers breaking down, the rich and poor uniting, working together in this noble cause.

The votes of the working men can alone bring victory, therefore the battle must be waged in their camp. Never before have society women mingled so freely, in such equality, with the lower classes. They are beginning to appreciate the nobility of soul, the rapidly-awakening intelligence of the working people, and to realize that it may even be possible for an aristocrat to make friends of those who "gain their bread by the sweat of their brow."

In addition to their monthly meetings the League holds weekly reunions called dizainières—that is, one of the committee invites to her home about a dozen women to talk over ways and means. She takes care to ask a few of her rich friends. The others are chosen from the working class. I knew a little woman who had received such an invitation. She could talk of nothing but the affability, the kindness of Madame la Contesse! And Madame la Baronne had consulted with her as to how best to approach some of her friends! Her little bourgoise soul was bursting with pride and joy. She had become an ardent advocate of the League and her husband was an easy convert to their principles.

The charming salons of the monarchy, the empire, have almost disappeared; they are replaced by reunions for the discussion of social questions by serious men and women, no longer content to live for themselves alone. During the past winter the Baroness Pierard, instead of asking her friends to afternoon teas or musicales, sent them invitations to a series of lectures on social economics, given by the most brilliant sociologists of France. Her beautiful home was crowded by the fashionable world, curious to hear the eloquent appeals of such men as Brunetiére, Etienne Lamy, and Jules Lemaitre. Doubtless they were attracted by the novelty of such entertainments, but the good seed was sown, and many have become earnest helpers in the settlement work which the baroness has undertaken.

While England and America have long since organized social settlements, France is only just awakening to their necessity. Three "Maisons Sociales" have been established under the patronage of the Baroness Pierard. Visiting them I found one of the hardest workers a secularized religious! Here then is work for those Sisters whom the French government has compelled to return to the world. "No religious instruction is given," she said, "unless desired by the people themselves. Our aim is to do good without distinction of creeds. Many of those whom we help have no religion at all. We can only hope to teach them by our lives that Christ's doctrine of love is the greatest of all social philosophies. They are beginning to trust us, to make us their confidants; if once we can make them believe that we regard them as friends, all will go well."

One of these settlements is in Popincourt, a quarter of Paris where the utmost misery exists. At four o'clock hundreds of children come from the public schools and remain until seven, studying their lessons for the next day and then joining in the games and frolics always encouraged in the "Maisons Sociales," where innocent pleasures are regarded as one of the greatest safeguards of the young. Sewing, cooking and other useful trades are taught on Saturday. Wednesday evening from eight until eleven and Sunday afternoon there are classes for men and women in drawing, designing, electricity, law and library work. Saturday evening a popular lecture is given, and all are invited to take part in the discussion which follows,—usually on social economics. In this way the working people are taught to think out for themselves such questions as strikes, labor unions, the advantages of insurance, saving banks, and hygienic reforms. But the chief work of the residents is visiting the homes of the people and winning the confidence of those among whom they live. That they are regarded as friends and not as "superiors who look down upon us" is shown by the frequent invitations which these ladies receive to dine with the parents, to assist at the family gatherings, the baptismal and marriage fêtes. "In return for our service the poor teach us sublime lessons of charity. We see working women relinquishing their hard-earned rest in order to watch beside a sick neighbor; men going supperless to bed that some little child may not suffer from hunger. Even the children give from their small stores. Our system of discipline in the settlements is that of rewards. So many good points pay for a First Communion dress,—a new coat or trousers for the boys. It is touching to have our children come to us begging that their good points may be transferred to some neighbor more destitute than themselves."

To establish such settlements in all the poor quartiers of Paris is the dream of these pioneers. For this much money is required. Fortunately class-work need not be confined to the settlements. Thousands of rich women, shocked to find, through their work for the League, how much actual suffering exists among the working classes, how little opportunity for betterment these people possess, are establishing night schools, lectures, reading rooms, and, best of all, White Ribbon Leagues and Working Women's Unions. The men are ably seconding their efforts. Monsieur Guillebert, president of the Catholic Men's Union, addressing them, said: "We Catholics of France are a little behind in our ideas regarding Industrial Union for women. Should not those who fall under the cruel sweating system unite

against this injustice? Should not women demand equal pay for equal work? We men are ready to put our hand in yours and march with you toward the accomplishment of this great good." I was invited to attend a meeting when François Coppèe, Mark Sagnier, and Jacques Piou, were to speak in behalf of the Women's League. We arrived before the doors were opened and found the streets blocked by the carriages of the nobility, while their owners stood in line with thousands of working people, waiting to be admitted. Entering one of the largest auditoriums in Paris, we saw, to our surprise, that the platform was occupied by hundreds of priests, and men high in power. When Coppée arose to speak he was greeted with shouts and cries of "liberté." Carried away by the intensity of his emotion he poured forth his appeal in words of burning eloquence. The vast audience cheered and shouted, clapped and stamped, fairly going mad with excitement.

The work of François Coppée is too well known to need any explanation. That of Mark Sagnier, whose address followed, is not so generally understood. He is one of the most remarkable young men of France. A few years ago, while only a scholar in the College Stanislas, he established a club among the boys of his class, to discuss social questions. Later he entered the Polytechnique School and, under the patronage of General André, organized reunions for the study of all questions pertaining to the life of a soldier. Graduated with honors, the young officer of twenty-four gathered his men about him and formed them into clubs for the same purpose. With the ardent faith of an apostle he longed to enlarge these clubs, to take in not only his regiment, but the workingmen of Paris, of France. He therefore resigned from the army, renouncing his personal career for the work which has already borne such wonderful fruit among the people. "Only five years ago our club, Le Sillon, was composed of twelve members, today we have thousands. We are endeavoring to realize the true spirit of democracy, believing that the Catholic Church far from being opposed to liberty upholds it, and that outside of Christianity there is neither equality nor fraternity. Here we are all brothers, all equals. We work together to establish our "Cercles d'études." Each "cercle" is composed of fifteen Catholic workmen. Already we have forty-five in Paris and five hundred in the provinces. In turn these eight thousand men organize and direct our "Instituts Populaires,"* of which we have twenty-four. Here all the world is admitted—Protestants, freethinkers, Jews—and the spirit of open discussion is encouraged. What we are striving to accomplish is the enlightenment of the working people as to the meaning of true democracy and liberty, that the reign of justice may be established. It may take years, but in the end we will triumph."

The work of Mark Sagnier is in perfect accord with that of "Ligue des Femmes Françaises" and since the expulsion from France of the religious, he has valiantly espoused their cause. There can be no greater proof of the success of the women's efforts than the fact that all political parties are endeavoring to obtain their favor. Monsieur Flornoy in a recent address said: "The appeal for your help which all political parties are making is indeed an homage to the influence of women." True to their constitution, however, they refuse to be associated with any one of the many Catholic parties in France, believing that they will have greater power for good if absolutely dis-

*Clubs where lectures, classes, gymnastics and reading rooms are established for the working people.

connected with politics. That they are feared by those in power is proven by the efforts they are making to paralyze the influence of the League among the lower classes. But the driving away of the Sisters has united in their defense Catholics of every class.

It is not so much the closing of the Sisters' schools that has aroused the people's indignation, as the insults and petty persecutions to which these noble women are subjected. Each day the papers recount some act of injustice perpetrated against them by the government officials in the small towns of France. In one case the daughter of a postman, who had been driven from her convent, returned to her father's home. He was immediately informed that he would lose his place if he harbored a secularized religious. The poor man could not see his other children starve, and so was obliged to turn this daughter from his door. A baker taking pity on a poor Sister, who had no home nor any means of support, hired her to deliver his bread. The officials declared that he had engaged her to teach his children. In spite of his protestations he was arrested and compelled to dismiss her. Four Sisters were engaged as domestics by a wealthy lady. She was notified that secularized religious were not permitted to live together as they thus formed *a congregation*. Being rich she was able to carry the matter to a higher court, where it is still pending. The Duchess d'Uzés is engaged in a similar law-suit. When the King of England was in Paris she was invited to dine with him, but was obliged to decline, as she had been summoned to court to answer to the grevious charge of harboring the Sisters who had been turned out of their home in the small village of Epernay.

While the Mother-houses in France have not been suppressed as yet, it is impossible for many of them to accommodate the hundreds of their Sisters rendered homeless by the closing of the schools and asylums. At Chambery five hundred are crowded into one small house, their provisions are giving out, and the poor Sisters are compelled to go without food every other day. They are divided into battalions; those who eat today, go hungry tomorrow. In many convents they have the same rules for sleeping; those having beds tonight sit in chairs or lie on bare floors tomorrow night. Thousands have left France or returned to their homes. I have heard of some very sad cases where relatives object to being burdened with their support, especially when threatened with loss of work. The unhappy Sisters are even urged to break their vows and marry, in order to obtain a home. The League is endeavoring to assist these persecuted women by obtaining situations for them or collecting money for the Mother-houses. Thousands of dollars have been subscribed, but much more is needed. In France, where church and state have been so closely connected, many of the Sisters' schools and hospitals have belonged to the commune. Closing more than *four thousand* of these institutions means rendering homeless many more thousands of Sisters. So bitter is the war waged against them that even when secularized, wearing the costume of a woman of the world, almost every avenue of labor is closed to them.

This religious persecution in France is not confined to the religious. Many Catholics holding governmental positions are under constant espionage. I knew a young woman who taught school in a village several miles from her home. Every Saturday she returned to her mother's house and on Sunday played the organ in a poor little church where the choir was composed of half a dozen small boys. She

received notice that her position would be forfeited if she continued to act as organist in her village. The good old Curé is now trying to teach one of the boys a few chords on the organ, that his little choir may continue their music during Mass. Hundreds of such instances could be cited, yet it is only fair to the French Government to say that such persecution is carried on by individual officials, usually in small towns where they can take advantage of the present bad laws to expend their personal animosity against all who believe in God.

It sounds monstrous to say that there are many men in France who would gladly exterminate every vestige of religion, who hate all Christians. Yet the police of Paris have recently been obliged to protect Catholics against this class of ruffians; and strange as it may seem, we have been compelled for many weeks to attend Mass, in a Catholic country, under guard of the gendarmes. Even the children assembling for their First Communion have been attacked and in one of the Corpus Christi processions the Blessed Sacrament was torn from the priest and trampled in the street. It is against this profanation of all that we hold most sacred that the women of France have raised their standard. To enlighten the ignorant, to feed the hungry, to uplift the fallen, to convert the irreligious—above all, to remember that Christ died for those who persecuted Him and for His sake to return hatred with love—this is the task that they have set themselves. It is indeed superhuman, and the courageous women who have undertaken it deserve the admiration and support of the whole Christian world.

GOOD-BYE.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

Gone are the pleasant Summer days;
Empty and bare the brown fields lie,
The birds have gone their several ways—
Good-bye! Good-bye!

Devoid of leaves great gnarled trees stand
Against the tawny evening sky;
The shadows lengthen o'er the land—
Good-bye! Good-bye!

A few late flowers linger yet—
The keen winds pause to watch them die;
Time turns not back—and suns have set.
Good-bye! Good-bye!

OUR TRUE POSITION.

Origin of the Greek Schism.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXII.

All lovers of the ideal in humanity must shed a tear of sympathy over the fate of patriotic and brave Greece in her helpless condition. Her heroic struggle in the long ago, to establish a pure republican form of government failed, simply because the nations of Europe could not tolerate a free government to exist within the sphere of their action. She had to choose between Egyptian bondage on the one hand and European monarchy on the other, and we can scarcely blame this persecuted people for preferring the latter, as the lesser of two evils. But it is not with the civil concerns of Greece that I wish to deal in this essay, but with her religious history.

I.

For the first eight centuries of Christianity the Greek Church was in full communion with the Latin Church and under the jurisdiction and supremacy of the Bishop of Rome,—successor to St. Peter and visible head of the Church of Christ on earth. Much of the old pagan philosophy existed among the Greek Christians, and by endeavoring to incorporate and reconcile these pagan ideas with the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, some errors in religion were introduced. In order to correct these errors and to establish the true principles of the Gospel, general councils of the Church were from time to time convened; and so we find that the first eight general councils of the Church were held in the East.

The first was held at Nice in 325, regarding the divinity of Christ and condemning the Arian heresy. The second at Constantinople in 338, regarding the divinity of the Holy Ghost and condemning the heresies of the Semi-Arians, the Sabillians and Macedonians. The third at Ephesus in 431, against the Nestorians, showing that there was only one person in Christ and that the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of God. The fourth at Chalcedon in 451, against the Eutychians, showing that there were two natures in Christ. The fifth at Constantinople in 553, respecting the errors of Origin and the three Chapters. The sixth at Constantinople in 680, against the Monothelites, proving that there were two wills and operations in Christ. The seventh at Nice in 787, condemning the Iconoclasts and establishing the doctrine of proper respect to sacred images. The eighth at Constantinople in 869, against the schism of Photius. This proud and intruded prelate gave origin to the unfortunate separation of the Greek from the Catholic Church. Until this period, both Churches were under one head and, though the Eastern Church lost many members by the above named heresies, the great body was still Catholic and in full communion with the Mother Church at Rome. One fact in the history of the Greek Church is very striking: that though the several sects within the Eastern Church differ from the Catholic Church, yet they agree with her in all those points on which Protestants differ from Catholic doctrine.

To understand this unfortunate schism, the history of Photius, the subtle schismatic, must be examined. Bardas, the uncle of the young Emperor Michael, who then governed the Eastern Empire, gave great scandal by his sinful mode of living. Ignatius, the Patriarch of Constantinople

felt it his duty to tell this unworthy prince how injurious his example was to Christianity. He requested him to look at least to his own soul; but this good advice only inflamed the passion of this royal degenerate. This public sinner presented himself at the altar rail to partake of the Holy Eucharist on the feast of Pentecost, and the patriarch refused him holy communion. Bardas vowed vengeance and formed a determination to ruin him in the eyes of the Emperor. Three days after, a deputation was sent to Ignatius requesting him to resign his See; but he resisted all promises and threats. The Emperor, disregarding the canons of the Church, appointed Photius Patriarch in his place. This wicked man possessed many accomplishments of mind and body, but his unbounded ambition and consumate hypocrisy tarnished his whole career. Having considerable property he possessed the means of drawing to him many supporters; and by his constant application to the study of literature and the sciences, he acquired a great reputation: in ecclesiastical learning he was also proficient. Having secured the patronage of Bardas he paved the way to his nomination to the patriarchate. He was then a layman; but he contrived to get himself through the several degrees of sacred orders to episcopacy in the space of six days. At his consecration he promised to hold communion with Ignatius, but in less than two months he declared vengeance against him and all in his communion. Ignatius is finally cast into prison and most cruelly treated. Every means is employed to force from him a resignation of his See. But Photius, impatient of delay, assembles a sham council with the support of the emperor and declares Ignatius deposed. He also procures the deposition of all the Bishops who remain faithful to Ignatius: they are cast into prison and Ignatius is exiled to the Isle of Lesbos. In the meantime, Photius sends a delegation to Rome to have his title confirmed, and the deposition of Ignatius ratified on the pretence that Ignatius, through infirmity, was no longer able to discharge the duties of his office. Pope Nicholas was on his guard: he sends two legates to Constantinople to get a correct statement of the case. The legates are not permitted to inquire into the facts and are threatened with exile unless they report favorably for Photius. After long resistance they finally yield to the Emperor's will. Ignatius is removed to the Isle of Terebentius, where he suffers much. He is thence called to assist at a Council formed in order to forward the schemes of Photius. Ignatius, intending to assist in his patriarchal robes, is commanded by the Emperor, to come in the garb of a monk. He obeys and comes to the Council, where the Emperor attends: he is requested to hand in his resignation, and not yielding, he is sent away: in ten days after he is forced to return. False charges are made against him: it is claimed that he was consecrated without an electoral decree: a sentence of deposition is pronounced against him: he is devested of the pallium and of his Episcopal robes, and is declared unworthy of the priesthood. Photius causes him to be shut up in the vault of Constantine Copronymus: he is given in charge of cruel guards, who strip him of his clothes and place him on a cold stone during the severity of the winter season: he is left for eight days without food or repose; he is put into a marble tomb and bound therein and is left a whole night in this cruel posture; he is unbound the next day and his hand is forcibly put to sign a document drawn up by Photius. It reads as follows: "I, Ignatius, the unworthy Patriarch of Constantinople, declare that I have been raised to the See without an electoral decree, and

that I have tyrannically governed the same." This pretended declaration is presented to the Emperor and Ignatius is set at liberty. This persecuted prelate then sends to Rome a memorial signed by the metropolitans, fifty bishops and many priests: he relates what he suffered and prays for redress.

Photius, not yet satisfied, advises the emperor to make Ignatius read aloud in the Church of the Apostles at Constantinople, his act of resignation and to cause his hand to be cut off and his eyes plucked out. Ignatius, being informed of the plot, escapes this new persecution by flight. In the garb of a slave, he retreats by night from the city and flies to the Island of Propontide. He suffers much in his flight, and is closely pursued by Photius. In the meantime, Photius writes hypocritical letters to Pope Nicholas. Here is a good sample: "When I reflect on the great duties of the Episcopal station and on the weakness of man and on my own in particular, I am surprised that any one could be found to assume such serious obligations. I cannot express my regret on beholding myself invested with such a burden. My predecessor having resigned his See, the clergy, the metropolitans, and especially the emperor, full of kindness towards others, but of cruelty towards me and regardless of my opposition, have laid the Episcopal charge on my shoulders. Thus in spite of my tears and regrets they have forced me into the Episcopacy." Conscious that he was an imposture, he exhibited forged letters from the Pope which he himself had framed. The forgery was discovered, but he contrived to evade the deserved punishment. Photius was equally criminal in concealing the scandals of the Emperor Michael. This profligate prince laughed at all the doctrines and ceremonies of the Church.

Pope Nicholas being duly informed of what happened at Constantinople, holds a council and condemns Photius as an usurper. He writes to Constantinople saying that he will never hold communion with Photius unless he renounces his usurped See. Bardas finally meets a fatal end and Photius loses his chief supporter. Michael, suspecting Bardas, has him executed. Photius yielding to the turn in affairs, strongly inveighs against Bardas, and endeavors to win back the good will of Michael. Many having retired from the communion of Photius on receiving the Papal mandate, he carries on a fearful persecution against them. He deprives some of their dignities; others of their property, and sends others into exile. On learning that the Pope cut him off from the communion of the Church, he excommunicates the Pope in turn. To give color to his proceedings he holds what he called a general council where the Emperor presides. False charges and false witnesses are produced against Pope Nicholas. Photius plays his part well. He pretends to defend the Pope and says he ought not to be condemned in his absence. The members of the council oppose his feigned opposition, and a sentence of deposition is pronounced against the Pope. He sends the acts of the Council to the Roman Emperor and begs of him to banish Pope Nicholas as being condemned by a general council.

This strange proceeding, of course, broke off all communion between the See of Rome and Photius, but to support his usurpation, Photius sends a circular letter to the Eastern bishops accusing the Latin Church of doctrinal errors. In this desperate act we have a real prototype of Martin Luther, who, in his day, fulminated against the then reigning Pope. The accusation was that the Church of Rome held that the Holy Ghost proceeded not only from the Father, but from the Son.

To the present day this is the chief point on doctrinal matters between the Greek schismatics, and the Catholic Church.

Pope Nicholas being informed of this charge writes a pastoral leter on the unjust proceedings of the Greek Emperor and refutes the calumnies advanced against the Church of Rome. The Emperor Michael still persists in his iniquitous career. Wishing to assassinate Basil in a chase, he is himself killed by his own guards in a state of intoxication, and Basil is proclaimed emperor. On the next day Photius is banished and Ignatius is recalled from exile. Basil, with the advice of Ignatius, writes to Pope Adrian to assemble a general council in order to heal the wounds inflicted on the Church by the schism of Photius. The Pope sends three legates to Constantinople, where they are received with every mark of respect. The Emperor pays them due honors and requests them to exert all their influence to establish a reunion of both Churches.

II.

A general council is duly convened on the 5th of October, 869, by Pope Adrian, to restore peace to the Greek Church. It was held in the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople. The Pope's legates, to whom was assigned the first place, presented their credentials to the Emperor Basil, by whom they were received with marks of profound respect: the patriarch Ignatius took his seat next to the Pope's legates; then the patriarchs of Antioch and Jerusalem. The bishops who suffered persecution from Photius were then introduced. At the close of the first session, the Pope's Letter was read to the Council. In the next session, those priests and bishops who yielded to the violence or persuasion of Photius, presented themselves and explained the rigorous treatment employed by Photius in order to bring them over to his usurpation. They said they were chained, cast into hideous dungeons, and supplied with the most offensive food: they, however, expressed their sorrow for having fallen.

By order of the legates, Photius was called to the fifth session. On his appearance they all exclaimed: "Is this Photius who has caused so much trouble in the Church?" Photius affects a profound silence, quotes some texts of scripture, false in their application and offensive to the council: he persists in his silence: he is requested to yield to the voice of the council: he answers by citing more texts of scripture which did not bear on the question and which only exposed his hypocrisy.

The Emperor attends the sixth session: the bishops favorable to Photius are present and on being convinced of their error, the greater part renounce the schism. Photius is again exhorted in the seventh to submit. He replies that he has no answer to make to calumny. In the eighth session, the imposition and shameful means practiced by Photius, in order to create and continue the schism, are investigated and fully exposed. Many of the image-breakers abjure their error. In the ninth session, penance is imposed on the false witnesses who were procured against Ignatius. When the accomplices in the crime of the Emperor Michael are arraigned for their wicked proceedings, they advance as an excuse the threats and menaces of that reckless prince.

At the tenth and last session, the Emperor, with his son Constantine, attends: the three ambassadors from Louis, Emperor of Italy and France, and those from Michael, King of Bulgaria, are present, and about one hundred bishops. They approve of the seven general councils,—confirm the sentence of Popes Nicholas and Adrian against Photius. Twenty-

seven canons of discipline are drawn up and a confession of faith against the Monothelites and Iconoclasts.

Photius would not submit: for the space of eight years, which he passed in exile, he is plotting for his restoration. He secures the favor of the Emperor by a singular stratagem. He frames a genealogy in which he flatters the pride of the prince by tracing his origin to Tiridades, King of Armenia; and he adds to it a prophecy, "that the reign of Basil would be more illustrious than that of any of his predecessors." Photius transcribes this fictitious narrative on three old parchments, and envelopes them in a moth-eaten cover and sends them to Theophanes, the emperor's secretary, with whom he had previously an understanding.

Theophanes shows this role to the Emperor as being the oldest and most curious manuscript in the library, and says that nobody is able to read it but Photius. Basil, ignorant of the deception, yields to the feelings of vanity, recalls Photius, receives him kindly and gives him free access to his presence. About this time Ignatius falls dangerously ill in the eightieth year of his age. On the 24th of October, while the divine office was being recited at midnight, Ignatius inquires whose feast the Church celebrated on the next day. He is told that it is St. James', called the brother of our Lord: he answered, "that is my patron saint," and having given his benediction to his clergy, he slept in the Lord. The Greek and Latin Churches honor him on the day of his death.

(To be Continued.)

A MAYO LOVE SONG.

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

It is far, and it is far
To Connemara where you are,
To where its purple glens enfold you
As glooming heavens that hold a star.

But they shall shine, they yet shall shine,
Colleen, those eyes of yours on mine,
As stars that after eve assemble
And tremble over the mountain line.

Though it be far, though it be far,
I'll travel over to where you are,
By grasslands green, that lie between,
And shining lakes at Mullingar.

And we shall be, we yet shall be,
Oh Colleen lonely! beloved by me
For ever more, on a moor of Mayo,
'Mid heather singing like the sea.

A GOLDEN MEMORY.

BY SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY.

Sometimes when things are not going quite as smoothly as they might, and I feel as the most contented among us is apt to feel occasionally, that fortune is dealing out harsh measure, I bring myself to a better frame of mind by remembering my four visits to Rome, visits made up of such eminently good days that to restore the balance to the average of human happiness I ought to uncomplainingly meet the inevitable disappointments which lie along life's pathway. On each of these visits the crowning joy was seeing the Holy Father and obtaining his blessing, but for my last visit, in 1898, was reserved the great privilege of a private audience, which special piece of good fortune came about I never exactly knew how.

When I was a child I had an elder brother whose few additional years, as well as other impressive attributes, made him my authority on every possible subject. I believed then, I am not sure that I do not believe now, that no question I could put to him would puzzle him. If I did not always comprehend his precise and elaborate replies to my queries, I loyally put down the misconception not to any want of clearness on his part, but entirely to dulness on my own. Whatever this big brother did was right and splendid in my eyes, whatever he desired, were it even the destruction of a doll, I agreed to, having neither power nor will to resist him. But this is not the place to recount these childish adventures. Suffice it to say that the devotion and obedience of the little sister, besides the immediate reward of being treated as a chum and comrade, obtained for her various promises of the glorious things to be done when we should both be grown up. And "I shall take you to Italy and Spain" was the usual climax to these promises. As things turned out later, this brother and I dwelt in different hemispheres, and we had not yet seen Italy and Spain together. But everything comes to him who waits, and one day my brother unexpectedly arrived from the other end of the world. He had many claims on his time, but in spite of them he managed to redeem the first clause of his promise, and took me to Italy. In planning the trip years before we had not contemplated the possibility of a daughter of his being of the party, but so it was. The month of August is not the season for traveling in Italy, nor ought that pre-eminently leisurely country to be rushed through, but we had no choice, for he had to catch his steamer at Naples within a limited time. And so, when we found ourselves at Rome, we had less than three sweltering summer days at our disposal in which to see the wonders of the Eternal City.

If my added experience of life had tended to shake my faith in my big brother's infallibility, it was quickly restored in Rome. On the evening of our arrival there he asked me in the most casual manner whether "I did not think an audience with the Holy Father might be managed for next day." "Oh, impossible!" I replied with the superior manner of one who knew Rome and her ways. "Such things demand time. It would not do even to make an application, for you will be already at sea long before the answer arrives." "*Nous verrons,*" he answered with the assured air which recalled his schoolboy omnipotence, and he sallied out in quest of what he wanted as if it were

merely a question of reserving places. Where he went, or whom he saw, he kept as secret as in days of yore he had kept the agencies by which the results which amazed me were achieved. "Well, that's all right," he said on his return. "Get ready, your veils and et ceteras, for ten o'clock the day after tomorrow, when the Holy Father will receive us." Though such promptitude seemed incredible I made the necessary preparations for my niece and myself, and the hour appointed found us at the Vatican. I was not reassured when I found that ours was the only carriage in the court-yard, for I had imagined that by some happy accident my brother had had our party added at the last moment to an audience already arranged. But no. We three were to be received alone. We were ushered through a long suite of apartments until at last we found ourselves in the presence of three monsignori, one of whom took us under his protection and instructed us in the ceremonial to be observed during the audience. He began by desiring us to remove our gloves. I asked whether we were to kiss the Holy Father's hand, or foot, and was told that we might do either, or both, as we preferred. We ladies were to make deep courtesies at the door as we entered, again when we had advanced half way down the room, and a third before we knelt for the Pope's blessing. When we had received our instructions we were led to the entrance of the Pope's little *salon*, and there left to our own devices. The Holy Father rose to receive us, even making a step or two forward, and saying our name aloud, to show that we were expected. When he reseated himself his right foot was a little in advance, and so I touched it with my lips before kissing his hand. Then with a gracious and fatherly gesture he motioned my brother and me to seats, one on his right hand the other on his left, while he drew the young girl, who was still on her knees, nearer to him, placing his hand caressingly on her shoulder and asking her Christian name.

Then for at least a quarter of an hour we three had Leo XIII. entirely to ourselves, not even a servant being in attendance. Naturally it was our illustrious host who led the conversation, and the first precious moments were, I must not say wasted, but certainly not profited of to the fullest extent. He spoke enthusiastically of Queen Victoria, whose golden jubilee had recently been celebrated, relating how, when he was Nuncio at Brussels, many years before, he had sat beside her at dinner, and had been much impressed by her good sense and dignity. Afterwards he spoke of Australia, asking my brother many questions about the progress of the Church in that distant part of the world, and then apropos of the Archbishop of Sydney, Cardinal Moran, the conversation drifted to the common fatherland of that eminent ecclesiastic and ourselves, which Leo XIII. spoke of as the "island of saints"; and finally he questioned us about our homes and families, sending his apostolic blessing to all for whom we asked it. The sweetness and simplicity of his manners put us completely at our ease, till we almost fancied we were chatting with a friendly old bishop whom we had known all our lives rather than that we were being received in private audience by the Supreme Head of the Church on earth. If it had not been for the restraint of addressing him in the third person, and in a foreign tongue, there was no favor which we should not have dared to demand. At length the Holy Father rose to show that the audience had terminated, and we retired, walking backwards and making the same reverences as on enter-

ing. It will give some idea of the temperature of Rome in mid August to say that a rosary of Roman pearls which I had twisted round my wrist was melted in patches by the heat of my skin.

When we left the Holy Father we found that another interview awaited us. We were conducted to the apartments of Cardinal Rampolla. By this time we had come to feel at home in the Vatican, and as the Cardinal was very gracious, and did most of the talking, we forgot for a little while the heat and fatigue of the last few days. But we were soon again under the burning sun of Rome, and as we drove back beneath its fierce blaze to our hotel, we agreed that nothing less than the signal favor we had enjoyed would compensate for the risk we ran of malarial fever by a sojourn of three days in Rome during the most dangerous season of the year.

BE HAPPY.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

Fill your lives with music, like the thrush's evening song,
Fill them with the sunshine of green meadows and blue skies,
Let them bloom with happy thoughts, like flowers that grow along
Cascades within dim forests, when soft, vernal airs arise.

Drink a draught of beauty from the fountains of the dawn,
Drink it as the morning light arises on the hills,
Bathe your souls in splendor in the dews upon the lawn,
Then to laughter set them with the harmony of rills.

Catch the gleam and glory of God's love in setting suns,
Catch it in the rainbows of the tempests on the meres,
View it in the nimble leap of lightning, too, that runs
Across the clouds of evening in the depths of shining spheres.

Do not shun the light of day for darkness, like the owl,
Then for ever of your lot most drearily complain,
Do not mope your lives away in idleness or prowl
In search of ills to prove, alas! that everything is vain.

Rather sing thanksgiving that you're living in God's love,
Then you'll say "His will be done" whatever may befall;
For this earth is beautiful beneath the stars above,
And opens bright mansions in the heavens for us all.

THE CATHOLIC ACTOR.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The stage owns a powerful fascination for most men, and has exercised it on all classes from the earliest ages; not merely the fascination which belongs to the story, the song, and the picture, but a deeper and more compelling attraction; since audience, actor, playwright, and manager, feel the spell, each in his own domain. The true manager takes as deep pleasure in staging a play as the actor in playing it, the dramatist in writing it, and the audience in its presentation. Here lies the secret of amateur drama. The impulse to write, stage and act a play is so strong that men must play at acting, stage management, and play-writing. The figures of the amateur drama have never been gathered, but undoubtedly they would startle the interested. Whoever has felt the fascination of the play in any form cannot but see that it has the marks of a primal instinct, like singing and dancing. Like dancing, it has withstood the efforts of the injudicious to stamp it out of existence as an evil thing. We read with astonishment of civil and ecclesiastical punishments for the dance and the play long ago. The social ostracism inflicted upon the actor and manager less than a century back puzzles the modern mind. The temper which generated censure and ostracism still exists in particular areas, and closes its doors on the dance, the novel, the actor, and the play; but its power to legislate has disappeared, and it may only shake its head at the freedom allowed these suspicious amusements.

We look at these matters more sensibly nowadays. Instead of crushing what we dislike, we reform it. We guide the social instincts, having learned that we cannot suppress them. The novel now enjoys a place in the household, the dance has become ordinary, the play is a subject for table-talk, the actor dines with us, and universities confer degrees on managers and playwrights! Sir Henry Irving! Sir Gilbert Parker! Sir Walter Besant! There are names and titles for you! And at last we Catholics have become proud of our Catholic actors, and are willing to admit their ability to keep the ten commandments and get to heaven, if they choose. Our condescension is hardly appreciated. They have seen too many cold shoulders in past years to be charmed suddenly at the sight of smiling faces looking over the same cold shoulders. Who were these Catholic actors of the long ago? Who

Since this article was written the unexpected and untimely death of Mr. Joseph Haworth occurred at Willoughby, Ohio.

are our Catholic actors today? The record is long and remarkable, but no one has gathered the precise details. What is given here springs from memory and hearsay and an odd printed page. While open to correction, in the main, it will be found quite trustworthy.

Lovely Mary Gannon played in the best theatres of New York fifty years ago, and her pictures may still be found in the collections of theatrical celebrities. An old priest is authority for the statement that she was as good as she was clever and beautiful, that her manners were refined and charming, and that she died in the bosom of the Church after an honorable Catholic life. She was an Irish girl, plump, dignified, even stately, if her portraits are to be trusted. The modern actress gets up her photograph with such complexity that the face becomes a puzzle to find. Lovely Mary Gannon, as they called her when Buchanan was President, stands in her picture like a Roman matron, statuesque, simply clad, and beautiful. She played in the strange plays of the period. Their very names are forgotten outside of the playbills, and we have no means of estimating her ability except from her popularity. She was nearly contemporary with Laura Keene, the actress-manager, whose celebrity has never been surpassed even in these press-agent days; for Laura, besides having been a fine actress and a successful manager, won a place in history in connection with the assassination of President Lincoln. On that fatal night she was playing her part in *The American Cousin* at Ford's theatre, Washington, with the President and his wife as part of her audience. When Booth leaped to the stage after the frightful crime, Miss Keene hastened to the President's box and held his head in her lap while the horrified attendants did what was possible for his relief. On the beautiful dress which she wore the great man's life-blood left an indelible stain, and Laura Keene kept the relic while she lived, reverently passing it on to a friend before her death. Miss Keene was a convert to the faith, and died with the grace of the sacraments after an eminent and successful career.

The whole world seems to have known William Florence ten years ago, not only as the creator of the Senator in *The Mighty Dollar,* and co-star with Jefferson in *The Rivals,* but also as the social favorite whose accomplishments made him the companion of the great men of his time. He was a handsome man, a bon vivant, the soul of generosity, and a capable actor. The critics declared him the only Sir Lucius O'Trigger that had ever been, but their opinion was biased by Florence's good dinners, and by their own ignorance of the Irish character drawn by Sheridan. As a matter of fact Florence did not seem to have the faintest idea of the part of Sir Lucius, which he played very much on the lines of the traditional stage Irishman; whereas Sir Lucius represented a type that has wholly disappeared from society. However, he pleased his audiences, and after a life of great success and too much worldly enjoyment, he died with the grace of the sacraments while on tour with Jefferson.

Very few people ever knew that Georgie Drew Barrymore was a Catholic, and left the legacy of the faith to her three children. She was the daughter of the noted Irish comedian, John Drew, and his still more famous wife, Mrs. John Drew, and undoubtedly the cleverest member of the famous Drew family. She married Lionel Barrymore, the son of an Anglican clergyman, a great leading man for many years, now dying of brain trouble in a sanitarium. She became a convert to the faith while traveling in England, and died

some ten years ago in California of nervous prostration. Her two boys were educated in Seton Hall College, and her daughter has won as great prominence as her mother, both on the stage and in social life, as one of Mr. Charles Frohman's stars. Her son, Lionel, in his uncle's company last season, won favorable notice by his acting of a character part. Mrs. Barrymore's last appearance in New York was with Crane in *The Senator*, a successful play in which she shone as the widow. She remained a devoted Catholic to the last, and her three children seem to have inherited both her faith and her talent.

Mlle. Rhea was a familiar name on the billboards for many years throughout this country, and while she was little known in the metropolis, her following was very large elsewhere. She was a French woman of beauty and charm, a well-trained and capable actress, who played all the classic parts in comedy and tragedy, kept a fine company with her, and costumed her plays splendidly. Once or twice she tried New York, but the critics and the audiences declined to accept her pronunciation and her French methods. She introduced the Napoleonic craze in plays by producing *The Empress Josephine,* a fair melodrama that tours the country yet with success. A few years ago she retired to her native country, and died of cancer, on the pretty estate won by her earnings. Almost to the last she preserved the beauty, elegance, and charm which made her dear to thousands of people.

These five people were among the most eminent and successful of their time, and all remained faithful Catholics, at least in the profession of the faith, and all of them died with the grace of the sacraments. When we pass to the consideration of living actors of eminence the name of Mary Anderson is the first to occur, "our Mary," as the American world affectionately calls her. In addition to her good looks and her talent, Mary Anderson had the characteristics of a strong nature. Her common sense was rather remarkable, her faith was of the simple kind that must express itself without flinching, and her personality did more for the elevation of the stage, the play, and the actor, than any other single force with which I am acquainted. Her beauty was a revelation in the rather lurid *Ingomar*. Her capacity was not as great, nor her disposition as sweet as Modjeska's, but she could appeal with more directness to the American public than the Polish actress with her accent and her foreign ways. The two women have been the glory of the American stage in our time. Their personality, illumined by faith, gave a new meaning to the old Shaksperean characters. To appreciate the difference, one has only to witness the *Rosalind* of Ada Rehan, or of Henrietta Crosman, the *Juliet* of Julia Marlowe, and then compare them with the *Juliet* of Mary Anderson, and the *Rosalind* of Modjeska. Not only better acting, but that other indefinable thing, not to be described, only to be felt. Mary Anderson left the stage after her marriage, saddened by the vulgarity, the immorality, the meanness which became more visible to her as her experience increased. Modjeska has never been able to take up private life, and still tours the country. Somewhere in England there lives a companion to these two in the person of Genevieve Ward, an actress of distinction who toured this country twenty-five years ago with success. She played in repertory, and introduced to this country a clever two-part play which had great vogue for years under the title of *Forget-Me-Not*. Her last appearance was in London, where she delighted the critics not many years

MARY ANDERSON.

GENEVIEVE WARD.

ago as Queen Katharine in *Henry VIII.* It is not a small thing to have given to the stage three such women as Mary Anderson, Genevieve Ward, and Madame Modjeska in a single generation.

MADAME MODJESKA.

By this time North America itself must be well acquainted with James O'Neill, the capable actor who profitably but foolishly tied his talent and his name to the play of Monte Christo, and *finally* got to that pass where audiences would take no other play from him, and to the second hell where they declined even the pet play. This is the punishment of him who wholly subordinates his art to his income. Nevertheless James O'Neill escaped damnation by a change in methods. The Liebler Company sent him forth, in *The Three Musketeers,* a miserable adaptation of the famous romance, in which O'Neill had to play young D'Artagnan,—and he is no longer young,—and the great Richelieu is pictured as a Vermont magistrate. When one recalls that O'Neill played *The Christ* in the only production of the *Passion Play* tolerated in this country, and Wolsey to the Queen Katharine of Charlotte Cushman, the slipperiness of the descent to Avernus becomes evident without further description. However, as he is not yet old, we may yet see him on some worthy peak of excellence and fame. Joseph Haworth has outstripped him in the race to the goal, but financially Haworth is a much poorer man, having remained more faithful to his ideals perhaps. He has ideals. He would like to play Shakspeare forever, but neither New York nor the Syndicate will have it. The actor who devotes himself to the classic play must tour the provinces, and be content with bread and butter most of the year. Haworth has played Hamlet. His Cassius looked much better than ordinary beside the Brutus of Mansfield last winter. A third actor worthy to rank with these two, and in some respects standing above them is the clever, upright, charming Frederick Paulding, one of the most versatile actors on the American stage. At present he is working in stock com-

panies in the West. Nature has not been kind to him in one respect: he lacks height, a drawback which cost him a career. All the other qualities are his in profusion. Lacking inches, he must be content to make a living. These three Catholic actors profess the faith openly. Their progress towards perfection is not a matter for public discussion.

MLLE. RHEA.

The actors who belong exclusively to the present generation are a very different class from that represented by Mary Anderson and Frederick Paulding. One might call them ironically the children of the Syndicate, which would not be strictly true. They were not trained under the Trust, but are often owned by the monster. Their stellar glory is of the Syndicate. Margaret Anglin as leading lady of the Empire Theatre Company, may be accorded the first place by reason of her position, but not for her acting. She is the daughter of a Canadian lawyer, Timothy Anglin, once speaker of the Canadian House of Commons. She worked her way to the front by the usual degrees,

GEORGIE DREW BARRYMORE.

and made a hit in a successful play called *Mrs. Dane's Defence,* because in the play Mrs. Dane could make no defence. This anomaly cast no shadow on Miss Anglin's talent, and she now sits where the limelight may fall on her gorgeous costumes, the critics praise her night and day, and the photographers study her most charming poses. The same may be said of Grace George and Blanche Walsh and Ethel Barrymore, children of fortune, whose future will always shine with stellar glory, not merely because they have talent, but because fate took kindly to them. It is said that all these charming women go to Mass with incredible regularity and under most trying circumstances; and we may believe it the more readily that the information does not come from the press agent. One of the really clever actresses of the time, who wears no costumes worth photographing, and never feels the glare of the calcium light, is old Mrs. Peters, character actress, possessing a treasure of an Irish brogue, born and bred on the stage, as lively at sixty-five as any other woman at forty. She comes of a stage family, eminent in the records. One sister died

JAMES O NEILL AS HAMLET.

manager of the Toronto opera house, Mrs. Charlotte Morrison, a social favorite in that exclusive English town; another was the most polished member of the old Frohman company at the Lyceum, Mrs. LeMoyne; her son Frederick was a member of the Harrigan forces. Mrs. Peters is a convert with an interesting story of her conversion, and in her stage career has played everything that presented itself, from Juliet upwards to Lady Macbeth and downward to a character part in *The Sunshine of Paradise Alley.*

A popular leading man is Wilton Lackaye, said to be a graduate of Georgetown. He can act when he feels like it, and occasionally he has that feeling. For example, his Petronius in *Quo Vadis* had dignity, and his Svengali in *Trilby* showed power; and if he felt in this mood oftener there would be nothing too good for him in the theatrical world. Emmett Corrigan has won a reputation in *Ben Hur* for rather conscientious acting, and has a good chance for the future. Fritz Williams, a graduate of Fordham, established

ETHEL BARRYMORE

GRACE GEORGE IN "PRETTY PEGGY."

himself firmly as a comedian with the Lyceum company, and commands a good salary at any time. Whatever drama he plays in is sure to receive distinction from his presence, and not infrequently a dead play comes to life by his interpretation of a part. Brandon Tynan made a dash for fame two years ago with his drama of *Robert Emmett,* and left a very favorable impression of his acting and of his personality on the public. Frederic Peters made his reputation with Harrigan, and has since followed a varied career in farce and comedy. The list might be extended indefinitely.

Dion Boucicault worked very hard to secure a permanent place for the so-called Irish drama, and his imitators continued the struggle after him, with only nominal success; but it may be admitted that they established the popularity of the Irish character in the current drama. Clyde Fitch illustrated this success when he provided a part for Edward Harrigan in his play, *The Bird in the Cage,* a drama written for Grace George originally, but found unsuitable. The play proved a failure except for the part created by Harrigan. This actor at one time seemed to have a promising career ahead of him, Howells praised him for his sketches of low life in the metropolis, and one of his plays ran a whole season in New York. When he departed from his own ground, and undertook the Weber-Fields entertainment the public deserted him, and he went on the road. This month he will appear once more before the New York public with an old-time play. John T. Kelly has an

WILTON LACKAYE

honorable place in Irish burlesque with Weber and Fields, and his burlesque of Li Hung Chang some years ago was one of the laughing successes of the day. Dan Sully scattered laughter all over the country in his play of *The Corner Grocery,*

MARGARET ANGLIN.

and mounting to more serious things gave a creditable impersonation of *The Parish Priest* a few years ago, rough but not vulgar, sympathetic if not spiritual, and even dignified. Andrew Mack and Chauncey Olcott are birds of a feather, singing birds, whose sole duty is to play the handsome, rollicking, well-dressed Irish vocalist, with no likeness to any character that ever existed on this earth. They deal in popular songs, sung by moonlight near a lake or a mill in the presence of charming maids or vigorous patriots about to rush to death in behalf of their country. All over the land their rougher prototype, Mr. Joseph Murphy, still charms his audiences with the ancient *Kerry Gow* and *Shaun Rhue,* though I believe his voice will not allow him to sing pathetic songs from his prison-cell to the broken-hearted

MRS. CHARLES PETERS

maiden and the English officer standing without in the moonlight on the prison walls. It would be interesting to learn how many Irish plays go forth each year on the road to make the people laugh, their character, and their success.

The above record has distinction, which might be increased were the investigation more minute. It will be noticed that Mary Anderson, Madame Modjeska, and James O'Neill have left no successors with promise of equal excellence. The fault lies not with the younger generation of actors, but with the changed conditions. No actor can nowadays get the training needed, the training secured by the Andersons and the O'Neills of former times. The moment an actor shows special ability his career is specialized by the managers. Poor John Drew! making money in large quantities by sacrificing his talent and his capacities to the whims of his managers! His father and mother won eminence, and he has won money; that is the history of the time!

FREDERIC W. PETERS

JOSEPH HAWORTH.

PIUS X. AND THE GREGORIAN CHANT.

BY F. P. DELGADO.

The desire of Pius X. to reform church music and to bring once more into fashion the old ecclesiastical music or plain song, used in the Christian Church from its earliest centuries, has brought the question of church music into prominence, especially as modern church music has been seeking to divorce itself from the old forms and is aspiring at effects that are often more theatrical than religious. The attitude of the present Pope in this matter was revealed when he was Patriarch of Venice. Before examining the methods he employed to reform church music, it is interesting to note briefly in what the old music of the church consisted and what were its characteristics.

The origin of plain song, the unisonus vocal music of the early Roman Church, is not known. It is claimed by some to contain elements taken from ancient Greek and Hebrew music. It is often spoken of as Gregorian in view of the fact that Pope Gregory the Great arranged and systematized it. Hence the name, Gregorian chant. He adapted it to every part of the liturgy and to the several seasons of the Christian year. It is characterized largely by an adherence to mediæval modes, by independence of rhythmical and metrical structure, and by a limited and austere use of harmony.

The early musical masters and composers of the Church based their compositions largely upon the technique of the Gregorian chant, and their music reveals and interprets the purity of plain song. The fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were rich in these men—Josquin de Près, Felice Anerio, Clemens non Papa, Palestrina, Orlando di Lasso, and Claude Goudimel. Of these, Palestrina was the most celebrated.

But today we see the antithesis of all this. While plain song is the recognized model of the liturgy of the Church, and while it has been revived spasmodically in the ritualistic branch of the Anglican Church, it has nevertheless lost its early importance and has been superseded by orchestral music, to a very large extent. To enter the Cathedral of St. Bavon, Ghent, upon a Flemish saint day, as the writer of this article did recently, and to hear a modern orchestra rendering the work of a modern composer, is rather disquieting and not at all in keeping with the symbolism of that beautiful altar piece of the Adoration of the Lamb by Hubert and Jan van Eyck, in the same cathedral.

It is well known that the new Pope is a zealous partisan of the Gregorian chant. When he was Patriarch of Venice he employed all his efforts to reform religious music. He was one of the most active supporters of the admirable Abbé Perosi, who has since become musical director of the Sistine Chapel, and who was formerly precentor of St. Mark's. At Rome, Perosi has continued and completed the work of Tebaldini, whose efforts were so enthusiastically directed in behalf of the Gregorian chant.

In 1895, Cardinal Sarto wrote a long and important episcopal letter upon church music. Referring to this letter, M. André Nède in a recent article in *Le Figaro*, declares that the analogy is striking between it and the doctrines set forth in the *Schola Cantorum*. In this letter, Cardinal Sarto held that the Fathers of the Church, canons issued by the Councils, Papal bulls, and the disciplinary decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, only recognize in religious music that which tends to the honor of God and the

edification of the faithful, and as such it is potent in arousing and impelling religious devotion. According to Cardinal Sarto, moreover, it should have three characteristics—sanctity, dignity of art and universality. Therefore it is necessary to proscribe all light, trivial, or theatrical music in the churches—profane either in the form of its composition or in the manner in which it is executed. *Sancta, sancte!* It is becoming moreover that religious music should be unified and not abandoned to individual fancy. As there is one form of belief, there should be one form of prayer and also one form of religious music, which is one of the forms of prayer.

These diverse and indispensable qualities are found in the purely liturgical chant—the Gregorian chant. The polyphonic music which Palestrina raised to such a high degree of perfection is also worthy of being admitted. As Cardinal Sarto declared, it has such a striking character of sanctity and mysticism in its forms that the Church has always declared it proper for its temples and the only one truly worthy of taking a place with the Gregorian chant.

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, whose music is held in such esteem, was born at Palestrina about 1524. He was a celebrated Italian composer and was surnamed *princeps musicae*. He was at different times chapel master at the Vatican, the Lateran, and St. Maria Maggiore in Rome. To hear him sung today as he should be sung, you must go to Paris and hear him in the Church of St. Sulpice or at St. Eustache.

In so far as the theatrical *genre* of religious music is concerned, it has no other purpose than to please the senses and to charm the ear. It is affected in solos and brilliant in choirs. It is condemnable to take the pleasures of the senses as a criterion in judging sacred things. Does one affirm that these pleasures are necessary in order to attract people to church? Cardinal Sarto replied that the people are more serious and more pious than one would ordinarily believe. The liturgical chant was objected to on the grounds that it was German music. Italian patriotism protested. But was not Gregory the Great a Roman? asks M. Nède. Palestrina, Viadana, Lotti, and Gabrieli—were they not Italians?

Cardinal Sarto announced in his pastoral letter that he had named a commission charged with the execution of a law which he drew up with severity. This law was as follows: In liturgical functions neither the nature nor the order of the texts must be changed. Vesper anthems must be executed in their proper Gregorian chant. The *tantum ergo* is not to be sung like a romance, a cavatina or an adagio, or the *Genitori* like an allegro. Drums, cymbals, trombones, bells, or any other light and noisy instruments are prohibited in church orchestras. The prohibition likewise of the *pianoforte* and of instrumental troupes is insisted upon. Women should not sing in the choir. If there be need of high voices, boys' voices should be employed, following the ancient custom of the Church. Above all, in sacred functions, liturgy should not be subservient to music, for music ought to be the humble servant of liturgy.

The prohibition of women's voices is of especial interest as they play such a large part in modern choirs. Leaving aside the question of propriety and of much subtler ones that arise in this connection, it can be said that the soprano of the woman cannot equal in *timbre* the soprano of the boy. Wagner recognized this when he wrote Parsifal.

The Patriarch of Venice ordered that no music should be executed in his

diocese without its being first submitted to the commission. In this he was perfectly right, as it is necessary that the chant should be as the Church prescribes. Frivolous music offends the majesty of the Church. M. Nède points out the analogy existing between this idea of religious music and the impressive and beautiful words of Saint Augustine upon this subject. Saint Augustine desired that a plain distinction should be established between the sensual pleasures of gracious sounds and the musical glorification of God. He distrusted the delights of harmony. He was afraid of being influenced by the song rather than by the thing sung. He recommended an austere music subservient to its saintly office, and forbade the dangerous harmonies of profane melodies.

Having become Pope will the Patriarch of Venice extend to the universality of Catholicism the strict and excellent rules which he imposed in his diocese? It is extremely probable, and much to be desired. In this wise he will be the definite reformer of religious music, and he will thus merit the gratitude of those who are solicitous of a noble art and who are conscious of its just destiny.

SONG OF THE PINES.

BY CHARLOTTE A. CALLAHAN.

What is the song that the pine-trees sing
  Down by the edge of the sea,
Where sea-weeds over the old rocks cling
And gray gulls flutter on homeward wing,
  And all is so wild and free?
Listen at dawn, to the soft sea-breeze
As it whispers the song of the odorous trees.

When the sunrise gold with green is wove,
  In the tangled branches high,
They sing of laughter and joy; of the love
In the little birds' nests in limbs above,
  Under an azure sky;
And sea-shell secrets blown from the brine,
For the song of the sea is the theme of the pine.

But when, from the west, the red lights sweep,
  Gilding an ebbing tide,
They sing of loved ones sailing the deep,
And fair ones left on the shore to weep;
  Then to the ocean wide,
Is swept all joy from the song of the pines,
When hearts are breaking and day declines.

"MacGAHAN, LIBERATOR OF BULGARIA."

A NINETEENTH CENTURY HERO.

BY MAY LOWE.

Perry County, Ohio, is famed as a stronghold of Catholicity. Among its illustrious sons are numbered Father Zahm, for some time connected with Notre Dame University, who has won international recognition as a leader in scientific research and a writer of rare ability; General Phil. Sheridan, whose military career is familiar to all Americans; and William A. Taylor, a well-known journalist and author. But of all the noble souls which have dominated the world of action, there is none, perhaps, more worthy of esteem and veneration than is Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, whose life began in a quiet, peaceful spot in this famous county. Environed in his early years by deep religious influences and peaceful rural pursuits his career merged into an existence so full of adventure, danger, and noble deeds as to be likened to the wonder tales of wizards and heroes of chivalry. The pious faith of the humble parents, in which his boyhood was nurtured, remained with him to the end, forming round his deeds of daring a halo of noble resolve and pure purpose. The saints whose names he bore must, in a special manner, have watched over him, for his pure, sweet boyhood showed forth the loving care of the patron of boys; while the noble contempt for life which characterized him, his willingness to have his blood poured forth for the good of his fellow-men, must have been inspired by none other than the martyr-bishop, St. Januarius, himself.

MacGahan was born near New Lexington, Ohio, on June 12, 1844, in one of the rude log cabins of pioneer days, containing a living room below, and a loft above, serving as the boy's bed-room, poorly lighted, for window-glass was then almost unattainable. Its one door, with its log step, served as entrance and exit. But a boy like MacGahan needed no luxurious habitation, for he had all outdoors in which to develop, and the circle of magnificent wooded hills crowned by the canopy of heaven was to him a stately mansion which a king might covet.

His boyhood was passed with his mother, his father having died when he was six years old. He attended the little log school-house near the home farm, but at fourteen began his noble career by becoming his mother's knight-errant; for her means were limited, and with four sons younger than he her task of rearing her family was arduous indeed.

For several summers he went into ad-

joining counties to do farm work, but the winter brought him back to study at the Pigeon Roost school. He was a gentle boy of scholarly habits, whose subsequent literary power was foreshadowed in his love of reading, and the excellence of his school essays. At sixteen, being qualified to teach, he obtained a school in Indiana, and later went to St. Louis, where he earned a living as a bookkeeper, his spare time being given to study and writing for the press.

It is a rather remarkable fact that though the two great men, Sheridan and MacGahan, were reared within a few miles of one another, they never met until, in the latter's residence in St. Louis, he had the opportunity of writing an account of an oration in honor of his distinguished neighbor.

In 1868 MacGahan went to Europe to study languages, in which congenial study he became very proficient, acquiring not only the languages of Western Europe, but also the Slavonic dialects of the East. Archibald Forbes says of him, later: "MacGahan seemed to speak every language under the sun, and was as glib in Turkish as in Russian and Bulgarian."

That all things worked together for MacGahan's final grand success is here seen, for without the knowledge of foreign tongues or without the power of setting forth in strong English what he saw and felt, he would not have been sent as a war correspondent; he would not have beheld with his own eyes the "Bulgarian atrocities"; the world would not have been awakened to the horrors being perpetrated by a ruthless government upon inoffensive women and children; the Russo-Turkish war would be an event unknown; and Bulgaria would not be free.

Having accomplished his purpose of going abroad, MacGahan entered a law school at Brussels, with the intention of returning home to practice.

About this time the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and he was employed by the New York Herald, for which he had written up the Paris Exposition in 1867, to join the French army in the capacity of war correspondent. His letters to his paper narrated, in a vivid manner, the ineffectual attempt of the hundred thousand men under General Bontbaki to raise the siege of Belfort, and their rout into Switzerland, accompanied by terrible sufferings from hunger and cold.

In the next few years, MacGahan led a life of adventure so marvelous as to be almost beyond belief. As the correspondent of the Herald and the London Daily News he was in all the wars of Europe, always placing himself in the greatest points of danger, that his news-letter might be vivid and truthful. Twice he was condemned to death, once at the instigation of the infuriated mob which formed the Commune at Paris; and three years later, when, with the army of Don Carlos in Spain, he was sentenced to death as a spy. His life was spared on both occasions by the intervention of the United States Minister.

It was in the summer of 1871, when he was traveling with General Sherman through Europe, that a bit of romance entered into that busy life which before had known only adventure and danger. They were in Russia, and, in true story-book fashion, MacGahan's horse slipped, the rider sustaining a severe injury to the ankle. He was carried to the nearest house, where, in the few days of his invalidism, he met Miss Barbara d'Elaguine, whom, later, he married. To some men the time would have seemed indeed short to accomplish such a momentous undertaking, but his days had been crowded with stirring events, and our ardent Irish-

American, pleased with the charming manners of the Russian girl, was not slow in bringing his suit to a happy termination. Those persons who met Mrs. MacGahan in New Lexington, thirteen years later, speak of her as a woman of most engaging personality.

Of MacGahan's travels, as varied as they were astonishing, may be briefly noted a trip in 1873, to report the Virginius affair; and an Arctic expedition in the Pandora, in search of Sir John Franklin and his lost crew.

All his travels and adventures, combined with his wonderful ride to Khiva, read like fairy tales. This latter act has been pronounced the most daring deed ever executed by a single man. He was in Russia when he received information that the army of the Czar was about to make an assault on Khiva in Turkestan. Being ordered by the Herald to accompany the Russian army, he applied at St. Petersburg for permission. This, after great difficulty, he succeeded in obtaining, and set out in March, 1873. Mr. Eugene Schuyler, at that time American Minister to St. Petersburg, went with him as far as Ft. Perovsky, on the Syr Daria. Of their start Mr. Schuyler says:—

"Leaving St. Petersburg on March 23, 1873, pausing for a day at Moscow, I arrived in Saratof, some 940 miles, on the morning of the 26th, by rail. I was accompanied by Mr. J. A. MacGahan, correspondent of the New York Herald, whose desert ride, on his way to Khiva, was, a few months later, the subject of general wonder and admiration."

At Saratof our adventurers procured two small sledges, in which, after storing such provisions as they would need, they set forth, taking a short cut across country to Orenburg. The snow was still in good condition for traveling, though they feared that a thaw which had begun at Saratof might extend over their route. For this reason they were obliged to delay at post-stations along the way to bargain for the exchange of horses and sledges. If they had known how they would find the roads, they would have bought vehicles, and thus have saved time and annoyance.

They suffered greatly from the cold, and found it necessary to wear dark spectacles on account of the intense glare of the sun on the snow. But in spite of this precaution their eyes pained them severely. Their faces also became swollen and the skin peeled off in patches. At Orenburg they were told that there was no doubt that they could catch up with the army at Kazala. They accordingly obtained a large traveling carriage, which was so arranged that it could be fitted with wheels or lashed to a sledge, according to the condition of the roads.

Thus they took their way over the Steppe, a slow painful journey of hundreds of miles, with only three or four post-stations on the way, at which they might procure warm food. They were buffeted by biting winds; their provisions were frozen solid, even their bread having to be placed over a spirit lamp to thaw out sufficiently to be cut or bitten; and then, as they journeyed farther south, came rain and mud, and, when they reached Fort Perovsky, the oppressive heat of mid-summer.

Detained by the inclemencies of nature and the misdirected zeal of some officials, their progress was a slow one, and MacGahan exulted when, at last, he arrived at Fort Perovsky. The delay incident to his obtaining the required permission to join the Czar's forces, as well as other hindrances, led MacGahan to think that he might after all be too late to witness the fall of Khiva, and after parting with his companion at Fort Perovsky he pushed

out across the desert of the Kyzil Kum, which stretched its barren, trackless waste between him and the Oxus, upon whose banks he hoped to find General Kaufmann's division.

Then began a journey of six hundred miles through an unknown region, gleaming red sand stretching out, day after day, upon his weary gaze, relieved only here and there by little oases upon which to rest the eye and the wearied body, but in which lurked lizards and tarantulas, and whose very vegetation emitted poisonous exhalations.

Ever on the alert for the hostile Turkomans, and escaping the troop of Cossacks sent out to capture him as an English spy, he at last reached Kala-ata, and was greatly pleased to find a small division of Kaufmann's column which the General had left behind. But his joy was turned to chagrin when the commandant informed him that he considered it his duty to arrest and detain him until he could receive instructions as to his disposal. MacGahan, knowing that long before his release could be obtained in this way the object of his long and weary journey would have been accomplished—that Khiva would be stormed and taken—escaped from the post in the night, and, though followed, managed to elude his pursuers, and, after another month's toilsome journey, suffering with heat and thirst, he at last came in sight of the Oxus. The noise of battle smote his ear, and riding on he reached General Kaufmann's headquarters in time to witness the greater part of the battle, and to enter, with the victorious Russians, the conquered city. For his personal bravery in this campaign, the Czar conferred upon MacGahan the Order of St. Stanislaus.

But all these adventures were only the prelude to his life-work—that grand action, or series of action, which culminated his career, and which makes us feel that, though his life ended at thirty-four, his death was in one sense not sad, not premature; for this short life had been filled with noble accomplishment.

In the Spring of 1876 the Eastern question was beginning to approach one of its periodical upheavals, and some telegrams were sent to London, recounting in a rather vague and doubtful manner stories of massacres then taking place in Bulgaria. MacGahan, with a fine intuition born of his knowledge of the Eastern situation, lost no time in signing articles with the London Daily News, and sailing for Constantinople. Here he sought out Mr. Schuyler, then consul-general to Turkey, whom he persuaded to accompany him, and together they visited one place after another, being met on all sides by such horrors as only a master mind could portray. But the mind of MacGahan was equal to the task, and actuating it was a heart filled with pity for the victims and with indignation toward the perpetrators of the wanton cruelties which he beheld.

MacGahan's letters describing, as only he could describe them, the "Bulgarian atrocities" aroused, not only in London, but throughout the civilized world, astonishment and horror. Beaconsfield, with his characteristic hatred of anything even in the remotest degree Catholic, as well as in opposition to Gladstone, derided MacGahan's statements; and, in order to break down the latter's testimony, despatched a British official to Bulgaria to report adversely on the subject. But this official was so fired with what he saw, that, disregarding his instructions, he confirmed MacGahan's reports.

Journeying throughout Bulgaria, constantly writing those burning words which were firing the civilized world, he was, in the meanwhile, instilling courage and hope in the hearts of the down-trodden

Bulgarians, who, strengthened by his promise, "Within a year you will see me here with the army of the Czar," took up arms with the cry, "MacGahan, Liberator of Bulgaria."

Through the influence of this native of a little obscure county in Ohio, the Russian troops were mobilized, on April 24, 1877, at Kishenhoff; the Czar reviewed them; the order was given to advance, and the mighty army of the Russias moved forward to do battle against "the unspeakable Turk," the intrepid MacGahan riding with the advance guard.

Our hero took part in so many stirring events at this time that no detailed account, but only a mere mention, may be given of them here.

When the Turkish vessel, the "Lutfi Djelil," was blown up, at Braila, MacGahan was among those who went out to the wreck, in a steam-launch, to pull down the flag which still defiantly waved from the mizzen-mast, the only part not injured. They also rescued two survivors of the unfortunate crew, which a few moments before numbered two hundred.

Two weeks later he was on an unprotected steam-launch which, with three other little launches, attacked the Turkish flotilla, and blew up one ship.

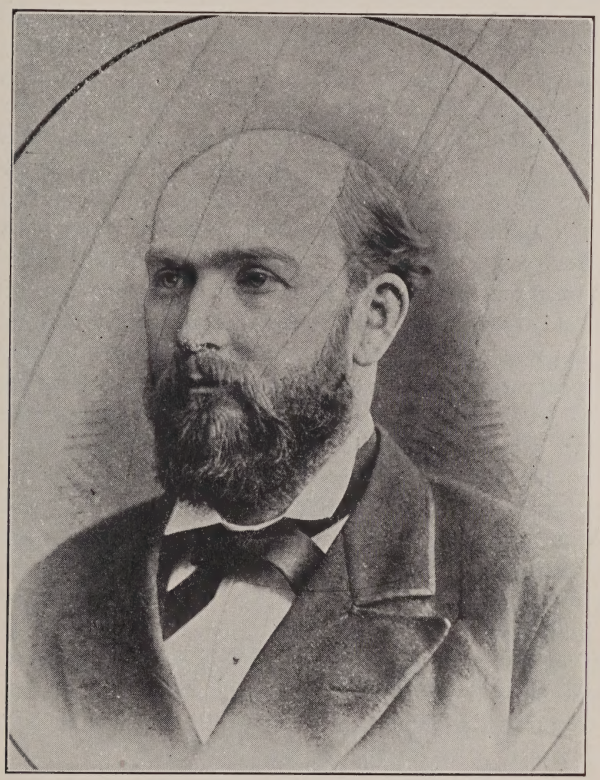
MacGahan crossed the Danube with the Russian division, at Sistova, and, a few days later, obtained permission from General Gourko to cross the Balkans with his command. His broken ankle, beside causing him to limp slightly during the remainder of his life, proved at this time a great inconvenience, incased, as it was, in a plaster cast. In crossing the steep defiles and dangerous ravines of the Balkans, his horse slid over a bank and, falling upon his rider, broke the half-set bone. MacGahan, unable to place his foot on the ground, had himself lifted upon a gun carriage, and in this manner went through the entire march, being in the midst of several actions, and once almost falling into the hands of the Turks.

Thus, their progress impeded by bloody encounters with Turks along the route, Gourko's division of the Russian army took its way toward Sckipka Pass. Forbes acted as MacGahan's courier at Sckipka Pass, carrying his budget of correspondence to Bucharest, from whose post-office it was forwarded, as MacGahan himself had determined to remain with Gourko during his raid. In this way MacGahan missed being present at the bloody defeat and carnage of the second battle of Plevna. When Forbes returned to Bucharest from Plevna, he found MacGahan prostrated from the hard work of the march and an increased lameness. But although ill and suffering his intrepid spirit still ruled, and after obtaining from his fellow-correspondent a description of the battle, he wrote a detailed account for the Daily News and drove to the telegraph office to send it. But here another disappointment awaited him in the form of a "censor," through whose hands all messages must first pass, and who positively refused to accept the telegram recounting the Russian defeat. But the ready-witted war-correspondent compassed this difficulty by sending the dispatch by the ever-faithful Forbes, over the pony-express route which had been established by the war-correspondents to meet just such a contingency, but which, up to this time, it had not been necessary to use. Thus the telegram recounting the Russian defeat was carried by the courier, mounted upon a pony, over the Carpathians from Ploiesti in Roumania to Cronstadt in Austria. Its transmission cost $2,000.

MacGahan's continued illness caused him to miss the crisis of the Sckipka Pass, but when the Russian army gathered for

the third attack on Plevna he was at the front, and his description of the opening battles of Pelischat and Loftcha is most vivid. But of the success of the Russians in the actual attack upon Plevna, MacGahan was not sanguine—in fact, he prophesied another Turkish victory. He was by the side of General Skobeleff when, amid smoke and carnage, he carried the Turkish redoubt, the one brave man advancing with his troops to a position which, on the face of it, looked as if it could end only in a complete slaughter of the Russians; the other, equally brave—so lame that had his pony been shot under him nothing remained for him but butchery at the hands of the Turks,—writing, as he advanced, sheet after sheet of his newsletter, which two hours later was speeding its way to London.

Skobeleff's command, whose point of attack had been from the first a most hazardous one, cut down by the steady fire of the enemy and unrelieved by reinforcements could not hold the position gained, and after two days' stubborn fighting fell back. After a little more resistance, brave as it was futile, each Russian command gradually gave way, and the victory remained with the enemy.



JANUARIUS ALOYSIUS MacGAHAN.

This battle is given as only one of many in which MacGahan's characteristic coolness and bravery are shown, for in the constantly recurring inconveniences and

THE BIRTHPLACE OF MACGAHAN, AT PIGEON ROOST, PERRY CO., OHIO.

dangers which throughout his life beset him his cheerful and indomitable spirit always ruled.

Thus, through the siege of Plevna to its fall, and until the Turkish evacuation was complete, the man who had inspired the war continued to move forward, with the same firm and steady purpose which had characterized his whole life, until, at last, the treaty of peace was signed, and Bulgaria was free.

MacGahan's work was accomplished. While preparing to attend the International Congress at Berlin, his friend, Captain Greene, was attacked by typhoid fever, one of the several malignant diseases then raging in Constantinople, and daily carrying off hundreds of victims, including many doctors and nurses. MacGahan, whose watchword was "duty," stayed in the city to nurse his friends. In a few days he himself fell ill of typhus, and on June 9th, 1878, died in convulsions. He was buried in the Greek cemetery, his funeral being attended by all the prominent Americans and Russians then in Constantinople, and Masses were said for him in St. Petersburg and throughout Russia and Bulgaria.

Thus ended the earthly career of this man, who for years had been the companion of the great of the earth; but who, throughout all, had retained his sweet and candid disposition, his cheery manner, his sincere and ardent faith.

The United States was not willing that her brave son should sleep in an Asian grave, and in the spring of 1884 resolutions passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, providing for committees to request the sending of a war vessel to Constantinople to remove MacGahan's body to the United States.

This was done, and from the time of the arrival of the body at New York until it was brought to his boyhood's home, respectful demonstrations were made at the various stopping points.

On September 11, 1884, amid the largest civic demonstration which New Lexington had ever witnessed, the body of her brave son was borne into the little church, to which, years before, he had often walked to be present at the Holy Sacrifice. Little did that poor boy dream that his requiem Mass would be chanted before a vast concourse of people, and that a bishop would delight to honor him

THE GRAVE OF MACGAHAN AT NEW LEXINGTON, OHIO.

by delivering a most eloquent and touching discourse over his remains.

MacGahan's body was laid to its final rest in the beautiful cemetery of New Lexington. For several years nothing marked the grave of this hero, save a small American flag. But in 1900, C. L. Martzolff, a prominent teacher and a writer of ability, made a brief address before the Perry County Teachers' Institute, in which he reviewed the life and work of this illustrious man, and urged that a monument be placed above his grave. His eloquent appeal was not in vain, and now, at the head of MacGahan's grave, lies a large shield-shaped granite boulder, partly sunk in the ground. It is simply inscribed with the words:

MacGahan

1844 1878

and a cross roughly carved in the stone.

There are those who feel that above this hero should tower a shaft of marble as a fitting memorial of his greatness. But as I stood beside his grave I hoped that nothing would ever be permitted to take the place of this stone, which, in its grand strength and simplicity, typifies the strength and grandeur of the hills from whose bosom it came, even as they were typified by him who sleeps beneath. It was a bright October day. A touch of frost had left its mark upon the magnificent trees which crowned the surrounding hills; a fresh breeze swept across the grave, which, from its size might have contained a giant body. And amid this sweet and peaceful scene, standing above the grave of him who had accomplished so much, but who had died at thirty-four, the words of the poet seemed to echo from hill to hill:—

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end—that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God."

MacGahan in dress of war correspondent

MOST REV. PATRICK J. RYAN, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia, was an occasion of rejoicing not only to Catholics in Philadelphia, but to all Catholic America. It was fitting that such an event should call forth national expressions of congratulation and good-will, for there are few indeed who have not felt, directly or indirectly, the influence of the prelate who has ruled so long and happily in the archdiocese of Philadelphia. The celebration in his city brought together one of the most notable ecclesiastical gatherings ever assembled in Philadelphia.

The chief event was the celebration of solemn Pontifical Mass by the Archbishop, at the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul. The ceremony was attended by eight Archbishops, thirty-two Bishops, five Monsignors and about five hundred priests.

Among the dignitaries present were Msgr. Diomede Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate; Most. Rev. Archbishops Elder and Moeller, of Cincinnati; and Rt. Rev. Bishops Horstmann, of Cleveland, and Foley, of Detroit. Bishop Horstmann preached an eloquent sermon.

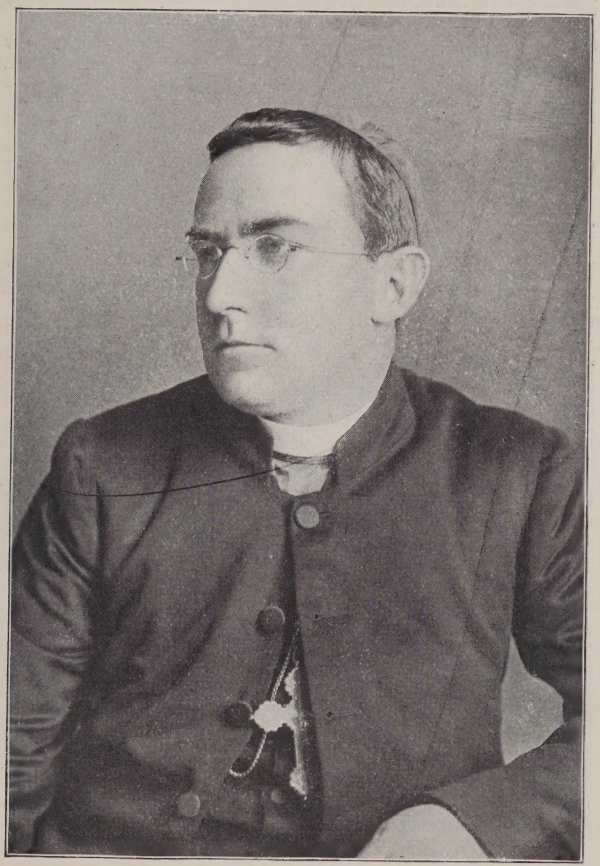
At the conclusion of the Mass an address on the part of the clergy was made by Rev. James P. Turner, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, including the presentation of the jubilee gifts. There was an address by A. A. Hirst, speaking for the laity. Archbishop Ryan responded in his usual happy manner.

The jubilee fund, amounting to about $160,000, was presented to the Archbishop by Father Turner. It was intended as a personal gift to Archbishop Ryan, but he has

devoted it to the archdiocesan fund to pay for St. Vincent's Orphanage. The money was contributed by Philadelphia Catholics.

Five thousand boys and girls, representing the fourscore parochial schools within the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, sang recently a joyous welcome to Archbishop Ryan, in honor of his golden jubilee as a priest.

Gathered within the Cathedral, at Eighteenth and Race streets, the young Catholics of Philadelphia paid their tribute to the Archbishop.



MOST REV. FRANCIS BOURNE, D.D.

His appearance was the signal for the children to rise and in chorus chant Rosewig's "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus." At the conclusion of the hymn an address of congratulation on the jubilee was made by Louis Moore, a graduate of the Catholic High School. This was followed by the chorus "Vivat Pastor Bonus" by the assembled children.

The Archbishop feelingly responded. He also gave solemn benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, the school children intoning the hymn "Tantum Ergo," and the exercises were closed by the rendition in chorus of the hymn, "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name."

"The best proof of the extraordinary progress which Catholicity has made in the diocese of Philadelphia, under its present chief Bishop," says Our Lady of Good Counsel Magazine, "is to be found in a comparison of the status of religion on his entrance into the diocese and the present time. The number of priests in the diocese in 1884 was 260; in 1903, 475; churches in 1884, 127; 1903, 224; parochial schools in 1884, 59; in 1903, 113; academies and colleges in 1884, 26; in 1903, 40; religious orders of women in 1884, 14; in 1903, 19; religious women in 1884, 965; in 1903, 2063; Christian Brothers in 1884, 51; in 1903, 92; orphan asylums in 1884, 7; in 1903, 10.

"While these figures show the great advance-

ment which Catholicity has made within the last two decades, they also tell of the deeds done by him who holds the Shepherd's crook and bears upon his shoulders the symbol of the Good Shepherd. Looking back upon those years of brilliant achievement, the venerable Archbishop has cause for rejoicing."

The new Archbishop of Westminster was not elected without a great deal of discussion and opposition. Dr. Bourne, Bishop of Southwark, like Cardinal Vaughan and Cardinal Newman, has been chosen from outside the list of candidates presented by the clergy and Bishops to the Propaganda, and until the last moment it was thought that the struggle would be only beween Bishop Hedley, of Newport, and Dr. Gasquet, the latter having the better chance, as it was known that Cardinal Martinelli, who was charged with the duty of reporting on the question, had proposed his appointment. Monsignor Merry del Val, who was the third candidate on the list, was especially recommended by a certain aristocratic set, but any idea of electing him was abandoned, in view of the probability that English people would be displeased to have as the Roman Catholic Primate a prelate who is a foreigner. Dr. Hedley was considered to be too old, and Dr. Gasquet was dropped on account of the fact that he has never had any experience in governing so important a See as that of Westminster. Moreover, it was thought a pity to distract him from his historical studies. Hence it arose that the candidature of Dr. Bourne, who was merely put forward outside the regular channels by his friends and admirers among the clergy and laity, soon commanded general sympathy, and he was finally accepted by a unanimous vote.

REV. WILLIAM F. GANNON, S.J.

The Right Rev. Francis Bourne, Bishop of

Southwark, is the fourth prelate to occupy the Archi-episcopal throne of Westminster since the Catholic hierarchy in England was restored in 1850, by the appointment of Cardinal Wiseman, who was followed in turn by Cardinals Manning and Vaughan. Dr. Bourne is in his forty-third year, having been born at Clapham on March 23, 1861. He was educated at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, St. Edmund's College, Ware, St. Sulpice, in Paris, and finally at Louvain University. Ordained priest in 1884, he worked first at Blackheath, and afterwards at Mortlake, West Grinstead, and Henfield, Sussex. At the latter place he established a seminary, and in 1889 he was appointed rector of the Southwark Diocesan Seminary, near Guildford. In 1895 he was named domestic prelate to Pope Leo XIII. On May 1, 1896, Cardinal Vaughan consecrated him titular Bishop of Epiphania, and he was at once appointed Bishop Coadjutor to the Bishop of Southwark, with the right of succession. A year later the great age of Dr. Butt led him to resign the bishopric of Southwark, and thus Dr. Bourne, when quite a young man, was called to rule over the vast diocese in which he had worked throughout his priesthood. His appointment as co-adjutor was entirely unexpected, and met with much opposition, chiefly on the ground that he was quite an unknown man. As time went on, however, he became recognized as an able bishop. A man of great energy, his clergy always found him easily accessible. His bearing is dignified, and his countenance stern, but those who have been brought in contact with him describe him as of a kindly disposition, and very affable. He is credited, too, with the possession of much tact.

JUDGE DENIS O'BRIEN.

Dr. Bourne comes from a stock that recalls the race of Manning. Manning was a Protestant; became a Catholic; became a priest, and eventually became Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Dr. Bourne has always been a Catholic, but while his mother was an Irish

Catholic, hailing from Dublin, his father, on the other hand was always an Englishman, and originally a Protestant. And so it comes to pass that the "people's Archbishop," who was himself formerly of the Anglican Church, has, as his second successor, one who was born of an Irish Catholic mother and an English Protestant father, and will probably prove, not unlike the great Manning, a second people's Archbishop.

It is not yet known whether Dr. Bourne will be created a cardinal, but as all his predecessors received the hat it is thought almost certain that the honor will be conferred upon him.

EDWARD J. SULLIVAN.

Rev. William F. Gannon, recently appointed President of Boston College, and Rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, was born in Cambridgeport, March 31, 1857, and attended the public schools, entering Boston College in 1872. He entered the novitiate at Frederick, Md., in August, 1876, and two years later made his first vows. After seven years in Frederick and Woodstock, in 1883, he was sent to Holy Cross College, Worcester, as one of the teaching staff. He remained there until the summer of 1888, when he returned to Woodstock to complete his studies in theology. This course finished, he was ordained priest in 1891.

In September of 1892 Father Gannon was sent again to Holy Cross College, and remained there for one year. The next year he was sent to Montreal, where he held the important position of Lenten preacher at the Church of the Gesu.

Later he spent his years in the college at Georgetown, in parochial work and teaching in the New York and New Jersey houses of the Jesuit Fathers. He acquired a reputation as one of the most effective preachers among the Fathers in the east, which led to his appointment as head of one of the bands of Jesuits who give missions.

Father Gannon as a preacher is second to none in the famous order of St. Ignatius in this country, and is also fully equipped as an instructor of youth and an administrator of affairs.

The nomination of the Hon. Denis O'Brien for Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals by the Democratic State Committee at Albany, and his indorsement by the Republican State Committee, is but another evidence of the practice which has long prevailed in New York State to retain on the highest Court men who have shown their superior qualifications for that position. Under the provision of the Constitution retiring judges, Judge O'Brien will be able to serve but four years of his term. Notwithstanding the fact that he could serve but so short a time the Democratic leaders never considered any other name in connection with the nomination, so distinguished has been his career on the Bench.

Judge O'Brien was born in Ogdensburg, N. Y., March 31st, 1837; studied law there, and was admitted to the bar in 1861. Soon after that event he moved to Watertown, and began a practice which grew to one of the largest in the northern part of the State. He was nominated for District Attorney in 1877, but was defeated, and the next year was elected Mayor of Watertown. Judge O'Brien was nominated for Attorney General in 1883, and was elected. Grover Cleveland was Governor of the State at the time, and Judge O'Brien was one of his most active supporters for the nomination for President. He was re-elected Attorney General in 1885, and it was during his administration that the first legal steps were taken to curb the power of the trusts, which were then in their infancy. He could see they were destined to play an important part in the commercial development of the future, and, if the power of their promoters were left unchecked, would prove one of the most vexatious questions to be settled. This action on his part arrayed against him some strong financial interests when he was a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals a few years later.

Judge O'Brien is a brilliant writer, and his opinions are models in judicial literature. He wrote the opinion which declared unconstitutional the Prevailing Rate of Wages law, and has written in many other well-known cases.

Two of Judge O'Brien's sons are engaged in the practice of law in New York, one of them, John F. O'Brien, being connected with the Corporation Counsel's office.

Mr. Edward J. Sullivan, a well-known member of the Catholic Club, New York City, and a frequent contributor to various periodicals, is receiving congratulations from his friends upon his appointment as United States Consul at the Turkish cities of Erzerum and Trebizond, to which posts he has just been assigned by President Roosevelt.

The new Consul first attracted wide attention by taking a prominent part in settling the great Carnegie steel mills strike in 1888. He has since been active in charity work, having lectured and written in support of various causes.

The other organizations, besides the Catholic Club, of which Mr. Sullivan is a member, are the Society of the Genesee, the Army and Navy League, the Commercial Travelers' Association, and the Ninth Assembly District Republican Club.

Among those who indorsed him for his new place are Senator Platt, Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy, Edward Lauterbach, Capt. F. Norton Goddard, John W. Vrooman, John D. Crimmins, Secretary of State John F. O'Brien, John A. McCall, Job E. Hedges, Eugene A. Philbin, and Archbishop Ireland.

Trebizond, a port on the Black Sea, has about 35,000 population, while Erzerum, 110 miles away, has nearly 40,000, and is an important stopping place on the pilgrim's route from Teheran to Mecca. Mr. Sullivan's many friends rejoice at his appointment.

THE GANG'S SHANTY.

BY WALTER M. EGGINTON.

The town lies in the valley on both sides of the small river and the hills rise beyond it and almost surrounding it one above another, like huge terraces or the gigantic tiers of an amphitheatre.

The Doctor's house was situated on the side of one of the smaller hills just outside and to the west of the town. It commanded a partial view of the town and the stoop which the Doctor had built halfway round the house allowed him to also observe the western hills beside and beyond him. The Doctor was proud of the view from this western stoop and knew each of its particular beauties well. The ground rose gently away from the Doctor's house, gradually growing more precipitous as the hills lifted themselves more boldly to the sky. No houses had yet been built here nor had the hand of man in any way interfered with the wild natural beauty of the landscape except in one spot where the working of a stone quarry had torn away the side of one of the hills, leaving a sort of miniature gorge or ravine where the grass and bushes had overgrown the stone again. This, the Doctor was convinced, had only added to the picturesqueness of the scene, and he never tired of observing the different lights and shades which the setting sun made when its slanting beams fell upon the old stone quarry. The Doctor's nearest neighbor, John Corley, who resided a little closer to the town, never could understand the Doctor's enthusiasm about that bit of landscape. John, who was an "iron founder" by trade, was a bluff, good-natured man of powerful physique with no fine appreciation of setting suns or rising moons, but with a large heart and a love of peace and his fellow-men. He had a great regard for the Doctor's cleverness and studiousness, outside of the kindliness he would have felt toward him naturally as his nearest neighbor, and not being of an astute or inquiring mind he had never discovered the one little peculiarity of the Doctor—an understanding of which might have made more comprehensible the Doctor's admiration of the scene from his stoop. The Doctor admired the view from his stoop and liked other people to admire it, just as he admired and liked other people to admire the town of which he was a resident and which had thought highly enough of h m to make him one of its aldermen, and just as he admired the bridge which he, through his efforts in the common council had caused to be built at the city's expense on the creek that ran by his house. The Doctor liked to feel proud of everything with which he himself had any personal connection.

It was on a beautiful morning in June, when the sun was sending a golden shower of light over the landscape, that the Doctor came out on his western stoop, and paused. He stood looking off at the old quarry and a frown slowly gathered on his face. He took off his spectacles, wiped them carefully and renewed his inspection of the scene. Yes, there was no doubt about it. There was a hideous blotch on the landscape. Something that looked like an old disreputable cow-shed, had made its appearance just over the brow of one of the little rising mounds and at the entrance to the quarry. It was so situated that from the town it would not have been perceptible, but from the

Doctor's stoop it showed itself horribly. The Doctor eyed it critically and felt quite sure that he would never grow used to the sight of it. He had been observing and studying it now for three days, and with each day it had grown more distasteful to him. He could not imagine its meaning or its usefulness.

Three days previously, seated on his stoop one evening and dreamily observing the sun-set, he had noticed a group of boys busily engaged in constructing what looked like a shed of some sort. They were armed with hammers, nails and some old planks and for a foundation they used some stones from the quarry. They ap peared to be disreputable boys of the sort the doctor had occasionally observed with disapproval on the street-corners. They worked at the building, however, in a manner and with a zeal, worthy, the doctor mentally declared, of a better cause. Having completed it and made a roof of flat pieces of rusty tin, they disappeared inside and after a few minutes a thin curling line of smoke caught the doctor's eyes as it emerged from a hole in the roof. Evidently a fire of some sort had been started inside, but whether it was for heating or cooking purposes or was an accident the doctor could not determine Presently, however, the smoke gradually disappeared and something else taking the doctor's attention just then he lost sight of the new building and its occupants, for a time. Just before dark when he looked at it again the little shed appeared quite lonely and deserted. Nor were there any more signs of life about it that night.

But during the following day the doctor observed, at different times, boys coming and going from the shed. They appeared to be using it for a sort of a meeting-place and a resort in which to rest when they grew tired of playing ball in the meadow that lay beyond the hill.

On the third day the doctor's mind was made up. The little shed must be removed. It was a disgrace to the scene and to the neighborhood. The doctor did not own the land on which the hut was situated, but his neighbor, John Corley, did, and the doctor felt that he could pursuade him to object to the use that was being made of it. Having thus concluded his reflections the doctor took his hat and proceeded in the direction of his neighbor's house.

"Why, of course, doctor," John Corley declared, when the doctor had finished his statement of the case. "If you object to the thing it must come down, that's all. I don't know but it's a nuisance anyway. You see there's a gang of those young fellows, some of them work in the factory and some of them don't, and they've built it as a sort of a meetin'-house —a place to hang out in. I guess young Jacky Cole is at the head of the scheme. You might have noticed him—a slightly built young lad with a small red cap."

"Yes," said the doctor, "a wiry, quick young fellow. He's the leader, sure enough. Why he was up on the roof of that place yesterday, dancing and jumping round like a young Indian, until I expected to see him and the roof come down together. You see, it doesn't seem right to have a lot of young savages like they are, building their—"

"No," Corley interrupted, "it ain't quite the thing. But we'll soon fix that. I'll just take a walk up there tomorrow and demolish it with this ax of mine in a few minutes. That'll be the quickest way and the surest."

The doctor had various little matters of business to attend to that day in the town, which occupied him fully, and it was not until he was returning home that evening that he thought again of Jacky Cole and the "gang." He was coming

up one of the side streets of the town, where poverty seemed to reign, and he was walking slowly, for the night was beautiful and the air filled with the balmy breath of summer. Darkness had fallen and lights were burning in some of the low-built houses and showing through the windows which were open and without curtains or shades of any sort. The doctor was reflecting on the out-of-door aspect which seemed to belong to the life of the place, as he passed along the quiet street, when suddenly he was startled by a laugh—a boyish laugh that seemed to come from beside him and which seemed strangely familiar. The doctor paused hesitatingly. The street seemed deserted. Then his glance went to the house before which he was standing. There was a light burning inside and through the open uncurtained window, the doctor could see into the room. A boy was sitting in there holding in his hands a pair of crutches and resting his head on them. Opposite to him, in a big chair, sat a little girl, pale and delicate-looking. The doctor recognized instantly the rough-looking hands, the disordered hair and the careless attitude of the boy. He knew that this was Jacky Cole, the leader of the gang. The girl, the doctor thought he remembered to have seen going about on crutches somewhere. The street seemed deserted and from his position in the darkness the doctor could see without being seen. A sudden curiosity to know more of the boy,—to discover what new mischief he might be up to, made the doctor pause for a few minutes on the sidewalk.

"Aw, what'd I be doin' there?" the boy said looking up merrily, "that's no good of a place to hide, Sis,—under the table. Why, any one'd see me there. Now, you got two more chances."

"Oh, I know," the little girl cried softly, in her thin treble, "you're in the kitchen behind the cellar door."

"No, not quite," the boy shook his hand. "But you're getting warmer and warmer. I know better places to go than behind doors. Places where there's better things, too."

"Oh, you mean you're in—"

"Now, this is your third guess," the boy cautioned. "Ain't it?"

"Yes, it is," the little girl cried gaily. "I know where you are. You're in the pantry."

The boy nodded his head up and down and the girl clapped her hands in delight.

"Now, it's my turn to hide," she cried eagerly. Then she leaned her head back in her chair and closed her eyes for a moment, while the boy whistled softly through the crutches.

"All ready," he asked presently.

"Yes," said the girl. "Now, I'm hid. And, Jacky," she added earnestly, "you'll try hard to find me, won't you?"

"Why, of course. Why wouldn't I?" laughed the boy.

"Well, sometimes," the little girl went on, "you don't find me for a long time and you don't seem to want to. It's no fun playing hide-and-seek like that, I think."

The boy looked just a little bit distressed for a minute, but he replied at once, brightly:

"Look here, Sis, didn't I find you the other day first thing,—the first guess I made? 'Tain't much fun fer you when I do that, is it? Then besides, it ain't always so easy to find you. Remember the time you hid under the big arm-chair? Who'd think of lookin' there?"

The girl laughed a little at the recollection and the boy went on:

"But I'm goin' to find you this time in about two guesses. Now let me think?"

The boy stared ahead of him, over the

little girl's head and seemed to be thinking hard. Suddenly his face brightened. "You're in the table drawer," he announced with conviction.

The little girl screamed with laughter and swung her head from side to side in denial. The boy laid his head on the crutch again, buried in deep thought.

Outside in the darkness the old doctor had taken off his spectacles and was wiping them carefully. As he replaced them and cleared his throat very cautiously, someone coming up the street startled him and he walked slowly on toward his home. Something seemed to be the matter with the doctor's spectacles. Anyone might have thought they were becoming quite useless, the doctor was obliged so many times to take them off and wipe them. But there was no one there to see.

. . . . . .

John Corley, big, energetic and strong, was swinging along on the following morning, in the direction of the old stone quarry, with an ax on his broad shoulder and determination in every motion. He had just passed the doctor's house when that little man came hurrying after him with both hands outstretched.

"Oh, John," the doctor began, "I must beg that you will not destroy, nor injure that—that little house over there. It does not do any harm, you know, and I suppose it is really a satisfaction to those boys to have somewhere to go—if it rains, for instance, while they are playing ball-games. And, do you know, John, they're not such a bad lot of youngsters. I believe that, at heart, they are good enough."

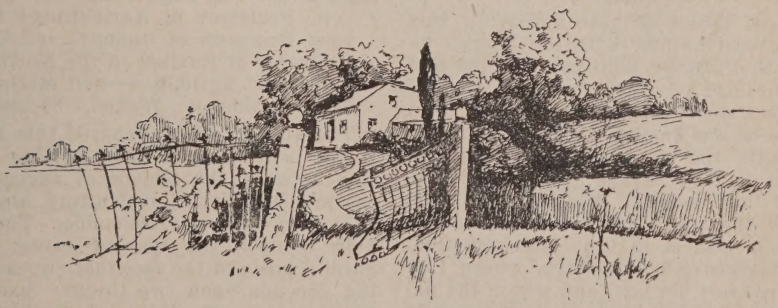
John looked slightly surprised at this, but he took it with his usual good nature.

"Well, doctor," he said, swinging the ax from his shoulder, "just as you say, of course. I wouldn't care, myself, if the young scamps built three or four of them shanties there. As long as you want it, why it stays."

"Yes," said the doctor, "it really adds to the landscape, like an old ruin, you know, or a patch of color. It makes it more picturesque."

All this happened some time ago, and there is now, in the town, a very successful and prosperous Working-Boys' Club and only the ruins of the old shanty remain.

But those who know still point it out to visitors in the town, and tell the story of Jacky Cole and how the doctor discovered traits in his character, different perhaps from, but not less admirable than those which helped to make him the leader of the gang that built the shanty.



BOOK REVIEWS.

"A General History of Commerce." By W. C. Webster, Lecturer on Economic History in New York University. Boston, Ginn & Co., 1903.

The study of the gradual development of trade from the earliest and simplest forms of barter to the present stupendous international proportions is both fascinating and instructive. When we visit the harbors of the great commercial centres and gaze upon the colossal ships there discharging cargoes of every variety, from every land under the sun, how deeply we must be impressed by the enterprise and ingenuity everywhere displayed.

The subject of commercial growth has not, we feel convinced, received the full treatment it merits at the hands of our educational trainers. We welcome, therefore, the scholarly work of Prof. Webster, which depicts in a logical, vivid manner the development of commerce and the various results which spring therefrom. The author thus interprets the history of civilization from the commercial point of view and shows the many inter-relations between commerce and the other factors in the progress of material civilization. The matter, somewhat dry, perhaps, in itself, is made interesting by maps and other illustrative material, which throw facts into striking contrast and serve to impress the leading points upon the mind even of the not over-careful student. No work in existence fills the place of this volume, either as a text-book upon this particular subject or as a companion book to the study of history, both general and particular. If we wish to know why some nations are so enterprising and progressive, while others are, to all intents and purposes, suffering from paralysis and decay, we shall find a partial answer in the perusal of Prof. Webster's useful book.

Among the books of note appearing this Fall is "A West Pointer with the Boers," by Colonel J. Y. F. Blake, who narrates his personal experiences. "I traversed the whole land," says Colonel Blake, "penetrated into the jungles of the Zambesi, roamed about in company with the elephant, rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the savage buffalo, giraffe, zebra, the lion, leopard, hyena, wild dog, jackal, and the many and various kinds of antelope that swarm in that far-away, God-forsaken, fever-stricken country, where Livingstone breathed his last, and where the natives in thousands, naked as nature made them, swarm about you, and look at you, and treat you royally in their simple way. Here was wild nature in all its glory, and here I was supremely happy. Thousands of baboons and monkeys made music during the day, and at night-fall the lions, hyenas and jackals took up the strain and kept a curious, nature-loving white man, with his rife on his knee, delightfully entertained." There are many attractive bits of description such as this of Johannesburg:

"On January 16th I beheld this lively, wonderful city that rested then and rests now on the greatest gold bed known in tne world. Money was so plentiful that there were no poor men in the city and I was simply appalled by the very prosperity of the place. I had never seen anything like it before and shall probably never see anything like it again. Yet in this phenomenally prosperous city, I heard from the lips of everyone with whom I conversed of that far more wonderful country lying far to the north, the land of Golden Rhodesia. Strange to say, however, I could not find anyone who had visited this country so heavily laden with gold."

Glancing here and there through the advance sheets one finds promise of a wealth of material, as fascinating as a novel in the adventures recorded, and invaluable as a comprehensive review of events leading up to the Boer War, the various engagements, character of the leaders on both sides, and their respective methods of conducting warfare. Colonel Blake fearlessly arraigns England's greed-inspired policy, and substantiates his statements by various documents treating of the negotiations entered into.

The book is fully illustrated by photographs, many of which were taken by a Boer spy in the British lines, and are now published for the first time.

Angel Guardian Press, Boston, Mass.

Agriculture for Beginners. By C. W. Burkett, Professor of Agriculture; F. L. Stevens, Professor of Biology; and D. H. Hill, Professor of English in the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. Ginn & Company, Boston. 85 cents.

The authors have prepared this little book in the belief that there is no line of separation between the science of agriculture and the practical art of agriculture, and that the subject is eminently teachable. The text will help to open the eyes of young people in rural schools to the fact that successful farming depends upon two things: Knowing the fundamental principles of husbandry, and working in harmony with these principles.

Although primarily intended for class work in the public schools the book will no doubt appeal to all who desire a knowledge of the simple scientific truths which lie at the foundation of most farm operations. The work is very fully illustrated, and is accompanied in every part by practical exercises, experiments, and suggestions.

Bible Studies. By Rev. John F. Mullany. Syracuse. The Mason Press. 1903.

This is an instructive monograph upon that unfortunate royal wanderer, Solomon. Father Mullany draws the picture of this hapless monarch in a vivid manner, while the practical suggestions made are most helpful to all who wish to learn from the unwise how to be truly wise.

Darby O'Gill and The Good People. By Herminie Templeton. McClure, Phillips & Company, New York. 1903.

Another addition to the too numerous collections of so-called Irish stories, in which not only the peasants, but the priests as well, use impossible brogue to express dense ignorance and superstition. Here is an instance: "Father Cassidy" and "the Fairy Man" after lighting their pipes began a "sayrous discoorse about the deloights of fox-hunting." And again: "Oh, I dunno about that," says Father Cassidy, fitting a live coal on his pipe, "The crachures must say thim things—But this has nothing to do with your historical obserwaytions." It was a waste of time to write a book that excites no deeper interest than a mild curiosity to know where the author made her "obserwaytions" of Irish people.

THE NEWEST TEACHER SAINT.

For the benefit of boys and young men who desire to become acquainted with the life of Saint de la Salle—the Newest Teacher Saint—the Christian Brothers have prepared an illustrated life of their saintly Founder, in booklet form, which they propose to distribute gratis to the Reverend Clergy, to Catholic parents and teachers, and to the young men of the various parishes. The booklet is dedicated to the Catholic young men of America, and embraces, in a series of twenty-eight one-page chapters, topics ranging from "Message of Pope Leo XIII. to the Christian Brothers," to "Christian Parents and Religious Vocations." The booklet closes with tributes from Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan and Archbishop Keane.

A copy of the booklet will be sent free, upon application to the Rev. Bro. Secretary, Ammendale, Md.

QUESTION BOX.

The Missal is the large book used by the priest during the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. It contains the prayers and the ceremonies of the Mass. Translations of the Missal in handy form can be obtained in any Catholic book-store, and it is very desirable that every member of the Church should become intimately acquainted with the beautiful prayers used in the most solemn act of Christian worship.

What is the ordinary dress of the Pope?

The Pope's ordinary dress consists of a cassock of white silk or wool, a white skull cap and red velvet shoes, decorated with a gold-embroidered cross.

What kind of a crozier does the Pope use?

The Pope does *not* use a crozier at all. The reason seems clear. The crozier *with its curved or bent top* indicates limited jurisdiction. Hence the jurisdiction of the Sovereign Pontiff is universal and has no limit whatsoever; a crozier would be out of harmony with his supreme office.

Is it true that no one is declared a saint except by the expenditures of vast sums of money and that, consequently, no poor person can hope to receive the title of saint?

It must be borne in mind that the title of saint is an official declaration on the part of the church that the individual concerned has practiced the Christian virtues in heroic degree, and that this fact has been attested by some extraordinary sign wrought by Almighty God. Now these points can only be established by lengthy and exact scrutiny into every detail of the person's life. It is obvious that investigations of this nature can only be carried on at great expense. It is, however, not true to assert that poor people are not raised to the honors of the altar. Witness the case of St. Benedict Joseph Labre and of others equally well known.

Why do we bend the knee at the words "*et incarnatus est*" in the creed?

We genuflect at these words in order to emphasize our belief in the fundamental dogma of Christianity, that the Second Person of the

Trinity took to Himself a human nature, that is, a true human body and a true human soul. This human nature claims our deep reverence and loving veneration as the body and soul assumed by the Eternal Son. The genuflection marks our belief and our practical devotion.

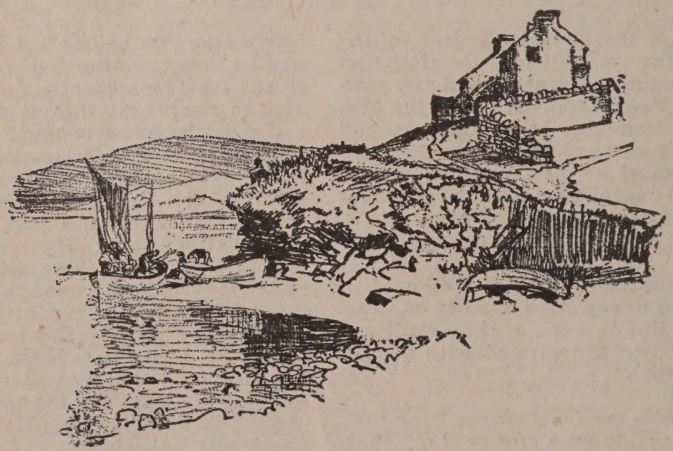
An extraordinary proclamation was that made public at the close of the services Sunday morning at St. Patrick's Church, New Haven, Conn., when Father Finnegan announced that through an order of Bishop Tierney of that diocese the marriage of Henry F. Bradley and Miss Mary Healy of that city was declared void. This action was ordered by the bishop, because it had been learned that the contracting parties were first cousins.

How is this to be explained?

The explanation is very simple. Marriage is not only a Sacrament, it is also a contract, and the guardianship of this contract remains with the Church. It is, consequently, the province of the Church to place the conditions under which the contract will hold, and without which the contract is void from the beginning. Just as in civil matters, the state assigns conditions for the validity of civil contracts, so in the Christian marriage-contract, the Church decides what are the conditions necessary for the validity of the sacramental union. Thus there are some social contracts which are required by law, either by common or by statute law, to be under seal, such as deeds, mortgages, long-leases and bonds. The state refuses to recognize these contracts, if the seal is lacking. In a similar manner, the Church lays down the law that kinship to a certain degree invalidates,—unless exemption from the general law has been obtained,—the marriage bond, and that from the beginning.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanenly cured) and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.



A SERIOUS MOMENT.

IN NOVEMBER.

Donahoe's Magazine

VOL. L. NOVEMBER, 1903. No. 5

A LETTER FROM THE STATES.

THE ANTI-EMIGRATION MOVEMENT.

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

When I was a little girl we had along with the nursery books such as Hans Anderson's and Grimm's Fairy Tales, and Nathaniel Hawthorne's delightful wonder-book, another volume which aimed at instruction as well as amusement. Its title was "Far Off and Near Home," and in its various chapters we had described for us the manners and customs of the people of all nations. "Far Off," included the Chinese men with their comical pig-tails and the women with their tiny deformed feet, the various red Indian tribes, and Asiatics and Africans. "Near Home" told us of the European countries and their peoples —Russians, Italians, Swiss, Spaniards, etc. At the beginning of each chapter the food and dress were summarised and when we came to the description of our own native country we read with shame the following: "*Food mainly potatoes,*

THE OLD MOTHER.

costume rags." The writer went on to tell of certain good-humored and harmless characteristics of the Irish people, but the impression left on the whole was that the Irishman was beggarly by nature and dependent on the guidance and support of the Englishman who had providentially taken him in charge. We were told, too, that Ireland had been in the past very much overpopulated, but that there had been a change for the better; that before the little reader was born the laziness of the people had resulted in a terrible famine, in which many had died of sickness or starvation, but then the moral was drawn showing that this famine which the Irish people looked on as a calamity was really one of God's inscrutable acts of mercy, a blessing in disguise, which had forced the peasantry to emigrate and thus reduced the population of beggars.

I can very well recollect that the tone of this little book was merely an expression of the general opinion of the times among the people with whom I was daily in contact. From my very earliest years I was accustomed to give heed to the conversations I heard among grown-up people, concerning the events of the day, and it was strongly impressed on me that the great hope of Ireland lay in emigration. I may go farther and say that the generally accepted tradition was the inherent worthlessness of the Celt and the superior probity and industry of the planter. I understood perfectly well that the reason emigration was looked upon as a good thing was because the Celt would vanish and another race flourish in his stead. It was, in fact, the old Elizabethan and Cromwellian policy which was advocated. Extermination was the aim, but instead of war and massacre emigration was the instrument.

Since those days I have read wiser books than that cold-blooded little Nursery Volume. I have read Canon O'Hanlon's

BIDDING THE FOLKS GOOD-BYE.

terrible account of the Irish famine, and John Mitchell's last conquest. I have read, moreover, the English newspapers, and speeches of politicians, and I know that in spite of beneficent legislation the policy of extermination is not yet dead and that there are statesmen who, denied the joy of subduing the Irish race, would be glad to see them perish.

A friend of mine, a distinguished Irish writer, some years ago was under the necessity of having a conversation with Mr. Chamberlain; a discussion arose as to the indestructibility of the Irish cause, and my friend went on to urge that the Irish question in spite of compromise and concession was bound to be England's eternal difficulty. To these arguments Mr. Chamberlain had only one answer to give. "Your population," he said, "is diminishing at the rate of so many thousand a year—" And with a cold smile of triumph in his eyes he seemed to be calculating on the final extinction of the population of Ireland or its reduction to an inconsiderable quantity.

In relation to the recent Transvaal war the same heartless calculation was what alone enabled the English people to hold out in spite of disasters and surrenders. I heard two delicately-reared, well-mannered English ladies discussing it in a London drawing-room.

"We have their wives and children in the camps," said one, "so there is bound to be a considerable fall in the population even if we leave the casualties of war out of the question."

Such was the spirit and hope which inspired the British "bull-dog tenacity" at which "all the world wondered" and which led up to the conquests for which Roberts was ennobled and Kitchener lavishly rewarded.

Remembering all these things, the teachings of childhood, the books about the famine, the speeches of the politicians, and England's policy with regard to other subject races, I can heartily rejoice at hearing that a movement has been started in Ireland with this special aim, to oppose emigration.

For the benefit of American readers I will briefly tell what has been done. To begin with, a society has been formed, of which Cardinal Logue has accepted the presidency. As the head of the Catholic Church in Ireland, at an era when church and school-building is proceeding on a large scale, he realizes the necessity of having congregations of Irish Catholics to fill those churches and scholars to attend the schools. The Irish priests everywhere may be trusted to follow in his lead. And the priests in America will help. Some considerable time ago Father J. B. Dollard, of Toronto, sounded a note of warning and urged Irish intending emigrants to stay at home.

Words and warnings are not enough and I think we may count, in the anti-emigration movement, on those priests who have been pioneers in the industrial revival. Those who like Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, and Father James MacFadden (formerly of Derrybeg) and Canon McLaughlin in Roscommon and Canon McCartan in Donaghmore in Co. Tyrone (to mention a few where there are many), have done their utmost to provide employment in the districts within their sphere of influence.

The National Press has staunchly upheld the movement. William O'Brien's paper, *The Irish People*, has given columns to it. *The Freeman*, too, has published at full length the letters of Mr. W. J. Balfe and Mr. Hegarty from your side, telling of the difficulties and dangers which beset the Irish emigrant. The Gælic League organ, and *The United Irishman* help the propaganda, in vehement terms, and Irish M. P.'s are demanding that the Government shall no

longer permit the post-offices to act as virtual emigration *depots*.

At a conference held in Cork in August many recommendations were put forth, including one by Mr. George Lynch, the distinguished war correspondent, to the effect that Irish-Americans who have made their "piles" should come home and buy mansions and properties in Ireland. Mr. Michael Davitt, with a characteristic spirit of independence, urges that we should not bother the English Government with our views, but appoint a National Commission to deal with the question.

And now, to give my own humble but sincere opinion, I think we shall have to come to a decision as to what are the motives which lead young people to go abroad, and then we have to deal with those motives.

First of all there is the spirit of adventure and desire to see the world, inherent in the hearts of the young. This spirit is stimulated by the American letters which come home from those who have previously emigrated. I have seen the schoolmaster read one of these letters to an eager listening group and as the golden prospects were painted in glowing words, eyes glistened, and the desire to emigrate was implanted in each heart.

You in America can do much to cut off this source of attraction. Do not invite or urge your young friends and relatives to come out to better themselves. Point out that it is their duty to help to better Ireland, and to comfort the declining years of their parents. Newspaper articles like those of Mr. Balfe and Mr. Hegarty, which tell of the failures and difficulties of the Irish in America, will also be of use.

But a great number of young people are driven to emigrate who have no real desire to do so. Perhaps they are farmers' sons, who would consider that they lowered themselves by entering the ranks of laborers and domestic servants. While Ireland suffers from a dearth of laborers to till her soil, these victims of false and foolish pride are at service away in Manitoba or California. The sons of the middle and professional classes swell the ranks of these unwilling exiles. Many a young man not clever enough to qualify as a doctor or barrister or solicitor is sent to America or the colonies, because his mother and sisters object to his taking to trade or commerce. They can speak quite comfortably and vaguely of their brother being "abroad," but would think he had disgraced the family if he opened a shop in his native town. Perhaps the unfortunate youth, with no capacity for rough adventure, is toiling in the Canadian backwoods with the home-longing aching in his heart.

The anti-emigration movement would be much helped if its promoters, instigated by sound principles of democracy, urged on the youth of Ireland the nobility of honest toil. To till the soil of Ireland, to increase her manufactured produce, to trade honorably in one's native land are worthy goals of ambition.

I will touch briefly on what I consider a very frequent cause of emigration. In the Irish farmer's family, the father is at the same time a parent and a master. His children, even if obedient and affectionate are too often actually in the position of slaves. They toil hard at seed-time and harvest, at fairs and markets, in the stables, the byres, and the dairy. They work without any award. Money may be given at the father's pleasure; but too often he is anxious about the rent or concerned about laying by against a rainy day, or in making up a marriage portion for the girls. He does not consider that it would be worth his while to secure the co-operation of the sons and to bind them

to his side by giving them remuneration and independence.

The girls are as hardly placed, liable to be forced into loveless marriages, and their maiden pride continually injured by discussions about matches. They cannot gratify their simple taste in dress, nor perform an act of charity without appeal to an often grudging father. The boys go off one by one, and hired servants have to be secured in their stead, or the land goes out of tillage, while the aging father gradually changes from a farmer into a mere grazier. I have seen this happen often and often.

Then, in spite of the difficulties and sorrows which the emigrants suffer, how grand it is to be free, to earn your own money, and, best of all, to write home to the parents, who were often so grudging, and heap coals of fire on their heads, with the generous hands of youth.

These independent workers in America, however poor, have served Ireland well. It used to be a taunt of the enemy that the political funds were made up of the earnings of servant maids in the States. Many an Irish landlord owed his rent to the same source and many a church in Ireland has been beautified by the offerings of the emigrants.

There—I have apparently turned right away from my standpoint of anti-emigration. I advocate the independence, even if accompanied by danger, which the young workers gain in America—but my argument is this: I urge that the young workers should be independent at home. The happiest country homes I have seen are in Donegal, where these women, without leaving their own fireside, can earn money. In Inishaven, in nearly every cottage home, you can hear the whirr of the sewing machine turning out shirts for the Derry factories. In the barren Rosses you meet on every moorland road girls hastening with their packs of stockings to the knitting industries. In Kilybegs and the south west of Donegal are handlooms for weaving tweed or carpets and rugs.

Then, too, the boys and girls of Donegal go willingly away from the little home farms to service in the neighboring county of Tyrone. They do so with no loss of self-respect, and as a general rule they hire only for the spring to autumn half-year, returning to ply some home-industry during the winter.

In conclusion, I will sum up my opinion as to how emigration may be prevented, in these words: Spread democratic ideas of the dignity of labor—provide home-industries for the girls—and advise that sons and daughters working on small tillage farms be no longer treated as domestic slaves.

PIUS TENTH.

BY REV. D. J. O'FARRELL.

God's will be done!—Pope Leo rests at last;
His life is o'er, his day of labor past.
Right well he toiled, and long, till evening late;
His constant aim, to serve the Church and State;
The seeds of peace, of truth, and love, to sow,
And was, of vice and anarchy, the foe.
No line he drew the rich and poor between,
Was all to all, as Christ Himself had been.
The thorny way, the faithful course, he ran;
He lived and died—the friend of God and man.
And so with tearful gaze, we trace his flight,
Through fading shadows, on to lasting light,
Until the heavenly choirs come out to greet
And lead the saintly Vicar to the Master's feet!

Thus Leo passed away—his work, howe'er, remains,
  And shall remain, indeed, until the end of time.
But now another, Pius named, takes up the reins,
  To drive, as he, the car of Church, in ways sublime.
Of all the red-robed princes that in conclave met,
  The least he deemed himself in virtue and in lore;
Nor once dreamed he their favored choice on him would set,
  On him, "the humble parish priest, and nothing more,"
Who claimed no knowledge, save his little flocks to lead,
  To shelter them in storm, to comfort them in need.

As Pius Tenth, he takes Pope Leo's crown and throne,
  His snowy garb, his prison too and heavy care—
He kneels appalled—he's set apart—he feels alone,
  As Jesus felt, on Olivet, that night, in prayer.
Alone! his warmest friends have sudden become cold.
  They stand aloof and gaze, as if o'er flood and field
Afar, they see some creature dim, of mythic mold,
  Some being from the stars, like him, their friend, revealed.
Alone! he's conscious of no change, but changed is he—
  Alone, for evermore, in dreadful dignity!

A youthful priest, a few short years ago, was sent
  To serve a country church both modest and obscure.
The smile upon his face betokened his content;
  His noble heart rejoiced to work among the poor.
To raise the fallen up, to cleanse the sinful soul,
  To save the orphan child and dry the widow's tears,

To brighten and to cheer, to strengthen and console,
To render good to all, he gave those early years.
One day, his people wept, and he himself was sad—
Farewell he said, and went to be in purple clad.

Then out his light did flash, and brilliant radiance shed,
While honors, rushing thick and fast, upon him fell.
Anon, they changed his purple cassock into red—
"For he was ever right, and everything did well."
In queenly Venice, bride of Adriatic wave,
He ruled San Marco's Church, with holy zeal inspired—
Was just and kind to all, and no distinction gave,
Except when merit sole and people's good required.
The lowliest spoke to him, e'en children, without fear;
True patriarch was he to prince and gondolier.

And now he's Pope of Rome, of Christendom, the head;
The strong foundation stone on which the structure stands.
He is the Vine—the branches lopped from him are dead;
And Heaven's keys and Peter's sword are in his hands.
Pastor of pastors all, no matter where they be,
Or how arrayed,—in crimson, purple, or in black—
Whate'er they are, whate'er they have, by his decree
They hold, and without him credentials true they lack.
He is the root from which the living tree must grow,
The source from which all lawful jurisdictions flow.

He is the beacon fire, whose lustrous steady blaze
The mystic sea of life illumes with constant glow.
It soothes the winter storms, dispels the mist and haze,
It shows the dangers to avoid, and where to go.
Through Christ, he is the way secure which man must take;
Through Christ, he is the channel sure of saving grace;
Through Christ, the bonds of sin he can retain, or break;
Through Christ, he is the teacher of the human race—
For He, the Word, by Whom were made the earth and sea,
To him hath said: "Who heareth you, he heareth Me."

Oh, voice of Rome! a power divine thou dost possess!
E'en at thy sound the pagan oracles were hushed;
Great nations grew and flourished under thy caress,
While, under thy reproof, they withering lay crushed.
Whene'er Injustice ruled, and Honor was betrayed,
Whene'er proud Empire sought a people's right to wrest,
Whenever Vice held sway and Virtue stood dismayed,
The Voice of Rome rang out, in fearless, loud protest!
So shall it ever be—the Voice of Rome will speak
To censure Wrong, defend the Right, and shield the Weak.

O Man of Destiny! O Child of Providence!
Begin the work allotted thee—be brave and strong.
The tempest is not over yet, and waves immense,
Lashed by the winds, with foamy crests roll fierce along;
And reefs and shoals beset and bar thy onward course,
But thou shall safely sail—the Spirit thee shall guide.
All human strength is weak, but He shall give it force,
To conquer in the strife in which Pope Leo died.
Then gird thy loins and "valiant strike the serpent old,"
"And be the shepherd one of one united fold!"

Our grief is sore, our eyes are scarcely dry,
Since Leo went to his reward on high—
Since all the world stood still with bated breath,
To hear with awe the solemn news of death!
He loved us with affection great and pure,
And, in return, did hold our hearts secure.
He holds them yet; withal, 'tis true, that we,
The hearts we gave to him, now give to thee.
Our love will greater grow, as time goes on;
For thou hast walked our ways, of us wert one.
Thou hadst no heritage of wealth or name,
But, from the common path, didst step to fame.
And from this love, our prayers and wishes pour,
That God may grant to thee Pope Leo's years and more.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE ORIGIN OF THE GREEK SCHISM (Continued).

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXIII.

Photius, finding Ignatius no longer an obstacle to his ambitious designs, assumes once more the patriarchal chair and persecutes the friends and adherents of Ignatius, and all in his communion; he wins over some by promises, others by threats, and those who remain faithful he puts to death; he captures the two legates sent by Pope John to Constantinople to adjust some ecclesiastical matters in Bulgaria; he sends delegates to Rome with insidious letters in order to have himself recognized as the legitimate patriarch of Constantinople; he convenes a council which he endeavors to make as large and respectable as he can; he tries to make it appear that the Pope recognizes him as a brother patriarch. He is extolled as a prodigy of learning, good common sense and piety; he induces the Roman legates to declare him as a legitimate patriarch, and to condemn the proceedings of the eighth general council. The Emperor Basil assists at the sixth session of this fake council where they rescind that article of the general council of Constantinople which decreed that "the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son." This was an apparent victory, but iniquity could not prevail. Pope John, being informed that Photius did not express sorrow and demand pardon for past transgressions, and furthermore that he endeavored to avert the sentence declared against him by a general council, rejects him and his sham council. The succeeding Pontiffs, Martin, Adrian III, and Stephen V, condemn the proceedings of Photius.

The Emperor Basil died in 886 and was succeeded by Leo VI., surnamed the Philosopher, who was fully aware of the iniquitous and schismatical acts of Photius. He exiled this wicked man to the monastery of the Armenians, where he soon ended his evil career. His death brings peace and unity once more to the Greek Church.

II.

In the death of Photius, the schismatics lost their leader and chief support. The greater portion of the people returned to Catholic unity and truth. However, the letters and writings of Photius, which had a considerable circulation, kept alive the spirit of disobedience in the Oriental Church. Though there was a constant danger of a fresh schism bursting forth at any moment, yet it was not till the year 1050 that the brand of discord was violently hurled into the Church by Michael Cerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople, an ardent follower of the views of Photius. Many of the Greek bishops were anxious for an occasion to renew the old schism under the leadership of some bold champion. The Patriarch of Constantinople had lately assumed the title of "Universal Bishop," knowing well that such a step would not pass unnoticed by the Pope. Italy, at this period, was in a divided condition, and the seat of war and desolation, and through the intrigues and influence of corrupt princes and chieftains some unworthy men were raised to the papal chair, which brought scandal on the Church and lessened the

authority of the chair of Peter in the esteem of the Orientals.

During this state of affairs, Michael Cerularius caused Nicetas, a very learned monk, to write a pamphlet against many of the customs of the Latins, and especially against the use of unleavened bread in the Holy Sacrifice,—a usage, we may remark, which even the virulent Photius had not thought of condemning. This document was circulated throughout the Greek empire, and as some of the dioceses of the Puglia were still in the Byzantine obedience, a copy was sent to John, Bishop of Trani, with an order from Cerularius to publish it throughout the West. The Bishop of Trani handed the diatribe to Cardinal Humbert, who was then visiting Trani, and his Eminence translated it into Latin and laid it before Pope Leo IX., then held prisoner by the Normans, in Benevento. The following are the terrible accusations against the Roman Pontiff, and therefore against all the Latin churches, which the profundity and sincerity of Cerularius put forth as a justification of revolt against the See of Peter. I.—By the use of unleavened bread for the Sacrifice of the Mass the Latins communicate with the Jews, and, furthermore, adopt an invalid matter for said Sacrifice. II.—The Latins eat the flesh of suffocated animals. III.—They shave their faces. IV.—They fast on Saturday. V.—They eat the flesh of unclean animals. VI.—They allow their monks to eat meat. VII.—They violate the Lenten fast, by permitting the use of flesh on Quinquagesima and in the first week of Lent. VIII.—They have added the clause "And from the Son" to the Creed, and they err in the doctrine as to the Holy Ghost. IX.—They loudly proclaim, in their liturgy: "Our Holy Lord Jesus Christ, in the glory of God the Father, through the Holy Ghost." X.—They allow two brothers to marry two sisters. XI.—At the time of Communion, the officiating and other clergy give each other the kiss of peace. XII.—Their bishops wear rings, as though espoused to their churches. XIII.—Their bishops go to war, and soil their hands with human blood. XIV.—They immerse the subject, in Baptism, one only time. XV.—They put salt into the mouth of the candidate for Baptism. XVI.—They do not venerate the relics or the images of the saints. XVII.—They do not sing the "Alleluia" during Lent.

Pope Leo IX, read this curious mixture of puerilities, absurdities, and lies, a few days after he had received from Peter, the newly-elected patriarch of Antioch, a most submissive letter, begging for the confirmation of that prelate's new dignity. The holy Pontiff immediately wrote to the Constantinopolitan patriarch a lengthy and admirable reply, in which he strenuously insisted upon the God-given prerogatives of the See of Rome, and pointed out to the arrogant Cerularius the unreasonableness of some, and the absurdity of others, of his allegations against that See: he also showed how a diversity of customs may subsist, and yet the unity and essence of faith and of doctrine be not affected; drawing his attention also to the fact that, even in Rome, the Greeks were allowed—nay, even commanded—to observe their own peculiar rites and usages, since only a difference in faith, or a disobedience to the head of the Church, can rupture communion. When Cerularius had read this letter, he did not act as might have been expected, from the tone of his celebrated attack on the Latin Church; perhaps he had been ordered to temporize, by Monomachus, who was begging the aid of the Pontiff against the Normans; perhaps he had found among

the Greeks too much opposition to his schismatic designs. Whatever may have been his reason, he addressed a conciliatory letter to the Pontiff, and Leo IX, anxious for the unity of the Church, sent as legates to Constantinople Cardinal Humbert; the cardinal-chancellor, Frederick, and the Archbishop of Amalfi. These prelates were magnificently received by the Greek emperor, and during the following conferences, which lasted several days, Cardinal Humbert refuted the charges made by Cerularius.

The monk Nicetas was convinced by the arguments of the cardinal, and, having made a solemn retraction of the sentiments contained in his vile attack, was received into the communion of the Church, by the legates. The patriarch, however, now refused to submit, and after many efforts to overcome his obstinacy, the legates proceeded to the great basilica of St. Sophia (Aug. 16, 1054), and there, before an immense congregation, they declared Cerularius and his followers excommunicated, and having laid the sentence upon the high altar, they shook the dust from their shoes, and left the church, crying, "Be God our Judge!" Charged with valuable presents from Monomachus for the churches of St. Peter and of St. Benedict at Monte Cassino they then departed from Constantinople. Cerularius now spread a report that the excommunication applied to the entire Greek nation, and when the mob had become sufficiently excited to warrant his supposing that the legates would be killed if an opportunity were afforded he signified to the emperor that he was now willing to confer with them, if they would return to the city. Monomachus, however, suspected the design of the patriarch, and hurried the legates on their journey; indeed, fond of Cerularius as he had shown himself, and though he was too apt to yield to him on all occasions, this emperor did not directly abet the schism. But in a few months after the departure of the legates, Monomachus died, leaving the crown to Theodora, sister of the Empress Zoe (who had died a short time before), and Cerularius became all-powerful; the efforts of the schismatics were also aided by a year's vacancy of the Holy See. The patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, did not at once join the movement of Cerularius; indeed, Peter of Antioch ridiculed most of the charges made against the Westerns by the Constantinopolitan; but he could not endure the one immersion at Baptism, and the addition of "And from the Son" to the Creed; hence, in time, he joined the other patriarchs in anathematizing the Latins, and in erasing the name of the Pontiff from the diptychs. The schism thus inaugurated has endured, saving short periods of nominal and interested union, until our own day.

To many minds, the Russian, or, as it styles itself, the "orthodox" Church, is synonymous with the schismatic Greek Church; but it is not schismatic Greek in origin, nor is it Greek in language, polity, or government. The schismatic Greek Church is composed of those Christians who recognize the spiritual jurisdiction of the Greek patriarch of Constantinople, and is confined to the territories once embraced in the Byzantine (now known as the Ottoman) empire with its vassal states—Egypt, Nubia, etc. The Russian Church communicates with the schismatic Greek, and in spite of its own liturgy, which stoutly asserts the primacy of the Roman See, agrees with the schismatic Greeks in rejecting the authority of the Roman Pontiff; but it is, in every respect, a national Church.

The language of the Russian Church is not the Greek, but the Slavonic; and

not the vernacular, but the Old Slavonic, with which the people are not familiar. Protestants are much mistaken when, reading that the Greeks, Syrians, Copts, etc., celebrate their services in Greek, Syrian, Coptic, etc., they imagine they discover an example for their own use of the vernacular. The languages used in the rituals of these peoples are very different from those in daily use. Nor do the Russians owe their conversion to the Greek schismatic Church. This conversion was effected by the Catholic Church; for whether, as we learn from Constantine Porphyrogenitus, the first missionaries to Russia were sent by the Catholic Patriarch, Ignatius (867), or, as Nestor asserts, if they were sent by the schismatic Photius (866), it is certain that no real impression was made upon the Russian masses until toward the end of the tenth century, when the Grand Duke Vladimir, called "the Apostolic," embraced Christianity; and at the time the Greeks were in communion with Rome. The revival of the schism, by Michael Cerularius, did not much affect the Russians. Not until the twelfth century were they entirely seduced from the Roman obedience. Then, with the exception of the Church of Galicia, most of the Russians ceased to be Catholics. However, at the time of the Council of Florence (1439) there were as many Catholics as schismatics in Russia. About the middle of the fifteenth century, a second Photius, archbishop of Kiev, extended the schism throughout the land.

From the day of her separation from Rome, the Greek Church, once so active, has been in a state of lethargy, displaying none of that fecundity which Christ promised to His own spouse. "The prodigious ignorance and stupid superstition," says Feller, "in which the priests and people of this isolated Church are involved, necessarily entail the great abuses and enormous disorders with which they are reproached. For centuries, the Greeks can show no celebrated doctor, no council worthy of attention. Their latest sages, —Bessarion, Allatius, Arcudius, etc.,—all belonged to the Church of Rome."

I would also call the reader's attention to the following reflections by Gagarin:—

"Byzantism pretended to have for its object the exaltation and triumph of the Greek Church, empire, and nationality. It sacrificed the unity and independence of the Church to that object, and what has been the result of the conflict which it provoked? The ruin of the Greek Church, and consequently of the Greek empire and nationality. But God did not wish that this ancient and glorious Church should perish. He raised up a new people, who seem to have the mission of re-establishing her in her pristine splendor. That people is the Slavic, and three-fourths of them belong to the Oriental rite, with this difference, that their liturgical language is the Old Slavonic. One cannot avoid being struck by the contrast between the Slavonic and Greek branches of the Oriental rite. The former possesses numbers, force, vigor, while the latter exhibits only feebleness and decrepitude. Laying aside every other argument the figures will make this difference palpable. It is estimated that all the Oriental Christians,—Slavs, Greeks, Moldo-Wallachians or Roumanians, Georgians, etc.,—number about seventy million souls, of whom nearly sixty millions are Slavs. If from the ten or twelve remaining millions we deduct those who are not Greeks, we see to how small a number the Greeks are reduced. Now the Slavs of the Oriental rite are nearly all subjects of the Russian Empire."

And now a few words as to the probability of a submission of the Russian

"orthodox" Church to the Roman jurisdiction. The czar may devoutly wish for union with Rome. If he is a statesman, he must realize that the activity and zeal of a papal clergy would be a great check to the growth of Nihilism. The more learned and more pious of the "orthodox" clergy may yearn for unity. But there is one obstacle which, apparently neither the once powerful inclinations of a czar nor the fast-decreasing influence of a corrupt clergy can overcome. When England shall have learned the wisdom of doing justice to Ireland, there may be hope that Russia will commence to doubt the wisdom of her policy toward *her Ireland,*—unfortunate, noble, and exhausted Poland. But as yet, to the average Russian mind, Poland is a subject only for the iron heel; and Catholicism, to this mind, means Latinism,—i. e., Polonism. The Russian "patriot," therefore, regards any progress of Catholicism in "Holy Russia" as a progress of Polish nationality.

Again, the Russian clergy have always systematically inculcated the idea that a reunion with Rome means the abolition of several institutions dear to the Russian heart—viz., Communion under both species; the use of fermented bread in the Sacrifice of the Mass; the Old Slavonic liturgy; and the marriage of the secular clergy. And here we must note that nothing can be more false than the idea entertained by most of the Eastern schismatics, that, whenever there has been a question of reunion with Rome, the Holy See has designed to force them to adopt the Latin rite and discipline. In refutation of this idea, Pope Benedict XIV., in his *Bull Allatae sunt,* quotes the words of Popes Leo X. and Clement VII., in which these Pontiffs vehemently reproved those Latins who blamed the Greeks for their observance of certain customs approved by the Council of Florence.

The same Benedict XIV., speaking of those who were laboring for reunion, sums up their obligations as follows: They should disabuse the schismatics of those errors which their ancestors introduced, in order that they might have a pretext for withdrawing from the obedience of the Sovereign Pontiff. As an easier method of converting said schismatics, the greatest stress should be laid upon the writings of the early Fathers of the Greek Church, who are in perfect accord with the Latin Fathers. To bring the Eastern schismatics into the fold of the true Church, it is not necessary to attack their rites. On the contrary, as the Apostolic See has always insisted, they must not be urged to follow the Latin rite. And in our own day Pope Pius IX., and the lamented Leo XIII., in special Encyclicals addressed to the Orientals, uttered the same sentiments. Nevertheless, the idea is firmly fixed in most Russian minds that union with Rome means the loss of their loved rite. This, added to the present sentiments of these minds regarding the burning question of Poland, would seem to indicate that there is little probability of a speedy submission of the Russian Church to the Holy See.

Such, dear Protestant friends, are the evil effects of passion, disappointment, and the violation of Christian unity. We see at the present day the same melancholy effects produced by the so-called reformation of the sixteenth century. We see whole nations drifting into infidelity and atheism. Would to God that we all had but "one heart and one spirit" like the primitive Christians. May the God of peace and charity infuse into us the holy spirit of unity.

I have tried to place these facts in as small a space as possible so as not to tire the readers of "Our True Position." Unfortunately, we Catholics have not a very

good ecclesiastical history in the English language, though Parsons History is a great improvement on what we have had. The histories in Latin, French, and German are rather volumnious, and hence it is no easy matter to collect a good account of great Church events in a few pages. It would be much easier to give copious extracts, than succinct chapters on such matters, but we cheerfully give our best efforts with the hope of enlightening our Catholic and non-Catholic public.

"IN GOD'S MOST HOLY SIGHT."

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

What matters it, friend, be you last, be you first;
Be you reckoned as best, be you rated as worst?
For the praise of the fickle world why do you thirst,
For you are what you are before God, and nought else!

We learn, with the growth of our serious years,
That we measure an act as to us it appears
Through the light of our joy, or the mist of our tears;
But it is what it is before God, and nought else!

Friend, let not your spirits at sorrow repine;
Today, it is yours, and tomorrow 'tis mine;
One's life ever hinges 'twixt tempest and shine,
And we are what we are before God, and nought else!

Let lessons that others have learned to their cost
Impress themselves well, lest their value be lost;
And grieve not because of a heart-wish oft crossed,
For we are what we are before God, and nought else!

FAITH.

BY J. J. B.

Across the path a sombre pall
  Shrouds the vista from the sight;
But, lo! a star shines thro' it all
  And opes to us a land of light.

HOPE.

Across the desert's burning sand
  There comes an incense-laden breeze,
That beareth tidings of a far-off land,
  Where travelers shall win hearts' ease.

CHARITY.

Alone he crouched before the throng,
  Whose scornful finger pointed out his sin
When one who deepest felt the wrong
  Stood forth and, fearless, shielded him.

IRELAND UNDER ENGLISH RULE.*

BY WILLIAM DOLAN.

In "Ireland Under English Rule," the author, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, makes plain his purpose to do justice to the Irish people as a whole. The work is purely historical, and its chief purpose is to show to Englishmen and Irishmen alike the important work done by Ireland in the Middle Ages in behalf of culture, education, and Christianity, and to show, further, that Ireland's decline began when the English gained control of the country and took away her liberty, even to the extent of forbidding children to attend school. Several prominent American publishers declined to publish the book, one stating his objection—and probably voicing the thought of all—that "were the statements made in the work as authentic as those of the Bible, no publisher, with any thought to his future, would dare print such an array against England, when at that time the disposition of the people throughout the country was so friendly towards her." That Dr. Emmet has no personal prejudice is frankly stated in the preface, in which he says that with the English people as individuals he has no issue, as "the greater portion of a long life has been passed in close and pleasant social relations with them." As further proof of his impartial treatment of his subject the author announces that he himself cannot lay claim to any better stock than that of the mixed English race which came down to him in an unbroken line on his mother's side, from the days of King Stephen. From his father he has

*Ireland under English Rule, a Plea for the Plaintiff, by Thomas Addis Emmet. Two volumes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

no Irish blood direct, but is descended from a family originally settled in the central portion of England, of which members served in the armies of Charles and Cromwell, and afterwards intermarried with the descendants of the earlier English settlers in the West of Ireland.

The indictment which Dr. Emmet makes is against the British Government, "a system well fitted for the oppression of the whole human race, with the exception of the English people themselves; with a settled policy, since the Norman Conquest, which has remained unchanged in the quest of gain and new territory." England's policy in Ireland is traced from an early period to the so-called Irish Rebellion in 1798, and much documentary evidence is cited from approved sources, the selection being made, whenever possible, from some writer with English sympathies. The reader can thus judge for himself. Much of this evidence could not be secured readily by readers in general as many of the works which have been quoted from are now out of print, and but few of them are likely to be found outside of a special collection in some private library. It may be mentioned here that among the valuable data presented between the covers of this work is the diary of Thomas Addis Emmet, written after his release from prison, when he resided in Paris as the secret agent of the Republican movement in Ireland. This diary was but recently discovered in a packet of old family papers.

To remove the spirit of prejudice resulting from English-created public opinion material is furnished to show that the Irish are a law-abiding race, more temperate as a people than the English or Scotch; that their morals will compare favorably with those of any other race; that they are not from choice a lazy or a shiftless people; that even under adverse circumstances, which would have discouraged others, they have prospered wherever it was possible to do so; and that the Catholic was as prosperous in Ulster or elsewhere as his Protestant brother when the same advantages were open to him. Dr. Emmet would gladly have laid aside all religious appellations, but could not, unfortunately, owing to the impression held by many that only the "Papist" was the real Irishman, and that no circumstance of Irish history was worthy of thought unless the chief actor was a Presbyterian or a "Scotch-Irishman." Americans who like to claim descent from the "Scotch-Irish" will not thank Dr. Emmet for depriving them of such ancestry.

"The Presbyterians of Ulster, who lived at times amicably with their Catholic neighbors, are frequently termed 'Scotch-Irish' by those who are ignorant of their origin," he says. "The term, which is of recent origin, has been generally used to designate a class of people who, as Protestants and in consequence of their religious belief, were thus supposed to escape the discredit of being Irish, although they and their ancesters may have lived in Ulster for generations. As the term Scotch-Irish is so frequently used and the people so termed are so often confused with the Presbyterian descendants from the Cromwellian soldiers who came into Ulster at a later period, it will be necessary to make a digression and show who they were."

Which Dr. Emmet proceeds to do very fully, showing that when James I. drove the Catholics out of Ulster and settled the country with people from the upper portion of England and the border lands of Scotland he brought together the class since called "Scotch-Irish." Few of them, however, could lay the slightest claim to a Scotch origin, as the old Scotch stock had been driven into the Highlands and those left in the Lowlands had little sympathy for the English. The Highlander

was in full sympathy with his displaced Irish relative. Furthermore, many of the settlers from the border counties of England were of such a mongrel race that it would be difficult to determine their nationality.

"If the descendants of these people," says Dr. Emmet, "are Scotch-Irish, the question becomes one of interest to determine at what period in their development did they, who to begin with were of a mongrel race of English and foreigners, cease to be Anglo-Irish, Irish-Scotch, Scotch-Irish, and finally reach, as it is supposed they did, the honor of being Irishmen; then if they emigrated to America or elsewhere as Irishmen, how or where did they acquire the Scotch element again?"

This is a puzzle that those who proudly claim the name today should attempt to solve. The "Scotch-Irish" manufacturers beggared by the destruction of the woolen manufactures and other industries of the North of Ireland by William III., emigrated in thousands to France to better their fortunes, and Ulster became again gradually settled from England and by Catholic, Presbyterian and Protestant Irish. The Presbyterians who settled in the north of Ireland after the early part of the eighteenth century hated the Scotch and would never have accepted the term "Scotch-Irish" for themselves. After the Restoration they were only tolerated as non-conformists and were not allowed by the Protestant authorities to take any part in public affairs. These people, thus persecuted, became in time more tolerant towards their fellow-sufferers, the Catholics, and when, more than one hundred years ago, they originated in Belfast the United Irishmen movement they were the first to demand religious tolerance in Ireland, and that their Catholic countrymen might be free to worship God according to their conscience.

Dr. Emmet dwelling on the decrease of Protestantism in Ulster takes occasion to pay his respects to the Orangemen whom he aptly calls "men without a country." He unsparingly denounces them as responsible for such ills of the Irish people as the British Government cannot be held directly responsible for, and cites many authorities to prove his assertion, among others Plowden, who was never an Irish sympathizer, but endeavored to be just.

Dwelling on "Orange Pastimes" he retells the story of persecution and of diabolical torture, and recalls the reminiscences of his grandmother, Mrs. Emmet, who witnessed a deed of atrocious cruelty. In the chapter devoted to Protestant Ascendancy and Penal Laws the author dwells on what the Catholics suffered, the continued efforts made to have these laws abolished, the course of the Government which secretly fomented bigotry and strife among the people, and Pitt's methods for forcing the so-called Rebellion of 1798. He summarizes Pitt's character in the name he bestows on him, "The Demon of Discord."

A chapter from "The Emmet Family," embodied in the present work and thus made accessible to the general public, gives the history of some state papers connected with British rule in Ireland, and some alleged facts in relation to the uprising in 1803. At this time, while the centennial celebration of the death of Robert Emmet is still before the mind, it is deeply interesting to read what his kinsman has to say as to the treatment he received from the Government, and of the manner in which the proofs of Pitt's iniquity came to light. This is something that each reader will want to read carefully for himself. The author was told by Sir Bernard Burke, who had the papers in custody and was acquainted with their contents, that among these state pa-

pers was a letter from an English minister, then at the head of the British Government, addressed to Secretary Marsden, directing that another outbreak should be gotten up in Ireland at all hazard and suggesting that Robert Emmet, then in Paris, "should be approached for the purpose." Robert Emmet was misled and betrayed from the beginning of his course. He was the victim of treachery "and," says Dr. Emmet, "he realized that he was condemned to death before his trial commenced. Today we may add to this charge that he was condemned to death before he had ever committed an overt act, and that the English Tory Government through its minister conceived, bore, and gave birth to this plot for his judicial murder."

An interesting contribution to disputed issues is this writer's consideration of the questions, "Is Ulster Prosperous?" "Is Ulster exceptionally educated?" "Is Ulster providentially housed?" What are the agricultural conditions of the province?" and "What are its moral conditions?" In summing up the evidence afforded by statistics dealing with these questions Dr. Emmet concludes: "It would be inconsistent with the truth were we to attribute the piteous condition of Ireland to any other cause than that the great majority of Irish people belong to the Catholic faith. Had the Irish been willing to cast aside, for temporal benefit, the faith they have unflinchingly maintained for over twelve centuries, their country would have received every aid to advance prosperity, which would, with their greater advantages of soil and climate, have been far greater than that attained by Scotland."

The effect of the Union on Irish industries; the over-taxation of Ireland; Ireland's right to a Catholic University; and the dual ownership of Irish lands; are discussed at length. The poverty of the Irish is the subject of pages of deeply pathetic interest. The word pictures of these people straining every effort to pay exorbitant rents, and maintain a semblance of existence, are strongly drawn, particularly those dealing with the bog-lands in Connaught, Clare, Kerry, and a portion of Donegal. The following incident, narrated by the Doctor, speaks for itself: "The writer, in 1885, was told by a man living on the west coast of Ireland that he had not earned over two shillings in cash for work during the previous year, and that he and a large family had subsisted entirely on the potatoes he had raised; while very few in his neighborhood had done so well."

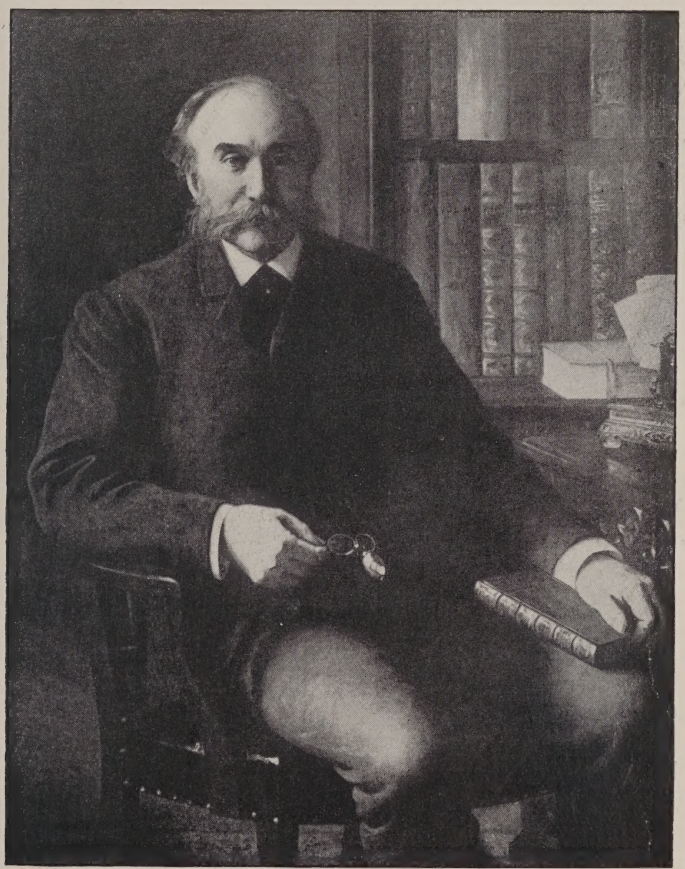
The appendix to the second volume presents a vast amount of testimony bearing on the author's subject, and is invaluable as a reference. Among the data furnished is a list of the names of those who voted for the Union, and the compensation for each vote, such compensation taking the form of office, elevation to the peerage, or simple cash. There is also a full account of Dr. Emmet's investigation to ascertain positively the burial place of Robert Emmet.

This work, so comprehensive in scope, represents years of careful preparation and research. "Most difficult and dreary has been my task, undertaken in the desire to state truthfully the condition of affairs in Ireland," says the author. It was originally his intention to publish, in 1898, a volume embodying much hitherto unpublished material as well as the lecture given at Cooper Union, and the paper on "Ireland's Past and Present," which appeared in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, February, 1897; but, being delayed in publication, it finally assumed its present form, thereby giving to the public much material not included in the earlier work.

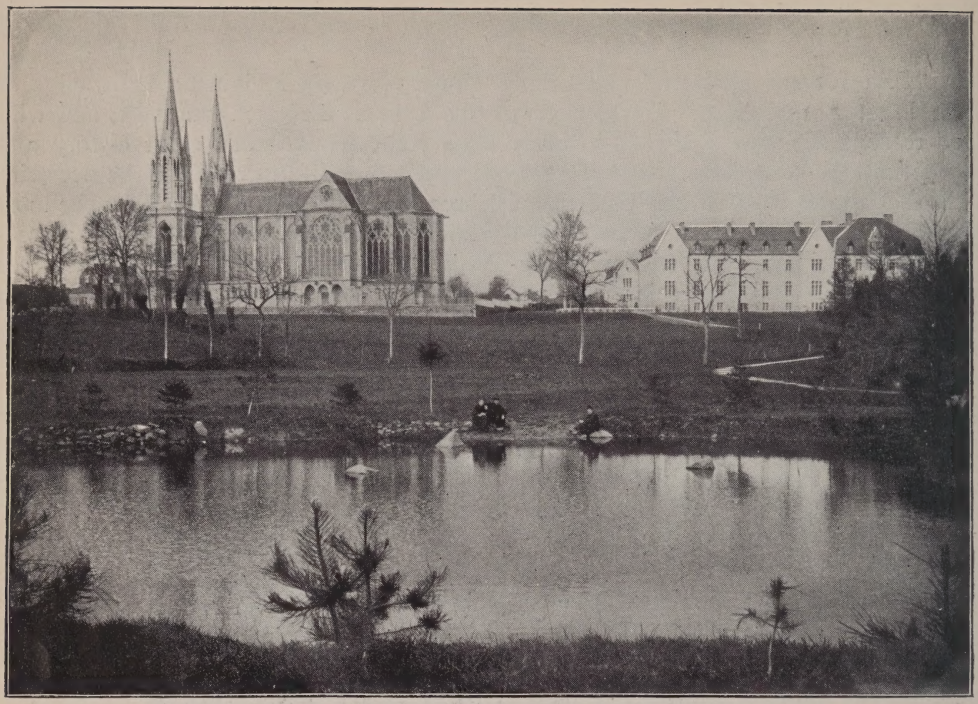
The passage of the Land Act raised the question as to the propriety of publishing

this "Plea for the Plaintiff" at a time when harmony prevailed. But for very good reasons the author decided in favor of publication—a decision that will meet with the approval of every student of Irish history.

"With an intimate knowledge of the relations which have existed for centuries between England and Ireland," says Dr. Emmet, "the writer could not believe that the time for the millennium had been reached, as a consequence of the only liberal effort England has ever made to advance the interests of the whole Irish people. With the effort now being made throughout the world to rekindle the national spirit by reviving a knowledge of the Irish as a spoken language, and with the study of Ireland's great history and tradition which must follow, the necessity becomes all the greater that even the most humble effort to teach should be accepted, for its worth as a contribution towards advancing the reviving interest in Irish matters. A movement which must accomplish so much towards educating the people of Irish blood to respect themselves the more from the fact of their Irish origin, and a knowledge of the truth as to what does justly exist to the credit of the Irish race will eventually command the respect of all nations."



DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.



NOTRE DAME DE PONTMAIN, FRANCE. UNDER THE CHARGE OF THE OBLATES OF MARY IMMACULATE UNTIL THE EXPULSION OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS BY M COMBES.

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE, TWENTY OF WHICH WERE SPENT IN IRELAND.

BY REV. LAWRENCE C. P. FOX, O.M.I.

No one can deny that the life of a missionary is a most arduous one, more especially if that missionary be a priest, and has therefore, both as a privilege and as an obligation, to break the word of God to the faithful souls who are assembled to listen to him, and to administer the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist to some whose lives have been tainted with sin, or to others who stand in need of supernatural and sacramental graces to assist them on the road to final perseverance. No matter how zealous soever have been the efforts of their own pastors to evangelize them, or to arouse them from their lethargy, the interest excited by the appearance of a strange preacher amongst them, accompanied by the evident excitement which has been created in the crowd of eager listeners amongst friends and neighbors, not to speak of countless strangers, many of whom may not belong to the household of Faith, cannot but be contagious even to those who had heard of the approaching mission with a certain amount of indifference. They subsequently become most diligent in their attendance at the exercises, most strenuous in their efforts to bring up the laggard and the indifferent, most fervent in their prayers for the blessing of Him Who had conducted those missionaries to that portion of His vineyard, and most devout in the recep-

tion of the Holy Sacraments. Yes, indeed, the life of a missionary is a most arduous one, but who can estimate the profound consolation which he receives as he proceeds from day to day, gathering together the fruits of his labors, and fervently and gratefully laying them at the footstool of the throne of Him Who died upon the Cross to redeem poor sinners, Who came to seek and to save those who had been lost, and Who promised to bestow an eternal reward on him who should bring but one soul to repentance.

The author of this tract is now in the sere and yellow leaf, upwards of four score years of age, and physically unable to take any part in active missionary labors, but he can look back to many years of such a life, and in his half century of years as a priest can recall many which were spent as a missionary. Among them were fully twenty which were passed from year to year, and often from month to month, with the faithful children of St. Patrick, the unchanged and unchangeable Catholics of Ireland. But notwithstanding the severe strain of such labors—extending, as I have often experienced, to remaining in the confessional during sixteen out of the twenty-four hours in the day—the consolations the missionary receives are so amply remunerative that he is strengthened to persevere until the close of the fortnight or the month which is allotted to the mission, and rejoices that he has been chosen to take part in such a noble work for the salvation of souls. Moreover, he cannot but recall many incidents which, intermingled with such as were most instructive and edifying, were the sources of considerable amusement both to himself and to others who were cognizant of them at the time when they occurred. Being often asked to relate some such incidents

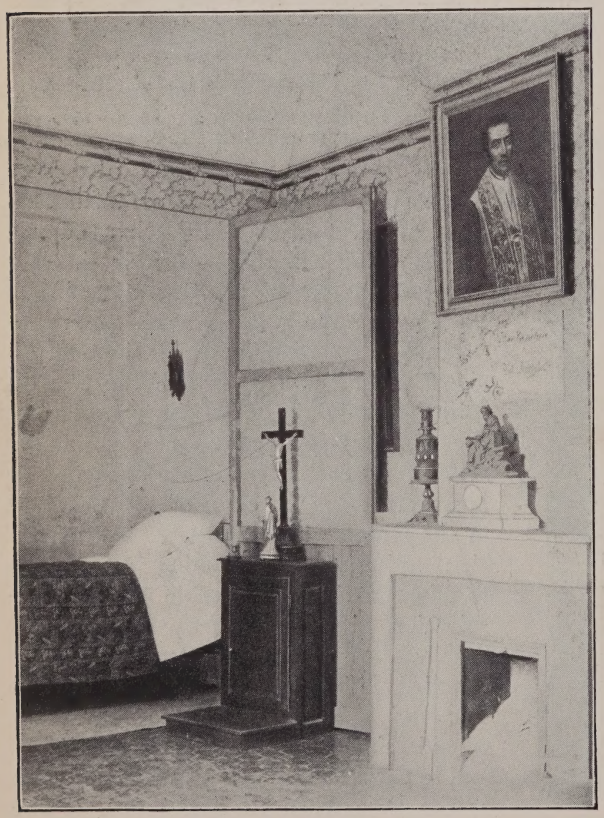
MONSIGNOR DE MAZENOD, O. M. I., BISHOP OF MARSEILLES, FOUNDER OF THE OBLATES.

CARDINAL GUIBERT, O.M.I. ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS

of my former missionary career it has occurred to me that I might memorialize some amongst them for the benefit as well as for the amusement of some with whom I am not likely to come into personal contact.

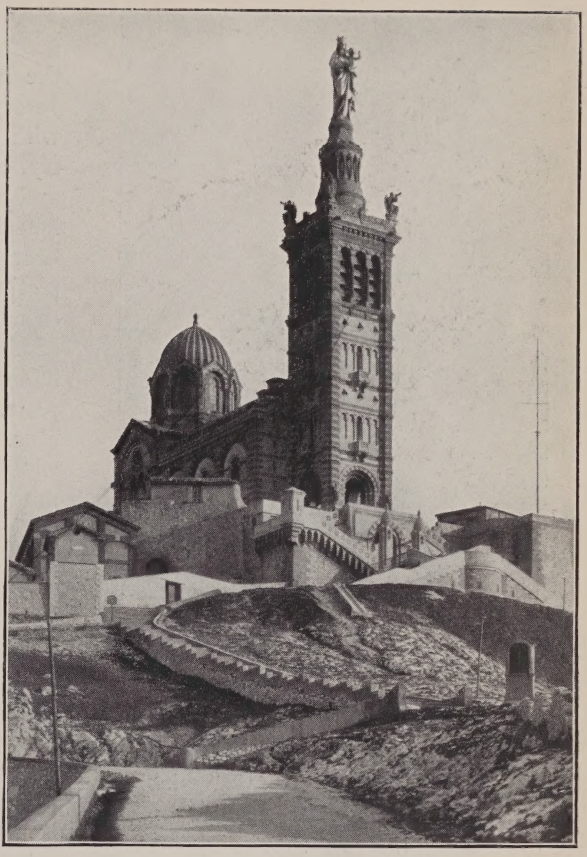
I was ordained as a priest among the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate, 1853, being at that time exactly thirty-three years of age. On the 15th of August, 1843, I had been baptized and had made my First Communion in the chapel attached to Tor Abbey, at Torquay, Devonshire, the residence of the Carey family, who never lost the Faith. After remaining five years in the world I entered the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, with the emphatic encouragement of the venerable servant of God, Father Dominic of the Mother of God, that holy Passionist Father who received the great Doctor Newman into the Church. After my ordination as a priest I said my first Mass on the feast of the Assumption, the fifteenth of August, in Abbotsford, Scotland, the seat of James Hope Scott, Esq., whose wife was the only living descendant of Sir Walter Scott. It was remarked that this same day was the anniversary of the birthday of the celebrated author.

In the following year, being in very indifferent health, I was removed from Scotland, and was stationed for a while, first in Birmingham, where the Fathers were chaplains to the future Lord Herries, and then at Sicklinghall, where a mission had been founded by Peter Middleton, Esq., whose wife was a daughter of Lord Stourton. Being still an invalid, I had permission to go for change of air to the Island of Jersey in the British Channel, and there I abode for a month with a cousin of my own who was also a convert to our holy Faith, and a member of the medical profession. Before three weeks had expired I was in such robust health that I acceded to the invitation of the pastor of the English-speaking congregation at St. Helier's, the Rev. Father McCarthy, who stood in need of rest and well-earned repose, to preach during the month of May, in his church. With the permission of my own Provincial and the sanction of the Diocesan, Bishop Grant of Southwark, I agreed with Father McCarthy, provided he would allow me to make a Month of Mary of my term of office, which might thus be called my first mission. I may here remark that I had already been broken in as regards



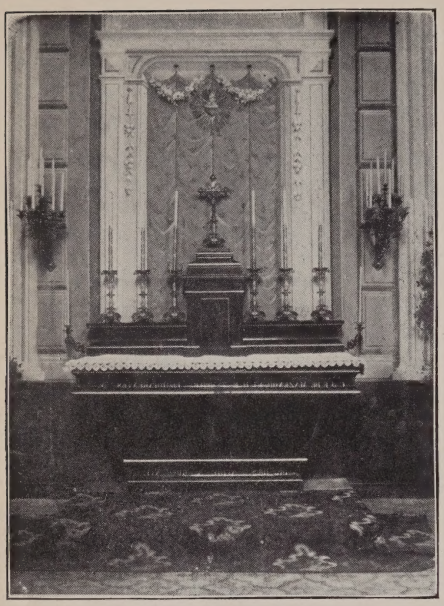
CELL OF THE FOUNDER OF THE OBLATES AT AIX, FRANCE

preaching, for, on the first Sunday after my ordination, I had to preach in the two largest churches in Scotland, at Dundee, which were under the charge of the learned and reverend Doctor Keenan, the author of the "Controversial Catechism," etc. The evening sermon was the crux. In the morning I had announced in one church that there would be no devotions there that evening as a *celebrated* preacher from Edinburgh would occupy the pulpit in the other church, and the congregation was invited to go there and listen to him. But no Edinburgh preacher made his appearance, and just as the choir commenced the Magnificat the Rev. Dr. Keenan came into the sacristy where I was then seated, and thrusting the Book of Gospels and Epistles into my hand, said to me: "You preached on the Gospel this morning; there! take that book, and read over the Epistle, for you will have to preach on that here. I will get the choir to sing the Salve Regina while you are studying it." It was undoubtedly a great effort for one who was not yet a week old as a priest, and who had but five minutes in which to arrange his thoughts, and was then to take the place of the *celebrated preacher* whom he had himself announced. But as I have already said it helped to break me in, and aided me to overcome much nervousness and hesitation on subsequent occasions. But to return to my first mission in the Island of Jersey, at which time I had been eight months a priest, and was but just recovered from a prolonged illness.



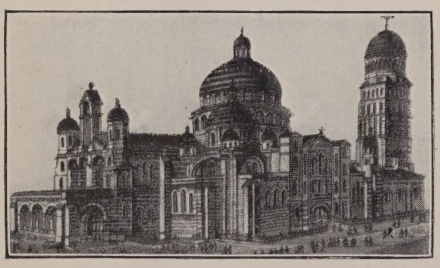
BASILICA DE NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE, MARSEILLES, ERECTED BY THE FOUNDER OF THE OBLATES

During the last week of April I had many difficulties to surmount. In the first place I could not discover in the whole island a statue of the Blessed Virgin which was more than eight inches in height, and I wanted one which should be from four to five feet high at least. So I wrote to Messrs. Burns and Lambert in London, and begged them to send me a suitable statue as soon as possible. To my great relief it arrived on the eve of the first of May. There were no good nuns nor brothers to help me, so I secured the services of two pious Catholic ladies, and we obtained the loan of about fifty candlesticks and a score of flower vases of every size, shape, and color. We thus managed to erect a very devotional altar in



ALTAR BEFORE WHICH THE FOUNDER OF THE OBLATES AND HIS FIRST COMPANION, PERE TEMPIER, CONSECRATED THEMSELVES TO GOD.

honor of the Blessed Virgin. I announced there would be an instruction in the morning after Mass, which of course I had to say myself as I had no priest to help me, and that every evening after the Rosary there would be a sermon followed by Benediction. Moreover, I stated that I should be ready to hear confessions from six in the morning till ten at night. As for flowers; I had them literally by the cart-load, for Jersey is the land of flowers. Moreover, every Monday morning, a great number of the good Catholic women of Normandy crossed the narrow strip of sea which separates Jersey from France, in open boats laden with all kinds of vegetables, fruit, poultry, eggs, and other marketable articles, and each one of them would bring a basketful of the most beautiful flowers for Our Lady's altar. In fact I hal such a plethora of flowers that I had to throw them away by the barrowful, and lest any of the kind donors should be annoyed I had them buried in the ground. I rejected every flower that was not white or blue. The Norman market-women who were my chief benefactors in this line used to flock in scores to visit the altar which they had done so much to adorn. They made a tremendous clatter with their wooden sabots. Their appearance is very peculiar, and few of them are above the medium height. When walking they would strike you as being composed of three parts, the upper part being an enormously high white cap, the centre the short petticoat, and the lower part made up of the long stockings and sabots.



CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART AT MONTMARTRE FROM WHICH THE OBLATES WERE RECENTLY EXPELLED.

The services were well attended, especially in the evenings, and the collections which were taken up were sufficiently generous to enable me to pay for the statue, and to leave a considerable surplus to hand over to the pastor on his return from his health-seeking trip. I was kept busy every day, Sundays included, in the confessional. I baptized several children whose parents had neglected to obtain that all-important sacrament for them, and received about half a dozen converts into the Church. I administered the sacrament of matrimony to upwards of forty persons who were living in sin. Some of those people had never submitted to any matrimonial rites at all, but the majority had been deluded by a suspended French Abbé who resided a few miles from St. Helier's the capital

of Jersey. I dwell at length upon these details because it was the first of all the missions in which, during my career I was selected to take part.

But I must give one more episode of this memorable Month of Mary, before I take leave of Jersey. About the middle of the month we had a visitation of the terrible epidemic of cholera. It was fatal to most of those who were struck down by it. On one Saturday I had to leave the confessional three or four times, to hurry to the death-bed of those to whom I had been summoned. While I was administering the last sacraments to the poor sufferers, the vehicle which went by the name of the death cart would be waiting at the door, and I would remain to see the victim of this awful plague lifted into the cart, to be conveyed to the contagion hospital. I was subsequently informed that on several occasions it was but a corpse that was found when the door was reopened. On the following Sunday, between the two Masses which I was to say, for I had to duplicate on Sundays, a fine young Irishman came into the sacristy and begged me to go with him at once to the lodging house where he was staying, to see a fellow lodger who had caught the fatal disease during the night. I arrived in time to administer the rites of the Church to the dying man, and after seeing him carried to the cart I hastened back to the church to sing the High Mass and to preach. I had other sick calls of a similar nature during that day, and in the evening while the bell was ringing for Vespers I was summoned to the lodging house whither I had gone in the morning, and found to my deep sorrow that my patient was the

NOTRE DAME DE SION, FRANCE. CHURCH AND HOTEL FOR PILGRIMS. UNDER THE CHARGE OF THE OBLATE FATHERS UNTIL THEIR LATE EXPULSION FROM FRANCE.

same young man who had conducted me to my first sick call that day. After I had administered to him, he asked me to add a few words to a letter which he had written on the previous day to his poor old mother in County Mayo, and to post it for him. Every word of that good young man's letter is engraven on my memory. It ran thus

My darling Mother:—

I arrived here safe and sound on Thursday last, thanks be to God, and I am happy to tell you that I have a promise of work for Monday next. I am in nice lodgings with a family from our own parish, who knew you well before you were married. After a few weeks I shall be able to save up some shillings, which I will then send to you, and you will come to me, and we will live happy together in this beautiful island. I remain your dutiful and loving son,

PATRICK.

After completing my arduous labors in Jersey I made a very enjoyable trip through Brittany, and then returned to Sicklinghall, near Weatherly, Yorkshire. In the year 1856 I was removed to Dublin, Ireland; but before commenting on any of the Irish missions in which I took part I may as well cast a rapid glance over a few of those in which I was engaged in England, some of which took place during the two years which intervened between my mission in Jersey and my first memorable mission in Dublin. In recalling my various missions in England I do not propose to mention even the greater portion of them, nor to speak of them in the order in which they occurred. My first mission in England was at Bradford in Yorkshire. The Catholics in that great manufacturing centre were numerous, but their churches were but few in number. The good Canon who had invited us, had just completed a

NOVITIATE OF THE OBLATES OF MARY IMMACULATE, TEWKSBURY, MASS.

beautiful Gothic church at some distance from the old church, and our band, four in number, labored for a month in the latter, and then transferred for a fortnight to the former and newer church. Thus we were engaged for fully six weeks in this one mission, and I can safely say it was the hardest that we were ever called upon to preach. There had never been a mission in Bradford before, and the Catholics flocked from all parts of the town and neighborhood. At the close of the first month the Bishop administered the sacrament of Confirmation to upwards of two thousand candidates, more than half of whom were adults.

An amusing incident took place after the close of the renewal of the baptismal vows. We were assembled at supper in the dining room, before retiring to our much needed repose, when the servant said to Father N—, one of our Oblate Fathers, that a lady wanted to speak to him for a moment in the hall. He immediately went to see her. She told him that she was a widow, and had been a penitent of his during the mission. She handed him a sealed envelope in which she said she had placed a sovereign, and requested him to say Masses for the repose of her husband's soul. He then dismissed her and returned to us. He told us the reason for which he had been called away, and the Canon asked him to examine the contents of the envelope, saying at the same time, "I fear you have been tricked by that woman. She did the same to me not long ago." Father N— complied with this request, and found within, carefully wrapped up in three or four pieces of paper, a silver sixpence!

Not long after this a very successful mission was given in Bermondsay, a part of London—on the Southern side of the Thames,—where there was a large congregation of the poorer Irish. For the first few days we had nothing to do in the confessionals, and the parish priest was greatly disheartened. We were four in number, and agreed to make the Stations of the Cross one after the other to bring up the tardy penitents. Before the close of the first week our prayers were heard and the crowds became so overpowering that we had to ask the Bishop to send half a dozen priests to help us. On one busy afternoon when I was hearing confessions, I saw an old woman tottering to the front of my confessional. She carried two large bundles, one in front, and the other on her back. As soon as she had deciphered my name over where I was sitting, she lowered her bundles to the ground, and, coming towards me, she cried out in a loud voice;—"Ah! Father Fox dear, I have found you at last. I come more than ten miles from the country where there is no priest at all. God save us! It was you that married me in County Kilkenny sixty years ago next Michaelmas, and when I buried my poor husband there, more than twenty years ago, God be merciful to his soul! I came to this God-forsaken country. And now I've tramped all these weary miles to make my confession once more to you." The good people who were waiting patiently for their turn to come to me —though I must confess that they were nearly all of them convulsed with laughter,—begged me to hear the poor old woman at once, and I soon sent her back to her distant home, quite happy. If I had been the same Father Cox who had married her, as she believed, I must have been almost a centenarian when she tracked me to Bermondsey.

An incident of a very different, but ever memorable, nature occurred during this same mission. A respectable old man, an Irishman, who had retired from business and had a pension, was one of the first of my penitents. He had no relatives in England except two grown-up daughters. One of them still lived with him, but the other, though she had been

a Child of Mary, had gone astray and was leading a bad life in another part of London. The poor old man was inconsolable about her, but I begged him to have confidence in the Refuge of Sinners. He came to confession every Saturday, and offered up his Holy Communion for her conversion. The mission was to have lasted a month, but on account of the many parishioners who were still unheard, we determined to break through our usual rule, and to prolong it for another week. When the heart-broken father came to me for the last time as he imagined, and was tempted to complain that God and His Blessed Mother had not heard his prayers, I begged him to have confidence still, and told him we were to continue our mission for another week, adding that she might return to her religion during that week. We announced the prolongation of our labors at all the Masses on Sunday. We also gave notice that all who had already received the sacraments and attended the exercises were invited to come to the church at three o'clock that afternoon, when they would be consecrated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and receive a miraculous medal. At the hour fixed the church was crowded. A decade of the Rosary, and the Litany of Loretto were recited. I then gave an instruction on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, after which I asked those who were coming to the altar rails to receive their medals to advance by one aisle and to return by the other to the porch, when they were to leave the church. This was done to prevent confusion. The distribution of the medals lasted more than half an hour, and while it was taking place the nuns and their pupils sang familiar hymns to our Blessed Lady. A solitary female was tramping through the street while the hymns were being sung. She knew them all, for this had been her church at one time, and there she had often joined in singing them herself. Curiosity prompted her to enter the church, and even to go up to the altar after a while. She also received her medal. Fortunately she had not been present when I announced that on the reception of this sacred badge each one was to leave the church, so she retired to a quiet corner, and there knelt down to look at what was suspended from her neck. To her amazement it was a medal of Mary Immaculate, that loving Mother from whom she had strayed away. She kissed it, as she would have done of old, and burst into tears. The hymns had ceased, the church was empty, and I began to walk down the central aisle with the intention of saying some of the divine office. But I heard some one sobbing, and looking towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded I saw the poor girl prostrate on the ground, and weeping bitterly. I went over to her, and as she was kneeling close to my confessional I said, "Do you want to go to confession?" She lifted her head and answered: "Me! No! I don't go to confession." Seeing the medal round her neck I gently lifted her by the hand and led her into my confessional. She had scarcely spoken a word to me when I seemed intuitively to know who she was, the lost lamb that her father had been seeking, and for whom we had been praying, and I told her so. By the grace of God she made her confession and promised to return to me through the week. By my advice she went straight to her father's house. I saw her more than once during the week, and her overjoyed and grateful father also. On the following Sunday I had the consolation of giving Holy Communion to the three, the father in the middle and a daughter on each side of him. "Thanks and praises be to God, for His mercy endureth for ever!"

To be Continued.

THE SOPRANO AT ST. LUKE'S.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.

I.

The third number of the mid-winter concert which the pupils of the Mozart Conservatory were giving for their fond parents, less fond cousins, and almost critical friends, was nearly finished when Reginald Clayton appeared at the entrance to Memorial Hall. There he was politely but peremptorily stopped by the usher, until a little girl with two yellow plaits of hair had played the last note of a fantasie which sounded to philistine ears distressingly like a five-finger exercise. Then the delinquent made his way down the side aisle—the middle one was packed with camp stools and relations—and after some manœuvering secured a seat, but too near the stage to be desirable.

His belated arrival was by design; he knew from former experience that the weaker numbers were usually put first—duets by juniors, and arias supposed to show the labor which had been expende upon an organ spoken of with respect as a Voice. It was a theory of his that existence at its best had quite enough of evils without needless additions, and he maintained that a man at thirty with his normal faculties ought to be able to adjust his life so as to have the maximum of pleasures with the minimum of discomforts. It was now long after thirty with Clayton.

As he took his seat many eyes, a few coldly condemnatory, were turned in his direction; women whispered his name to their companions, and made little gestures to indicate the bearer of it. Some two years before his private affairs had become very, very public, and that sort of interest clings to a man when he happens to belong to the socially-elect.

As Clayton settled himself in his chair, his shapely head, with the hair thickly sprinkled with grey about the temples, and his broad well-poised shoulders came out in strong relief against a background made by his overcoat thrown over the seat. He had a high-bred face, a rather aggressive mustache which concealed a stubborn mouth, and beautiful eyes that looked black in some lights and brown in others, but which were really hazel with glints of green. The Conservatory girls, surreptitiously peeping out at the audience from the dressing-rooms, commented in admiring staccatos on his appearance, and even the tenor, waiting in shivers of vanity and fear for his solo, admitted that he was distinguished looking. The first movement of a concerto rendered with precise but spiritless technique fell on waiting ears, and Clayton, having the air of a man bored, but resigned to fate, glanced down the programme, and his hopes revived. Then he gave a moment's attention to his fellow-sufferers in the cause of music. It was not a fashionable audience exactly, although there was a fair leaven of fashionable folk, and a very good showing of the culture which manages to ripen in diminutive flats and modest cross-streets, and to find sustenance in books and art, on something less than a great lady would spend for gloves and bonbons.

Mingled with these were types that would be hard to classify, because big burly men, with red faces, prominent noses, and scant tufts of flaxen hair on bullet-like heads, and their stout, dowdily dressed wives, do not quite harmonize with their exquisite appreciation of real music, and their constant attendance at the best concerts.

Professional musicians with the long hair and the misfit clothes so dear to the pencil of the illustrator elbowed musicians of the newer school as faultlessly attired as a leader of cotillons, gardenias on coat lapels, and vandyke beards, military mustaches, or faces as clean-shaven as a priest's, and spines adjusted to entrances and exits in West-End drawing-rooms. Clayton had friends in both camps, for music was his passion and pastime, and a generous amateur who could be depended upon for subscriptions to German opera, Symphony concerts, and Quintet clubs, deserved well of musicians.

The hope deferred illumined Clayton's face when Madame Zardetti came out to play an accompaniment. She was a matronly-looking woman with her grey hair worn in little side puffs; and her figure, once willowy, now billowy, was encased in a black silk gown much too tight for her ample waist, its trying lines relieved by a bertha of old lace which a certain royal highness had presented to her when the sixties were young and she was filling an operatic engagement in Berlin. Tradition said that in those days she had been the idol of the front rows, a toast and a beauty; but now she was apparently content to train other aspirants at a liberal salary, and to pet and spoil her grandchildren in the intervals of leisure. It took a vivid imagination to connect romance with a grandmother, and only her favorite pupils who had seen the various trophies of her artistic career, and the numberless photographs taken when beauty and youth and conscious power lent their charm to her fame, gave her the tribute of admiration and awe for the glory that had past.

Madame Zardetti walked with a majestic tread across the stage to the grand piano, and close behind her followed a tall slender girl gowned in creamy white, with fluttering ribbons, and drooping puffs for sleeves. The surplice bodice fell away from the throat revealing its bird-like contour, a throat which Clayton's critical eye immediately associated with a singing voice. Her face was not faultless, but it was beautiful. She had reddish bronze hair, parted, and coiled low, with a few escaping tendrils shading her pretty forehead; large violet eyes and thick, curling black lashes; a mobile mouth with full red lips; white teeth and a nose almost, if not quite, retrousse. Her greatest charm lay in the expression which was girlishly shy as she came on the stage and stood waiting for the prelude to be played, and gloriously animated when she began to sing.

Clayton thought the selection a rather difficult one for an amateur—the "Luce di quest' anima" from "Linda"—but after the first bar he conceded her right to venture into the realms where Patti is queen regnant. The girl sang with the passionate fervor and the dramatic expression wherein lies so much of the secret of musical success. Clayton looked at the programme and read the name —Dorothy Vance. In an older woman he would have attributed the thrilling cadences to a consummate art, or to life's lessons learned but too easily by the impressionable artistic temperament, but with a school-girl they represented a natural talent of high order—vivid imagination, high-strung temperament, and the dramatic instincts supposed never to be entirely absent in women.

"The girl probably has never heard a word of love in her life," he said to himself, "but she is singing and vicariously feeling all its fervor."

Clayton was fond of studying human nature, and his opportunities for study had been singularly broad. He decided that Miss Vance must have a very warm heart. Her voice he pronounced a treasure —strong, clear, sweet, flexible, a voice to

thrill and charm and put ideals where rugged realism had been, to be enjoyed by the appreciative few, but not a voice to make a great operatic success. But perhaps the girl had no operatic aspirations. What was it to him what became to task for his uncalled-for speculations.—What was it to him what became of Dorothy Vance or her voice?

After the concert was over and the audience were scrambling into overcoats and wraps amid the hum of proud congratulations and everyday inanities about north winds and the vagaries of street cars, Clayton elbowed his way through the crowd and mounted the steps leading to the stage entrance. He was privileged beyond the ordinary auditor, and sometimes made use of his privileges. As a financial backer of the Mozart Conservatory in the days of its youth, and as a friend of Mr. Bensburg, the director, and of Professor Wiseman, the head of the piano department, no one questioned his right to appear behind the scenes. He shook hands cordially with Mr. Bensburg, whom he found surrounded by happy pupils, and beaming on his dear children —all the Mozart pupils were his dear children, and their success in life a personal concern.

"Hello, Clayton!" called out a rich, cheery voice as the owner of it emerged from the stage door at the left.

"Hello, Wiseman! congratulate you—your concert was fine. Introduce me to your star."

Professor Wiseman was a handsome man who bore witness to a good tailor and an artistic barber. He belonged unmistakably to the new school, "the dude school," a good-natured wag of the long-haired fraternity had dubbed it. As far as appearence went Wiseman might have been a broker, a banker, a railway director—keen, self-possessed, courteous, inscrutable: and the name might indicate an Irishman, an Englishman, or a Jew, for within a radius of one mile of the conservatory there were Wisemans of all these nationalities. This Wiseman was an Anglo-New Yorker, with a remote Jewish ancestry. He and Clayton had been college mates, and later, traveling companions for a year in Europe.

Wiseman threw back his head and gave a pleased laugh.

"Add one more instance to your chronicles of telepathy, Clayton," he said. "That is just what I intend to do. I have been watching you all the evening for fear you would disappear just because you are wanted. I want you to meet her for a purpose—I am going to ask a favor of you. But I can explain that better after you have met Miss Vance."

"Command me, my dear fellow, I am at your service," answered Clayton.

"I hope you will be at the service of my pupil—that is more to the point," retorted the musician.

Miss Vance was wrapping about her head a fleecy something which feminine parlance distinguishes as a fascinator, when the two gentlemen appeared before her.

"Let me congratulate you on your delightful singing, Miss Vance," began Clayton after the rites of introduction were over, noting the young singer's quick look of pleasure which marked the novice in the field of compliment.

"You are very kind," murmured the girl. "It sounded to me as if some other person were singing and I only a far-off listener."

At this point Miss Vance's attention was claimed by a personage of more importance to the Mozart Conservatory than Clayton.

"I tells yo' what, Miss Dorothy, you jes' took the roof off the house, ter night," said sable Jeff, the autocrat of the furnace and the gas meters. "We ain't had no sech singin' sence—well, I declar' I doan be-

lieve we ebber did have, now did we Professah Wiseman?" "Miss Vance sang beautifully, Jeff, and we are all proud of her," answered Professor Wiseman.

"We suhta'nly is," echoed the Manual Labor Department, with conviction. As Jeff proceeded to turn off the lights, close the pianos, and remove music stands and forgotten sheet music, the chorus of goodnights and goodbyes became an excelerando movement, and Dorothy Vance went with the crowd, under the escort of a youth of sixteen who had been sent for that duty, and who had been distinctly bored all the evening. Chamber music did not compare in his estimation, with *Sinbad* at the Olympic.

The two men were among the last to leave the building. As the night was clear and not very cold, they decided to walk up town.

"Was that tow-headed youth the only representative of Miss Vance's family to be the witness of her honors?" asked Clayton, lighting a cigar, and handing the match to Wiseman in an absent-minded streak of economy.

"Oh, Cyril is the young hopeful of Miss Vance's landlady," answered Wiseman, forming a wind-break with two shapely white hands, as he lit his cigar with Clayton's match.

"Miss Vance's relatives are in California, and California is open to objections on the score of distance," continued the Professor. Interpreting the question to mean a desire to hear more of his pupil, the musician plunged into the role of biographer.

"Miss Vance is an orphan," he said. "She was brought up by an uncle in Los Angeles, who is now dead, and not finding especial favor with her aunt, who has a sufficiency of olive branches of her own, she determined to strike out for herself. Knowing that her voice was better than the average her idea was to come East and have it cultivated—St. Louis is a long way East of California, you know," digressed Miss Vance's biographer. "She sold a house which represented her earthly assets, if one does not count youth and beauty and pluck and above all a Voice. And with the money she has managed to study at the Mozart for two years and a half; but the money is now about all gone, and naturally the girl wants to be put in the way of earning something before she is actually in want."

"Quite naturally," assented Clayton.

"She spoke to me some time ago about going on the stage, but I discouraged the plan very positively, and now I am suffering the penalty of an uneasy conscience for having interfered with the destiny of a human being." "Usually a good opportunity for Punch's 'don't,'" answered Clayton sententiously.

"There is no use in saying 'don't' after you've done it," returned Wiseman.

"I shall feel, if she does not get a good position, that I have, perhaps, stood in the way of her fame and fortune, and all the rest of it," continued the musician, with an intonation in which concern and humor blended.

"The girl is a child as far as any real knowledge of the world is concerned. And you know, Clayton, that the path to glory by way of the stage is not exactly lined with roses, with relay stations for refreshments. Her voice is not equal to putting her in the front rank, and the highest place in the second rank is not worth all it usually costs. Miss Vance is not in the least fitted for the struggle, and I told her so frankly. Three weeks of rehearsals under a gruff manager with a cranky star, would bring on an explosion, or several of them, and our little girl would find herself without an engagement."

"That would be decidedly awkward, if

she happened to be without money at the same time," ejaculated Clayton, flipping his cigar ashes to the north wind which dashed into their faces as they turned a corner.

"I just heard the other day that Mrs. Anderson had resigned from St. Luke's," continued Wiseman, gliding, as it were, up to the point, after having discreetly smoothed the way. "It struck me that there would be a first-class chance for Miss Vance. I intended to drop you a note about it, but I have been so confoundedly busy with this concert. You are hand-in-glove with Stephens and Dodd, and they could influence the other fellows on the committee, and I should be awfully obliged, old boy, if you would secure the place as soprano at St. Luke's for my pupil."

There was but one answer to make on the part of a benevolent patron of music, when appealed to on behalf of a girl, gifted, charming and friendless, and Reginald Clayton made it most cordially.

II.

Dorothy Vance was in a very pleasant frame of mind when one morning early in April she boarded an Olive Street car with sixty dollars in crisp new bills in her pocket, and was carried swiftly to the environs beloved of womankind. The sixty dollars was her second month's salary as a member of St. Luke's justly famous choir, and to Dorothy's inexperience the sum represented wonderous possibilities in the way of spring millinery and other feminine necessities. Her sensations of opulence were nearly akin to those of Mrs. Richard Roe when that lady's husband informed her that their income was forty thousand, and suggested an English butler.

Dorothy had deposited the first month's stipend in the bank, whence three days later she drew out thirty. But this she regarded as coming out of the slender reserve left from the California house, and not from her recent deposit. The cashier would probably have characterized this explanation as a distinction without any possible difference.

Since the modest outlay of thirty dollars secured to the young singer a little back room on the third floor, and a place at Mrs. Hart's hospitable table, her salary seemed a key to open a future of new frocks, matinees, art exhibits, and candy. Dorothy was still in the Iron Age of luxury according to the standards of Mrs. Richard Roe.

As the car whirled eastward to millinery emporiums and bargain counters, Dorothy took out a little memorandum and a silver-tipped pencil and proceeded to jot down the things she meant to buy, or to think about buying, together with their probable cost, but when she had added up the price the total was so much in excess of the contents of her purse, that she, in quick scorn of her own arithmetical ability, went over the figures again, only to find that not her knowledge of arithmetic was in fault, but her lack of knowledge of the thrifty Scotsman's proverb, "Many a mickle makes a muckle." With a little sigh she set down some more figures, and attempted mentally what the reformers call retrenchment.

On a fresh leaf in her memorandum was the entry, "C. Happy Days." This meant that Mr. Reginald Clayton was going to call that evening, and that she had promised to sing a favorite song of his, with the thrilling, waltz refrain,

"Happy days gone by, happy moments fled,
Ne'er to come again, naught but memory in their stead."

The indefinite entry was to remind her to get a new copy of the song, for her old one was not in a condition to appear on any self-respecting piano. There was no

need to write down the call itself. She was not likely to forget that.

Clayton's first visit had been with Professor Wiseman to make known the success of his efforts in Dorothy's behalf in regard to the vacancy in St. Luke's choir. He did not tell her of the stratagem to which he had resorted to evercome the opposition of some members of the committee who had friends of their own with good soprano voices, or of the humiliating little expedients which had secured the desired influence. He contented himself with the simple announcement of the accomplished work—that the position was hers. There is always a reward in the consciousness that one has been of service to a fellow-being, and if the 'fellow-being' happens to be a sweet, pretty girl, the satisfaction ought not to be any the less.

On the first Sunday that Dorothy sang in the choir Clayton was one of the congregation, although he had not put foot inside of a church for months. He wanted to hear how his protege acquitted herself. She sang so well that he waited in the vestibule to proffer his congratulations, and then, like the courteous gentleman he was, he walked home with the happy soprano. After that he found his way to Mrs. Hart's domicile at varying but frequent intervals. Sometimes they went to the theatre or to the art museum; sometimes, when the afternoons were pleasant, with the gracious warmth and brightness which come as interludes between the cold and the snow and the sleet and the vindictive winds of a western winter, they strolled along the boulevarde or went out to Forest Park. Sometimes days and weeks passed by before he came again. Now and then Dorothy would have a glimpse of him, often with some other girl, walking up Lindell Avenue or driving in the park.

To Dorothy this friendship—mere acquaintance had speedily developed into this—opened a new era in her young life. Clayton was the first person outside of the Mozart Conservatory she had met since leaving California who was in the least congenial to her. She was a stranger and alone in a second-rate boarding-house, and the people she met were the second-rate and the third-rate boarders at Mrs. Hart's and their friends. The mistress of the establishment was a good-hearted, commonplace sort of woman, whose business instincts, developed through years of pleasing people who expected much more than they were usually willing to pay for, had not altogether usurped the place of motherly kindliness which is the birthright of her type. Her business side was put forward only on the first of every month; for the rest she regarded her people as one big family, and their woes and successes gave her genuine concern. She had none of the servile deference which a foreign innkeeper comes by naturally, or cultivates assiduously. Dorothy was grateful for the interest shown, although she sometimes secretly resented the method of its manifestation.

There was another young woman in the house, a Miss Waring, who manipulated the keys of a typewriter in the mysterious regions with indefinite boundaries known as "down town." Miss Waring talked "shop" with the young man who sat next to her at table, and gave opinions in the terse vernacular which Dorothy did not recognize, in her ignorance, as the free American's slang.

Miss Waring was "keeping company" in the language of the rural districts whence she came, with a certain haberdasher in Fifth Street, and on Sunday evenings when he called Mrs. Hart thought that she was fulfilling her duty and doing as she would be done by, when she rushed precipitantly from the parlor,

and left the young couple in uninterrupted possession. After Clayton's visits became frequent there were joking allusions among the boarders as to the inconvenience of having two girls with beaux in the house, and only one parlor, Dorothy disliked the banter, and objected to being classed with Miss Waring. Miss Waring would have resented this resentment. She worked for her living and so did Dorothy Vance, so where was the difference?

The chatter which went on over the dinner table was tiresome to Dorothy after an hour with Clayton and real conversation. The chatter was ceaseless although it combined but few notes. There was a good deal said about the happenings at Miss Waring's office, and the changing styles in men's neckties. Actresses received their meed of praise or condemnation—the favorite amusement seemed to be the theatre. The women discussed various social functions to which they had not been invited, and the leaders in them, who never came to Mrs. Hart's, and whose homes Mrs. Hart's people never invaded. This was bewildering to Dorothy until she discovered that the information was gleaned from the Sunday papers. It seemed that the next best thing to knowing these ladies was the knowing about them. Miss Waring was as familiar with the old families as if she had been born an entire old family herself. Dorothy was hopelessly ignorant. She came of good American stock, with Colonial and Revolutionary records, and the ancestral generations had been of varying degrees of wealth and culture and political importance and poverty. Dorothy was a hero-worshiper, and she would have gone many blocks to see a general or a genius, but mere money would not have aroused her soul, unless it had been up in the ninety millions, and then her interest in the possessors would have been akin to that one has in any other freak. She did not see that there is anything particularly admirable in buying land by the acre and selling it by the foot. Although from the golden state she did not really understand the value of gold apart from its purchasing power. The lack of money had meant for her many privations. She was often homesick and heartsick, and very, very tired of Mrs. Hart's people, and Mrs. Hart's parlor—with its cheap lace curtains, flaming paper flowers, cotton-plush chairs in vivid reds and extraordinary greens, its chromos, which were only a little less trying to the eye than the crayons, of the kind thrown in with the frames, of dead and gone Millers and Harts. The only redeeming thing in the room was the piano and that seemed like an anachronism.

Dorothy had not come from a home of luxury, but her environments and associates had been those of culture and refinement. She had not loved her aunt principally because her aunt had not loved her, but she had admired that lady for a certain elevation of mind and manner; and her uncle kind-hearted, generous, genial, had been till the hour of his death, at once her father, confidential friend, and hero. The California house was large and sunshiny, with broad verandas, and quaint balconies in the midst of a lawn that was a veritable carnival of flowers—where big oleanders, and stately lilies, and sun-kissed roses and gorgeous hydrangeas, and fragrant camelias had budded and blossomed and put forth all their charm, as flowers can do only in California. And the people who came to the house were not just what Miss Waring would have described as society ladies, for many of them kept no carriages, and none of them had a lady's maid, but they could give charming little dinners, even if the salad

and dessert did come from the hostess' own able hands.

Although Dorothy was not seventeen when she left California, and had not "come out," she had seen nearly all there was of society in her native town. For at the small dances in which hospitable matrons delighted the lines were not very sharply drawn between those who were out, and those who were in. But all the time her existence had centered in her voice, all her aspirations and prospects were in relation to it—started from it as the spokes in a wheel from the axle. Her aunt encouraged this attitude, as did well-meaning friends. Possibly they thought it was more of a voice than it really was, for according to metropolitan standards their tastes were a trifle provincial. When her uncle died, and Dorothy had to face the world and the problem of taking care of herself, it was on her voice she depended as the soldier of fortune depends on his sword. Her teachers at the Mozart Conservatory had been very encouraging and most kind—with the kindness which gives the severest criticism, because it recognized the possibilities of a real voice. The years of hard study had been trying—to the verge of recklessness at times, and the petty privations of a poverty, real even if relative, had not always been easy to bear. But now that the drudgery was over and a good position secured, the darker tints of the past were blotted out, leaving only roseate hues.

After a morning spent in shopping, a process in which more than fifty of the dollars had changed owners, Dorothy went up to Bollman's music store to get her song, and as she entered the door she met Clayton apparently just going out of it. He stopped, smiling with evident pleasure at the meeting, and Dorothy frankly extended her hand. Clayton always impressed a stranger with his character of the gentleman, and this impression was renewed at each encounter. One might forget his good qualities and even his good deeds, but his fine manner would be remembered by his friends and conceded by his enemies. And it was this elusive character—made up of courtesy, deference, entire self-possession, and entire self-effacement, and its essence, self-respect—which had fascinated Dorothy Vance.

"I have just sent some songs up to your place, Miss Vance, which I hope you in the goodness of your heart will sing for me," Clayton said after what Chesterfield would call the polite salutations. Dorothy flushed with pleasure and thanked him very prettily. She was learning more than mere music.

"Robyn has a pretty thing just out, and there's a soprano arrangement of Augusta Holmes's 'Talons of Gold.' Why is it that a woman's compositions never have the same vogue as a man's? If the 'Augusta' were only 'Augustus' that song would be in every parlor."

"Just wait a hundred years, and then it will be 'Augustus' who seeks the factitious aid of 'Augusta'," retorted Dorothy.

"Thank you. Kindly tell me where your Fountain of Youth or patent Elixir of Long Life is to be found, and I will wait with you with pleasure," answered Clayton.

He turned around at the door to say, "I am coming early this evening, may I?" Receiving a smiling assent, he went on his way.

Dorothy hurried homeward and spent the afternoon in sewing lace into sleeves, and putting invigorating touches on the one silk gown without which no self-respecting gentlewoman among poverty's daughters ever attempts to face the world.

In no other way does the cruel discrimination of fashion against women have so baneful an effect as in the caprici-

ous changes she demands in the feminine toilet. A man invests in a dress suit and is always ready to meet the most fastidious and exacting assembly, so long as care and judicious pressing, compounded with a little benzine, keep his suit looking respectable. If he is poor and not too fastidious he may wear it for several seasons. The girl standing between the fires of a depleted purse and the inborn desire of her sex to dress becomingly, and as befits a lady, must steal the time from needed physical exercise, mental improvement, and even from her prayers, to ply the needle, and puzzle her brains over the caprices of sleeves, and the hang of skirts.

One might put up a Paris fashion-plate, and write under it the inscription: "Women worship at my shrine. In return I stunt their mental growth, I cool their spirit of piety, deprive them of recreation; I take the mother from her children's nursery, the maiden from errands of mercy; I rob the church, the sick, and the poor; for me women sell their souls; I make defaulters of husbands, and outcasts of wives. At my bidding woman decks herself in puffs and frills, loads her weak form with yards of superfluous material, or cuts up costly stuffs into childish little bits, pinches her feet, compresses her waist, dyes her hair, or wears tresses grown on a stranger's head. I regulate her acts, her thoughts, and not infrequently her religion. She serves me faithfully all her life, and at its close I desert her. When Death comes I go."

Dorothy liked to sew on the rare occasions when she had nothing better to do. As this had happened probably six times in her life she was not really an expert, and her head ached and every nerve was out of harmony, when at last her task was completed to her satisfaction.

"You look mighty pretty tonight. Is Mr. Clayton coming?" asked Mrs. Hart, as Dorothy entered the dining-room just as the soup was being removed. An angry light came into the girl's eyes as she slipped into her chair, but Mrs. Hart was as innocent as a lamb of any intentional offense.

"If Mr. Clayton keeps on coming Miss Dorothy and Miss Susie will have to pull straws for the parlor," said Jones, a youth of thirty-nine, making a facial contortion intended for a beaming smile.

Miss Waring listened with an enigmatical expression of countenance which interpreted meant curiosity as to how Dorothy Vance, an unknown conservatory girl, had "caught" such a swell as Reginald Clayton. Miss Waring's thoughts if translated into speech would not have been noted for elegance of diction.

Mrs. Hart, ever ready with oil at the first indication of a turbulent wave, said she guessed she could manage, and ordered in hot soup for the tardy-comer.

"Mr. Clayton's a mighty nice man," continued the matron. "His father was one of the most respectable citizens in this town, and his grandfather fought in the Mexican war."

Dorothy looked up with interest. She could understand the honor attached to a Mexican veteran. The qualifications represented by a respectable citizen were more vague. She thought any citizen respectable who had no bad habits when living and no bad debts when dead.

As Clayton's ring was heard at the front door Mrs. Hart hurried her boarders into the back-parlor, used as her sitting-room in the day time, and turned into a bed-room at night, by means of a folding-bed made to look like a top-heavy cabinet. The sound of suppressed laughter and rather animated disputes over a game of cards was soon audible through the imperfectly closed doors, and Clayton, after listening to the songs he wanted to hear, proposed to Dorothy to go down to the Art Museum.

"The night is charming—a touch of softness that is almost spring is in the

air," persuaded Clayton. "Barnett's got some engravings that he picked up abroad, on exhibition, and there's a new Madonna of the Munich school, loaned by Mrs. Herchell. That woman deserves to be canonized by the young artists. She buys their pictures for the good of her soul—the new Sociology does not approve of charity without some effort at a quid pro quo, so Mrs. Herchell, who has the best of hearts, has taken struggling artists under her wing."

"Just as you have taken struggling musicians?" answered Dorothy impulsively, and regretting her speech the moment it was uttered.

Clayton, who had wonderful tact, said lightly, after a barely perceptible pause, "Ah, I am not good at riddles, Miss Vance, and you must have pity on my stupidity. By the bye, did you ever look at the moon in its fourth quarter through a telescope? I was moon-gazing last night. It presents some interesting features."

When the couple returned to Mrs. Hart's the card-players had thrown open the folding doors, and Mr. Jones was smoking a cheap cigar in the parlor, while Miss Waring was drumming at Dorothy's song, "Happy Days."

Clayton made his adieus hastily, and Mrs. Hart called out to Dorothy to take her wrap off and not to stand in the draught if she was warm from walking.

"You are always so thoughtful of everybody, Mrs. Hart," said the girl, crossing the room to the card table, and laying a caressing hand on the widow's still beautiful hair.

Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Hart's partner in the game, glanced admiringly at Dorothy's perfect complexion, then flushed to the tint of a ripening peach, and chirped carelessly, "It's beginning to look as if Miss Vance will soon be Mrs. Clayton Number Two. What's trumps? I wasn't paying any attention." Mrs. Clayton Number Two! It was with an effort that the girl kept her lips from framing the exclamation, but she merely turned away and joined in with Miss Waring's vocal efforts, "Happy days gone by, happy moments fled."—Then she picked up her jacket and after a moment laid it down again, and called out gaily, "Good night, everybody, I am tired, and I am going to bed," and made her exit up the stairs.

Dorothy did not go to bed, however, but sat by the her one window looking at the moon in its fourth quarter, and not seeing it—seeing instead the face of a handsome man with a rich magnetic voice.

Presently the party down stairs broke up noisily.

"I never did have any luck with clubs," floated upward the tones of Miss Waring, as she ran up the stairs.

"I bank on diamonds every time," came the accents of Mr. Jones. When all was quiet Dorothy put on her wrapper and slipped down the stairs. "I forgot my purse in the pocket of my jacket," she explained to Mrs. Hart, who, at the sound of footsteps in the parlor, had slid back the doors until they made a frame for her ample figure already enveloped in the snowy folds of her night-dress.

Mamie Hart, the ten-year old daughter of the house, was coiled up in bed, and sleeping the sleep of healthy childhood, after a day's vigorous exercise taken between the corner grocery and her mother's kitchen door. The sight of the child brought back to Dorothy in one vivid flash of memory her own care-free days as a little girl in California, and sent a spasm of homesickness to her heart.

They talked about the weather, the indications for an early summer, and Mrs. Herchell's liberality to artists, for a few moments, and then Dorothy said carelessly, "By the bye, Mrs. Hart, how long has Mr. Clayton been a widower? I didn't know that he had been married."

"Why, good gracious, child! he's divorced! Didn't he ever tell you?"

(To be continued.)

"A HOUSE DIVIDED."

BY REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

They were having a religious discussion brought on by the election of the new Pope. Argument had followed argument with the usual failure to convince either combatant. The stock was soon exhausted, and thereupon ensued the ordinary mutual recriminations.

"Well, you're bigoted, anyway," said the Catholic.

"Maybe I am," retorted the Protestant, "but there's just as much bigotry on your side. Anyway," with increased emphasis, "I'm not bigoted against my own, as most of you Catholics are. We help one another. So do the Jews, the Germans, and the French, but you Irish do not because you are bigoted and jealous of one another. Why, there's your own cousin, Peter Smith! The minute he began to get along in his new store and gave his wife a silk dress and sent her to the beach for the summer, you took offense at her "airs," as you called her desire to be somebody, and went to trade with the Jews across the street. That's what I call bigotry!"

I often revert to this little scene. It is not a fiction. It is a reality. It happens day after day; it happened many a time in old Ireland, and would happen again tomorrow if she were restored to her old glory, bringing forward as many aspirants to the throne as there are villages in the land.

But horrors! We are on a quicksand. We must not whisper a word against our glorious Irish nation. We are entirely above suspicion. Let us recognize our own short comings, our family jars, but sh! not a word of them to the world. The world, of course, does not know our peculiarities. Mean world, indeed, to laugh at our follies when it does discover them. Horrible theatre that permits the Irish to be caricatured! Unregenerate actors that do not confine themselves to making sport of the Yankee, the Jew, the Frenchman, instead of using our brogue! Why are these caricatures patronized so extensively by the Irish and their descendants, you say? Well, of course, we go to gratify our deepest indignation, by laughing heartily at the vulgarity, and especially by giving our good money for the support of what we verbally condemn. For, of course, all our Irish and their descendants speak in the approved fashion and to the tune of blank verse. We descendants of a noble race have so much to look back upon! Ah yes! and so on *ad infinitum*. I got my Latin mixed up and was going to say *ad nauseam*.

To hear all this grand talk, to listen to patriotic speeches one would imagine that the Irish and the Irish-Americans are the most united body of individuals on the face of the earth. As regards the doctrines of the Church to which we give allegiance, we are, of course, but we speak here of social union. Observation for the briefest while, however, brings home to us the truth that we are undoubtedly a narrow-minded people in our dealings with our own. In regard to the charge of bigotry toward others not of our faith we know that very little can be laid at our door. Our sufferings for the faith, our being despised by our opponents, being discriminated against and, as it were, made to feel that we are of inferior clay, even now—all this will perhaps avail to excuse us if we do not throw our cloaks under the royal feet of Elizabeth's followers in religion. But, still, without being

extraordinarily proud of it, I think we are as meek as the proverbial Moses could be under the circumstances.

"The idea!" I hear some liberal-minded Catholic exclaim. "Why speak of these things that savor of the dark ages, in this broad-minded country? Thank Heaven, I went to a school where I got liberal ideas. Why all my friends are Protestants, and I'm sure they treat me just as if I were one of them."

"Ah, yes! sweet girl graduate! liberal-minded I grant you to be. If I examined your conscience with a microscope (perhaps no strong lens would be needed) I would find it quite stretched, undoubtedly, and incapable of withstanding much pressure from these same patronizing friends of yours. It is because you, and so many of your kind, have "liberal ideas" that I speak; because I recall to mind that some years ago many of your liberal Catholic friends at a certain institution did not grow in faith. They had nice girl friends who were not just plain Catholics. When vacation came they were invited by the non-Catholic friends to their homes, where all was "so cultured" and everybody so nice. There these Catholic girl graduates met nice liberal young men, and of course they themselves had to be liberal, which resulted finally in their walking up the nave of the First Congregational or Baptist Church. Also, because I recall two weddings of a short time ago where two young men were married to Protestant women in a Protestant church while the Catholic father and mother looked on in glee, delighted because they had lived to see the day whereon their children married into society that was not Irish, and yet the proud papa was a prominent member of a great Catholic organization. He boasted, too, that he wished his sons to choose their own wives and their own religion. Yes, dear, that is some of your liberalism which makes our nice young Catholics ashamed to life their hat to the Divine Guest as they pass the Church, and, if they are walking with their non-Catholic friends, makes them look elsewhere, conveniently, when the noble women who taught them go by in the garb which stamps them as Catholic. It is your same liberalism that is always fearing that the Catholic Church is going to make a mistake, and that gratifies you beyond measure when the Reverend Mr. So-and-So says that he knows some nice Catholics. How kind of him! Yes, my dear, you are not narrow. Would to God you were somewhat narrow. But I have wandered. I started out to say that toward others we are not narrow and I ended by saying that oftentimes we are not narrow enough. Let the two statements stand, however. They are equally true.

But let me make my original statement again. Toward our co-religionists we are bigoted. It is not a new discovery, but, like many another discovery such as undesirable family connections, we are rather ashamed of it, and when some one else charges us with it we are inclined to be cross with him.

But now, to be honest with yourself, you that are crying out for the vanished regal splendor of the Irish race, who are interested in every grand movement for that country's cause—do you show a practical zeal in this affair? After all, the practical is the only test of sincerity. It does not mean, necessarily, giving money. Oftentimes, throwing money at a cause is a sort of handicap to the efficiency of the work. The best means undoubtedly is the daily effort to assist in the betterment of our own people, to give them a helping hand, even though by so doing we may enable them to advance more rapidly than we have advanced. The Irish race is proud of its green. Is this the reason why so

many Irishmen love to look at one another with green eyes?

How much good do you accomplish for your country or the country of your fathers by rebelling against little things which all said are no disgrace to anyone? The New Englander sometimes has a twang. Is he insulted because you recognize it? The Irishman sometimes has a brogue, and do not imagine that you are doing such a tremendous service to anyone because you come out with a tirade against the man who says that he has. How touchy we are! How we do strain at the gnat!

All this is misdirected energy. It avails little. The great work on which we could be employed to more advantage is aiding our co-religionists to advance, standing up for our parish schools, influencing public opinion as to the justice of state support for our Catholic schools, keeping our eyes open for the welfare of our institutions, being ready always to detect certain sly movements which some people imagine to have vanished with the Know-Nothings; and, finally, in federating, welding ourselves into a body united in spirit as in name.

It is precisely in not doing this that we show our narrowness, a narrowness at times synonymous with jealousy, oftentimes with sycophancy. Who is not familiar with the incident alluded to in the beginning of this sketch? Wherever an Irishman or an Irish-American starts in business there are hundreds of his co-religionists ready to show their patriotic feelings by passing him by. The idea of Tom McGinnis' son starting up a store! Tom never had two shirts to his back, and never would have a cent to his name if the railroad had not bought his old house. Trade with his son and have his grandchildren putting on airs over our grandchildren? Never! And so Isaac Goldstein or Elijah Green, across the way, even though the latter was convicted of being an A. P. A., gets our trade and our money, and poor Tom's son goes to the wall. Not that we must always trade with our own. That, after all, is generally a matter of business, but the least we can do is to give our own a fair chance and not ignore them simply because they are our own. With what sympathy did we attend the pro-Boer meetings! What we want are a few pro-Irish meetings trying to make the Irish be more for themselves, and deal more generously, one with another.

True, we cannot expect that a man because he is Irish is to be of the same mind as his compatriot, but the least to be expected is that when one side is victorious the other will not disgrace the race by violent manifestations of jealousy. A short while since, we were treated to a disgraceful scene in political circles incited by the innate dislike of the Irishman to be beaten by one of his own kind. We can take defeat coolly at the hands of a Jew or a Protestant, oftentimes more's the pity, but we will not brook it from our co-religionists. How edifying then it is to read in the account of some Irish meeting that "the rival factions came to blows."

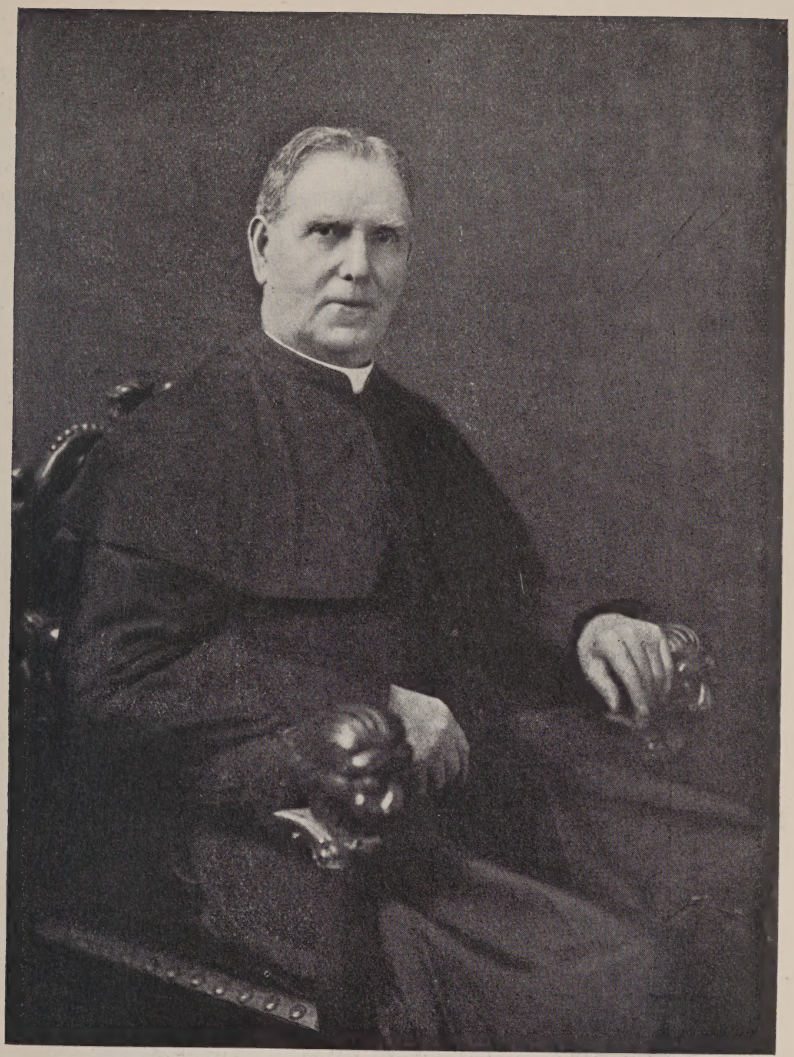
Our narrowness here, at least at the present day, is largely due to our subservience to Protestant opinion, or as many call it American opinion. We are so inclined to make excuses for our faith, to grasp at the chance to show that, after all, the Catholic Church is not so bad, so unrefined, so poor! And so when some millionaire, who has little faith, or none at all, and with no claim to prominence but his ability to sign a big check, condescends to marry a Catholic girl with another big bank account, how delighted we are to say to our friends as we read of the beautiful trousseau, "you know she's a Catholic." If one of our poor Catholic

friends marries a poor Protestant it is awful! And it really is. Why does our attitude change because the parties are millionaires? It is the same old narrowness, the subserviency to what we think honors us in the eyes of the non-Catholic world. It reminds us of the woman who always boasted that her father was a Protestant. "You know I ought to be a Protestant just as much as to be a Catholic. My father was a Protestant." Or else it is an aunt or somebody else that isn't a Catholic. "You'd never guess by my name that I am a Catholic. Lots of people think we're Protestants. Johnny isn't a bit Irish-looking. You'd think by his manner that he was a Protestant." Poor Johnny!

This prejudice is manifest in a great degree in the literary life of our people. Our daily reading matter must come to us with the approval of the non-Catholic world, otherwise we look at it suspiciously. It is as Dr. Egan says: "If a Catholic author makes a "hit" with a non-Catholic public he is always sure of success with the Catholic reading public." This may be truthfully said of all Catholic literature. "I never waste my time on Catholic papers," says the critical Catholic, "they are so unliterary," and then the very literary one buries himself for a whole day in a novel which abounds with slurs upon things Catholic, but which must be great literature since it is so popular. The critic of course never asks himself how is Catholic literature to advance if the Catholics will not have sufficient family pride, and zeal for the advancement of religion, to give it financial support.

While we should ever follow the advice given us a short time ago on the occasion of our great Centennial, never to forget a kindness we have also to remember that gratitude should not degenerate into sycophancy, into that human respect which blinds us to the worth of our own. A broad spirit of toleration, the absence of that animus which was so often directed against ourselves, should characterize the Catholic especially. Credit where credit is due, the pure charity of Christ that the "one fold" may all the sooner be realized. But here it ends. Charity begins at home. Ignoring one's own, just because they are our own, catering for the caress of a hand that has not yet forgotten to strike a blow, seeking to be so liberal as to disdain Catholic association—all may contribute to the material welfare of the outsiders who are amused by our narrowness to our own, but argue little for our ability to appreciate things at their true value. The more united we are, the more we love the society of those who have the same faith as we, ceasing to aspire to associations in which we are not entirely welcome, the more will we be doing to win respect for our race and our religion, the more will we prepare the way for the union of all hearts.

Many instances besides those given might be adduced to show the evident trend of things in our social scale. Straws, indeed, you may call them, but you know the old law about these same straws. But they are not straws. They are faithful reflections of a spirit that does not decrease and serve only to testify to the sublime dictum about the house divided against itself.



RT. REV. WILLIAM BYRNE, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. William Byrne, for twenty-five years Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Boston, has been made a prothonotary apostolic. The dignity of prothonotary apostolic is the highest honorary gift at the hands of the Pope short of the episcopate, and the holders of its privileges are rare. There are two others in New England, the Right Revs. G. E. Brochu, of Southbridge, and Peter Hevey, of Manchester, N. H. In point of relative rank, they may be classed with Archbishops and enjoy, among other things, the right of pontificating twice a year in their own church, on the greater festivals, with the right of wearing the mitre. The prothonotaries apostolic may be designated as the notarial secretaries

of national diocesan or provincial councils. At the time of the last council of Baltimore, there was only one monsignor in this country—Mgr. Seton—who was the secretary of the council, had a seat at all its deliberations and whose signature

various offices which he has administered with distinction since his ordination to the priesthood.

Monsignor Byrne is a close student of history, and through his research has thrown much light on disputed points in

LORD DENBIGH.

and seal were required to make entirely valid the results of the council's work.

This honor comes to Monsignor Byrne as a fitting recognition of the faithful services he has rendered the Church in the controversy bearing on Catholic interests. He has conferred signal benefits on the Catholic public through his literary work, and as founder of the New England Catholic Historical Society, under whose

auspices the centennial commemoration of the dedication of the first Catholic church in Boston was recently celebrated.

At the meeting in Symphony Hall, which closed the celebration, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas Magennis, P. R., presented the Vicar General, under his new title, as chairman of the meeting and the applause with which the announcement was received proclaimed the pleasure of the audience.

LADY DENBIGH

The Earl of Denbigh, Commander of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, is a devoted son of the Church. He is a member of one of those ancient Catholic houses of England whose history in its tender fidelity to the faith forms one of the romances of the modern world. The Earl is democratic in temperament, with the virility to meet and the power to use for good the springs of the new movements that are reforming the face of the age. After the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary grand marshal of England, the Earl of Denbigh is one of the most important of the Catholic peers, esteemed no less for personal charm than for an emblazoned lineage. The Countess of Denbigh is also a Catholic, prominent in Church activities and vitally interested in the growth of Catholic influence in England.

On the way over from England, in the

PATRICK L. McARDLE

Mayflower, the Earl and Countess were noticed for their devout attendance at the services of the Church, which were duly celebrated on board. During their visit to Boston they were entertained by Mayor Collins and his family, and with them attended Solemn High Mass at the Cathedral.

The Earl is a model landlord as well as a model Catholic. To his tenants he has shown himself a genuine friend in originating a system of insurance whereby they are guarded against loss through injury to their crops or cattle. In his demesnes is an extensive beet plantation for the manufacture of sugar, and a thriving fish hatchery. He is known far and wide throughout the uplands for his democratic temperament and sterling manhood. The interest displayed by the Earl and Countess of Denbigh in the Catholic sisterhoods adjacent to their historic manor, is a beautiful tradition amongst the Catholics of Wales.

A prominent Chicago attorney, Mr. Patrick L. McArdle, is State Deputy of the Knights of Columbus for the State of Illinois, and Deputy Supreme Knight of the Order. To the former office he has been unanimously elected four times, and in June of the present year he was the unanimous choice of the National Council for the second highest office in the gift of that body.

Mr. McArdle is the fifth son of Mr. Robert McArdle, and one of seven brothers, of whom three are doctors, two lawyers, one a civil engineer, and one a farmer. One of the doctors, J. S. McArdle, is a surgeon of high repute in the United Kingdom, practising in Dublin, Ireland. Born in Dundalk, Ireland, in 1867, Patrick L. McArdle received his early education under the direction of the Christian Brothers in his native town, and when very young matriculated at St. Mary's college, Dundalk. On coming to America in 1885, Mr. McArdle continued his studies, graduating in 1890 from the Law School of the Lake Forrest University, Chicago, in which city he has established a very extensive legal practice.

Mr. McArdle's skilful knowledge of the law and its intricacies, together with his integrity, eloquence, and convincing logic, has won for him an enviable standing before the Courts of Illinois.

CRANBERRY PICKERS ON CAPE COD.

BY S. MARIA PICKERING.

The little red berry that forms such an important feature of the Thanksgiving dinner has proved a mighty factor in transforming the prosaic homes of New England's early settlers into scenes of unrivalled picturesqueness. What would one of the staid Yankees of the olden time think of the present appearance of the soil on which the Pilgrims trod? Surely a greater metamorphsis cannot be imagined, either in relation to the land itself, or to the character of the persons employed upon it. The traveler who wishes to study the national traits of foreign peoples is no longer obliged to cross the Atlantic. To become acquainted with their novel modes of living the native-born American need only step beyond the confines of his own door-yard.

In the country regions is found the fullest expression of the national life of immigrants. The cities herd them, but green fields and sandy beaches afford space for the expansion of soul and body, and under such favorable conditions they retain their simple ways and the customs which have been long identified with their respective countries. Thus, much may be learned from the simple peasant class before the polishing process destroys all national characteristics. The process of rapid assimilation produces an American citizen whose counterpart in daily habits is to be found in every civilized circle of the globe. The enlightened and refined classes of England, France, Russia, Italy or America are alike in manners and customs, their social conditions are equal, and an entrance into the best society of one race is a passport into the best society of all races. The spontaneous display of human emotions is to be found among the untutored classes only. Self-repression has not yet taught them to guard their sympathies, nor commercial greed to

1. SCOOPING CRANBERRIES
2. A SCREEN HOUSE
3. HAND PICKERS

GOING TO THE BOGS.

measure fellow mortals from a standard of dollars and cents. For these reasons the peasant classes are well worth knowing. In addition to the picturesque features they introduce into America, they furnish notable examples, in both joy and sorrow, of the brotherhood of man, and teach the practical lesson that "kind hearts are more than coronets."

That the cranberry has been instrumental in changing the local "color" of certain portions of New England becomes very evident upon visiting Cape Cod, in September. The groups of foreigners, dotting the sweeping stretches of green bogs, fairly persuade the onlooker that the scene is one in Brittany rather than in the state of Massachusetts. The situation of the bogs, remote from the railroad stations and accessible only by long carriage drives, invests them with rural charms. The great cranberry territory lies in the tract of country to the northeast of the Warehams, in Plymouth county. The nearest point on the railroad is the station of Tremont, which, strictly speaking, is West Wareham. For the average tourist, the chief object in stopping at Tremont is to change cars. It is a junction from which the traveler in quest of society quickly hies away, unconscious that, — beyond the network of iron rails, and the black foundry of unprepossessing appearance —is an ideal spot, not easily surpassed in picturesque conditions.

The "chariot," in which the pilgrimage to the "bogging land" was recently made by the writer of this article, was comfortable and in its leather upholstery showed traces of past gentility, but its leading attraction was the charioteer and his assistant horseman, the former a Portuguese youth of sixteen years, with soft, brown eyes and gentle manners; and the latter a ten-year-old Irish boy, who had the characteristic brightness of his race. To be provided with such a driver and footman was indeed good fortune, for the pleasure of the day was greatly enhanced by their society, and they unconsciously stimulated new faith in the ethical prospects of rising Young America. After leaving the railroad tracks and iron foundry, the sturdy white horse speedily left behind all signs of modern progress, and presently quaint farmhouses of the old New England pattern came in view. The vista of bogs that is revealed after a drive of a few miles is a revelation for which the visitor is hardly prepared. Beyond the tree-lined road is a broad, open expanse of green, level meadows, fringed in the distance with woodland and sand

dunes. Upon the outskirts are primitive little houses, and one or two large buildings. Groups of men, women and children, in artistic poses worthy the brush of a Millet, were scattered over the fields, the bright touches in their costumes giving a glowing effect in the mellow sunlight. Gauzy rolling clouds in the great space of translucent sky completed the charming scene.

GROUP OF PICKERS.

Once started in the right direction, it may be said that all roads lead to bogs, for in this region cultivation of the cranberry is the chief industry, and is engaged in by proprietors of small sections of ground, as well as by corporations that control hundreds of acres. While the condition of the soil is naturally conducive to the growth of the berry, an enormous amount of work has been expended upon the wild marsh land in order to secure the most perfect and prolific results. To appreciate what has been accomplished it is only necessary to note the pastures covered with low shrubs, and to realize that such fields have been converted into the smooth, even bogs, through which run dykes and ditches. To keep the bogs in prime condition workers have to be employed upon them throughout a great portion of the year, but the harvesting season, which demands a large army of pickers, begins the first of September and lasts until October. And a golden harvest of health and pleasure it also means to those who come to glean coins out of the rich store of red berries hidden in the green vines.

Three distinct kinds of picking are employed to thoroughly gather the cranberries—by means of a large wooden scoop with long steel prongs, used principally by men; a small scoop, known as a "snapping" machine, used by women; and hand-picking, the process employed in garnering the largest and finest varieties. Men, women and children have to kneel to pick, and sometimes they are obliged to prostrate themselves at full length—positions that are difficult to maintain at first, but in a short time the muscles become hardened to the strain upon them. The day's work begins at seven o'clock in the morning and continues till sunset, or until about half-past five o'clock. "Bogging time" really means a country outing, combined with an opportunity to earn many dollars, to several hundreds of persons

1. NOONDAY REST.
2. WHEELING SAND FOR BOGS.
3. HARVESTERS.

who otherwise would get no glimpse of the country.

From the factories of Providence, New Bedford, Fall River, and Plymouth come the large majority of the pickers. The cosmopolitan element in America is nowhere better illustrated, for the native countries of these people include France, Italy, Portugal, Finland, and Sweden. There are but very few New Englanders now engaged in cranberry picking, so that the bogs present a distinctly foreign appearance in the personalities at work upon them. All shades of complexion are to be noted, from the delicate fair skin of the flaxen-haired Swede to the dusky-hued Portuguese Negro of Cape Verde Islands. The infinite variety of costumes could not have been more effectively planned by an able stage manager, and indeed the whole scene is one that suggests to practical American eyes a spectacular performance rather than an exhibition of real work. That primitive people love color is clearly indicated by the costumes worn upon the bogs, a red skirt, yellow waist, and blue sun-bonnet serving as a very good illustration of the number of colors worn at once. This heterogeneous array of shades is frequently given increased effect by a pair of long black stockings drawn over the hands and arms to protect them from the rays of the sun, a proof that the belles of the cranberry fields are not so very unlike their sisters in society circles in their desire to preserve a smooth, unblemished skin. Of course the ends of the stockings are cut off to permit the free use of the fingers.

The manifestations of maternal care are among the most striking features of life upon the cranberry bogs. The woman who has children remembers that she is first and foremost a mother, and that, however necessary it may be for her to eke out the family income she must not

CRANBERRY PICKER'S HOME.

IN BOGGING TIME.

ignore the claims of her offspring. Therefore, to properly adjust matters, and sacrifice neither money nor children, she ties her baby upon her back, with a shawl, and in this snug retreat the infant either coos contentedly or closes its big round eyes placidly in sleep, while the mother energetically gathers the berries that will help bring many comforts to their modest home. Not only are babes brought to the bogs, but little bare-footed, brown-legged toddlers, who keep close to protecting maternal care, add a frolicsome phase to the rural picture. To see a mother with a baby nestling upon her back, and two or three little children gambolling around her, while with perfect equilibrium she balances both a berry-pail and a dinner-pail upon her head is convincing proof that a woman is capable of accomplishing what she undertakes, and that an occupation outside of the home need not necessarily interfere with the performance of family duties

PORTUGUESE CHILD.

The number of men and women employed upon the different bogs during the harvesting season varies from about forty to three and four hundred—at least those are the figures of the present year, but when the yield is more prolific a larger corps of workers is required. The price generally paid for picking is about eight cents for a measure containing six quarts, and the most expert pickers sometimes earn from $3.50 to $4.00 a day; but the average sum realized on good picking is from $2.00 to $2.50 a day; while those who are slow, of course, earn much less, in amounts varying from $1.00 a day upwards.

The method of daily payment is by a check system—a printed slip being given in return for every measure of berries, but it is not until the end of the season that a money equivalent is given. This method appears to work to the best advantage for both employers and employees, as it tends to promote habits of sobriety, and also puts an effective check upon vacillating workers, discouraging them from prematurely leaving the scene of action.

In view of the good wages

that are possible under such healthful conditions it seems a matter for regret that mechanical invention has invaded the cranberry realm, but it must be admitted that the machine employed in separating the good from the bad berries seems endowed almost with human intelligence. It works with such rapidity that hands of flesh and blood cannot begin to cope with its powers.

The berries after being gathered are taken to a screen-house, where this separating machine is used upon them; and directly the good berries bound into one compartment, the poor ones into another, and stones and vines into a third receptacle. The good berries are then picked over by hand, by women screeners, who examine them upon an inclined board from which they are swiftly run into barrels, according to size and quality. Six women work upon one screen—three upon either side of the long slanting board. The woman in charge of the mouth of the screen is called a "runner," and is held responsible for the condition of every barrel that is filled at her screen, so that great accuracy in touch and sight, as well as extreme quickness must be developed. The average price paid for screening is about twelve and a half cents an hour, and about twenty minutes is the usual allowance of time expended on a barrel of good berries. The wages of the men in charge of the screen-houses are from $2.50 to $3.00 a day.

A STRETCH OF BOG.

READY FOR WORK.

Among the many varieties of cranberries are the "Early Blacks," which are the finest and firmest berries, and command the highest price. Sometimes, these berries, from certain sections of the bogs, are found to be perfectly black, but gen-

erally they are of a dark bright red color. Other varieties include the "Berry Berry," "Belle of the Cape" and "McFarland." The cranberry appears in a diversity of forms, from a perfect sphere to a conical shape, and it shows great gradations in color and markings—some of the berries having beautifully shaded stripes in rich, dark tints upon a pale yellow background. The largest and handsomest berries are found on the banks of the ditches. These are picked by men who are obliged to wear long rubber boots when gathering them. While all cranberries must be picked in September, all are not screened during that month, as only enough are then put upon the market to supply the fall trade. The remainder are stored in the screen-house until November, when the screeners are again employed for three or four weeks, after which the berries are shipped to meet the winter demands. Thus the Christmas turkey is supplemented by bright, crisp berries fresh from the store-houses on the bogs. While all the bogs present interesting studies in country scenery, cranberry pickers, and their temporary homes, there is one very large tract of bogs in South Carver that is more preëminently foreign and ideal in appearance than any other. There are 225 acres divided into groups of small bogs containing from thirty to forty acres. Situated upon a beautiful stretch of land is a little settlement of picturesque, shingled cottages that look as though they might be the abode of

GOING TO THE STATION.

brownies. There are sixty-one of these tiny houses, twelve and a half by eighteen feet in size with brick and drain-pipe chimneys built upon the outside of them, and in these trim, snug cabins live the three or four hundred men and women who harvest the berries.

Notwithstanding the word "bog" conveys an impression of moist, swampy land, the cranberry bogs—owing to the drainage into long, evenly cut ditches—are very dry, and as the surface soil is sandy, and made very warm by the sun, the direct contact with the earth, which cranberry picking necessitates, is conducive to health rather than in any degree detrimental to it. The proprietors of the bogs just alluded to recognize the value of appropriate surroundings, and even in the erection of their screen-house, which is the largest of any in the cranberry region, they have produced a build-

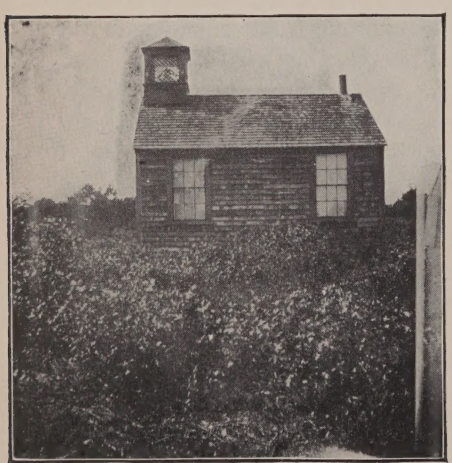
A HOME IN BOGLAND.

A WHOLE FAMILY AT WORK

ing in keeping with the unique little cottages that shelter the Finnish, Swedish, Italian and French workers.

There are forty-two persons employed in the screen-house—the size of which may be inferred from the statement that it has forty windows upon a side, and contains fourteen screen and seven separating machines. The berries are stored upon the second floor; and screened and barrelled, ready for transportation, upon the first floor, which stores from eight to ten thousand barrels.

Of the foreign element that has become such a conspicuous feature of the cranberry fields, it is universally remarked that they are docile and industrious. The French people come principally from the cotton mills of Fall River, and the Italians are chiefly from the cordage works at Plymouth, while the Portuguese include fishermen from various points on the Cape, and are also from the factories of New Bedford, Providence and Fall River. The Finns and Swedes form a small community that remains upon the bogs through the year, as certain work is necessary in cranberry cultivation nearly all of the time. They also engage in logging in the winter when the bogs have been flooded and are frozen over, in this condition presenting another animated and picturesque scene. Merry parties of skaters then hold full sway in the cranberry country, and the crisp, bracing air resounds to their happy voices and joyous laughter.



SCHOOLHOUSE IN BOG REGION.

But, to return to the cranberry pickers. It is necessary to come into close association with this interesting class of persons to be able to fully appreciate their many excellent traits of character. Extreme good nature and a sense of humor, that shows keen brightness of wit, become immediately evident, when they are familiarly approached. There is no icy hauteur

about them when a stranger evinces a desire to become acquainted, but, instead, a frank confidence is at once given.

The noon hour, and at the close of the day's work, are favorable times to see the cranberry pickers in their cottages. The small chimneys are then sending up clouds of smoke, and savory odors are wafted from the open doors. Frying pans and kettles are sputtering upon the stoves, and loaves of bread, and Yankee pies, displayed upon tables and shelves, give further gratifying assurance that there is an abundance of wholesome, hearty fare to appease the sharp, country appetites. After primitive ablutions in the tin basins ranged on long benches the pickers enter their cottages, and do full justice to the hot appetizing meal waiting for them.

There are no superfluous ornaments in these little homes. They all contain the necessary cooking stove, table, chairs and sleeping bunks. There is usually an attic over the one room on the ground floor, and the sleeping capacity of these two rooms is of such an elastic nature as could hardly be comprehended by the average New England housekeeper. But sweet slumber comes to the occupants of the little dwellings, and as plenty of fresh air circulates through the windows and doors they suffer no ill consequences from sleeping in close quarters. They awake in the morning refreshed in body and blessed with a contented mind. If the wealth of the world was at their disposal, what greater happiness could they possess?

EARLY AUTUMN DAYS.

BY R. H. KANE.

The birds are singing sweetly in the trees,
The golden rod is nodding in the breeze;
And a soft and soothing cadence has the humming of the bees,
In these slumbrous, early autumn days.

The tinkling of the cow bells in the clover, red and white,
The warbling of the skylark from his soaring out of sight;
And the murmuring of the streamlet over pebbles, day and night,
Sing a song of sweet contentment in these early autumn days.

In the dropping of the nuts and the rustling of the corn;
In the purple shades of even and the golden glow of morn;
In the fleecy clouds that shiplike through the sapphire sea are borne,
We see and feel there's heaven in these early autumn days.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF IRISH EDUCATION.

BY R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

"Ignorance or Protestantism" was the alternative presented to the Irish people by the English Government three hundred years ago. The Irish people preferred ignorance. They repudiated the new religion of the foreign invader, stood by the faith of their fathers, and put their trust in the future, and in God. The conqueror is always *prima facie*, a wrong-doer. But he may, perhaps, establish some moral claim to the possession of the conquered country (1) by introducing a better state of things than he found; (2) by developing the moral and intellectual qualities of the people, on lines of excellence which could not have been laid without his intervention, (3) by building up a system of government based on principles of justice and progress, which could not have been discovered without his aid; and (4) by gaining the allegiance of the people, through the wise administration of good laws tending to the national well-being. Taking the question of education as a test, let us see how far England has established any moral claim to the possession of Ireland on the principles we have laid down.

The work of "educating" the Irish began in the reign of Henry VIII. In 1537 the Parliament of the Pale passed "An Act for the English order, habit, and language." Of course, this measure breathed a spirit of religion; for Henry was not only King of England, but he was Pope of England as well. In 1535, he had become "Supreme Head of the Church of England," and, as "Supreme Head of the Church of England," he was anxious to reduce the Irish to order, civility and Christian discipline. Accordingly, the Act recites that "a good instruction in God's Blessed laws, with conformity, coincidence, and familiarity in language, tongue, in manner, order, and apparel with them that be civil people and profess and acknowledge Christ's religion, (tends to the) induction of a rude and ignorant people to the knowledge of Almighty God, and of the good and virtuous obedience which by His most holy precepts and commandments, they owe to their princes and superiors." To enable the Irish to acquire a "knowledge of Almighty God," it was provided, in the first place, that Irish habit and apparel should be abolished, and the peculiar way the Irish wore the hair discontinued; and, in the next, that "All the King's true subjects in the land should speak the English tongue," and "should bring up their children in such places where they should have occasion to learn the English tongue, language, and condition." Finally, it was provided, that every person seeking spiritual preferment should take an oath not only that he would preach in English, and instruct all under his authority to do likewise, but that he "would keep, or cause to be kept, in the place, territory, or parish where he shall have rule, benefice or promotion, a school for to learn English, if any of the children of his parish come to him to learn the same, taking for the keeping of the said school a convenient stipend or salary." So the

PARISH SCHOOLS OF HENRY VIII.

were founded.

Mr. Richey in his history of the Irish people says that Irish writers are fond of charging the English rulers of Ireland with tyranny and violence. "But," says Mr. Richey in effect, "that is not the

charge I bring against them. The charge I bring against them is imbecility." I am disposed to sympathize to some extent with Mr. Richey's statement of the case; not however but that there has been a good deal of violence in the "imbecility" of the English, and a good deal of "imbecility" in their "violence." The English idea has ever been that whatever suits them ought to suit the world; that whatever can be done in England can be done elsewhere; that the national characteristics of all peoples ought to be subservient to English ideas and English interests. A new religion had recently been established in England by act of Parliament. That religion was meant to be established in Ireland and the Irish were to be made English, by act of Parliament. Irish children were to flock to the "parish schools" to learn the English language, and to acknowledge Henry VIII. as the "Supreme Head of the Church of England," and, of course, of the "Church of Ireland" too. The English think that when an Act of Parliament is placed on the Statute Book all is accomplished. But English Acts of Parliament in Ireland have been mockeries of practical statesmanship; monuments of legislative imbecility. The Parish Schools' Act was a miserable failure, of course the Irish did not learn English. But that was not all. The English learned Irish. Thus we are told that on the accession of Edward VI., "the Irish language had become so predominant within the Pale" that fresh enactments had to be introduced to "restrain it." That was not the worst. The clergy, instead of teaching their "flocks" English, had lost the knowledge of that language themselves. To such an extent had this happened that in 1560 an act was passed providing for the celebration of the services in Latin, as the clergy could not speak English.

From the reign of Henry VIII. to the reign of Charles II. few parish schools sprang into existence. The Act was in truth a dead letter. But, during the reign of Charles II., William III., and Anne efforts were made to give vitality to the system, and "the advancement of the Protestant religion" was more distinctly provided for by the (fresh) legislative regulations "passed to make the schools a success." But the schools had a sickly career. In 1788 there were 361 schools attended by 11,000 children. In 1810 there were 549 schools attended by 23,000 children. But the schools soon declined. They were from the outset nothing more nor less than proselytizing institutions and were avoided by Catholics, that is by the bulk of the population. "We are fully persuaded," reported the Commissioners of Education in 1810, "of the inadequacy of these schools as a system of general education for the poor, even if it were practical to establish an effective school in every union." And so the parish schools of Henry VIII. perished without serving in the slightest degree the ends for which they were founded. The Irish "poor" were neither Anglicized nor Protestantized.

THE DIOCESAN FREE SCHOOLS OF ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth followed up the educational work of her excellent father. In 1570 she founded the Diocesan Free Schools, to reclaim the Irish people who "lived in a rude and barbarous state, not understanding that Almighty God hath by His Divine laws forbidden the offences which they hourly commit (the offences were not specified, but they consisted chiefly in resisting the authority of the foreigner,) and hath by His Holy Scriptures commanded a due and humble obedience from people to their princes and rulers." By Act of Parliament it was provided that free schools should be kept in every

diocese in Ireland, and that a schoolhouse should be built in every shire town at the cost and charge of the whole diocese. The schoolmaster (who was to be "an Englishman or of English birth") was to be appointed by the Lord Deputy in all the dioceses, except Armagh, Dublin, Meath, and Kildare, where the appointment rested in the archbishops and bishops respectively. We know little of the working of these schools up to the Restoration, and not much even then. "If," report the Commissioners of Education in 1810, "any schools were set on foot at the Restoration they appear to have been of little public utility."

In the reign of George I. efforts were made to render the schools effective; but to little purpose. In 1810 we find that there were free schools in Tuam, Longford, Cashel, Naas, Downpatrick, Derry, Dromore, Cork, Ross-Carbery, Castle Island, Killaloe, Monaghan, and Cloyne. These schools were kept by Protestant clergymen and attended by Protestant children. Between 1810 and 1830 the prospects of the schools did not improve. In 1857 there were fourteen free schools in existence; Ballymena, Carlow, Cork, Downpatrick, Londonderry, Mallow, Elphin, Limerick, Monaghan, Mullingar, Naas, Leeane, Wexford, Ross-Carbery. By 1881 all these had perished except Ballymena, Sligo, and Tuam. The Ballymena school still exists under the name of the Ballymena Academy. The Tuam school is closed. The Sligo school was in existence in 1888, but was liable to be closed on the death of the then Head Master. The master is, I understand, still alive, and so the school still drags on a precarious existence. In fact the Diocesan Free Schools of Elizabeth were as deadly a failure as the parish schools of Henry VIII.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

Everyone knows that Dublin University was also founded by Queen Elizabeth. It consisted of a single college, Trinity College, built on the site of the suppressed Augustinian Monastery of All Hallows. The institution was bountifully endowed with a portion of the confiscated estates of Desmond, and with other lands in the provinces of Munster and Ulster. It was also enriched by private benefactions and public subscriptions, and altogether commenced its career under great and promising auspices. It has been said that Trinity College as originally founded was not designed for an exclusively Protestant Episcopalian Institution; however that may be, an exclusively Protestant Episcopalian Institution it soon became and so practically still is. Up to 1793 no Catholics were admitted as students within its doors. Then, under the wave of Liberalism which, thanks to the agitation of John Keogh and Wolfe Tone, swept for a time over Ireland, the barrier of sectarian exclusiveness which had been set up to save Trinity College from the inroads of Popery was partly thrown down, and Catholics were admitted as sizars and graduates. But for eighty years longer they were ineligible for foundation scholarships, excluded from the rank of professors and fellows, and allowed no voice in the government of the institution, and practically no share in its emoluments. In 1834 Richard Lalor Shiel brought in a Bill to admit Catholics and "other Dissenters" to the foundation scholarships and the professional chairs, but the measure was vigorously opposed by the representatives of the University, and it was never read a first time.

In 1845 an incident occurred which illustrates the character of Dublin University. Mr. Denis Caulfield Heron, a Catholic, competed for a foundation scholarship

and won it, but as he declined to take the Sacrament he was not admitted to the office. The incident caused a scandal. People sympathized with young Heron (afterwards a distinguished barrister,) and the result was the creation of a new class of scholarships to which Catholics were eligible.

No further concession was made until 1873 when at length all the prizes, offices, and emoluments of the institution were thrown open to members of all religious denominations. But it is easier to create an obnoxious atmosphere than to get rid of it. The atmosphere of Trinity College has been for centuries anti-Irish and anti-Catholic; it is anti-Irish and anti-Catholic still. The other day an Irishman, Mr. Curran, President of the Oxford Union, addressed a meeting in Trinity College. He proudly mentioned the name of Henry Grattan as a Trinity College man. But the name was received in dead silence. The names of Queen Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, or William of Orange would have been received with ringing cheers. Irish Catholics refuse to breathe the atmosphere of Trinity College. They demand a National University, free from the taint of English influence, and Irish University Education is one of the questions of the hour. The settlement of Elizabeth has been repudiated by the Irish nation.

THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF JAMES I.

The Royal Free Schools of James I. were established out of the spoils of plundered Ulster. James was determined that the youth of the confiscated counties, Armagh, Tyrone, Derry, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Cavan, should be made English and Protestant. For this purpose he made an order in council, declaring that "one free school at least should be appointed in every county for the education of youth in learning and religion." In 1621 four of these schools were founded; one at Mountjoy for the County Tyrone, one at Derry for the County Derry, one at Enniskillen for the County Fermanagh, and one at Cavan for the County Cavan.

About 1625 two other schools were founded; one at Mountmorris for the County Armagh, and one at Donegal for the County Donegal. The school at Derry never got into working order, and in fact James died without seeing any of the schools in operation. Charles I. founded a school at Banagher in the King's County, one at Carysfort in the County Wicklow, and one at Clogher in the County Tyrone. Thus by 1632 seven Royal schools had been established, but up to the Restoration the condition of all of them was unsatisfactory. Irish soil was not congenial to the growth of English institutions. At the Restoration new provisions were made for the regulation of the schools. Under these provisions the school at Mountmorris was removed to Armagh, the school at Mountjoy to Dungannon, and the school at Donegal to Raphoe. The school at Clogher seems to have been abandoned. Thus the final arrangement stood:

Grammar schools: 1, Armagh; 2, Banagher; 3, Cavan; 4, Dungannon; 5, Enniskillen; 6, Raphoe; 7, Carysfort (English school).

We have no satisfactory information of the state of the schools between 1662 and 1669. Perhaps the most that can be said about them during those years is that upon the whole they did better than the Parish Schools, or the Diocesan Free Schools, which obviously is not saying much. Neither Catholics nor Presbyterians used the schools. They were essentially Protestant Episcopalian institutions, and, even as such, were badly attended. Between 1669 and 1791 they do not seem to have progressed much. The Report of the Commissioners of Education in the

latter year states that there was not then a single pupil at Banagher; that the master at Carysfort had never kept a school; while at Raphoe the master had done no duty since 1785. The Commissioners, in fact, said that Armagh was the only school then in a satisfactory state. The total number of pupils at all the schools in 1791 was 211; and out of that number there were only thirty-eight free pupils. The Report of 1791 concluded by stating that the schools had not answered the intentions of the founders, and that the benefits derived from them had been "totally inadequate to the expectations that might have been justly formed from their large endowments." Between 1791 and 1807 the schools at Armagh, Raphoe, Dungannon and Enniskillen improved, and this improvement was maintained up to 1857. But the condition of the schools at Banagher and Carysfort and Cavan was reported as "very unsatisfactory." The grand total of pupils on the roll of all the schools in 1879 was 380, though the average attendance was only 361. Of this number 322 were Protestant Episcopalians, thirty-seven Presbyterians, and twenty-two Catholics. The Commissioners of 1881 reported more or less favorably of Armagh (which they declared to be the "best school in the North of Ireland") and of Dungannon, Enniskillen and Raphoe, but more or less unfavorably of Cavan. Banagher, they declared to be a "complete failure," and Carysfort to be "in every respect neglected."

Banagher and Carysfort no longer exist, but Armagh, Cavan, Dungannon, Enniskillen, and Raphoe are still open. Owing to the recent action of the Educational Endowments (Ireland) Commission, the Royal Schools' endowments are now divided equally between Protestants and Catholics; the old Royal school buildings being retained by the Protestants, and the Catholic share of the endowments being applied to the maintenance of Catholic colleges which have sprung up in the various districts. Of course the respective colleges are denominational, the Royal schools being attended by Protestants, and the schools under Catholic management by Catholics. Thus half the endowments given out of the confiscated lands of Ulster, to the English Protestant Royal schools, have been handed over for the use of Irish Catholic colleges, a curious commentary on the failure of the English Government to Anglicize and Protestantize the Irish by means of educational institutions.

THE ERASMUS SMITH SCHOOLS.

The Erasmus Smith schools were founded with the spoils appropriated by a Cromwellian settler, Erasmus Smith, an alderman of the city of London. Smith was lucky enough to retain at the Restoration the lands which he had acquired under the Cromwellian Settlement. With these lands he established the schools that bear his name.

The schools as originally founded (in 1657) were Nonconformist institutions. But when Episcopacy once more gained the ascendancy the original trustees—stout Cromwellians—retired, and the schools became Protestant Episcopalian in character. It was the intention of Smith to found five schools, but in order to secure better payment for the teachers he limited the number to three, and these were established in Catholic centres—Galway, Drogheda and Tipperary. Smith wished the schools to be proselytizing institutions. But Catholic children would not come. Then the Governors seem to have appointed Catholic teachers, probably as "decoy ducks," or perhaps because Protestants could not be got. But the Catholic teachers would not, apparently, teach the Protestant catechism and the Protestant prayers. Poor Smith was in-

dignant, and no doubt, thought the Irish an incorrigible people. He wrote to the Governor: "If parents will exclude their children because prayers, catechism, and exposition are commanded I cannot help (it), for the removal of that barrier is to make the schools seminaries of Popery. I beseech you to command the Head Master, that shall be presented and approved by your honors, to observe the teachers that decline those duties and to expel them." This letter produced little effect, and Catholic teachers continued to be appointed during the reign of William III. and Anne. Then under the operation of the Penal Code the practice was discontinued.

Up to 1733 the schools made little progress. In that year a grammar school was established at Ennis in the County Clare, and another at Nenagh in the County Tipperary. Between 1733 and 1791 three English schools were established, one at Valentea in the County Kerry, one at Tarbert in the same county and one at Templederry in the County Tipperary. The Commissioners of 1791 reported upon the whole favorably of the management of the schools at that time. Between 1808 and 1815, sixty-nine English schools were founded, and between 1839 and 1845 fifty-two additional ones were established. According to the Report of the Royal Commissioners of 1854-58, the number of pupils on the rolls of all the grammar schools at that time was 160, the average attendance being 116. Of the 160 on the rolls, 128 were Protestant Episcopalians, twenty-three Catholics and one Presbyterian. The Commissioners of 1854-58 did not report favorably of the schools. They said: "The Governors have not only neglected the primary trust of the Grammar schools, but have not prudently managed the secondary trust of the English schools which they have developed to an extent disproportionate to their resources."

Since 1854-58 there has been a falling off in the number of English schools. The number then was 140; in 1880 it was 105. The number of pupils in the grammar schools had increased from 160 in 1854-58 to 244 in 1880. The number of Catholics in attendance had increased from twenty-three to thirty-three, and the number of Dissenters from one to sixteen. Upon the other hand, there has been a heavy decline in the number of Catholics who attended the English school in 1880 as against the number who atended in 1854. Thus in 1854 out of a total of 7,000 pupils, 825 were Catholics, while in 1880 out of a total of 5,217 pupils, 163 only were Catholics. With reference to the efficiency of the grammar schools the Commissioners of 1881 reported:

Ennis: "Science admirably taught."

Drogheda: "Found the boys on the whole fair in their answering."

Galway: "Instruction in Latin and Greek good; mathematics very good; English deficient, and French indifferent."

Tipperary: "Discipline very good; religious teaching particularly careful and complete. Answering in Euclid very well. French and German fairly. Greek and Latin not above a moderate average."

THE BLUE COAT HOSPITAL.

The Blue Coat Hospital was founded in Dublin in 1672 for "maintaining aged and poor people," and as "a free school for the education of youth." The institution was not used as a hospital, but solely as a school for poor children who were to be instructed "in the Holy Scriptures and the principles of the Protestant religion, in the English language and in Euclid, navigation, and the various branches of practical mathematics." Boys were admitted at the age of eight years,

and apprenticed at the age of fourteen to a trade or the sea service, with an apprenticeship fee of five pounds for each boy. As an exclusively Protestant Episcopalian establishment, the Blue Coat Hospital seems to have been useful. In 1812 the number of pupils was 130, in 1880 the number fell to 101. Both parents must be Protestants to entitle a boy to admission. The Governors are appointed by the Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and the Bishop of Meath. The Commissioners of 1880-1881 reported that "the answering of the boys in spelling, grammar, and geography was unsatisfactory."

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

In 1704, during the administration of James, Duke of Ormonde, the Foundling Hospital was established for the reception and education of deserted children. The system adopted was this: deserted infants were received into the hospital from the time of their birth; they were then sent to the country to be nursed, and at the age of eight years, were brought back to the hospital, where they were educated and maintained until fit to be apprenticed to some trade or calling. Like the Bluecoat Hospital, the Foundling Hospital was essentially a Protestant Episcopalian institution, it being a *sine qua non* that the infants should be brought up in the religion of the Church of England.

From the time of its foundation up to 1797, the affairs of the hospital seem to have been very badly managed, though under the direction of two hundred persons of "the first rank and character in the country." The infant children for whose benefit it was founded were shamefully ill-treated. The conduct of the women employed in carrying them from remote parts of the country to the hospital was marked by great negligence and inhumanity. Many of the unfortunate little ones died on the road. Others died immediately on their arrival at the institution, while those who survived were grossly neglected by the medical department of the establishment. In 1797 some reforms in the management of the hospital were introduced, and more care was subsequently taken in the administration of its affairs. Nevertheless at no time were the results realized of a satisfactory character. Between 1797 and 1826, 52,150 children were received. Of this number 41,524 died either while in the hospital or at nurse in the country. Of the rest 413 ran away, 526 were transferred to the Charter schools, 1,127 were delivered up to the parents, 204 were apprenticed to schoolmasters, and 5,466 to trades; 6,339 were in hospital, or at nurse, on the 5th of January, 1826, including 3,410 received prior to the 25th of June, 1796.

It may be added that many of the Foundling children were at one time put to nurse with the wives of Catholic peasant farmers in the country until they attained the age of eight, and sometimes twelve years. Between those children and their nurses, or "mothers" as the little ones used to call them, a warm attachment sprang up. The nurses, in the main, do not seem to have made any attempts to convert the children to Catholicism; on the contrary, they appear to have sent them, when of a suitable age, regularly to the Protestant church for service on Sundays, and sometimes to have taught them the Protestant catechism and made them repeat Protestant prayers at night. Those children when removed from the nurses to the hospital to be educated and apprenticed evinced a longing to be back with their "mothers" again. Often, after being apprenticed they ran away from their masters or mistresses to return to the country-nurses, and frequently the nurses would offer to take the children

without any fee, and to bring them up with their own, an offer which was never accepted when the nurse was a Catholic. This attachment of the children to their Catholic nurses at last alarmed the Governors of the hospital, and in 1824 they resolved then and for the future to remove from the care of Catholic nurses "all children above the age of four years." Originally the Governors had thought that the religion of the child could be formed after it had attained its eighth year, but they learned by experience that where the affections of the child were, there also would be its religion. Between June, 1824, when the new rule came into force, and January, 1826, no fewer than 2,150 children were transferred from Catholics and placed in the country near Dublin, under Protestant nurses, selected and approved of by clergymen of the Church of England. The parting scenes between those children and their old nurses as described by the witnesses examined before the Commission of 1825-27 were touching to the last degree. In conclusion the children brought up in the Foundling Hospital do not seem upon the whole to have turned out well. The Rev. Robert Daly, Rector of Powerscourt, informed the Royal Commissioners of 1825-27 that "no children turned out so ill as the children sent (to his parish) from the Foundling Hospital." "Most of the females," he said, "turned out profligate." The Rev. John Beasley, Protestant chaplain of the Asylum in Leeson Street for the reception of unfortunate females, stated that "a very large proportion of our inmates come from parochial schools and the Foundling Hospital." "When I was a minister of a parish within fourteen miles of Dublin," he added, "so great was the evil which I saw arising from the advent of children from the Foundling Hospital that I never gave but a single note to bring a child from it."

Finally Mr. Kinahan, the secretary of the Mendicity Asylum, said that "those in the Asylum who had been educated in the Foundling Hospital concealed it because it would be thrown against them afterwards by their fellow-mendicants as a circumstance of degradation."

The hospital which was chiefly supported by Parliamentary grants continued in existence up to 1838.

In the next article I shall deal with the famous, or infamous, Charter Schools, and other proselytizing institutions.

THANKSGIVING.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Lord, in the bygone years
  Never a thought of sadness
  Darkened the day of gladness,
Never a trace of tears.
Then was my future fair,
  Then did my spirit render
  Thanks for Thy mercy tender,
Thanks for Thy kindly care.
Now with a mind unheeding,
Now with a heart all bleeding,
  How can the season stir it
As in the olden way?
How can I praise or pray?
  How can my wounded spirit
Offer Thee thanks today?

Lord, Thou hast stricken me sore,
  Yet will I make thanksgiving—
  One whom I loved while living,
Lo, he is now no more.
Reft from my side my soul
  He whom I loved and cherished
  Waned and sickened and perished,
Plunging me deep in dole.
Yet through the darkness groping
I am believing, hoping,
  (Thus will I comfort borrow)
Knowing it is Thy test,
Knowing Thy ways are blest,
  Knowing Thou triest with sorrow
Those whom Thou lovest best!

THE PASSING OF THADY.

BY MAUD REGAN.

Thady's cabin, poor enough in creature comforts, is tucked away in one of the many windings of the prettiest road in Ireland, therefore in the World.

The road leads ultimately to the sea, but pursues its course with leisurely indirectness, as though it were of little consequence whether it attained its destination to-day, to-morrow, or next week, and when you have humored its fancy for doubling and twisting as often as I have, you won't think it matters either.

For if it takes its own time about bringing you those seven miles "as the crow flies," to the scarred cliffs against which the ocean beats in impotent wrath, it vindicates its every digression, in a manner entirely charming, and essentially Irish. And ever at the end of its windings—beyond the little by-way where of old the pilgrims wended to the holy well;—beyond the little turning that leads one to the flower-paved, leaf-thatched thicket where the "good people" featly foot it at their moon-lit revels,—lies that unexplored mystery, the "say." In sun-kissed, heaving splendor my fancy pictures it,—a lovely vision which I am curiously loath to compare with an actuality which must surely prove less fair.

Half way down the road, measured from the little ivy-clad inn where my pleasant lines are cast, to its ultimate turning of a reckless somersault over the cliff in a little thread of a "goat and gossoon" path that scrambles down to the beach, lies Thady's cabin.

At least it used to be Thady's, until the "quareness in his chest," against which he had poulticed and striven all winter, developed into a galloping consumption that hurried him off into a specially lovely turn of the road leading to a very quiet, grassy churchyard, whither all his forbears traveled when it was time to rest.

So, although from old habit I call the cabin Thady's, *his* home is really out in the shadow of the ruined Abbey wall, and possesses this one advantage—most dear to the Irish peasant haunted by the fear of laying his bones in alien soil,—that he lies among his own people.

"My mother, may the heavens be her bed:" "My father, God rest his soul:" How often have I heard poor Thady thus speak of those he was so soon to join. Yesterday, little Patsy standing close to his mother's side made the same prayer for Thady, with solemn childish eyes devoutly raised, "My father, God rest him!" and I saw Molly catch her breath sharply. There are still moments when she almost forgets "Himself" is gone, though the neighbors have begun to speak of her as the "Widdy O'Connor."

The cabin is as neat and tidy as bustling industry can make it. Some hardy flowers struggle up on either side of the doorstep, and behind the house lies the potato plot in all its glory of green leaf and snowy, gold-crested blossom. So straight and even the furrows run that the plants seem to march in soldiery files, unbroken save where Molly and the children have been busy with their spades, "gettin the pitaties in agin the fall."

"And little I thought this time twelve months, 'tis cryin' I'd ever be over so fine a crop," said Molly to me in a burst of misery when I came upon her yesterday busy among the drills.

When the doctor gave Thady his death sentence he found him at first incredulous. "Never a soul belongin' to him had thought of dyin' under sixty," and Thady had no ambition to break a precedent es-

tablished by an honorable line of long-lived ancestors. But when, beneath the pitiless medical logic, incredulity yielded to doubt, and doubt to sad conviction, Thady wasted none of the precious moments in idle repining. There were so few of those moments left that it became a question of coping with the most urgent needs of "Herself" and the little ones, of mending the thatch, and planting the crop and of abandoning those vaguer plans for their well-being, scattered further down the road he was never to travel—the road to sixty—and beyond.

How well I remember the day I saw him plodding drearily homeward from the fateful interview, a figure strangely out of keeping in Nature's setting of a splendid sun-filled morning of early spring. White clouds chasing one another across a sky, deeply, wonderfully blue; thrushes in distant thickets piping Nature's reveille; the gold of the primrose scattered over the distant slopes, and Thady, uncomfortably clad in well brushed Sunday suit donned in honor of the doctor, going home to tell the verdict to Molly and the "childer."

When I walked over to the cabin about sun-down, the first wildness of Molly's grief was spent, and though despair looked at me from her eyes I knew she would never again fail Thady in his need. She told me "Himself was busy settin' out the pitaties," and, going into the bare brown field, I found him digging with a feverish energy that sorely over-taxed his worn frame, puffing the while at his discolored pipe.

He told me between puffs, "he was wantin' to plant as many as ud put her over the winter and leave her maybe a sack or two that Peter Conlon at the store ud be glad enough to take off her. By next spring Patsy, the crather! 'ud be a great help to her, if they could only manage to tide over the winter."

All this so quietly and naturally I scarcely realized the underlying tragedy.

Perhaps it was because of my growing interest in that potato plot, an interest only second to Thady's, that I never got to the "say." I could never pass by Thady, scant of breath and strong of soul, casting up row after row of orderly drills, each one a new barrier in the way of that grim invader "Want."

Nor was it easier to go my way, when, the last furrow planted, Thady took to the house, easier in his mind, having done what he could to smooth the way for those he was leaving, and with large confidence trusting the rest to God. It became my habit to drop in of an evening, and sit with him, chatting of many indifferent themes, and in the pauses of our talk his eyes would stray through the open window to the potato plot—a rolling sea of smooth brown waves, crested as the spring advanced with delicate foam of richest green.

I don't think after that first day, he and Molly ever spoke of the parting, inevitable and imminent, whose shadow lay so heavy on their souls.

As Molly once said to me looking out on the gray loneliness of her future, "Thady ud have the best of it"; and this conviction, hugged to her unselfish heart, gave her courage to speed him on his way.

Although I had realized in a dim sort of way that Thady's days were to be few, the news brought by a neighbor's child, one July evening, that he was "goin' fast," found me strangely unprepared. When I reached the cabin, I found gathered in the outer room, with Molly in the middle, the group of friendly neighbors whom affliction never fails to assemble in the dear old land.

Through the open door I could see Thady propped with pillows in a chair by

the window, because it was easier to breathe so, and beside him Father John, who had married him to Molly fifteen years before, young and strong and never to grow ill or old. I do not think there can be many who come to the end of their earthly way-faring so little travel-stained as the unworldly Thady. "He'll be with God and his blessed Mother tonight," Father John whispered brokenly to Molly as he beckoned us into the little room on whose threshold the death angel hovered with the outspread pinions. With a love stronger than death Molly fought back the rising sobs and began in steady tones the prayers for a soul departing.

"He'll know my voice best," she said, answering Father John's kindly remonstrance, and Thady on the borderland lingered a moment held by the spell of the familiar tones. They never spoke of self, they never broke in sob or cry, but rose and fell with a sort of despairing intensity, as she followed Thady to the very edge of the world, and marshalled with splendid confidence the hosts of Heaven to help him on his way.

"Let the splendid Company of Angels meet thy soul at its departure, let the Court of the Apostles receive thee, let the triumphant army of glorious Martyrs conduct thee, let the crowds of joyful Confessors encompass thee, let the Choir of blessed virgins go before thee."

No strangers they, to these simple Irish peasants, but life-long friends to be counted on in time of need.

"Let thy place be in peace and thy abode in Holy Sion," Molly prayed, striving with tear-bright eyes to pierce the veil that hid the splendid abode whose gates were wide for Thady.

One by one the frail strands holding him were parting; it almost seemed as though the earth and its cares had slipped quite away from Thady, when suddenly he groped his way out of the mists back to the world where Molly was to live out her days. With something of their old light, his eyes turned from the window beyond which lay the potato plot, all golden in the mellow glow of sunset, to meet Molly's tense, despairing gaze.

"They're coming up finely, glory be to God!" said Thady quite naturally, as the last strand snapped, and calm and unafraid he drifted out to the Infinite.

A TRIOLET.

BY MARTHA MARIE HILDRETH.

Thine eyes speak to me
Of Joy, singing afar—
A remote melody!
Thine eyes speak to me
And my heart follows thee,
So alluring they are!
For thine eyes speak to me
Of Joy, singing afar.

A FRIEND OF BISHOP CHEVERUS.

BY EDWARD F. HARKINS.

To know a friend of Bishop Cheverus is to a New England Catholic much like knowing a friend of George Washington. To converse with such a one about the pioneer Catholic days of Maine and Massachusetts, when the stern Puritan spirit was still rife in Boston, and when there was little Christianity in Maine away from the banks of the Penobscot and the Passamaquoddy, is to the young Catholic of today much the same as knowing those who knew Winthrop in Charlestown and Bradford in Plymouth. Such reminiscences have the appearance of going back to the very beginning of American life. Yet the writer lately enjoyed this rare privilege of meeting a friend of Bishop Cheverus, in the person of Miss Mary Martha Jackman, who lives in the Mission Church parish, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Miss Jackman was born in Newburyport on November 9, 1808, and she came to Boston in 1818, the year of the death of Dr. Matignon, who was pastor of the Church of the Holy Cross at its dedication in 1803. There is probably no one living who remembers that dedication, the centennial of which has just been celebrated; but Miss Jackman, at least, may claim that she lived when those who solidified the first Catholic parish in New England—Bishop Cheverus and Dr. Matignon and Father Taylor—lived, and she may also claim that by personal contact she learned to reverence the humble Frenchman who was the first bishop of Boston, and the most distinguished missionary that the northeastern section of the United States has ever known. For it was in the performance of his duties as a missionary attacked to Dr. Matignon's church, that Cheverus visited Newburyport and made the acquaintance of the Jackmans. To be precise, the devoted young priest was accustomed once a year to stay over night at the house of a fam-

ily named Cutler, in that seaside town, and to say Mass in a little chapel in the house the next morning. Among those whom Mrs. Cutler invited to meet the missionary on one of these annual occasions was Miss Jackman's aunt, who, though an ardent Protestant, was charmed by his gentleness and graciousness. She was delighted to receive his blessing. That blessing, she used to tell her niece afterward, remained with her until her conversion, which took place in her eighty-third year.

"I remember Dr. Matignon's funeral very well," said Miss Jackman to the writer, "for I followed the procession from Franklin street up to the Granary burying-ground. You know, there was no Catholic burying-ground in Boston in those days. Later, when one was selected in South Boston, at St. Augustine's, Dr. Matignon's remains were transferred.

"One of my first recollections of Boston was that of going, with my brother, to the Church of the Holy Cross. When we returned home that day I induced my brother to imitate the priest, but my father, who was in the next room, came in to us and bade my brother stop, saying that what the Catholics did was well-meant and shouldn't be mocked. Of course, we were perfectly innocent, but my father's interference opened my eyes. He was an Episcopalian, but quite broad-minded. My mother was a Presbyterian, and at that time very set in her ideas. For when, some years later, I began to attend the Catholic church, in company with a lady who was a member of the congregation, my mother chided me rather severely.

"The climax came after I had gone to the church one Palm Sunday. I thought that day that I had never taken part in anything so beautiful and so impressive, and I daresay my mother noticed the effect. Anyhow, she forbade me ever going to the Catholic Church again. She said that I must go to the Park Street Church or to one of the other Protestant churches. I replied that if I could not go to the Catholic church I would stay at home. Finally I obtained her promise to let me go just once more, and I even got her to agree to go with me. We went the following Good Friday night. I shall never forget it. The church was so crowded that my mother and I became separated, and she got into one pew and I into another. Father Taylor preached, and, oh! so effectively. He held a large crucifix before him all the time, and he was never more eloquent. Well, after the service, as we were going out, my mother took hold of me affectionately, and she said: 'I have no objection to your attending services here whenever you please.' You can imagine how delighted I was. My older sister, I may say, was moving in the same direction. In fact, she became a Catholic before I did.

"I went for instruction to the Ursuline nuns, who were then in a convent that Father Thayer had secured for them at the corner of Franklin and Federal streets. The British had used the building for a barracks during the war. There I met the saintly Mary De Costa, the aunt of Dr. De Costa of New York. I saw her baptized.

"I was baptized by Bishop Cheverus on Sunday afternoon, July 31, 1823. My sister was the only one present, but some of the nuns who knew me were in their little gallery, which was partly shut off by a lattice. I remember that when the Bishop noticed their presence he suggested moving the font over to where they could have a better view, but my sister begged him not to go to that trouble. After the ceremony he said to me: 'I shall always be a father to you.' He gave me a prayer-book. Indeed he gave me some five prayer-books altogether, from time to

time, but they have disappeared—all but one. That was one he gave me just before he returned to France—the 'Following of Christ,' which was his favorite book, and from which he often read when he was in the pulpit.

"I was still unconfirmed when he received his recall, as were some thirty other converts who had been admitted into the Church that summer. So he hastened to confirm us, and that was the last ceremony of that kind at which he officiated in this country. It took place on the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, in September. I was sick in bed the day before, and so my sister informed him when she went to confession to him. 'Never mind,' he said to her ; 'tell her that I will confirm her any day next week.' But I was determined to be confirmed with the others, and I was. The Bishop missed me, and after confirmation he inquired of my sister whether I had been there.

"Of course these things may seem small in such simple narration, but still I realize more and more how remarkable it is to have lived to this day to tell about our very first Bishop. Being young—I was sixteen at the time of my baptism—and a convert, and surrounded with more or less hostile influences, he took a special interest in me. I met him frequently at home and in the street. He was a short, rather spare man, with long gray hair. He wore knee-breeches with silver buckles. They would seem so odd to-day! But though his figure was not impressive, his face was saintly and his manner was so charming that he fairly captivated the town. I assure you for a Catholic to be popular in Boston in those days was very remarkable. Father Thayer, who was a convert, you know, had been rather over-zealous, and it required just the tact and patience of Bishop Cheverus to smooth things over. Why, when some friends of mine heard that I had become a Catholic they plagued me as much as they could. If we met a poor old Irish woman on the street they'd say to me, 'Mary, there's one of your sisters,' and I'd reply with good grace, 'Yes, she is one of my sisters' ; and if they'd see some unfortunate old man shambling up Franklin street they'd say then: 'There's one of your brothers,' and I would acknowledge him to be my brother. Do you know, it used to remind me of what I had read of the early days of the Church, when the Roman pagans had that way of discovering and taunting their Christian friends. I would not deny my brothers and sisters of the Church for anyone ; nor would my brave mother, who was converted in the spring of 1824.

"Bishop Cheverus was very kind, yet very watchful with his children. He particularly objected to their running around the streets, after Sunday school, and he would say to them: 'Now, if I catch you running I'll run after you.'

"Being around the church and the convent so much I heard a great many stories of the amusing differences which the Bishop and Dr. Matignon had about who should be first in this thing or that. The Bishop insisted that the pastor should be superior in his own house, but the pastor, in his turn, insisted that he was under the Bishop. When I came to know Bishop Cheverus he was both pastor and prelate. There was a single room in the parish house which served as sacristy, reception-room, parlor and dining-room, so that sometimes when I went to the house expecting to enter the reception-room I found it being used as the dining-room, with the Bishop at the table. He frequently received visitors while he was at his meals.

"Perhaps you have heard the story of the Bishop chopping wood for a poor woman. Well, it is a fact, and I knew the woman. Her name was Cazneau, and she

MISS JACKMAN.

was the wife of a sea-faring man. She had two children. Whenever the captain went to sea he commended his family to the Bishop's care. This particular time the woman fell sick, and early one morning, as a man was going to work he saw a light in the yard of the Cazneau house, which was down on Federal street, and heard the sound of a saw, and looking in he found the Bishop sawing wood for the breakfast fire.

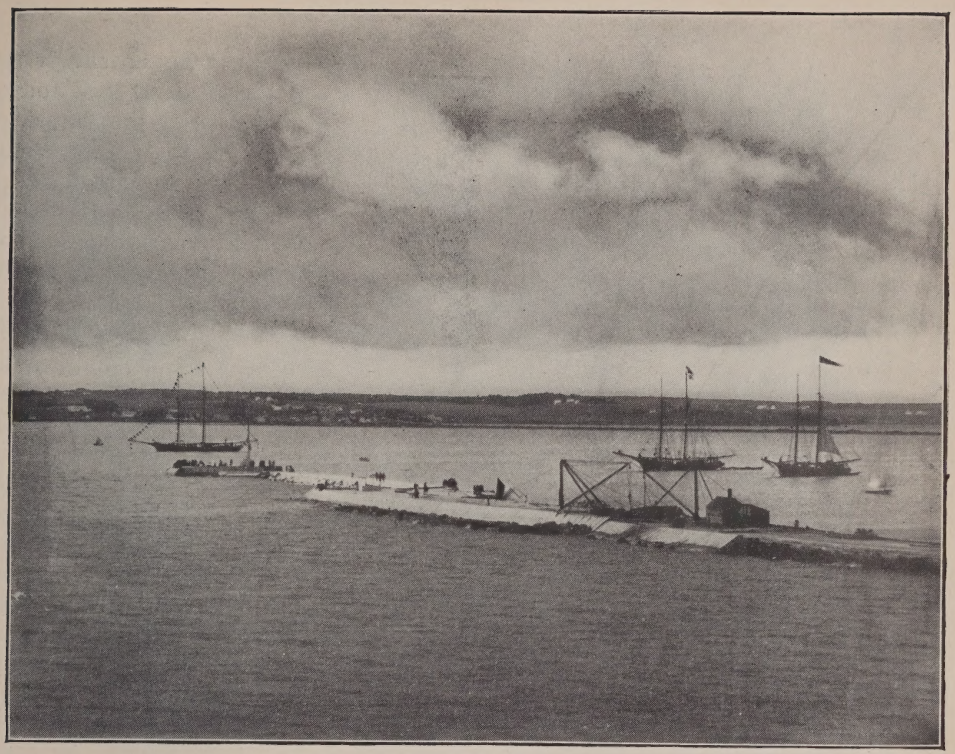
"Of course I distinctly remember the Bishop's departure, which took place a short time after my confirmation. It was not an elaborate farewell, such as would be in order nowadays, with processions to the train or boat. To my mind, it was something more impressive. The parishioners presented a complimentary address to him, and on the last Sunday he preached a farewell sermon, or, rather, made a farewell address. The church was crowded, and the leading citizens of the town, who were all Protestants, had a special place reserved for them. His remarks were full of affection and solicitude, not only toward us who were members of his flock, but to his friends of other denominations. Nearly everyone was weeping. We all expected to see him again the following year, but he never returned. Father Taylor went to France with him, and he died while preaching.

"I read not long ago that no one knew where Father Thayer died, or when. That must have been an oversight. He died in Limerick, at No. 63 St. Patrick street, where he had been staying as the guest of a family named Ryan. He had gone abroad to get Nuns for the work in Boston. One of the young nuns at the Ursuline convent was a member of the Ryan family, and she related the circumstances to me herself.

"Another thing I heard of a few years ago was that all the original members of the Confraternity of the Holy Cross, a society connected with the cathedral, and founded by Bishop Cheverus, were dead. I was one of those members, but I fear that most people have forgotten about my existence."

Miss Jackman is surprisingly well preserved. One would say her age was about seventy years, not ninety-four. Her face bears scarcely a wrinkle; her senses are apparently as acute as those of a person twenty years younger; and her wit is nimble as that of a young lady straight from the academy. In speech and in manner she is the ideal woman—one who has spent a long life in doing good and in communing with the saints. Her strength is somewhat uncertain; and for that reason she has attended Mass only once in the last year and a half. She has many treasures of the old days, but her greatest treasure is her faded copy of Thomas à Kempis' "Following of Christ," with her name inscribed in the delicate handwriting of Bishop Cheverus.

ON THE EVE OF BATTLE



BREAKWATER AT SOURIS.

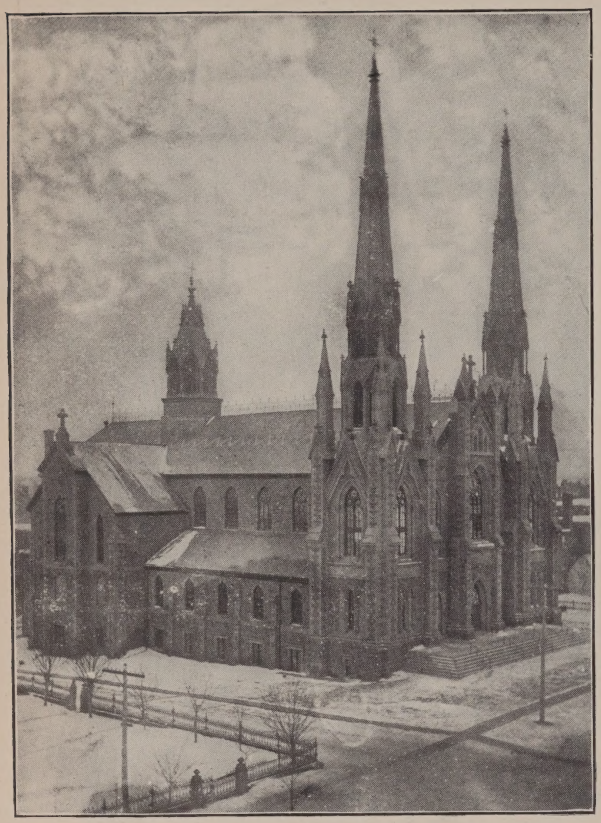
FOLLOWING THE VOYAGEURS.

BY REV. J. T. ROCHE.

A land that finds a poet to sing its praises is fortunate. A great poet traced in stately numbers the tragic fate which overtook the early French settlers amid the wilds of Acadia, and that simple story of wrong and suffering has lent a species of consecration to the land in which the poet laid his scene.

Minas Basin, Grand Prè, and the peaceful valley that skirts the Bay of Fundy on the Nova Scotia side are places of reverent pilgrimage for men and women, whose souls have been touched by the poet's mysterious power. Other sections of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, though forming the major portion of Acadia proper, have been somewhat overlooked. They have led prosaic and common-place existences, and all because no poet arose to immortalize their beauty of hill and valley and sea and sky; or to transform their simple annals into measured cadences and flowing verse. And yet, the traveler who visits the Annapolis valley and then journeys across the Strait of Northumberland, to the historic island which witnessed similar if not greater tragedies than Grand Prè, wonders why it is that Longfellow did not place the scene of his great poem amid the wealth of arcadian loveliness which has earned for Prince Edward Island and the well-merited appellations of "Garden of the Gulf" and "Gem of the St. Lawrence."

The early French voyageur was more



ST. DUNSTAN'S CATHEDRAL.

discerning than the modern poet. Whatever his faults may have been he never lost his taste for the beautiful in nature and art. The loveliness of this favored isle elicited his unqualified admiration. In no other temperate clime had he seen so great a variety of tree and plant and shrub and flower. Nowhere else had he seen the semi-tropical vegetation of his sunny southern France flourish in the shade of the Northern pine, the spruce, and the hemlock. Nowhere had he seen the wild flower bloom in such bountiful profusion. The bright red cliffs, opening here and there to form a thousand sheltered bays, the vivid green of its gently sloping hills, the deep enchantment of its wooded solitude, the nameless beauty of shining sands and silvery seas and placid rivers and forests' primeval — all combined to leave in his soul an impression which time or circumstances could not efface.

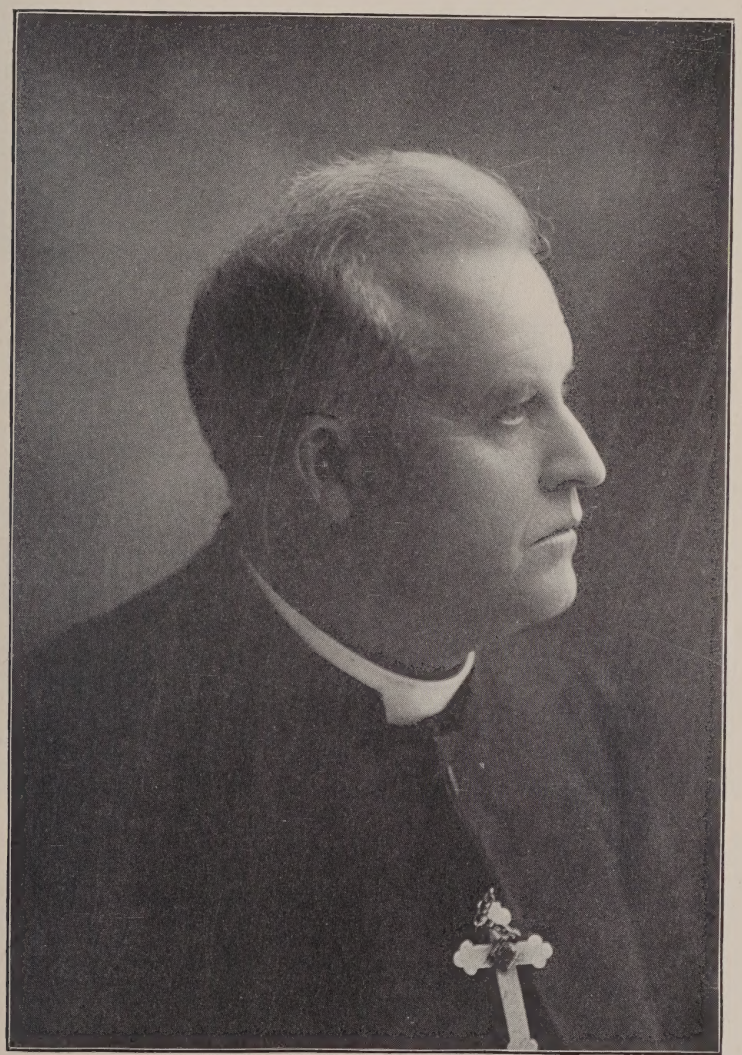
Cartier, who landed on its shores somewhere about the year 1534, describes it as "a goodly land, full of beautiful vallies, gentle uplands, pleasant bays and magnificent forests of pine and cedar." The rivers and streams teemed with fish of many varieties; and the natives whom he encountered were of a peaceful and hospitable disposition. Champlain, who visited it many years later, was much impressed with its natural beauty, its splendid anchorage for ships, and particularly with the excellent fishing along its coast. Later on it became a favorite stopping-place for French vessels passing up and down the St. Lawrence on their way to and from Quebec and Montreal.

Forts were built at advantageous points along the coast; and round about them, in the course of years, colonists settled, and tilled the soil. They fished and trapped, too, but lived at peace with the Micmac, for game and fish abounded and there was enough for all. The history of the Island, however, was not to be without its bloody page. One dark and bitter day the startling intelligence came down the St. Lawrence that Montcalm's forces had been vanquished on the Plains of Abraham; and that as a consequence the Acadian colonist's Island home was henceforth a British possession.

Then the red-coat soldier came and the pioneer's dream of peace was at an end. He resisted as long as resistance was pos-

sible, then fled to the forest, from whose leafy shelter he watched the torch applied to his church and home. He was henceforth a refugee, an outcast, the victim of conditions in whose bringing about he had had no part.

utter disregard for the claims of justice or humanity. In the mistaken zeal of those days the little band of missionaries who ministered to the spiritual needs of the people became the special object of military vindictiveness. The Diocesan



RT REV. JAMES C. McDONALD, D.D.

The tragedy of Grand Prè was repeated in many instances; but, if possible, with a greater refinement of cruelty. The colonists were hunted down by the British soldiery, seized, and deported, with an

Archives of Quebec tell of a French priest, Père Bascarie, who, with the greater portion of his flock, was placed on board a coffinship and put adrift in the Atlantic. They add pathetically "that

IN THE DAISY FIELD.

neither priest, people, or ship, were ever heard of again." Others were deported, and scattered along the American coast. A goodly number found refuge in the forest. It was a stage of Anglo-Saxon assimilation, whose beneficence they had good reason to fear, so they kept to the woods and dwelt with the Micmacs and learned their ways; and came forth a generation later with an aboriginal flavor in their customs and habits of life.

By and by, the English colonist came. He was more humane than the soldier, and was willing to grant the hunted Acadian a period of respite.

As a reward for services rendered his Majesty George IV. during the Revolutionary and other wars, and in return for other services of a less conspicuous character, the land of Prince Edward Island was parcelled out by lot, with no thought of the rights or claims of its former occupants. One of the conditions of the distribution was, that, within a certain specified time, the land thus allotted should be settled by colonists who would be Protestants by religious persuasion. Fortunately for the Acadian this condition of the allotment was not always observed. Many of the new landlords found it easier to lease and sell their lands to people who were already on the ground than to im-

AT THE HEAD OF NORTH LAKE. A FAMOUS FISHING GROUND.

ON THE MORRIL RIVER

port them from lands not in communion with the See of Rome. Thus it came about that the Acadians were in many places re-established in the homes from which their fathers had been banished.

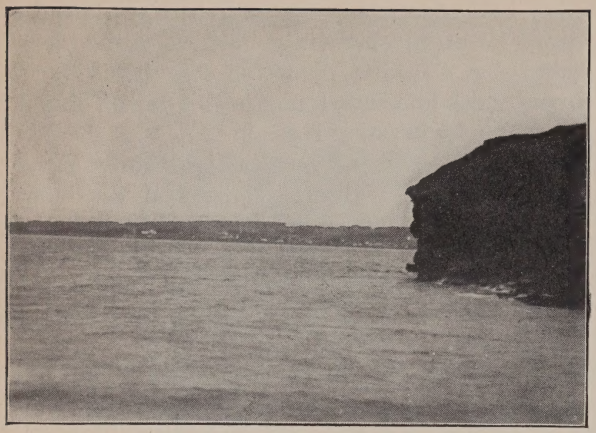
Ireland and Scotland in the course of time sent their quota of sturdy sons and daughters, to clear the forests and make of their beautiful Island the fairest and richest province of the great Dominion.

I know of no more pathetic remains of the French occupation than the old cemeteries that dot the Island coast from East to West. At Rollo Bay the tourist is shown the graves of a little band of refugees, who escaped from Grand Prè on the occasion made forever memorable by Longfellow's "Evangeline." At Rustico, Miscouche, Belfast, Tignish, and elsewhere the old cemeteries are preserved with reverent care by the new race of mixed blood that has sprung up about the old scenes; and who, irrespective of origin or creed, cherish the memory of the humble Acadian pioneers, who loved their faith and fatherland, in this far-off island in the Western seas.

The second generation of pioneers came principally from Ireland and Scotland. The Irish were of course Catholics, the Scotch, Presbyterians, with a liberal admixture of Catholics from the Highlands and Northern Isles. Bishop McEachern, the first Vicar-Apostolic of Acadia under the English règime, was of Highland stock, and the precedent established in his selection has been followed down to the present hour.

Amongst the Islanders their pioneer bishop is honored as a saint. That he was a good and saintly ecclesiastic is beyond a doubt. That he was a great and brave pioneer, one of the greatest and bravest of all times, is equally admitted by those

VIEW OF SOURIS FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE.

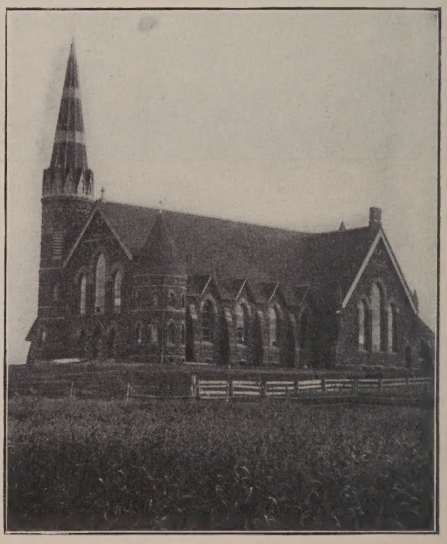


A BIT OF COAST.

who have studied his life in all its simplicity and unflinching zeal. When a boy, I have heard the old folks tell of episcopal visitations to the humble homes of the first settlers—when the bed of the saintly bishop was the floor, his food, oaten bread baked in the ashes, his raiment, the coarse homespun woven on the primitive loom of the poor emigrant; when, though Bishop, he traveled from log-cabin to log-cabin like the lowliest missionary—offering up the Sacrifice of the Mass, preaching, instructing, baptizing, confirming, and laboring for the salvation of his flock, amid poverty and hardships such as have fallen to the lot of few missionaries the world over.

The log-cabins of pioneer days have given way to the comfortable cottages and houses of the present generation. The frame churches of fifty years ago have been supplanted by beautiful temples of brick and stone. In the episcopal city, Bishop McEachern's worthy successor, Rt. Rev. James Charles McDonald, fourth bishop of Charlottetown, is engaged in the construction of a cathedral, which when completed, will be one of the finest ecclesiastical structures on the American continent. The exterior has already cost almost a quarter of a million dollars. In its present imperfect state it gives promise of being a magnificent Romanesque anthem in stone, whose conception and execution would be worthy of any country or any age.

Prince Edward Island has a most remarkable soil. To one approaching it from the sea, the bright red cliffs, backed by the green fields, luxuriant groves, and white cottages of the Islanders, form an exceptionally pleasing and fascinating picture. Red and green are the dominant colors. The road-side pools, after a shower, look like great splotches of red ink. Even the dust of the streets and the sands along the seashore retain their bright carmine hue. The soil nevertheless is extremely fertile. Everything which can be grown in the Middle and Central States, with the possible exception of corn, can be grown to advantage here. Potatoes of an excellent quality are raised in great quantities for the Halifax and Boston markets.



SOURIS CHURCH

Fishing during the summer season forms a means of livelihood for almost one-third of the population. Some of the finest oyster beds in the world are to be found in the Island bays. Herring, gaspareau, cod, salmon, mackerel, hake, smelt and haddock are caught in great quantities; and the greatest of game fishes, the salt-water trout, abounds in its creeks and head-waters. When one has fished, for the sport of it, in Price Edward Island, he can never afterwards read with patience the guide-book tales of famous fishing resorts along the Great Lakes and inland waters of Uncle Sam's domain. Your fresh-water "toads" have no attraction for one who has angled for the genuine sea-trout, the *salmo trutta,* along the shores of Northumberland Strait.

Owing to their isolated position the inhabitants of the island have retained much of their primitive simplicity. Children whose great-grandparents came from the Emerald Isle speak with a delightful brogue; and Gaelic is still the vernacular in localities where the Scotch Highlander was the first settler. Neither is the "Habitant" type of French-Canadian wholly extinct. He has retained many of his customs and habits, despite his slight admixture of Micmac blood; and still celebrates the great day of Saint Jean Baptiste with a noise and an eclat, which makes the Yankee Fourth of July look, in comparison, like a liturgical feast of the second class.

In some of the churches Gaelic alone is spoken, in others French, others again call for pastors with linguistic ability of no mean order. It is no uncommon thing to hear church announcements in three languages; but there has been very little friction between the races, and no Cahenslyism; for all are devoted children of the Church and accept loyally and cheerfully the decisions of those in authority.

The Catholics number almost fifty per cent of the hundred and some thousands which comprise the total population. In the early days there was a good deal of religious animosity. The ancient feud of the churches was carried across the Atlantic. At bottom it was never so much a love of the faith as the Celt's innate love of a fight. When the fight was over and the issue decided, he was ever found ready to share his bed and board with even his bitterest "religious" foe.

This animosity finally culminated in one of the fiercest battles ever fought for conscience sake in North America. The Scotch Presbyterians and Irish Catholics formed in battle array about the hustings at Belfast and belabored one another with sticks and bludgeons, until in the words of the Island poet-laureate "the dead and dying lay in heaps." When the fight was over the Catholics occupied the hill and the Presbyterians the hollow. Both must have been strategic points, for both sides still claim the victory. It was Gael against Gael and Celt against Celt. There was no lack of courage or bravery on either side, but continued practice with the blackthorn on their native heath gave the Irish a decided advantage in a hand-to-hand encounter of that kind. The dead, some half-dozen in number, were buried with all the honors of war; and even to this hour the slain on both sides are regarded in the light of martyrs, who fell in what was deemed a righteous cause.

This incident is referred to in the history of the Island as "The Belfast Riot." Anongst the people themselves it is called "The Big Election," and when the long winter evening has come and the children gather round the fireside to listen to the tales of the olden days, the story of Culloden Moor or Vinegar Hill pales into insignificance before the more recent glory of some heroic grandsire who fought for civil and religious liberty on that mem-

orable day at Belfast Hill. The number of men engaged in the "Riot," as it may properly be termed, has always been a matter of dispute. That there were several hundred on both sides, with the odds in numbers in favor of the Presbyterians, is almost universally admitted. The principle at stake was, ostensibly, the freedom of the ballot. The real issue was the political ambitions of two opposing candidates, whose preferment, the simple people were led to believe, was closely identified with their future political freedom.

Happily, the influence of modern education has established an era of peace and good will amongst the churches. They have come to realize that people who club out each other's brains are poor exponents of the Master's spirit.

The Islanders have always shown a praiseworthy zeal for everything which concerns the spread of popular education. The public schools are conducted on a very liberal and thorough basis and two excellent colleges, the Prince of Wales and St. Dunstan's College, both under Governmental patronage afford facilities for young people desirous of cultivating the higher studies in science and literature.

I might name quite a few Islanders who have attained distinction in the social, political, scientific, and literary world, were not such mention beyond the scope and purpose of this article. It can be truly said, however, that this little corner of King Edward's dominions is in no ways behind the rest of the world in its eagerness for the diffusion of human knowledge amongst the masses.

The best thing that can be said of the Island is that it has not yet become the favorite stamping-ground of the American tourist. As a consequence it has not yet lost its distinctive charm. The simplicity, and open hearted hospitality which the stranger encounters on every side have not given place to the graft and greed characteristic of the favorite resorts of the tourist and the sight-seer. The vacation habit has become chronic with the average American. No matter how limited a man's means may be, nowadays, the impression prevails that a vacation, spent at some of the much-advertised places, is as essential to physical and mental well-being as food and light. The savings of a year are frequently invested in two or three weeks of leisure, spent on overcrowded trains, ill-smelling steamboats, and summer hotels conducted on the millionaire plan. During the months of July and August, the traveler on business bent is treated to the common sight of a rushing, surging crowd of human beings, pushing and jostling one another in their eagerness to exchange the comforts of a quiet home for the costly luxury of a sight of some snow-capped mountain, an extra bath or two in the muddy waters of some turbid lake, or for the sound of the solemn sea from the balcony of some mosquito-haunted hostelry, whose owners and proprietors have relegated the plumber and the "hold-up" man of the Western plains to the ranks of the amateur highwayman. As a consequence railroad and steamship companies thrive exceedingly, whilst the grocer and butcher at home deplore the evils of the credit system and wonder why it is that September and October are the dullest months of the financial year.

The tourist business develops the worst propensities of the people who are its immediate beneficiaries. The simplicity of the native gives way to a repulsive greed. His manners and morals are affected for the worse by contact with the free and easy pleasure-seeker. The beggars and thieves that infest the resorts of the world are the natural offspring of a primitive people turned aside from the paths of honest industry by the example of men and women whose lives seem entirely devoted to the pursuit of worldly pleasure. From such misfortunes the people of Prince

Edward Island have been thus far exempt. Though fitted by nature and climate to be the greatest summer-resort on the continent it is practically an undiscovered country as far as the tourist and pleasure-seeker is concerned. That it may long remain so should be the ardent wish of every lover of the simple, the pure and the true in the lives of peoples, as in all things else.

There is a delightful legend amongst the people of Point Prim to the effect, that when the English attacked the French Fort at that place a chain-ball from one of the attacking vessels cut the steeple from the old church located on the very point. In falling, it toppled over the promontory and carried the bell which it contained into the sea. Dwellers along the Point affirm that, from time to time, the sound of that bell comes over the waters at eventide; and that its phantom tone is ever a warning of a fierce storm or some imminent danger to those who make their living by the spoils of the ocean.

The necessity of such a warning can be well understood, when we realize the part which the sea plays in the lives of so large a proportion of the Island population. Prince Edward Island has, from the beginning, been a favorite recruiting-ground for that great army of intrepid sailors who carry Britain's commerce to every corner of the habitable world. And, whether aboard the humble yawl of the fisherman, the speedy schooner, which flits from bay to bay along the coast, or the great sea-going vessels that sail the bosom of the broad Atlantic, the Island sailor has always proven himself worthy of being ranked amongst the foremost of his craft. In many a home the "vacant chair" speaks eloquently of a father, a husband, or a son, who has fallen a victim to the fury of the mighty deep. But, as amongst all sea-faring peoples, the knowledge of the dangers with which such a life is beset only serves as a stimulus to daring spirits. The sea has a wondrous fascination, and though here, as elsewhere, hundreds every year go down to death beneath its waves others are always found ready to take their places and fearlessly tread the narrow plank, which separates the sailor from his ever-impending doom.

The fisheries constitute a very valuable Island asset. Lobster-canning establishments are scattered plentifully along the coast; and dried hake, haddock and cod are staple exports.

During the mackerel season the ubiquitous Yankee is a source of unending trouble. Whilst he is not allowed by law to fish within the three-mile limit his presence is a constant grievance. The native finds it hard to understand why it is, that, whilst Canadian mackerel is practically prohibited from entering the American market, by reason of the high tariff, the American fisherman is allowed to come and fish at will in Canadian waters. The high tariff has wrought serious injury in other ways to the people of this and the neighboring provinces. It has practically excluded their produce from American ports; and goods are shipped to England at great expense and considerable risk, because the people of the New England and Atlantic States are willing to pay the Western farmer and Gloucester fisherman a generous bonus on the fruits of their labor.

With the natural market thus closed in their faces, the people of the provinces have turned to England, and demanded that discriminating duties be levied upon the products and manufactures of a country which has excluded theirs. And it is bound to come to this, whether it be through statesmanship, or as the consequence of the outspoken and unmistakable demand of a sturdy and vigorous young nation, who, as the result of a refusal, may be tempted to imitate the example of her sister-nation across the bor-

der, and hold a little "Boston Tea-party" of her own.

Prince Edward Island, in Summer, is a land of perpetual delight. The natural beauty of the scenery is the kind about which artists have raved from the beginning. There are no mountains with frowning precipices and hoary summits raised above the clouds, no foaming cataracts leaping down from lofty heights, no mighty rivers bearing down to the sea between giant walls of basalt and granite; but there is the simpler and more bewitching loveliness of upland and valley and meadow and wood, the nameless charm of shady dells and babbling brooks and gently-gliding streams, of sweet-scented forest groves within whose gentle shade ferns wave and wild flowers bloom; and over all the calm of happy homes and the peaceful, tranquil spirit of a people whose lives have not become besotted by the insatiable greed of gold; but who live as God intended man should live —with an abiding faith in His goodness and a gratitude for the Providence which supplies them with a sufficiency for their simple needs.

Charlottetown, the capital city, has one of the finest harbors in Canada. Georgetown and Summerside are close competitors for second honors. It is to Souris Harbor, however, that the palm for beauty is universally accorded. It is without distinction or qualification one of the most beautiful bays to be found the world over. Strangers coming from Europe have discovered a striking similarity between it and the bay of Naples. The broad sweep of the beach, the graceful curve of the shore-line, the bright red cliffs of the two promontories that guard the Bay on either side, the quaint white city crowning the heights to the East and West—all combine to make it one of those rare spots in which the true lover of nature delights to linger. The beach itself is a marvel. Form for yourself the idea of a three-mile crescent peninsula of hard red sand one-fourth of a mile in width, where surf bathing is a delight, and where there is no perceptible undertow to deter the timid; and back of all this a noble river stretching away to the North, upon whose banks, when the tide recedes the disciple of Izak Walton can find such a reward for his labors as is seldom vouchsafed to lovers of the piscatorial art.

In the olden days, Souris was famous for its ship-building industry; and many a noble vessel was launched from the yards on its river bank. It is still the head-quarters of the great fishing fleets that cover the Gulf on the North and East; and no prettier sight can be seen in the world to-day than that afforded by the fleet of white-winged schooners, racing for the harbor, when the red signals are out and the mercury in the glass gives warning of the approaching storm.

During the winter communication is carried on between the Island and the mainland by means of great ice-boats, capable of cutting through three or four feet of solid ice. At times, however, the drift ice accumulates in such quantities that no steamer however powerful can cut its way through. When this happens, passengers and mail are conveyed in boats, constructed specially for the purpose and manned by hardy sailors, who must be prepared to push the boat, row, or swim, as the emergency demands.

Winter on the Island is, at the best, a dull and dreary time. From November to April it is snow, snow, without any change; and though the people have all the sports of Northern lands, it is too long and too monotonous to suit the average human being. But when the ice breaks along the shore and the snow disappears and grass and tree and flower spring into life once more, the long dreary winter is soon forgotten by the dweller there, amid the superabundant loveliness, with which nature clothes his island home.

WHAT OF THAT.

"Tired! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called today!
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely! 't is not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into his own.
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Dark! Well, and what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, and what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and nought but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned! Learn it then patiently.

No help! Nay, it's not so!
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children's cry.
He's near thee, wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,
And he will guide thee, light thee, help thee Home."

—INÇOGNITO.

HADES AND IBSEN.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

New York had a taste of these strong flavors in October, and, needless to say, Ibsen had the advantage in strength. In other words, Mr. Charles Frohman presented the drama of *Ulysses* at the Garden Theatre, and Mrs. Fiske at the Manhattan gave her admirers the strongest dose of Ibsen that has ever been gulped in the metropolis. With the political atmosphere blood-red, the shadow of Dowie looming over from Chicago, the tunnel on the one hand and the *Journal* on the other, the streets ripped up, and the display type of the evening 'yellows' on every corner; with the stock-market wabbling downward, Morgan exposed as a common sharper, and John D. Rockefeller explaining how much good he got out of religion since he was born, one might suspect the eminent Frohman and the artistic Fiske of designs to increase the misery of the multitude. However, the plan to bring Hades to New York and to prove a deeper depth in Ibsen was matured long ago. No connection exists between the two, save the mere parallelism that Stephen Phillips brings a man out of hell and Ibsen sends a woman there.

Stephen Phillips is the young Englishman whom many critics, not eminent for anything but fluency, consider a poet; and Richard LeGallienne, whose beauty has often advertised a popular soap, hails him as the poet of the future. But where shall we all be, poets, critics, and popular soaps, in the future? Is he a poet now? There is the question. I would be afraid to maintain such a thesis before the dons of a university, though quite ready to welcome a successor to the lamented Tennyson or to Aubrey De Vere. The play of *Ulysses* is rightly announced as a poetic drama, partly in rhyme, in blank verse, and ordinary prose; most carefully, even choicely written; full of quotable things, composed in dignified language, well worth an hour's reading. The structure of the drama is good, though the prologue is open to objection. The theme is the return of Ulysses to his wife and kingdom; the incidents are his rupture with the nymph Calypso, his journey through Hades, the attempt of his son Telemachus to rout his mother's suitors, the rescue of Telemachus from death, by his father, and the overthrow of the rabble in the palace of Ulysses, with the consequent union of husband and wife. These incidents are wide apart in time and space, but the unity is provided in the efforts of the hero to reach home and in the longing of Penelope for his timely return. But is it poetry? Penelope says in one place:

Thy music floated up into my room,
And the sweet words of it have hurt my heart.
Others return, the other husbands, but
Never for me that sail on the sea-line,
Never a sound of oars beneath the moon,
Nor sudden step beside me at midnight.

Ulysses tells Calypso:

I'll drift no more upon the dreary sea.
No yearning have I now, and no desire.
Here would I be, at ease upon this isle
Set in the glassy ocean's azure swoon,
With sward of parsley and of violet,
And poplars shivering in a silvery dream,
And smell of cedar sawn, and sandal-wood,
And these low-crying birds that haunt the deep.

But later in his own mood he replies to Calypso's invitation to become immortal:

I would not take life but on terms of death,
That sting in the wine of being, salt of its feast.
To me what rapture in the ocean path
Save in the white leap and the dance of doom?
O death, thou hast a beckon to the brave,
Thou last sea of the navigator, last
Plunge of the diver, and last hunter's leap.

The strongest lines in the play come from the goddess Athene in her description of the entrance to Hades:

Doth not the region even now
Strike to thy heart? These warning cypress trees,
This conscious umbrage cowering to the ground,

The creeping up of the slow fearful foam:
Rocks rooted in the terror of some cry
That rang in the beginning of the world:
All nature frighted into barrenness.

These lines have the Shaksperean simplicity and power, and so have these from the shrewd Ulysses:

I have learned to dread what cometh suddenly,
And sniff about a sweet thing like a hound:
And most I dread the sudden gifts of gods.

Calypso expresses powerfully her view of the situation in memorable words:

Tell me the reason of this haste to go.
'Tis she, I know; I want no words to tell me.
But is it she? And now I do recall
Even in your wildest kiss a kiss withheld,
Even in abandonment a something kept;
When veil on veil fell from you, still a veil.
When you so poured your soul out that a woman,
Even a woman, had in her heart said 'now!'
I felt in all that sweet a something stern.

And Ulysses speaks the reason of her failure to hold him:

This odorous amorous isle of violets,
That leans all leaves into the glassy deep,
With brooding music over noontide moss
And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee,—
Then stars like opening eyes on closing flowers,—
Palls on my heart. Ah, gods, that I might see
Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge. . . .

These quotations will suffice to show how good a thing Stephen Phillips has accomplished even if it may not enter into the realm of poetry. The play has no characterization worth speaking of, neither in the text nor in the acting; Ulysses is all determination to get home and nothing else, Penelope all longing for his return, Telemachus a baby or a clown, the suitors plain idiots, the gods simply dignified, and the ghosts suggestive. Nothing grips you in this drama except the beauty of the language, the swing of the verse, and the fine presentation provided by Charles Frohman.

The play on the stage is a thing to see and see again, and never to forget for its enchanting beauty. In the prologue the gods are seen on Olympus, seated in a semi-circle, with the gaunt celestial mountain peak behind, awesome and terrible, while the heavenly spaces stretch away in cloudy, silvered, never-ending distance. The cave of the nymph Calypso is a wonder to the eye, rivaling for the moment the million dyes of nature in splendor; the sea outside shifting every moment from one set of tones to another; the walls of the cave sparkling, effulgent, bewildering; the general effect beyond any description. Hades must have been a difficult task for stage-manager and scene-painter, yet both have succeeded in giving a most impressive and poetic view of the ancient Hell. The stage is absolutely dark but for the ray of light which illumines the face of Ulysses as he gropes his way from the upper air down to the banks of the river Styx. A weird and terrible light of bluish silver illuminates the fatal stream, and all who sail upon it; into Charon's boat Ulysses is forced to go accompanied by the god Hermes, the only celestial permitted to enter the infernal regions; the boat sails down the ghastly current, guided by Charon, and as it sails the wandering ghosts flutter along the bank with appealing cries, as if they had found a deliverer; the hero meets his old friends, among them Agamemnon and his own dear mother, sees the agonies of Sisyphus, Tantalus, Prometheus, and others, and learns the longing and the horror of the poor souls about him; and at last escapes amid the effort of innumerable shades to hold him back, to force him to aid them. When one remembers how near the sublime is the ridiculous, and how small a hair changes the impressive into the laughable, the success of this scene is notable. The illusion is well-nigh perfect, of perfect beauty on Calypso's enchanted isle, and perfect horror in the depths of Hades. The credit goes entirely to the competent stage-manager.

Of course the acting is up to the standard, with Rose Coghlan as Penelope, and Tyrone Power as Ulysses, and a very competent cast to aid them. Once in a while the Napoleon of managers, as Mr. Charles Frohman is often styled, does a very creditable thing; and never has he shown to greater advantage than in the production of *Ulysses*, a noble literary feat in itself, and a very capable play. Moreover, he has even been self-sacrificing, for the play has not been a financial success either here or in London. It deserves to be, however, on every ground. It is easy to understand why more people are not interested in it at the first hearing. Few know anything about Ulysses or his career, nowadays; while the author takes it for granted that the theatre-goers know their Homer, and leaves the average mortal guessing at the sources and the meaning of a story which begins among the Olympians and ends, after the witchery of Calypso and the horrors of Hades, in the long-forgotten isle of Ithaca. Now many will easily confound all this with Cornell University, and place Ulysses as the stroke oar of the 'Varsity crew trying to get home after a long spree in the metropolis. All praise to Mr. Stephen Phillips, whether he be poet or craftsman, and to Charles Frohman for his second act of public reparation for past offences. The first was *Everyman*.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske gave a week's performance of Ibsen's play, *Hedda Gabler*, with various effects on the critics and the public. This actress always has a sufficient reason for the plays in which she appears. The reason is her own ability to make almost anything, even Ibsen's queer characters, move and speak in a lifelike and human manner. The effect of Hedda Gabler and Mrs. Fiske's acting of the part on the critics is rather curious. One cannot forbear giving summaries. Alan Dale in the *American* talks in this fashion:

> The play may mean everything, anything, or nothing . . . a jaded public calls it great, and might call it greater, if its dullness and incomprehensibility were done in Syriac. . . . Ibsenites love it because it is so gloriously unnecessary . . . others marvel at this sticky collection of queer fish, aimlessly careering around a stagnant puddle in Norway, where the anchovies come from. . . . Hedda herself is fit for the asylum . . . they call her talk symbolism . . . if you could understand it, it would not be art . . . it is supposed to be dreamy, nebulous, fantastic . . . the Ibsen women and men are all illicitly in love with one another . . . the husbands are imbeciles who simply grasp at triumphant womanhood. . . . Mrs. Fiske played her part oddly . . . cold, impassive, unemotional, rigid, deliberate, silent . . . she might have been in a trance, awaiting psychic inspiration, like Mrs. Piper . . . great? of course! this sort of blithering stuff is always great . . . does Ibsen believe in free love? . . . in marriage? . . . is all this due to the atmosphere of Norway? . . . if not, what? Oh, my friends, there is no what. This is art!

What could be funnier than this, except the contrast provided by the critic of the serious *Times*, who wrote in this fashion:

> Mrs. Fiske showed her admirable independence and admirable genius by playing *Hedda Gabler*, a striking and powerful play . . . an admirable thing done admirably for its own sake . . . although the play is not as noble as *Ghosts*, in which one sees a new and nobler conception of human relations (angels and ministers of grace defend us!) . . . Hedda is coldly, viciously selfish . . . extravagant . . . mocking to her husband, insolent to her relatives . . . a cheat to her friends . . . a hypocrite with men . . . coarse in her thought and speech (this is mine) . . . she stands for the ultra-modern woman, who looks for an ideal contrary to the facts of life . . . she is a masterpiece . . . Mrs. Fiske's acting was a vast delight . . . she made Hedda wholly real . . . scarcely possible to give a lighter, more charming, more varied and elusive representation of an intelligent and spirited woman of the better world . . . the commanding height of Hedda's mentality, her chafing against the commonplace, well displayed . . . no intelligent lover of the drama should miss seeing it.

When critics differ so radically, what remains to be said? Well, that depends on your point of view. Frankly my opinion favors the conclusions and even the remarkable expressions of Alan Dale, who owns a sane mind and a vivid, if arabesque, English. However, he is not always fair to dramatists, actors, and managers, because he does not make allowance for their motives. The characters in the play of *Hedda Gabler* are all, with a single exception, normal, everyday people: the old aunt devoted to her nephew; the nephew, Tesmon, a professor of the student type, domestic, amiable, simple, the politician Brack, polished, acute, sensual, a respectable libertine; the clever Lovberg, young, once a sot and a beast, now reformed, and Mrs. Elvsted, the young woman, married to an elderly man, whose cruelty drove her from home. Left to themselves these people would all have arrived at their destiny in an ordinary manner perhaps; but Hedda Gabler married Professor Tesmon after a quiet life with her old father, then spent six months seeing the world on her wedding tour, and returned

ULYSSES ABOUT TO DESCEND INTO HADES BY COMMAND OF THE GODS.

home one night with the despairing conviction that Norway and Tesmon and a small income were unendurable; and from that arrival all the trouble began. One fly spoils the soup: one Hedda would disrupt the Triple Alliance.

The four acts of the play cover a period of two days and a night; and in that short time Hedda has provoked from the politician an indecent proposal, destroyed the life-work of Lovberg, tempted him back to his old life, and driven him to suicide, betrayed her woman friend, and slain herself. The admirers of Ibsen declare that his genius shows itself in the wonderful simplicity with which results so tremendous are produced in a night and a day. A ruthless poisoner might do more in an hour of course, a mere butcher could wipe out the group of Norwegians with an axe in brief time; but with Ibsen there is no poison, no axe, only the terrible weapon of the human emotions and the human will, before which hearts and lives go down as grass before the scythe. How does Hedda Gabler accomplish so much? So full is she of discontent and cold despair that these feelings show in her speech and behavior. The dull husband and his aunt do not perceive them, but all the others do. The shrewd and accomplished politician, Brack, provokes her into avowals that surprise and delight him, and enable him to prepare for his own plans in her regard. The runaway wife, Mrs. Elvsted, confides in Hedda, admits a deep interest in the clever Lovberg, describes his reform, his forthcoming book which is to lift him into fame, and begs the Tesmons to throw their good influences about him while he is in town, that temptation may not overcome him.

ROSE COGHLAN AS PENELOPE. HER CRY OF LONGING

When Lovberg visits the house Hedda induces him to drink, angers him by betraying the other lady's confidences to her, and so paves the way for his ruin. That night Tesmon and Brack and Lovberg have supper together, and Lovberg reads to them selections from his new book. Both men are convinced of his coming success. Lovberg, however, drinks too much, on his way home loses his manuscript, and spends the

night in wild dissipation. Tesmon followed him and found the manuscript, which he brought home safely and confided to Hedda's care. In the early morning Lovberg comes to see the women, half recovered from his debauch, convinced that he had in some way destroyed his manuscript, and filled with hopeless despair. in a fit of demoniac rage she feeds the precious manuscript to the fire, and admits the crime to her husband, as done for his dear sake; for no man in Norway should surpass him in literary fame.

Brack brings the news of Lovberg's death in the afternoon to Hedda, and quietly points out to her the scandal

THE MEETING OF ULYSSES AND PENELOPE.

Hedda meets him alone, tells him that Mrs. Elvsted is out, jeers him for his weakness; had she pitied him, advised him, and given him his book, the young fool would have been saved from himself; she jeers at him, and as he is leaving throws him a pistol with which to make his exit from life beautifully. Then which is sure to come when the officials trace the ownership of the pistol. That secret he will keep on conditions. Hedda, horrified at finding herself in Brack's power, unable to stand the public scandal or to make explanations, walks into the next room and shoots herself, as it were accidentally; and the play is over! Mrs.

Fiske played the hateful and foolish Hedda with too much hardness, but the wonder to sane people is that she could play the part at all, and give it any semblance to human personality. In the old times doctors of the law would have declared Hedda possessed of the devil. The Ibsen admirers praise the actress to the skies for her conception of the character, as they praise the dramatist for his work. But, as George Ade would say, what's the use? Why the trouble and the expense to stage such rot? Why should talent be wasted in the interpretation of Hedda Gablers? One good thing in the Ibsen play is the demand made upon the actors in characterization. Each one must play his part with the nicest detail. The results in this case, as in *Ghosts*, was that the audience became as well acquainted with the Ibsen Norwegians as if they had known them for years. This feeling produces another: the sane Americans would like to take a part in Hedda's game, inform her husband and her aunt and have them spank the silly woman, or put her under the Kneipp treatment; cold water would have cured her. What maddens us most is the fact that in this Christian time Ibsen plays will get a stage, an audience, an actor, with all their pagan banalities; but the stirring problems of the Christian life, uplifting and consoling, are left in obscurity. One drama of Stephen Phillips is worth morally all that Ibsen has put forth in the Hedda Gabler line.

ULYSSES DISGUISED AS A BEGGAR REVEALING HIMSELF TO HIS SON TELEMACHUS.

WILL BARTER. JOHN HYGELSEN. KLOPPER.

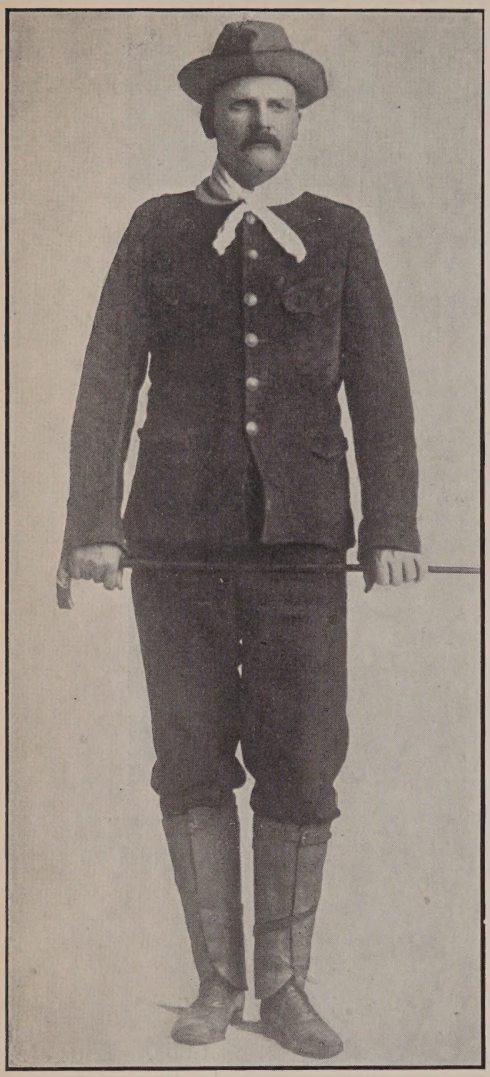
The Treasury Department in the Field. Wm. Barter, Chief of the Money Printing Division, on the left.

A WEST POINTER IN THE BOER WAR.

BY MARTIN DESMOND.

The story of the Boer War as told by a "West Pointer" is a plain unvarnished tale, the interest of which lies not in the narration of events already familiar to the reader, but in the writer's intimate personal knowledge of the Boer country, the causes of the war, and the character of the men who waged it. As commander of the Irish Brigade, Colonel Blake saw active service in the campaign, and his book is a record of his experience. He makes no pretense at literary style or polished diction, but few readers can complain that he lacks directness in stating facts or making accusations. Thus, in two lines in the preface he charges America with the responsibility of bringing about the defeat of the Boers. He says: "Horses, mules and men from the United States of America destroyed the two little Republics." This grave charge is repeated in Chapter XVI., when Colonel Blake gives more detailed information, and sums up the transaction as follows:

> The Government of the United States of America disgraced itself by violating the law and allowing British officers to establish recruiting camps for horses, mules and men on its sacred soil, thereby assisting the great



J. Y. F. BLAKE.
Colonel Boer-Irish Brigade at time of general surrende in June, 1902.

monarchy of the British Empire to destroy two little republics in South Africa struggling so hard for their liberty and independence. One of these camps was in New Orleans, at Chalmette, a spot of ground sacred in the eyes and hearts of all true Americans.

Colonel Blake is specific in exculpating from blame the Governor of the State of Louisiana, the Mayor of New Orleans. and the people of America in general, and points out that despite their combined protests this camp was allowed to remain. He asserts that the Government at Washington sent two officers, in uniform, to visit and report on this camp, and that, after accepting the hospitality of the British officers, the delegates returned to Washington, reported that all was well, and the Government established a police force to protect the British officers and camp while horses, mules and men were

CAPTAIN J. J. NAUDE
The Great Boer Spy.

A TYPICAL BOER FAMILY.

being procured for the British army in South Africa.

Colonel Blake expresses deep admiration for the Boer leaders, assigning first place to the quiet, modest, little de la Rey, "unquestionably the ablest of the Boer generals and the greatest man of the war." The great strategist of the Boer ranks was the stalwart, restless, commanding General De Wet; and another brilliant commander and fighter was General Louis Botha, handsome, refined, cool-headed, and endowed with all the qualities essential to the making of a great military leader. Yet, even with such leaders, the two little Republics lost their liberty and independence because America saw fit to equip the British forces; and the 25,000 patriots surrendered to save their race from extinction, through the loss of their women and children, who were dying by thousands from exposure and starvation.

The intrepid daring of the Boer boys was frequently manifested. During one engagement a boy of fifteen walked to a point from which he could see if there were any more English coming, and, absorbed in watching, remained too long in

MISS MAGGIE JOUBERT.

his hazardous position. When he saw the English columns returning to Pretoria it was too late for him to run, but his quick wit suggested a means of escape. He crawled into an ant-bear hole forty yards from the road, taking his rifle with him. The whole column passed him by, and when he could no longer hear the beat of the horses' hoofs he ventured to creep out. A lone trooper was coming at about a hundred yards, the boy—the proud possessor of two rifles, plenty of ammunition and a fine horse, bridle and saddle—went cantering away to the farm settlement. On his arrival men, women, and children congratulated him on his pluck and soldier sense.

Many scenes that haunt the memory are depicted in the pages of this book, and the atrocities perpetrated on the Kaffirs

AN INNOCENT MATABELE KAFFIRS HUNG ON THE LONE TREE ON FIFE STREET IN BULUWAYO. IN 1896, BY ORDER OF C. J. RHODES AND HIS CHARTERED COMPANY IN ORDER TO AMUSE HIS FELLOW BRITISH SUBJECTS.

a gallop, so the little fellow lay low and watched him until he came within forty yards. Then Pretorius jumped out of the hole, threw his rifle into position, and called out "Hands Up!" The trooper, an English sergeant, thought at first that the boy was joking, but soon saw that he meant business, and surrendered. Pretorius made him lay down his rifle and ammunition, and then started him on his way on foot. When the trooper had gone

by so-called civilized people form a chapter of gruesome interest.

"During the siege," says this eye witness, "many small parties of Kaffirs would come into Buluwayo for safety, as they would not take any part in the war. Chartered officials made use of these small parties, as a means to amuse the people with interesting street scenes. On reaching the town, the party of two, or three, or four, or possibly ten Kaffirs, would be arrested and ordered shot. The poor devils would be marched up the street, lined up, and in the presence of a large crowd, shot down. After several hours, when

all had feasted their eyes and satisfied their curiosity, the innocent whites, among the Company's convicts ,were made to carry these mangled bodies in their arms to the veldt, and bury them. These convicts were not allowed to make use of wagons or carts. In order to have a change of scene, the guards would sometimes make these refugees climb the big tree on Fife Street, and having attached ropes to their necks and a limb of the tree, would make them jump for their lives.

Then again the guards would sometimes take others to the same tree, and, having tied the ropes to their necks and passing it over the limb of the tree, would draw them up till their toes would just touch the ground, that the people might see them struggle and slowly strangle to death. Again, they would be marched into the street, and many guards being placed behind and near them, they would be commanded to run for their lives. Of course, all would be shot down, and the wounded sometimes shot five or six times before they died. These were horrible murder scenes, but Rhodesians seemed to enjoy them.

Not the least interesting feature of this history of the Boer War is the tribute paid by the author to the character of the Boer women and the effective work they accomplished during the campaign. A strong light is thrown on deeds of valor performed by these women under conditions that might well make men quail. They were ready and willing to suffer from lack of food, clothing, and bedding; to endure the cold of winter, and the heat and rain-storms of summer, without any shelter over their heads; and they did not flinch even from death itself. With them country was first, and, doing violence to their natural affection, they encouraged their men to keep up the fight for the liberty of the people and the land. "Yes, they are noble women," says their eulogist, "brave and patriotic women, the very women whom the English strove so hard to exterminate, and whom they did murder by thousands in the prison camps. So long as the Boer woman lives, so long will there be great Boer generals and fighting patriots, and sure it is that such fighting blood will assert its independence."

An incident illustrating the calmness of these women under nerve-trying circumstances occurred near Dulstroom. A company of five hundred English rode up to a farm-house occupied by a widow and her eleven daughters. Soon smoke filled the windows, and the girls were seen pushing the organ out of the door. They moved it forty yards away by a stone, cattle kraal. The mother sat down and began to play, and the girls grouped about her. The house was enveloped in flames, the soldiers were killing the stock, while the officers cracked jokes at the expense of the homeless family. "Of course," says Colonel Blake, "we thought that the old lady and her children were singing a hymn or psalm, because these are nearest to the Boer heart. The English having completed their pleasant duty rode off in search of other farms. We then went to the scene of destruction, because we knew that immediate help was necessary, as the sun would soon go down. On meeting them we asked the old lady how she could play and sing hymns while her home was burning and all her possessions were being destroyed. She replied, 'We are not singing hymns or psalms, but our Boer war song.'"

In the Western Transvaal was fought the most brilliant battle of the war, at Klipdrift, and in caring for the wounded another phase of the Boer woman's character was revealed. In the hour of victory she was merciful, and kind. Lord Methuen had been shot in the thigh, and the bone was so badly shattered that the most skilled care was imperative. This care he received at the hands of Mrs. de la Rey, whom five months before he had left on the veldt with her helpless children, to starve or die. He had chanced on the family during the General's absence, and wagons, food, clothing and every bit of their bedding were burnt. But the brave mother made heroic efforts

and, though exhausted from hunger, fatigue and pain, succeeded in crossing the barren veldt, and reaching the protection of friends—fortunately for Lord Methuen, as events proved. In his hour of need she came to him, prepared his food, prayed for his recovery, and helped it along by her womanly ministrations.

During the last two years of the war the Boers had a perfect system of communication between Pretoria and Johannesburg. Captain J. J. Naude, a young Boer, was chief spy, and he organized, in Pretoria, a force of seven women whose duty was to collect all information, official and otherwise, about what the English were doing in Pretoria, have it typewritten, and ready for delivery every Wednesday evening. Every Monday, dressed as an English officer, Captain Naude worked his way through wire fences, block houses, and relays of guards, into the town. Sometimes he would visit the home of Mrs. Van W— or Mrs. M—, and again he would be seen driving in a carriage with another one of his assistants. The English soldiers invariably saluted as Captain Naude passed by. In the evening his helpers would assemble at the house where he was staying, talk over the situation, put everything in proper form for their chief, and then quietly return to their homes. They delivered in person all letters brought in by Captain Naude from the burghers in the field, and he would take back the answers. He conducted his affairs in Johannesburg in the same way, but here his assistants brought out a typewritten paper every week, giving to the people information that the English had tried to conceal. These typewritten papers would be posted up early in the morning, and, before the English authorities could discover them and tear them down, hundreds of people read them.

One of these active feminine emissaries, known as "Little Megs," took desperate chances on many occasions, and actually supplied the Boers near Pretoria with ammunition and clothing. Her father's farm was a few miles out of town, and she would get a permit to go there to bring in vegetables. She always drove out with four horses to her cart, and came back with two, leaving the others at the commando. Often she felt much alarmed, but her coolness and nerve always stood her in good stead. Sometimes English officers would accompany her on her trips, and on several occasions she was caught between the Boer and English lines, shot and shell passing over her head. But she never wavered, and when all was over would pursue her way to deliver her contraband goods. She conducted a constant correspondence with a young cousin, Miss Maggie Joubert, in far-away Cape Colony. Miss Joubert was one of the most daring girls of modern times, and through her came most of the information as to what was going on in Cape Colony. Little Megs transmitted the information thus received to Captain Naude, who in turn brought it to the commandos, establishing a complete line of communication. Miss Joubert employed the device of writing an ordinary family letter on one side of the paper, and on the opposite side a message, traced in lemon juice, which told where the English were, what they were doing, location of forces, etc. She would also tell all about the Boer forces, and even kept prisoners in the far-away Islands well informed, having in every place at least one who knew her method.

For two years she escaped suspicion, but, six months before peace was made, the English began to wonder why she wrote so often, and applied a hot iron to one of her letters to Little Meg. Out came the lemon juice as black as ink, and the English read all about the movements

of their troops in the Colony, their location, etc. Police were immediately sent to arrest her. She was carried away to Wellington, locked up in a cell, and after remaining there for a week she was taken to the Paarl and imprisoned. No one was allowed to see her. After a few weeks she was tried by a military court, but baffled all attempts to get information as to whether she had communicated with the enemy outside their lines. "You have my letters, and must find out for yourself," was her unvarying reply. "Little Megs" was inside the English lines, and was never suspected of being a spy. Miss Joubert was found guilty of treason, and sentenced to five years with hard labor, a sentence that Lord Kitchener commuted to six months' imprisonment without hard labor. She spent her time in the prison in decidedly feminine pursuits, working with silks and embroidery. Her food consisted of a bottle of milk, a pound of bread and a pound of meat per day. The sameness of diet proved too much for her and she became very ill, but being considered a dangerous character she remained immured in the cell and dragged out her existence on food that would have killed a Kaffir.

The author's estimate of the Boer as a man and a patriot creates a different impression from that assiduously circulated by the anti-Boer press, Colonel Blake presents the Boer as a simple, unpretentious farmer, a man of powerful frame, inured to all kinds of hardships, just in his dealings, and deeply religious. He is also tolerant, never imposing his belief upon you. He is a domestic man whose greatest happiness is in his home, with his wife and children. After church on Sunday, when he visits his neighbors the whole family visits with him. He is hospitable and generous to a fault, ready to extend a helping hand to friend or stranger; but assail his liberty and you will find that he will fight to the bitter end, regardless of the odds against him.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A History of England for Catholic Schools. By E. Wyatt-Davies, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1903.

It must not be thought from the title that this volume is a summary of the history of the Catholic Church in England. It is a political, not an ecclesiastical history, and its purpose is, while giving a narrative of political events, to emphasize matters of special interest to Catholics. The need of a work of this nature is clear to all who have had to explain or to lecture upon the leading events in the drama of English history. For while there are many excellent manuals in point of general completeness or of literary finish, they all fail lamentably in the presentation of matters of keenest interest to Catholics, either because these events are entirely omitted or because, if mentioned, the setting is such as to throw a false light upon the events themselves. The book, consequently, has a well-defined sphere of school-work in the middle and upper divisions of colleges and academies. The leading events discussed in each chapter are printed in heavy type at the beginning of the paragraph, while there is a summary of the chief events at the end of each chapter. Everything has been done to impress the principal incidents of English History upon the mind of the student. The maps and genealogies are excellent and the index is very complete. The great merit of Mr. Wyatt-Davies' book consists in the absence of personal bias and in the well-balanced statements of facts. Nowhere in the entire book is there the slightest attempt to apply canons of stern criticism to the actions of Protestants or to extenuate the follies and failings of Catholics.

A Systematic Study of the Catholic Religion. By Charles Coppens, S.J. St. Louis, Herder, 1903. $1.00.

The learned Father Coppens, so well-known by his works upon mental and moral philosophy, gives us in this volume a systematic study, not only of the Catholic Church, but

also of the Christian Revelation and of its credentials. These subjects are of the highest moment. We cannot too earnestly emphasize the nature, possibility and need of a positive revelation for mankind. All forms of Christianity, and, consequently, Catholicity itself, call for a full treatment of these fundamental topics. The battle in the religious world today is not, as formerly, between the mother church and her rebellious children, but between the upholders of a revealed religion and the scoffers thereat. More and more are we convinced of the need of speaking and writing at length upon these foundations of religious doctrine. Fr. Coppen's work appeals to the student-body and to educated Catholics. It is admirably suited for this purpose, for it is brief, without being uninteresting, and complete, without being burdened by minor and unnecessary details. It will prove an excellent text-book for the higher classes in our colleges.

There is one point which we should like to see developed in a second edition, and that is the supernatural life. Non-Catholics find it so difficult to grasp the full meaning of what the Church understands by the *supernatural* life that we need a complete exposition thereof in any manual for the laity, who will frequently be called upon to explain the views they hold. We wish Fr. Coppens many years of continued activity in the cause he so effectively serves.

Nautical Distances and How to Compute Them. By Rt. Rev. John Hogan, Bishop of Kansas City. Kansas City, Hudson, Kimberly Pub. Co.

It is always comforting, in face of the oft-repeated calumnies about the neglect of the sciences by Catholics, to recall how much has been done by the clergy for the advancement of that which they are supposed to despise. Thus Copernicus, the famous astronomer, was a priest and canon of the church of Frauenburg; Marquette, the explorer, was a devout Jesuit; the Abbe Nollet was the first to observe the electric spark from a living body; the Abbe Caselli invented the electro-chemical copying telegraph; the Franciscan, Roger Bacon, and the Dominican, Albert the Great, were both well versed in practical chemistry. To these and to many other clerical writers' names we must now add that of the Right Reverend Bishop Hogan, who has devised a simple method of determining distances between two points on the earth's surface, when their latitude and longitude are known. The rule is as follows: "The square root of the sum of the squares of the differences in latitude and longitude between two places given in miles is the distance between these places in miles." The advantage of so simple a rule is evident. We are destined to play a most important part in international commerce. How necessary, then, for our students to have exact knowledge of the relative positions of the great trading-centres! Bishop Hogan's rule enables us to acquire this knowledge by a method so easy that even a boy can become an expert in these calculations.

The Holy Family Series of Catholic Catechisms. No. 2. For the Use of the Confirmation Class. Prepared by Rev. Francis J. Butler. Boston, Flynn & Co.

Good paper, clear print, and substantial binding set off Fr. Butler's useful manual for Confirmation classes. The catechism part contains on one page the doctrine, on the opposite a reading lesson upon the subject of the chapter. To these reading lessons leading questions are attached. The essential points to be mastered by the child are printed in large, bold type which must impress even the inattentive, a matter of supreme moment in Sunday school work. The appendix contains suitable prayers for Holy Communion and other devotions, together with a collection of well-chosen hymns. The book ought to have a large circulation in our many parishes; for it will be found most helpful not only to the little ones, but also to those who have reached the years of manhood.

Edgar, or From Atheism to the Full Truth. By Father Von Hammerstein, S. J. Translated from the German at the Georgetown Visitation Convent. St. Louis, Herder, 1903. $1.25.

Father Von Hammerstein, a learned convert from Lutheranism, has devoted his talents and his energy to an unflinching combat with the errors of atheism and of agnosticism. He knows from a widespread experience how the specious utterances of unbelievers strongly fascinate the youthful, undeveloped mind, and how many, in consequence, are led into mistakes fatal both to their intellectual and moral growth. The volume under review deals with the insidious attacks of the prophets of atheism. It is divided into three parts:—(1) God or Atheism; (2) Jesus Christ; (3) The Catholic Church and its Doctrines. The book has enjoyed a phenomenal success in Europe, for not only has it passed through ten editions in the original, but it has been translated into the Hungarian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, Bohemian and other languages. Father Von Hammerstein's manner of presentation is decidedly original, for the discussions are conducted either under the form of dialogues or of letters. This enables the author to be pointed, pungent and profound. Edgar is a highly cultured young German, who, after the completion of his law course in Berlin, was taken dangerously ill, while on a pleasure trip in the south of England. He was conveyed to a hospital of the Sisters of Charity, where he formed the acquaintance of a gifted priest to whom he unfolded his views and opinions about life and

the world. Between the two a warm friendship sprang up, and the subjects of conversation were continued in letters, after the sick man had recovered his health. The book has a wide field, especially among the large numbers of young men who frequent non-Catholic colleges and universities, where they necessarily meet with many unbelievers and scoffers. For such a purpose the work is without a rival; and we sincerely hope that the deft hands which are called in to pack snugly away the belongings of the adult college or university student will place a copy of "Edgar" where it will be seen and consulted. It will give courage to the faltering, and readiness of speech to the fearless. "Edgar" aims to be as useful to the believer as to the unbeliever.

The Student's Handbook of British and American Literature. By the Rev. O. L. Jenkins, A.M.S.S. Edited by Rev. G. E. Viger, A.M.S.S. 14th Ed. Baltimore, John Murphy Co.

It is always pleasant to welcome an old friend, and many of us know from long experience how true and trusty Jenkins' Guide to British and American Literature has always been. Fr. Viger has brought this edition up to the present time, so that we are kept in touch with the salient events in the literary world of today. We are delighted to find a generous appreciation of Allies' writings, for this distinguished convert possessed a mind of rare originality and of marvelous keenness. His monumental work upon the history of the Church is without a rival in any language. It ought to be in every library, public, parish or private, in the English-speaking world, and we have always regretted the painful and well-known lack of support which he had to suffer from his co-religionists. Father Sheehan, the genial author of "My New Curate," and Aubrey De Vere also receive well merited notice. But why, not to refer to otners, are Katharine E. Conway and Mary Catherine Crowley not mentioned? Both of these writers are an ornament to the literary circles of the country. Even where the custom of teaching literature by lecture prevails, this volume will be found to be a most useful text-book for the pupil.

Catholic London Missions. From the Reformation to the Year 1850. By Johanna H. Harting. St. Louis, Herder, 1903.

The history of the English Catholics during the days of persecution is one of unfaltering courage, of undying hope, and of unswerving loyalty. Every device that malice could suggest, and every torture that a fiendish cruelty could invent were made use of in order to crush the faith out of that brave band which, after the sad defection under Henry VIII and Edward VI remained true to the old religion. Miss Harting in a volume, full of pathetic interest, seeks to place before us some of the tragic scenes in which Catholic Englishmen were the *protagonists*, some of the untoward surroundings in which the proscribed religion was exercised. "The materials," as Fr. Tyrrell remarks, "are necessarily scant. Men flying for their lives are not likely to leave careful records of their flight for the convenience of the leisurely historian of the future; nor, when secrecy is essential to safety, will they leave any traces of their path that can possibly be obliterated. Hence the little that these pages enshrine has been gathered together but slowly, and at the cost of much industry, from private tradition, from letters between intimate friends, and from similar sources." While the arrangement of the materials thus laboriously collected is not as scientific as might be wished, nevertheless the book is replete with information of a nature fitted to stimulate the faltering in the active exercise of faith and to add new courage to the brave and true.

Hero Stories from American History. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. Boston, Ginn & Co., 1903.

Nothing appeals so strongly to the youthful imagination as the heroic. The soldier, the sailor, the athlete, appear to the young as the ideal citizen, whose deeds they ought to emulate. It is wise, consequently, on the part of educators to take advantage of this spirit of hero-worship and to cull from our history the records of those deeds which, while they show the generous sacrifices made to preserve and to advance our country, contain many lessons for the development of character. The present volume could be apropriately used either as a supplementary reading book on American history for the fifth and sixth grades in elementary schools, or for collateral reading in connection with a formal text-book of a somewhat higher grade. The illustrations, binding, type-page and general mechanical execution are of that superior stamp which marks the publications of Ginn & Co.

Ireland and Her Story. By Justin McCarthy. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $1.00.

To announce a book by Justin McCarthy is to ensure for it an attentive public, and when that book chances to be "Ireland and Her Story," issued on the eve of the passage of the Land Act, interest is deepened and intensified. Mr. McCarthy never disappoints his readers, and his reputation as an nistorian and raconteur suffers no abatement through his latest work. He makes history personal and picturesque, and his portraits of warriors, statesmen, orators and authors are skilfully drawn. In small compass he presents biographies, traces history, and recalls legends. "The legend is the parent of the history," he says. "If we

would understand the story of a nation we must begin by a study of its legendary lore."

This volume therefore opens with the assurance that Ireland had a great literature of her own—legendary, poetic and historical—in days long before the light of Christianity had shone upon the island. Mr. McCarthy depicts the struggles of the dawn, the conversion of Ireland, the Danish Invasion, the fame of Brian Boru, the Norman Invasion, and the subjugation of Ireland. After the Conquest the Geraldines are graphically presented. "Silken Thomas," dainty of garb and stout of soul, is a figure to attract the novelist, and the reader will feel that Mr. McCarthy completes all too soon his study of this hero, whose career is enshrined in poetry and romance as well as in history. In the religious and political movements marking the reign of Elizabeth, Shane O'Neil, the beloved of the ballad singers, is pictured surrounded by his retainers, who, roughly clad and armed with battle axes, form a notable array.

Ireland under Cromwell, the Stuarts, and the Georges, forms chapters of engrossing interest. But the author is at his best when, coming down to our own times, he records his personal impressions and reminiscences of the people and events that made history during the last fifty years. Mr. McCarthy treats his subject from a broad and impartial standpoint, explaining old antagonisms with an absence of prejudice that is all the more remarkable because exhibited by a man who was no neutral in the strife for national independence, and yet who never in the stormiest times lost the esteem of his own people or of the English.

Memoirs of a Child. By Annie Steger Winston. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, $1.00.

A dainty little book to revive pleasant memories, and other memories not so pleasant, is "Memoirs of a Child." Miss Winston recalls a very real child, not one of the wonderful type, though given to wondering much, and questioning why the moon should not follow her, or why thunder and lightning should not mark the displeasure of heaven at her childish faults, and many other problems that other unfolding minds have vainly striven to solve. Her appreciations of people were based on their treatment of her, and the greater the kindness they manifested towards her, naturally the higher they stood in her esteem. The child's world was peopled chiefly by children, but grown people intruded too frequently with unwelcome advice, such as not to put her feet on the chair that way, or not to use the word "raggetty." "Ragged" no doubt was correct, but it did not appeal to the child, and adult manners and opinions struck her on the whole as being imperfect. It was rather remarkable that while silence on the part of the child was often insisted upon, grown people should whisper at will and evidently make personal remarks. The habit of perpetrating jokes on children or practicing deceit towards them is gently reproved, and the child's personal experiences of such trials are recalled. Such experiences are familiar to many who have ceased to live in the realm of childhood, but who will thoroughly enjoy returning for a brief while to that land of mystery peopled by wide-eyed questioning mortals.

Ike Glidden in Maine. By A. D. McFaul. Dickerman Publishing Company, Boston.

The story dealing with rural life has a peculiar fascination for many readers, particularly among those whose early associations are connected with country life. Every year brings out a number of such books, and among the best of its class issued this current year is "Ike Glidden in Maine." It is a bright study of the gradual development of the country boy into the man of affairs, the leader of his fellows. The incidents, conversation, and descriptions of country life are true to their setting, and awaken interest and provide amusement. There is very little plot, but the action of the story makes this lack less felt as it keeps the characters moving, and even the slow motion common to many country folk has a charm of its own for those gifted with a sense of humor. Occasionally there is a little touch of exaggeration that one could wish had been avoided, and some critics may claim that the evolution of Ike is altogether too rapid. But on the whole the story is well written, it is wholesome in tone, and will repay the reader. It is a pleasant companion for a leisure hour and should be added to the list of books for the long winter evenings so near at hand.

Comstock's Ways of the Six-Footed. By Anna Botsford Comstock, Lecturer in Cornell University.

Morley's Insect Folk. By Margaret W. Morley. Illustrated.

Nature Books published by Ginn & Co., Boston.

"Ways of the Six Footed" was written for all nature lovers. It may well be used as supplementary reading in the schools, since it is sure to put the reader in sympathy with the teeming life of field and forest. The illustrations are from drawings by the author and from photographs.

"Insect Folk" invites young readers into the fields and woods to become acquainted with the insect people and with their habits and customs.

The life histories of the more important insects in the principal insect orders, from the dragon flies to the butterflies, are given in readable form. The work presents a clear and

careful account of the ever-wonderful transformations through which so many of the insects pass.

Homophonic Conversation Book. In English, German, French and Italian. Being a natural aid to the memory in learning these languages. By C. B. and C. V. Waite. C. V. Waite & Co., 479 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, $1.00.

This little book is, as its title indicates, based upon the similarity in sound and in signification of the principal words used in the sentences. That this will aid the memory is undeniable. When these like sounding words have been learned, others of a different character can be substituted, the construction of the sentences remaining the same. The conversations are arranged under different headings: Salutation, The Time, The Weather, The News, etc., also covering the various situations and emergencies in travel. Also cardinal and ordinal numbers and divisions of time are given, whether homophonic or not.

Nearly 500 homophonic words are used, an alphabetical table of which is added, giving the form of the word in each language.

The Catholic Home Annual for 1904. Benziger Bros., New York, 25 cents.

As usual this Annual presents to readers a choice list of contents in addition to the calendar data it supplies. There are stories, pictures and poems, and several well known names appear among the contributors. This calendar is always among the first of the New Year visitors to reach us, and comes as a greeting from friends.

The Jones Readers. Numbers One to Five. Ginn & Co., Boston.

In binding, illustrations, type and paper these books are unusually effective. They contain a large amount of well graded and carefully chosen reading matter inculcating lessons of heroism, patriotism, manliness, kindness to animals. In their careful development of the vocabulary and in their systematic plan these readers are particularly adapted for a basal series. They embody a line of thought and purpose which can be extended by supplementary reading in any direction that the special need of the class may require.

The illustrations, several hundred of which are printed from the best wood engravings that can be procured, are from originals by well-known artists. The superiority of the illustrations over those in the average set of readers is particularly obvious.

The art of good penmanship should receive decided encouragement from the publication of the "Medical Writing Books," issued by the same firm. These books have been prepared to meet the demand for a style of penmanship that combines legibility, grace and speed. The writing is as clear as print, with sufficient slant to the letters to make possible the rapidity of the old slant system. Practice on the different letters is afforded by presenting every capital and small letter in the first twelve pages of each of the numbers, from 2 to 6, and by making the last twelve pages of each book a review of the first twelve. The higher numbers make a practical application of penmanship to the social and business forms demanded by the average citizen in the conduct of his affairs.

The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco has just issued an edifying and instructive series of meditations on the Mysteries of the Rosary. These short meditations are calculated to inspire devotion in the recitation of the most popular prayers, and to teach the reader the most profitable method of meditating on the Mysteries. It is in pamphlet form. Copies may be had from the Truth Society, Flood Building, San Francisco, at 5 cents each, or 3.00 per 100 copies.

QUESTION BOX.

Are the Christians in Macedonia Catholics?

A few thousand only of the Macedonians are in union with the church. Leo XIII, of happy memory, labored most zealously for their return to the true fold, and, to help these Christians in their religious life, he appointed a vicar apostolic with residence at Saloniki, as far back as the 12th of June, 1883. It is well to bear in mind that St. Paul's mission course to Europe was first to Macedonia. For while he was at Troas, debating whether to journey to Italy or not, a man from Macedonia appeared to him in a vision, crying out, "Come over to Macedonia and help us." "Forthwith," adds the sacred record, "we sought means to pass over into Macedonia, doubting not that God was calling us thitherward to preach the Gospel there."

What is the Congregation of the Propaganda?

It is a special body of ecclesiastics, founded in 1622 by Gregory XV, for the purpose of spreading the Faith in heretical and infidel countries. In these regions it has full charge of the mission-work, and it performs, consequently, whatever is deemed advantageous to the cause of religion there. The jurisdiction

of the congregation extends to countries, like our own, which are regarded more or less as mission-countries, because in such territories it has been found impossible to introduce all the regulations of Canon Law. On this account nearly all the business between the American clergy and the Holy See is transacted through this congregation. The presiding officer is a cardinal, and the post is looked upon as one of the most important and influential in the church.

Which king of England was called the mutton-eater?

Charles II received this sobriquet, as we learn from the well-known lines:

Here lies our mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never *said* a foolish thing,
And never *did* a wise on'.

What do the letters V. D. M. I. AE. mean?

These are the initial letters of the words: "Verbum Dei manet in æternum" (the word of God abideth forever). They were selected by the Lutheran bishops as their motto in the famous diet of Spires (A. D. 1529). It was owing to the protest made against the decree of this assemblage that the followers of Luther were called *Protestants*.

Do you approve of Lord's Beacon Lights of History?

Assuredly not! These volumes cannot win the support of the scientific historian, because they lack depth and calmness, essential qualities in a reliable history; while as for fair treatment to Catholics, the books are marked by a narrowness and a prejudice unworthy of the twentieth century. They belong to the class of works "published to sell"—a class of padded prose effusions which ought to be banished from the country.

What books would you advise me to give to a non-Catholic who wishes to study the truths of the Church?

It is difficult to give a direct answer to this question, as many works, excellent in themselves, will be appreciated only by the learned. The general public will find the following of great service:

Short Answers, by Mgr. Segur.

Short Cut to the True Church, by Rev. E. Hill, C. P.

Catholic Belief, by Faa di Bruno.

Our Christian Heritage, by Cardinal Gibbons.

Is One Religion as Good as Another? by Rev. John MacLaughlin.

Plain Facts, by Fr. Searle, C. S. P.

The Question Box, by Rev. B. Conway, C. S. P.

The Faith of Our Fathers, by Cardinal Gibbons.

Catholic Christians Instructed, by Bishop Challoner.

For those who are highly educated the following could be recommended:

The Divinity of Christ, by Mgr. Bougaud.

Evidences of Religion, by Rev. Louis Jouin. S. J.

The Divinity of Christ, by Auguste Nicolas.

Who and What is Christ? by Rev. Fr. Roh, S. J.

The True Religion, by Rev. N. Russo, S. J.

Natural Religion, by Hettinger.

Revealed Religion, by Hettinger.

Christian Apologetics, by Rev. W. Devivier, S. J.

A Systematic Study of the Catholic Religion, by Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.

A Christian Apology, by Rev. P. Scharz, D.D.

Christianity or Agnosticism, by L'Abbe Picard.

Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church, by Cardinal Wiseman.

The Divine Plan of the Church, by Rev. John MacLaughlin.

Catholic Controversy, by Rev. H. J. D. Ryder.

Many other works might be suggested, but those mentioned will form a solid foundation.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Paul Baudry.

"DID NOT THE PROPHETS FORETELL HIS COMING. . . . ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEY ADDED PARTICULARS OF HIS TIME AND COMING UP TO JOHN THE BAPTIST, THE LAST AND GREATEST, WHO WAS DESTINED TO POINT HIM OUT IN THE FLESH."

Bouguereau

"A CHILD IS BORN TO US AND HE SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND FOR EVER THE PRINCE OF PEACE."

Donahoe's Magazine

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THE CHRIST CHILD THE IDEAL OF CHILDHOOD.

BY THE REV. JOHN T. DRISCOLL.

Christmas chimes ring out soft and clear. Their music ushers in another Christmas morn. The day of all days has dawned and diffuses an atmosphere of joy and holy peace over the earth. Cruel passion and bitter strife are hushed and stilled. A gentle spirit stirs the soul. Bright faces and glad voices give the Christmas greeting. A transforming power has entered human life, chastening our thoughts, purifying our feelings and softening our intercourse one with another,—and the cause of the change is a little child.

The birth of the Christ-Child marks an epoch in the history of the human race. It has entered so deeply into our thoughts and feelings that its commemoration has become simple and natural. Nearly two thousand years have come and gone since shepherds watching their flocks at night on the hillsides of Judea listened with awe to the music of angel voices. The lapse of time does not dim its beauty, nor weaken its influence. Its recital today is as inspiring as when told in the palace of the Cæsars or stirred in the savage hearts of the fierce barbarians from the north. For "A child is born to us . . . and he shall reign for ever and for ever . . . the prince of peace."

The coming of the Messiah was not unexpected. The writings of Tacitus and Suetonius, Roman historians, show that at the time there was a wide-spread belief in a Deliverer who would come from the East and rule over the nations. Did not the prophets foretell his coming, even giving indications of the time and place? The idea of a Saviour was fixed in the mind of the Jewish people. Imparted by God Himself to our first parents after the fall, it was repeated and gradually unfolded by the prophets of the Old Testament. One after another they added particulars of His time and coming up to John the Baptist, the last and greatest, who, sanctified by the corporal presence of the Redeemer, was destined to point Him out in the flesh. Do we not read in the Gospels that the

great council of the High Priests in Jerusalem sent a deputation to John asking whether he was the prophet who was to come?

Although the coming of the Messiah was a truth deeply imbedded in the consciousness of the Jewish people, yet the manner and circumstances of that coming were unknown. To this extent the designs of God were concealed. The first scene in the life of Jesus is that of a helpless infant. Not in a palace, surrounded by signs of wealth and luxury, is the newborn King found, but in a bed of straw in a cave on the hillsides of Bethlehem. Rich and powerful princes are not in attendance. Poor and humble shepherds are the first to do homage "Come let us adore Him" is the answer to the hymn of "Glory and peace" brought by angel-voices to their listening ears. "Come let us adore Him" is the glad cry of countless thousands in response to Heaven's message as its glad music is wafted down the ages, gently sounding to listening hearts. We kneel in an atmosphere of awe and holiness before the Virgin Mother and the Divine Child. Peace and joy steal over us and penetrate into the inmost recesses of the heart.

The picture of the Child Jesus,—so exquisitely beautiful in its surroundings that it has been the inspiration of the masters in painting, poetry, and music; so touching in its simple poverty that it softens the most hardened heart—contains also a profound truth which fills the devout mind seeking to sound its secret depths. Jesus said that His kingdom was not of this world, and no more striking illustration of this truth is found than in His birth. He was the Light of the World, and the radiance of this light has enveloped the crib of Bethlehem. The new life which He brought to the world, and of which His own life is the perfect model, finds here its first illustration. He proclaimed stronger than words the dignity, the sanctity, the beauty of child-life. Human life was invested with a sacredness and charm which before it was not known to possess. The child is the creation of God, made after His own image and likeness and possessing an immortal soul. Jesus took upon Himself the vesture of our childhood, that it should shine in His reflected light. The child was uplifted and ennobled. No longer was it to be regarded as the creature of human caprice or power. The Crib of Bethlehem illuminated and sanctified it. The world was taught that the child is a God-given trust, redeemed by the sufferings and death of His own Divine Son, Who first appeared among men in the littleness and weakness of a child.

The story of the Christ-Child, with its strong appeal to the devout imagination, is not the creation of poetic fancy. With the angels, the shepherds, and the Magi, we adore the "Word made flesh." The birth and mission of His Incarnate Son is the supreme revelation of God's infinite mercy for sinful man. In the Infant Jesus, heaven and earth, the Creator and the creature, are drawn together by a supernatural bond. God assumes human nature, and in its assumption elevates and sanctifies it. That Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary is a truth of revelation narrated in the Gospels, set forth in the creeds of faith, and professed by Christians from the beginning. Mary became a mother, yet always was a virgin. This sublime truth is offered for our acceptance on the authority of God's word, and the reason given is that "nothing is hard or impossible to Him." It is the act of Divine Omnipotence and in the order of grace has its share and part in the work of Divine Redemption. The Virgin can never be separated from her Divine Son and the great prerogatives she enjoys are by virtue of her relationship to Him.

Fritz Roeber.

"WITH THE ANGELS WE ADORE THE 'WORD MADE FLESH

The simple and sublime truth of the Christ-Child was preached to a Pagan world. The high ideal of a Christian home appealed to the minds and hearts of men. By the sacrament of Baptism the child is made to share in the Kingdom of Christ. God makes the little one as His own, and the divine seal invests the infant life with a peculiar dignity and holiness. In Catholic teaching the child plays a leading and significant part. Not content to appear in the vesture of childhood, Jesus made the child the model of regenerated man. "Unless you become as little children, you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." We must be child-like in innocence and holiness to please God. For we are children of God and brothers of Christ in the supernatural covenant of His own Eternal Son.

The history of civilization shows how this beautiful teaching took root and spread. Hence arose the Christian home —the source and centre of social life. In the Christian family peace and virtue reign supreme. Like a subtle atmosphere the influence of the home is diffused on every side. The rules of human conduct are elevated and purified; manners are softened and refined, and the gentler virtues of forgiveness and pity, of kindness and helpfulness, exert a chastening power. As time went on Christian charity for the helpless and the afflicted assumed an organized form in the erection of asylums, of hospitals, and in the rise of the religious orders among men and women. The priceless dignity of the individual, the sanctity of human life as revealed by Jesus from the mystery of His birth to that of the resurrection is the moving power and example of the manifold works of charity, which are the characteristics of Christian civilization.

The place which the child holds in modern literature presents a striking illustration and an interesting topic for study. The beautiful picture of childhood could not fail to play a prominent part in the portrayal of human thought and life. The Christian idea of the child is reflected in the pages of the great minds who have sounded and set forth the motions and springs of human action. Shakespeare, Dickens, George Eliot, recognized the beauty of child-life, and in eloquent passages depicted its elevating and transforming power. In the tragedy of King John, what is it that stirs the soul of the reader and imparts to the play its peculiar charm? Is it not the contrast of the child Arthur and his cruel uncle? In the contrast the characters of both are revealed by a master hand. The youth and innocence of the young prince, the gentleness and beauty of his life, his touching pleadings for mercy, stir the most hardened heart. The scene between Arthur and Hubert brings tears to the eye and arouses every sense of sympathy and justice. The murder of Arthur leaves a stain on England's escutcheon, and the stain is all the deeper because it was the murder of a child.

The novels of Charles Dickens are an important contribution to English literature, but far more so to the study of English social life. Written with the spirit of a reformer, they reveal the miseries and injustice under which the poorer classes in England groaned. The changing conditions of after generations, the cure of the evils he exposed, take from many of his stories the absorbing interest they aroused in the readers of his own time. One book, however, will live as long as the English language is spoken. I allude to the Christmas stories. To Dickens Christmas is the festival of the home. In portraying the beauty and power of home-life he finds a labor of love. Conscious that the Christian home is the inspiration of the individual and the safeguard of society he invests it with all the charm of his genius. Joy breathes forth and gentle peace;

E. Veith. "HE WAS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD, AND THE RADIANCE OF THIS LIGHT HAS ENVELOPED THE CRIB OF BETHLEHEM."

Romea Ravazzi.

"WE KNEEL IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF AWE AND HOLINESS BEFORE THE VIRGIN MOTHER AND THE DIVINE CHILD. PEACE AND JOY STEAL OVER US AND PENETRATE INTO THE INMOST RECESSES OF THE HEART."

kindness, forgiveness, and helpfulness are embodied in the characters he portrays. The "Merry Christmas" of Scrooge, the "God bless us one and all" of Tiny Tim are echoes of the gladness which should fill to overflowing the heart of everyone on Christmas day. "And he took a child and set him in the midst of them" were the words which entered with their wealth of memories into the miser's heart, and gave the inspiration and explanation of the story.

George Eliot has left in Silas Marner an interesting and instructive study. The central figure of the story is a young man who is falsely accused of a crime, is deserted by friends and betrothed bride, and is subjected to an unjust and hypocritical trial. He leaves home and settles in a strange village, with the loss of faith in God and confidence in man. He becomes an outcast, an eccentric, a miser. But his cup of bitterness is not yet drained. One night he searches in the hiding-place for the gold and silver coins which had become his pleasure and God, and finds the treasure gone. Now shines the one bright ray in the sad and disheartening story. A little child strays into the hut. Unlike others she shows no fear or distrust of the miser. He is interested by her childish prattle and confidences, and his heart again softens to human expression. As the child grows in years the bond between them becomes stronger, a gradual change is wrought in his character, the faith in God and the confidence in mankind which he had lost so many years before, gradually comes back. The change is the work of a child.

Christmas chimes are ringing through the still air. The song they sing is ever old and ever new. It is the beautiful story of the Christ-Child. What wonder that Christmas has become the children's day! The events of our childhood rise from out the distant past with vivid pictures of Christian parents, of the Christmas tree and of Christmas gifts. We live these days over again with the children around us. Home and church are aglow with lights and festive decorations. The spirit of the Infant Jesus, which has entered so deeply into the hearts of men and left the great monuments of Christian genius and of Christian charity, is exerting its magic power on our daily lives. "Glory to God and Peace to men" is the refrain which brings men nearer to God and closer one to another. The barriers of race and position, of pride and passion, are swept away. We kneel before the Crib in the surroundings of that first Christmas night. The heart breaks forth in hymns of prayer and praise. "A child is born to us, and a son is given to us; and the government is upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace."

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER I.

MISS ANGEL.

When John Corbett of Minster was left a widower with three boys and four girls it was confidently anticipated by the gossips that he would be a married man again before it became necessary for anyone to think of launching the girls into society and the boys on various paths to honor.

The gossips were mistaken, as they often are. The years passed and Mr. Corbett seemed quite satisfied with his celibacy. The children had the best nurses, the best governesses and tutors that money could procure. They never seemed to miss their mother. They were one and all intensely devoted to their silent, strongfaced father. Minster was the happiest home imaginable, as it was certainly the most beautiful, with its long, low front, its ivied walls and twisted chimneys, its gardens and pleasaunces, its lake with swans and water-lilies.

It was stranger than a fairy-tale that John Corbett should be master of Minster, the stately place, outside whose park walls there yet stood the cottage in which he had been born.

When he was a lanky lad of thirteen or fourteen, doing odd jobs on the neighbouring farms, spending his leisure in constructing from the most primitive materials complicated little plans and models, all cog-wheels and rattling springs, old Squire Sachevarell of Minster had come upon these evidences of the boy's tastes accidentally.

Old Mrs. Corbett had been all in a flutter at the discovery.

"He's not that idle, sir," she said. "He'll turn his hand to honest labor as well. 'Tis of evenin's or far into the nights he plays with the likes o' that there."

John had just come in, grimed with field-labor, and stood awkwardly turning his cap about in his hand while his mother apologized for him. He was more conscious of Miss Angel than he was of the Squire. Miss Angel Sachevarell, white as snow, golden-headed, ethereally delicate and exquisite, fascinated the lad to the exclusion of that magnificent person, the Squire. He was only conscious of Miss Angel as he turned his cap about in his hands.

"Idle? my good soul," said the Squire. "Tut, tut! this is not idleness. Show me your fingers, lad."

John Corbett extended a hand, blushing rose-red under his grime because he was conscious of its grubbiness, and that Angel's clear eyes full of light were upon it.

"Ah!" said the Squire, as though to himself. "Tending to be spatulate, and going off suddenly into the imaginative point. The lad has a genius for mechanics. He shall have his chance."

John was put to school, through the good offices of the Squire. When he had left school he went to engineering. Later, he was sent by the firm who employed him to Australia. Before he went he had broken a sixpence with a pretty round-faced girl whom he had known from his childhood, who had improved within her opportunities as he had done, and had become a schoolmistress.

Many wakeful nights, many painful days, passed before John made the discovery that brought him fame and fortune. He gave his name to something so simple and cunning that it was a marvel it had not been thought of thousands of times before. He was offered dazzling sums for

his patent, but he preferred to accept a partnership in the old firm, towards which he was conscious of a simple loyalty. Within a very short time the new invention had superseded all other things of the same kind in the market, and John Corbett found himself a rich man and likely to be very much richer.

There followed a few bewildering years when the firm was establishing branches and agencies all over the world. The new young partner in the firm—the elder partners were comfortable, kindly Quakers, no longer young—seemed to be incessantly afloat or in trains. Then a breathing-space came. At last he had time to return home and marry Hetty, and to lay in her lap fruits of the years such as neither of them had ever deemed possible in their wildest dreams.

He went to see his old mother before his marriage. With a curious, shy hesitation he asked for the Squire and Miss Angel. He had never forgotten the large eyes, full of light under their transparent lids, upon his grimy fingers.

The mother,—who did not realize yet that her Johnny was grown a man of importance, although she basked in the comforts and luxuries with which he surrounded her,—the mother solemnly shook her head in its white cap.

"Glory takes unto itself wings and riches fly away," she said. "And Squire Sachevarell is dead: and Miss Angel sits there all alone, with the bailiffs at the door."

"Good heavens!" cried John, greatly shocked. The Sachevarells had seemed to him beyond the mortal lot of sorrow and loss.

"Aye, indeed, lad," went on the mother, "and they do say that if the place be sold over her head 'twill kill Miss Angel. Yet folks is greedy for their money, and already the sale is in all the newspapers. The Duchess, Miss Angel's one friend, is away, and in sore trouble herself, her only boy lying sick to death. There is no one to help Miss Angel."

There was someone. John Corbett went back thoughtfully to the great building which now housed the firm. He spent a couple of hours after working hours shut up with ledger and bank-book. A day or two later Minster was withdrawn from the market, having been bought by a private purchaser.

Miss Angel sat in the oak-panelled room at Minster which had been her father's study, under her mother's portrait, and wondered how soon the blow would fall.

She was whiter than ever now, and her head on its slender neck seemed scarcely able to support the masses of pale gold hair, fine as floss silk and as soft. The dark room framed her as a dark panel, a Fra Angelico angel. There was no fire in the grate though the day was chilly. She drew her Indian shawl about her, and shivered, as much at her thoughts as for cold.

"Will you see Mr. Corbett, Miss Angel?" asked Bradbury, the old butler who had not deserted the Sachevarells' sinking ship.

Some memory stirred in Miss Angel.

Could "Mr. Corbett" be that son of old Mrs. Corbett at the Mead Cottages whom her father had been interested in and helped? She knew vaguely that young Corbett had done his benefactor credit, and had acted handsomely by his mother. She remembered in a sudden flash of memory the velvety brown eyes of the lad, faithful and kind as a dog's.

"Ask Mr. Corbett to come in, Bradbury," she said, in a startled way.

John Corbett came in. They looked at each other over an immeasurable distance of time and change. Miss Angel was fading away from earth. John Corbett had become a gentleman, in manners, in looks. He was quietly well-dressed: and one could not but respect that face.

"I remember you," said Miss Angel

softly, "though you were only a boy when I saw you last. Papa would have been so pleased."

John Corbett stammered something in a bewildered way about his gratitude for being remembered.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Miss Angel, with that ethereal smile of hers. "Papa would have been so pleased. Oh papa! I remember papa that day. You know that he has left me, Mr. Corbett, and that unless I make haste to follow him I shall not have a roof to cover me?"

John Corbett stared at her as though he saw a heaven missed and for ever out of his reach.

"I came to talk about that," he said brokenly. "Yes, I knew the Squire was gone. But Miss Angel, Minster is yours as long as you will stay in it. What would Minster be without you? I will intrude as little as I can. I shall be obliged to put in gardeners and other servants or the place will suffer. But you are its mistress still. You owe as much as that to the lad your father picked out of the gutter."

His voice was shaken with agitation. He began to realize clearly that Miss Angel's face had been before him all his days, the star to his ambition, the goal towards which he had dimly tended. And soon his star would have fallen from its sky, and only an ache of emptiness would remain to him for its sweet company.

Miss Angel was looking at him now with an expression in which many emotions contended.

"Papa," she said again, as though she appealed to someone just out of sight, "Papa! What would you have said, my dearest? Oh, Mr. Corbett," turning on John her heavenly gaze,—"how shall I thank you for your kindness? It is true that you offer me peace for the time I stay. But is it not too much?"

"I should be a farm-laborer to-day if it were not for the Squire," said John, his eyes pleading hard.

"Papa said you would have made your way, that yours were gifts too great to be extinguished by circumstances. I think papa would tell me I might accept your most delicate kindness and generosity. How am I to thank you?"

"By staying a long time, Miss Angel; by forgetting that there is such a person as John Corbett in the world, by remembering only that Minster is yours."

"My dear friend,"—Miss Angel's two hands, delicate as summer moths, fluttered into John Corbett's reverent grasp. "I accept it all, and I shall stay as long as I may to thank you. But that will not be very long."

As a matter of fact Miss Angel lived just six months, and after her death John Corbett came into possession of his own. He dealt gently with Minster, altered little, renovated scarcely at all. He had taken over the place, bag and baggage, plate and pictures and all. The price paid was little enough to satisfy the late Squire's creditors. The Squire and Miss Angel had paid the penalty that sometimes is necessary when an idealist strives to be practical.

Hetty Ambler married John Corbett and became mistress in Miss Angel's place. She never succeeded in playing the part very satisfactorily, though she made many and mistaken efforts, even to trying to bring the old servants of the Sachevarells into harmony with her ideas of discipline and simple living. However, she never discovered her failure, any more than she discovered that she did not entirely fill the mental horizon of the man she had married, who was so invariably tender and gentle with her.

Yet husband and children were sincerely fond of the good, painstaking, narrow little soul, and grieved sincerely for her when she was taken. Still her place was filled up as easily as a footprint in the sand; the little rules and regulations were no longer enforced or insisted upon. Her

toiling efforts to keep up with her husband's interests no longer distressed the beholder: no one could ever say if John Corbett had noticed or had not noticed that his wife instead of being content to be a quiet little motherly woman made terrible efforts to appear his intellectual equal. He was always the kindest of husbands: and Mrs. Corbett would have been the last person in the world to suspect that she had any cause for complaint.

About six months after Miss Angel's death, her friend, the Duchess of St. Kilda, returned home, having laid her son to rest in the sunny Southern country where she had taken him in search of the health that money could not buy.

Almost at once she came to see John Corbett, and took his hand in her own strong, manly grasp.

"I have heard all you did for Angel," she said, "and I shall never forget it to you. You did what I ought to have done, but that alas, I was too deeply and sadly engrossed in my own troubles. For Angel's sake, Mr. Corbett, I am your friend for life. I hope you will give me the privilege of your friendship."

John Corbett's mouth took the faintest, most delicate line of humor. To think that he had attained to a Duchess's begging the privilege of his friendship! Then it became grave and sweet again.

"I shall be only too glad, Madam," he said. "What I did was nothing. Her father made me what I am. I only wish she would have stayed and kept the place. We didn't want it."

"H'm!" said the Duchess to herself as she thought over it. "People are not ready to give away places like Minster every day. I wonder what the little bourgeoise wife would think of it! And I wonder how she will fill my Angel's place!"

When his first girl was born John Corbett had her named Angela, and Hetty did not at all object, thought it indeed quite fitting that there should be another Miss Angel at Minster.

But the father had no such thought. Rather indeed he felt as though the child made him a shadowy sort of link with the lady of his boyhood's adoration. He had a fanciful idea that Miss Angel would be pleased, and from somewhere would smile upon the child.

He was where his business was concerned a capable, matter-of-fact business man. But sometimes when eyes were off him, or he forgot that they were on him, a mist of dreams would come down on the clever, shrewd face. Somewhere in that mist the star which was Miss Angel was shining.

CHAPTER II.

ANNE.

The Duchess had not forgotten her promise to be John Corbett's friend. Indeed she was the plague of his life, or would have been if he had not been so entirely self-contained, and so sincerely devoted to her.

She was forever looking after him and his big young family, forever wanting him to take the place in the country to which his talents and his wealth entitled him, to go into Parliament, to take up public questions, to do all manner of things for which he had no earthly inclination.

"There is absolutely no reason why you should not follow in the footsteps of Mr. Chamberlain," she said in her deep bass voice. "In this country where Trade is the only thing that matters—I adore Trade myself because it marries into us and gives us its money—the country should be run by business men. When old Mr. Osborne dies. . ."

"I haven't the slightest ambition to follow in Mr. Chamberlain's footsteps, even if it were possible for me to do so," said John Corbett, laughing. "And what

would become of Armytage, Armytage and Corbett, if I were to enter Parliament, I should like to know. No, Duchess: let me stay where I am in my modest sphere of usefulness. You will easily find someone more fitted for the dazzling position you offer me."

The children, too, were on the Duchess's mind. Angela had grown up a tall fair child with the oddest suggestion, to the Duchess's mind, of the dead Angel. There was a look of the sheathed lily-bud about her; and her dazzling fairness enhanced the resemblance. She was the Duchess's god-child, and a pliable charming creature with a soft voice and a gliding, graceful step. She swayed in moving as the flowers of the field sway in the summer air. There was much to be made of Angela.

Then there was Arthur, the second son, a dark-faced, brown-eyed lad very like his father. John, the eldest son, was in the business already: and the Duchess's plans were less concerned with him. Then there was Hetty, more like Hetty Ambler than the Duchess altogether liked: and there were Cyril and Hilda and Ursula, little ones, whose futures need not yet be made a cause of trouble to their friends.

John Corbett had acted precisely as one might expect him to act, and in her heart of hearts the Duchess loved him for it while she deplored it.

He set up his mother, a simple old peasant woman, among the pictures and belongings of dead and gone Sachevarells. The Minster carriages, the Minster servants were at her beck and call. Her son surrounded her with all manner of luxuries. The servants might turn up their noses at the old white-capped dame, seated in a place of honor in the Minster drawing-rooms, or at the Minster dining-table. They might whisper among themselves that the luxurious rooms he provided for her were out of place for such as she. Be sure they showed no insolence in John Corbett's presence, or indeed anywhere where the fact might be reported to a master who knew how to win respect from his dependents. His mother must drive with him to church every Sunday and sit up in the Minster pew, below the heraldic lozenges in the south window, the memorial brasses of the Sachevarells.

More, he had no desire and no capacity for shedding his friends. The younger generation of Armytages, the friends whom he had made in his progress, mainly wealthy men of business like himself, with their wives and daughters, met the Duchess of St. Kilda in the beautiful rooms where she remembered Angel.

"I shall never change him," she said to herself. Perhaps in her heart of hearts she did not very much want to. "But the children must be trained to look higher Their poor mother's children could scarcely fail to have a middle-class trend, —all except Angela," she added hastily. "I can't set about forming those tender plants myself. Yet it is something I owe to the father that it should be done. I'll present Angela, even if I have to wear carpet slippers to do it. But there ought to be somebody to take a mother's place towards them. There comes a time when even the most high-priced governess fails. I must think this out very seriously."

The Duchess put on her considering-cap during a drive home from Minster, where she had encountered a rout of Armytages and Dunstans and Smiths and Marshalls, all representatives of wealthy families in the neighboring manufacturing town of Elsdon.

Suddenly her face cleared. She caught sight of a square of looking-glass fronting her in her brougham, and waved her hand to her own reflection therein.

"Anne Daly," she cried. "Anne Daly is the very person. To think I should not have thought of her before! Why it is the happiest of inspirations!"

Acting with her usual impulsiveness she stopped the carriage and bade the coach-

man drive to Elsdon, to the business house of Messrs. Armytage, Armytage and Corbett.

An obsequious clerk took her name to Mr. Corbett. John came downstairs to meet her, with a fine courtesy which had nothing to do with her rank, and led the way to the naked austere room with its high office desk and stools, its one ancient easy-chair, in which so many of his hours were spent.

He placed the Duchess in the easy-chair.

"I suppose you don't know there's a spring broken in it," she said, looking up at him whimsically. "And if I were you, my dear man, I'd treat myself to a new carpet and some new furniture."

"I'm too old for change," said John. It was true that his temples showed hollow under a powder of gray. "I am sorry I haven't a more comfortable chair for you, Duchess. But indeed I never knew the spring was broken. I seldom use that chair."

"No?" The Duchess's enthusiasm had waned ever so slightly. Supposing Anne were to prove impracticable. However, she put the thought from her mind.

"I am just come from Minster," she said. "Angela is lovelier than ever."

"Ah!" The father's brown eyes looked pleasure and gratitude. "You are very good to her, Duchess."

"Not at all, not at all. She is my god-daughter, and another Angel. The place was over-run by young persons of both sexes. Those children are getting past Miss May. Angela is too young to be mistress of your house, yet too old to be influenced by a good dowdy creature like May. Put a lady at the head of your household."

"A lady!" He looked his stupefaction, and there were reluctance and fear mingled with the stupefaction.

"Not that, my dear man," said the Duchess with a broad, humorous smile "She wouldn't marry you, not if you were Apollo, unless your family could trace its descent back at least six centuries."

"She?"

"My friend, Anne Daly of Witch's Castle in the county of Donegal, Ireland. She has the bluest blood in Ireland. I believe they have a pedigree tracing descent from the Garden of Eden. She looks on all us English as persons of yesterday. What is the Norman Conquest, indeed, compared with the Garden of Eden?"

The handsome gray eyes under the bands of steel-gray hair danced with merriment.

"I met her one year at Lugano. She was with her old grandmother, Madam Daly, who used to be known at half the courts of Europe for her wit and beauty, and was such a good comrade that Empresses fought for the pleasure of being her hostess. You really wouldn't have given ten shillings for any frock Anne ever wore, while her poor little trunk was the size of a hat-box. And you know we were tremendously smart at the Hotel. But she held her head higher than any of us, and passed us by as though she did not see us. Yet she knew every man, woman and child of the place, from the snuffy old *padre* to the disfigured child of the melon-seller. They all adored her. So did all the servants of the Hotel. La Bella they called her. I know she emptied out her little purse among them, and afterwards I believe she starved, for she had a rather wan look and did not appear at meals. Old Madam Daly had eyes like diamonds, and little bits of Limerick lace pinned about all over her. The first time I sent her an offering of very choice fruit I expected the girl to fling it at my head. However she didn't: she thanked me very sweetly and graciously, as though she had been a queen. After that we became great friends. I found out the simplicity and sweetness of the character behind the crust of what seemed an impossible pride. I learned to love Anne."

She paused for breath, and John Cor-

bett stood waiting, his eyebrows lifted a little in a way the Duchess knew.

"You wonder what all this has to do with you," she said. "Well, I have had a letter from Anne. She refers in the proudest way to the poverty which grows more pressing at Witch's Castle. I think she might accept a handsome salary to take the head of your table and look after your girls. She won't come to me, although I should dearly love to have her. The old grandmother has lost the very last remnant of her rents, and I expect poverty at its nakedest sits on the hearthstone of Witch's Castle. Anne wants money and to earn it. I can read it between the lines of her letter. I wouldn't give her to everyone. I give her to you."

"Ah!"

At the dolorousness of John Corbett's voice the Duchess laughed out.

"You will capitulate as soon as you have seen her," she said, "and will wonder why you ever groaned at the prospect. Angela wants someone to take her about. The younger girls want the influence of a lady. My dear friend, for your boys and girls alike you could hardly have a better influence than Anne's. To elders and worldlings, her sense of honor, her refinement and delicacy, might seem fantastic and over-strained. The young should be Quixotes. Anne is the feminine Quixote. You must have some one to give countenance to your girls. Anne is twenty-nine though she doesn't look it. My friend, let me write now to her. There is still time to catch the afternoon post."

Mr. Corbett sighed.

"She sounds dreadfully uncomfortable," he said.

"She has delightful manners," said the Duchess. "In a week's time you will all be wondering how you lived without her."

"My boys will fall in love with her."

"The very best thing they could do."

"She will interfere with Mason. I am very well content with Mason's housekeeping, although she grows old."

"She will adore Anne: they always do. Being one of the Sachevarells' old servants, Mason will not look down on Anne for her poverty and her dependent position. 'Look down on Anne!' How amazed she would be!"

The Duchess quoted herself with enjoyment.

"Why, even the Sachevarells would be only a tribe of Norman robbers to Anne."

"She will be unhappy herself."

"Minster will delight her when she has forgiven it for its luxuries, and Angela will be a child after her own heart. You will give her a month every year to go home and see old Madam Daly in her witch's eyrie."

"You have settled it all, Duchess. But what right have I to the services of a grand-daughter of Madam Daly?"

"The daughter of a hundred kings! It is beyond your deserts. I quite agree with you. My dear friend, I have thought it all out. It is necessary for your girls. Believe that I am doing the best possible for you."

John Corbett looked up with the winning smile which he kept for his best friends, and bestowed but rarely on them.

"I am an ungrateful fellow," he said. "and you shall do with me as you will. Of course I don't know about boys and girls, especially girls. How should I? It was a misfortune that there was no woman, no relative of their mother's or mine, to come and look after them when she died. My mother is too old; and of course it is a different world."

The Duchess sent him an odd look from under her eyelids.

"Anne will do all that, my dear man," she said. "You may set your mind quite at rest. Next year we must have Angela up to town and I shall present her at Court. But meanwhile—Anne will be an influence. You have no idea, my dear man, of what an influence Anne will be."

(To be continued.)

MONTREAL HARBOR.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB OF MONTREAL.

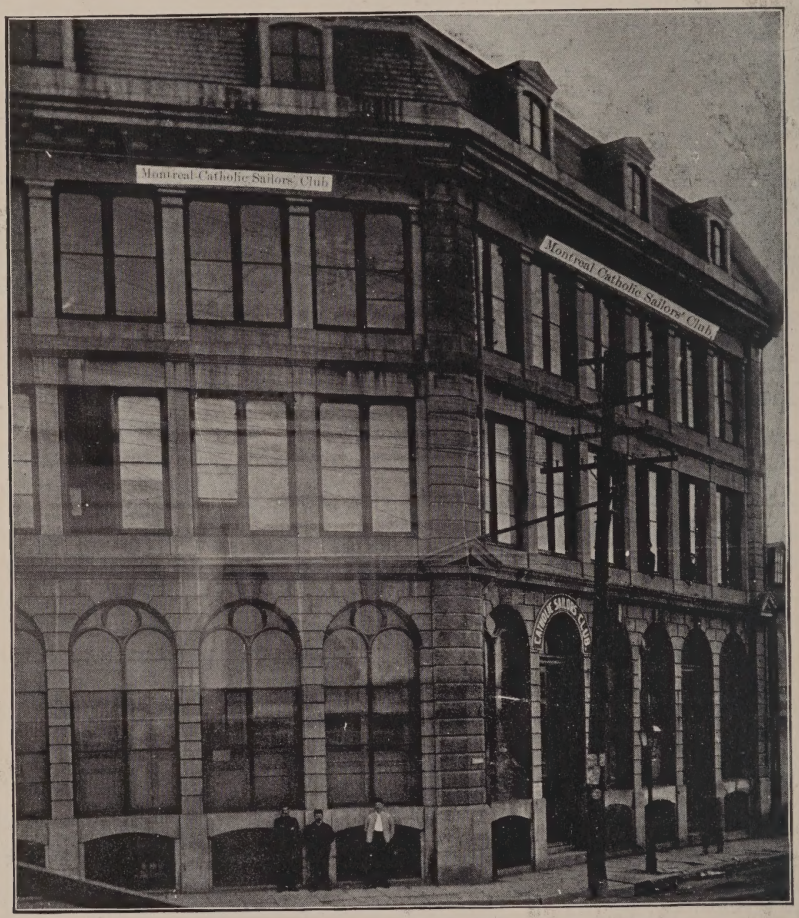
BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

The Catholic Sailors' Club of Montreal, one of the most flourishing organizations of its kind in the country, owes its conception, like so many other good works, to the inspiration of a few members of the Catholic Truth Society, who, in the year 1893, perceived the crying need of a charity of this kind and courageously planted the little seed, which, falling on fertile soil, has borne such beneficial fruit.

The port of Montreal, from the opening of navigation in the spring until the ice

THE LIFE BOAT.

covers the St. Lawrence, receives vessels from every quarter of the globe, and sailors to the number of many thousands spend from one to three weeks in the city, frequenting such places of amusement or haunts of vice as may entice them during their leisure hours. To establish a counter-attraction, combining wholesome amusements with the influences of the Catholic religion, was the aim of the founders of this club, and that they succeeded in their design is shown by the statistics of each annual report.



CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB

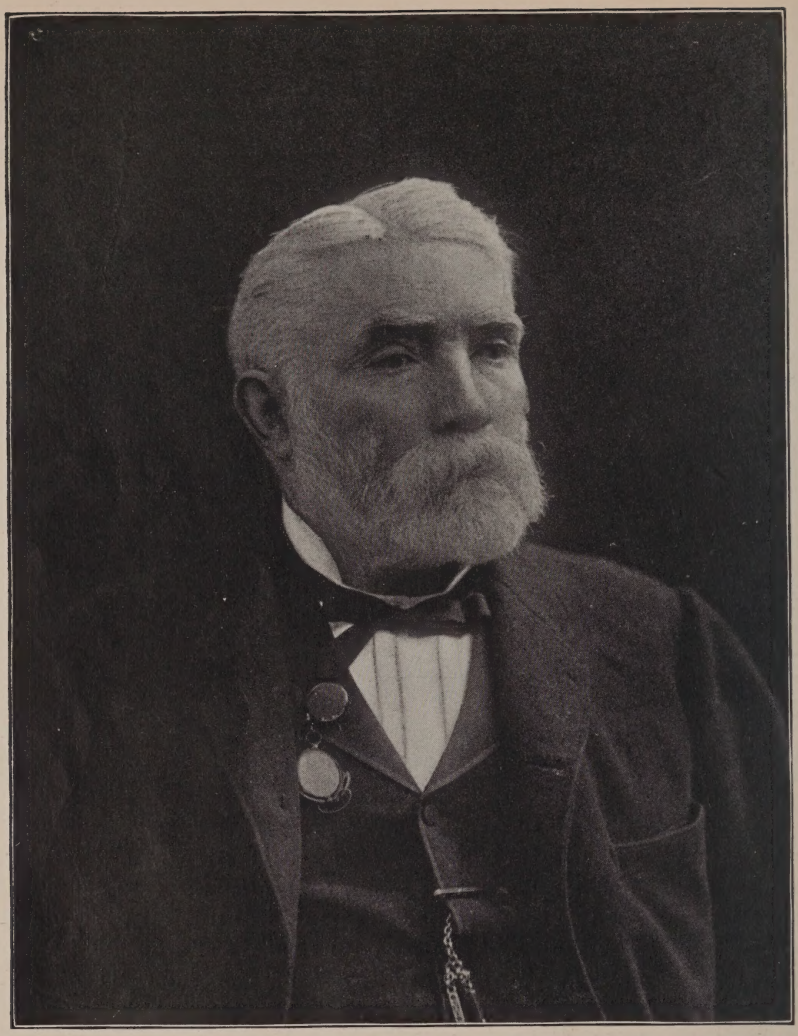
The work was begun modestly, in a single room on the third floor of a building. The building was, however, conveniently situated with regard to the wharves and landing places and the three stories did not prevent the narrow quarters becoming a magnet, for the first season's report showed an average evening attendance of thirty-seven men. That the thirty-seven must swell before long to greater numbers was only to be expected. At the end of three years the demand for better accommodations became imperative; and in 1896, therefore, the number of visiting seamen for that year having reached 12,800, a commodious four-story edifice standing conspicuously upon a corner

THE GAME ROOM.

was purchased, and the task of payment and furnishing undertaken by the energetic ladies and gentlemen comprising the association. Many large donations were given by private individuals, and besides the money thus collected, several hundred annual subscribers were secured, who pledged themselves to pay a sum varying from one dollar to much greater amounts each year. The total thus realized formed a basis upon which operations on a broader scale might safely be founded.

The work of the Club is of the most practical nature. The purpose is, first of all, to make the wanderers feel at home—"in port," in every sense of the word. The rules and regulations are merely those which ensure good and decorous behavior; and every necessity in which a seaman may find himself placed is met with prompt and willing relief. If he possesses some savings which he wishes held for safe keeping, the money is placed in deposit until such time as he may call for it If he desires to send the amount to family or relatives at a distance, the business is transacted for him. If he is unable to conduct a correspondence, his letters are written and mailed. If he falls ill he is sent to a hospital and visited by the Chaplain and members of the Club during the period of his illness; and should he die, alone, friendless, unclaimed, his body receives decent burial in the lot at Côte des Neiges Cemetery, which is one of the latest acquisitions of the association.

Every visitor who is a Catholic is made the recipient of a prayer book, prayer beads, and scapular. The holy sacrifice of the



MR. F. B. McNAMEE,
President of the Catholic Sailors' Club

Mass is celebrated in the Club House chapel every Sunday at 9.30 A. M. and those attending have their exertions in the line of devotion rewarded by the gift of what is called a "Ditty Bag," which is a small receptacle containing needles, pins, thread, buttons, etc., with which the poor sailors may repair damages when far from the emporiums of those necessities. The Chaplain also holds himself ready at [illegible] times to hear confessions, administer pledges of total abstinence, and perform other duties connected with his priestly office.

It must not be supposed, however, that the Catholic Sailors' Club of Montreal is conducted solely as a chapel. The requirements of religion are carefully attended to, it is true, but the value of sociability is not overlooked, and by means of simple and healthful amusements, many minds have been drawn to a consideration of higher things. In the game room may be found billiard tables, card tables, checker-boards, puzzles and other devices for the pleasurable killing of time. The reading-room is supplied with a profusion of the best newspapers and maga-

zines . The library contains a collection of books of light reading; and in order that comfort in the truest sense of the word may reign supreme, clay pipes bearing on one side the portrait of a jolly tar, and on the other the inscription "Catholic Sailors' Club of Montreal" may be had for the asking. These useful souvenirs, borne afterward on many a long voyage, perpetuate, no doubt, in distant lands, the fame and generosity of the good and beautiful city on the St. Lawrence.

But the most enjoyable form of entertainment, and one which has come to be a distinctive feature of the organization, is the series of concerts which is given on Wednesday evenings during the season, and which attract not only hundreds of seamen, but a goodly representation of permanent residents. At these concerts the modest seamen and the ladies and gentlemen representing the best talent of Montreal appear in edifying indiscrimination upon the programme, but it would be difficult to say which affords the other the more pleasure. The sailors are mostly of English, Irish, or Scotch parentage, and their contributions range from the quavering efforts of the pale-faced lad, who with a broad accent sings plaintively of his native "banks and braes," to the loud voicing of the romantic young Irishman who has learned for the occasion all the details of "Another Fatal Wedding, Another Broken Heart," and the song of the London-bred vocalist who gives a cockney rendition that would do credit to a chevalier. The men who cannot sing, either dance, recite, or play on various small instruments. The most absolute freedom

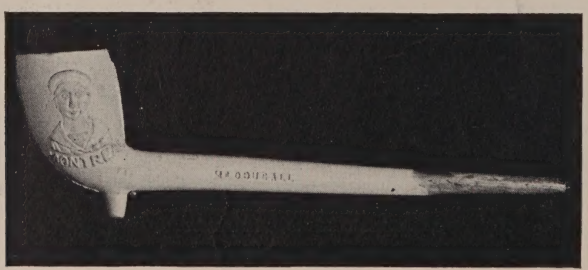
LOT IN COTE DES NEIGES CEMETERY.

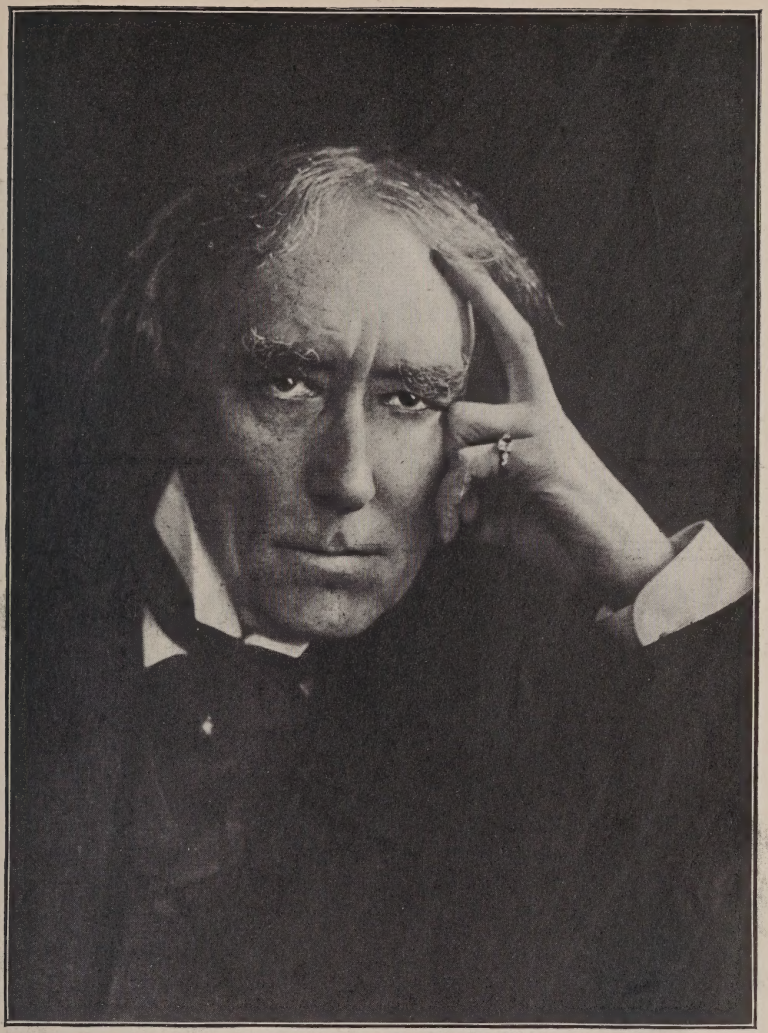
IN DOCK.

reigns. The artist while on the platform sometimes exchanges remarks with his friends who pack the rear of the hall, or they in turn favor him with bits of kindly advice. Often he starts his song in tun with the piano, more frequently not; but when he finds himself wandering too far astray he does not hesitate to pause, hold a whispered conference with the lady at the piano, and then begin afresh. These lapses, together with breaks caused by forgetfulness or timidity, always call forth a burst of encouraging applause. In a word, the seaman feels from the beginning that his audience is with him, and keeping this fact in view to cheer him, he is apt to bring forth finally the best that is in him. The price charged to the public for these concerts is ten cents. To seamen the admittance is free.

Although the word sailor always carries with it a certain savor, the plain truth of the real, tragic meaning of the word is amply portrayed in the Montreal Sailors' Club. Here is none of the romance of the sea, only its drudgery and misery. The "jolly tar," the blue-jacketed and rollicking individual who figures in story books and upon the stage, is lamentably missing in this scene from life. It cannot be said,

(Concluded on page 625.)





SIR HENRY IRVING.

THE FAILURE OF IRVING'S DANTE.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

Nothing more saddening has the metropolitan stage ever witnessed than the spectacle of a clever and successful actor, in what appears to be dotage, palming off upon a too trustful public a drama, which one of our critics describes as a "gold brick from Sardou." The French dramatist has done much reputable work, not of the highest order of merit, and he has been more or less careful of his reputation; Sir Henry Irving, however overrated, has always done his best, and his work has been worthy of attention; both dramatist and actor, in presenting such riff-raff as their *Dante,* have left themselves open to suspicion, either of dotage, or of dishonesty.

At this date the world knows fairly the character and the career of the great

DANTE

world-poet, Dante Alighieri. That lofty soul was loftier in his aspirations than even the genius with which God had endowed him. One has only to read Dr. Franz Hettinger's account of the *Divine Comedy* and its author to feel how fitting is Dante's place among the great poets of the world, of all time. A patriot, a soldier, a statesman, a devoted husband and father, a sincere Catholic, he was all these with a consistency and thoroughness altogether uncommon. A man of the deepest feeling, he suffered intensely at the misfortunes of his country, of the Church, of the people, and endured a long and painful exile, a wanderer, welcome everywhere, but forced to eat the bread of dependence. Shakespeare himself would have found in Dante a theme worthy of his highest powers; the meanest craftsman of the stage could not have failed to produce a worthy play on such a subject.

Yet Sardou, to use the phrase of the excellent critic, has given us a dramatic gold brick; Sardou, the author of *La Tosca!* How could such a calamity befall? The French dramatist has never read any history; he believes all the lurid lies about the Middle Ages, invented and printed by the great ignoramuses and successful fakirs of the past; he knew so little about Dante, according to his own statement, that he preferred to treat him as a Sardou legend rather than to picture the poet's actual career; he wished to portray a Dante whose love for liberty helped to shake the power of Roman Catholic tyranny, and paved the way for Luther; he saw a fine opportunity in his old age to heave a few thundering boulders at the Papacy; he knew the play would never be seen by the Parisians, only by the stupid English and the loud Americans; and thereupon turned out a potpourri the like of which has never been seen even on the Bowery stage! He has slain himself by this outrage; the pity is that he may also have badly injured Irving!

For the confusion of Sardou let us go through this stupid and bigoted drama act by act. The curtain rises on a street of Pisa, whose most prominent feature is that mournful tower in which the Archbishop of Pisa confined Ugolino del Gherardeschi, with his two sons and his two grandsons, and left them to perish by starvation. The historians are not altogether harmonious as to the facts in the case, but Dante was so sure of his side of the story that he represents Ugolino in the Inferno, imprisoned in ice and feeding on the brains of his rival and executioner, Archbishop Ruggieri. The first act is taken up with the attempt of Dante and some of the Pisans to release Ugolino from the dreadful tower. Apart from the sincerity of the attempt, the whole act is extremely funny from the American point of veiw. Dante enters from a church in which he has been praying (one may suppose), and with him enters Pia Del Tolomei, the lovely wife of an honest gentleman named Nella Della Pietra; he makes tender love to Pia, and they discuss sweetly the fruit of their adultery, the little Gemma; the cruel suspicions of the betrayed husband, Nella, as to the character of his wife, are feelingly denounced; and then the two weep over the sad fate of the prisoners in the tower! When one considers that the Middle Ages put a woman of this stamp outside the pale, and allowed the wronged husband to kill the betrayer like a dog; when one remembers that Modern Times have not changed the ancient code, except in the erotic Sardou drama, this pretty beginning is not apt to interest an American audience in the play or in Dante. When the lovers of the great poet recall how clean was Dante's life from the filth of adultery, and that Pia was an innocent lady of Siena, who appears in the *Purgatorio* only, they question the right of this French manufacturer of dramatic gold bricks to slander the great and the innocent dead.

The act proceeds. The Archbishop enters with his train, and quells the tumult

raised by Dante about the tower; he listens to the poet's denunciation and appeal, and his reply is to fling the keys of the tower into the river; Dante in a rage knocks his very wooden crosier from his hands and his ridiculous mitre over his right eye; the crowd shout "Sacrilege," and rush upon the poet; but the prelate waves them aside, takes a five-foot, lighted candle, and proceeds to excommunicate Dante in true-blue Protestant style; at the close the candle is extinguished to signify that Dante is also snuffed out, and the curtain comes down amid the wonderment of some and the stifled laughter of others, particularly of Catholics, who have never heard of archbishops of the Ruggieri kind.

The second act is funnier still, having no other connection with the first act than that Dante is in it. The scene is a street in Florence before the house of that Malatesta who murdered Francesca Da Rimini his wife, and his own brother Paolo. Dante wanders in disguised as a monk, for the first time meets his daughter Gemma, whom he frightens by the ardor of repressed affection. The second scene shows the interior of the house in which two tragedies have occurred: Gemma has been spirited away by Nella, who now suspects her parentage; and Malatesta has just committed the two murders. Dante and Malatesta dance about the stage in great agony over these simultaneous crimes, while the audience sits in dumb, befogged amazement!

The third act increases the general bewilderment. The betrayed Nella has banished his wife to the marshes of Maremma, where malaria is about to end her existence, and Gemma he has imprisoned in a convent where she is to be forced to join the sisterhood. The first scene shows the death-chamber of Pia, a gorgeous affair with doors wide open to the miasmatic air of the marshes. Its splendor is somewhat discounted by the fact that Pia has made her bed upon the floor, right in the draft from the doors, and that she is about to die with her best suit on. Dante enters to console her, but his presence makes her wriggle so that the poor lady gets fearfully tangled in the bed-clothes, and dies of suffocation, which she thinks is caused by the foul air of the marshes, but which the audience knows to come from the entwined bed-clothes. The second scene shows the convent interior, the white nuns grouped around an altar in picturesque attitudes, the abbess sitting on her throne, Gemma declaiming her determination to escape, and the soft moonlight mingling with distant music from a concealed choir. Dante breaks in and rescues his daughter, but in the fight he receives a terrible wound in the breast, and appears to die bathed in blood as the curtain falls.

The fourth act finds him, very properly, in Hell, and the audience looks eagerly for that particular place in which Sardou should be, and where his victims trust he will be some day. The seven scenes of this act are very pretty and striking; the Florence graveyard with its lovely vision; the terrible entrance to Hell; the ferryboat of Charon, in the river writhing with the souls of the lost; the fiery graves out of which the spirits declaim their history; the circles of ice in which Ugolino and the Archbishop are imbedded; the flitting of lost souls among the rocks of Purgatory; and the lovely vision of Beatrice and the angels on the borders of Heaven! The scenes pass with rapidity but very distinctly, and leave a strong impression of the real Inferno; but just what Dante and Virgil are doing and saying is not clearly revealed.

The final act is a chamber in the papal palace at Avignon, and the main character is a dying Cardinal who has just condemned Gemma and her lover to death at the stake for heresy or something. Dante appears on the scene with his Hell-acquired knowledge of the Cardinal's crimes and his speedy death, and uses it to secure the

freedom of the lovers. "You have fifteen minutes to live," says Dante; "use the time to show mercy to others and thus secure mercy for yourself." His Eminence obeys in a fright, and spends his time looking at the clock instead of receiving the last sacraments; he runs about the stage with the vigor of a maniac until the clock strikes the fatal hour, when he tumbles in a heap, a dead Cardinal. This is so wonderful in its verisimilitude that Catholics leave the scene shrieking—with laughter. Oh, Sardou, dramatic tailor, what fate o'ertook thy shears in turning out this misfit? Upon what brand of cheese hast thou been feeding in thy chateau at Marly?

Alas, poor Irving! He wanders about through this drama like a lunatic in a bath-robe. Only a lunatic could give the part any form, and Sir Henry being a sane man looks the picture of confusion all the time. His costumes are mostly funereal, they give him age and dignity but no character, the tight-fitting cap leaves his face expressionless, his gestures express futility and helplessness. It is a sad, sad spectacle! However, Sardou must take all the blame, the poisonous bigot of Marly, who sacrificed whatever little art remains to him, sacrificed an actor who has helped to make him known, insulted the far-off audiences who have patronized his dramas many years, slandered the great poet of the Middle Ages, out of a mean desire to injure the Catholic Church, in which it is likely his mother had him baptized. He complains that Irving so changed his play as to render his purposes obscure; where Sardou had popes in Hell, or dying impenitent on earth, the actor has mere bishops and cardinals! What d'ye think of that? Shall we forgive Irving for his blunder? How can we forget the dignity, sweetness, and beauty of his Charles I? Who would not forgive the portrayer of Thomas a Becket? But he must not do it again; he must cut loose from Sardou, who at the age of seventy-three has clearly fallen into his dotage, shelve this play at once, bury it in the cellars, and make large atonement to that noble soul whom he has unwittingly slandered, Dante of Florence.

The religious element in the current drama is getting its full share of attention with some lamentable results. Edward Sothern has just made a hit in a stirring melodrama by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Its title is *The Proud Prince,* and the manager has proclaimed it far and wide as a miracle play. From the advertising point of view the phrase "miracle play" is very neat; it gives the audience a feeling of devotion; they set out like pilgrims for the Lyceum theatre, glad to let the world know that they are going to a miracle play. If Mr. Daniel Frohman would only put his ushers and officials in cowl and gown, have his orchestra play *Calvary* and other popular sacred(?) songs, and send Sothern and the company to live in the nearest monastery, the effect would be complete. Moreover there is a miracle in the play, yes, several miracles; also a highly moral theme; an archangel and a church besides; and, like a climax, a crowd of sinners, brilliant and audacious sinners, flaunting themselves in their den of vice right before the audience! But think of a miracle play concocted by Mr. McCarthy, an unbeliever, acted by Sothern, a nothingarian, and staged by Frohman, a Jew! Perhaps it is just here that the miraculous enters!

The theme is well known through Longfellow's lovely poem on King Robert of Sicily, the wicked prince who defied any power to dethrone him, and was changed by an angel into a court fool until he had learned the lesson of humility. Joseph Haworth, peace to his soul! had a fine play on the same theme, and was burning with eagerness to have it produced; but the fact that Sothern was in the field,—and Sothern is on the best of terms with the Theatrical S(k)yndicate,—barred

Haworth and his play until the popular actor died. Sothern's play is frankly a melodrama in plot, incident, and language, and the author plunges into miracle with the ardor of a fifteenth century monk playwright. In fact the miracles are not introduced discreetly and often confuse the auditors as to their meaning. In the first act the grand portal of the cathedral is ornamented by two life-size statues of angels; the unhappy king has hurled his impious defiance at heaven, and one of these statues becomes the instrument of his punishment; it turns into a real angel, who converts the king into the court fool, and becomes himself the king.

For the rest of the play the degraded monarch carries on the struggle with his new conditions; he is physically a weakling, he who had been a soldier; he is deformed, who had been straight as a pine; and ugliness has taken the place of beauty in face and feature. As king he had pursued and tried to debauch the lovely Perpetua; as the fool he becomes her protector, friend, lover; by the aid of heaven he receives strength to meet the attack of the villain's sword with the heavy metal cross from the altar; and at the close of the play he takes Perpetua's place on the pyre to which she had been condemned for witch-craft. His humility, his devotion, his self-effacement, and his final sacrifice, win for him restoration to his person and his kingdom, the archangel returns to his place at the portal, and Perpetua mounts the throne with her reformed king.

The key in which the play is pitched is too loud and strenuous. The scenes are brilliant, the incidents thrilling, and the language gorgeous; there is no simplicity anywhere; and two of the scenes in consequence get an emphasis rather disagreeable than otherwise, since they seem to overshadow the moral of the play. One is a house of shame in which the king first is made to feel the ghastly change that has fallen upon him, and the other is the fight between the two men armed with sword and cross, in which the villain is laid out cold with a blow from the emblem of salvation. There has been sharp criticism of these things. "What a mess of mock religion and mock heroics! What a chowder! What a clambake!" one popular critic has written. Nevertheless the play is very strong on the side of the religious and the moral, as strong as such a play can be; and can be made almost perfect by artistic cutting and trimming. One could wish that miracle plays were left to those who understand their spirit, and whose sound faith and perfect taste would keep the drama clear of the blunders in *The Proud Prince.* Perhaps people of that high standard of thought and life never write plays, or are beyond the ken of managers.

Mr. Richard Mansfield honored the metropolis for a few weeks with his play of *Old Heidelberg,* and scored as usual a personal success. He must have a particular theory of what New Yorkers like from him, since he has taken to unimportant plays for his metropolitan appearances. When an actor can play like Mansfield such dramas as *Monsieur Beaucaire* and *Old Heidelberg* are beneath his dignity. The sentiment in the latter drama is very proper and touching, and the acting is all that could be desired. Mansfield's presentation of the drama was perfect of course, and won the hearty praise of the critics; yet the thoughtful could not but wish that he had spent his time and his talent on worthier material. The chief character of the play is a young prince, who gets his first real enjoyment of life as a student at Heidelberg, into whose rollicking fun he enters with proper zeal and more than royal discretion. From this care-free life he is withdrawn to assume the cares of a kingdom, his farewell to his first love takes on the color of a tragedy, and he realizes at his departure what life is at best. Later he returns to the old scenes, and finds a change so profound, so complete, that the

early days stand out like a vision of the morning, faded never to return. It is simply a parable of life, pointed with royalty to give it emphasis. It is a difficult play to present, with its delicate shadings, its necessary atmosphere, its purple melancholy. Aubrey Boucicault failed in it a year ago, and yet his performance was quite as good as Mansfield's,, and appealed more powerfully to the popular mind. What's in a name? Very much, if it happens to be Mansfield.

It must be said in general that the metropolis did not achieve much in the dramatic line during the first months of the present season. Never before were there so many theatres, so many attractions, yet the drama remains on the dead level of dulness. Manager Fiske of the Manhattan gave his audiences a novelty with a play from the Spanish, *Marta of the Lowlands;* from which, one may suspect, the translator and adapter eliminated the characteristics; and left a sombre affair which began with unlawful love and ended with murder. Fine scenery, good acting, and other nursing, could not relieve its gloom. Richard Hackett produced a dime novel in *John Ermine of the Yellowstone,* Mr. Goodwin provided *Bottom* with a wonderful automatic ass's head in his *Midsummer Night's Dream,* Clyde Fitch worked off a delicate morceau for Maxine Elliott in *Her Own Way,* Charles Hawtrey failed to interest audiences in *The Man from Blankley's,* a shadowy, vaporous, laughable tenuity from the pen of Anstey, and twenty others did worse in as many forms; with sad financial results; for a cry has arisen that the theatres are too numerous, and Wall Street fluctuations are blamed for a condition due rather to the poor quality of the drama.

The situation is remarkable. Managers are willing to pay fancy prices for plays, and declare that they are reading manuscripts by the hundred without being able to find the right sort. My own opinion is that with all their vaunted experience they do not know a good play when they see it, they are color blind, and imagine that their dramatic sight is perfect. Mansfield was not forced into *Old Heidelberg,* nor Irving into *Dante,* nor Hackett into *John Ermine;* and it is a fact that some of the greatest successes of past years had to fight for a hearing. Perhaps it would be worth while to establish a test theatre for trying new plays.

THE CENTENARY.

BY REV. D. J. O'FARRELL.

I.

It was a valley beautiful and fair,
Where Nature robed herself in brightest green;
Upon her breast were fastened clusters rare
Of flowers varied in their kind and sheen—
She stood in sunshine cloaked and crowned a queen.
The granite hills, the babbling streams, her glow
Lit up, and made of all a gorgeous scene.
In this sweet vale "the sower went to sow"
A little mustard seed, a hundred years ago.

II.

In Boston Town this mustard seed was sown,
Where long the Puritan held stringent sway
Who brooked no other creeds beside his own,
Nor other men refusing to obey,
Though he his country fled to have his way.
A man austere, he toiled with gun and spade,
On Sabbaths rested but was never gay—
He read his Bible and he proudly prayed;
While of the savage lands a blooming garden made.

III.

But as he chased the scowl from Nature's face
He too relaxed so much that he could bear
Dissentient views from his with better grace,
And slowly lost his grim, repulsive air,
Till e'en the hated priest himself would dare
To say the Mass, a rite by law suppressed,
In Boston's rigid town and everywhere
His sacred duty called of souls in quest—
'Twas then "the Church of Holy Cross" was built and blessed.

IV.

How simple was that Church and, oh, how dear
To its first members in those olden days—
How proud they were the word of God to hear
And there attend the Sacrifice of praise.
They poured out their thanksgiving with amaze!
'Twas built—but how they could not plainly see—
Children of toil, inured to rugged ways,
They humbly said in their perplexity
"Not unto us, O Lord, to Thee the glory be."

V.

The Lord who knows and cherishes His own
Them leaders sent of noble, generous kind,
The Saintly Cheverus and Matignon,
Whose names in honor shall be ever shrined,
In whom the human and divine combined
To make them other Christs in act and thought—
They seemed so far remote from all but mind
That heat and cold, fatigue and death, were nought
When souls were there to save the blood of Christ had bought.

VI.

They passed away but left example bright
Of virtue and of zeal, and others came
To take their labors up and spread the light
What they had lit, these fanned into a flame.
With slow and steady steps, without acclaim

They onward marched and backward never glanced
"Casting the seeds they went" in God's sweet name.
They suffered pain, but pain their works enhanced,
To conquer they went forth and conquering they advanced.

VII.

Now ships came struggling with their human freight
Across the waters of Atlantic Sea;
The Sons of Gael, oppressed by cruel fate,
Sought shelter from its dismal tyranny
In this fair land, "the Home of Liberty."
They brought the wealth of noble hearts and true,
The wealth of Faith, of Hope, of Charity;
The Church did welcome them, the Nation too,
And both grew rich in virtues old but ever new.

VIII.

Soon, on the hills the lights began to glow.
The sacred fire flashed out from one to one,
The sleeping vales with radiance shone below
And gleamed the heavens in the mystic sun.
The reign of faith, in truth, had now begun.
It was the work of God, of God alone.
From Him the light had come. He spoke—'twas done,
And everywhere the Church was seen and known.
To size gigantic now "The Little One" had grown.

IX.

But as of yore when Christ apostles sent
To bear His message to the sons of men,
As lambs into the midst of wolves they went—
Their field of labor was the lion's den.
At first as fools they were esteemed, but when
The Word prevailed and thousands flocked to hear,
Arose the cry of jealous hate, and then
Foul passion raged in blood and death and fear.
The ordeal only served to make the truth more clear.

X.

This was repeated on a smaller scale
When o'er the land the ancient faith had spread—
It was the story often told and stale—
Intolerance had dozed but was not dead.
It woke and loosed the dogs on venom fed,
Falsehood, intrigue, arson and violence—
Which worried and destroyed as on they sped
In their nefarious course of cruelty intense—
The Church endured—a Christlike patience her defence.

XI.

The men, for selfish aims, who did foment
These social storms inflaming feelings rude,
Of public favor never gained assent.

They had their passing hour of triumph crude,
Then were with scorn and obloquy pursued—
Their very names were branded with disgrace.
Thus fare they all who foster strife and feud;
Who hate a man for color of his race,
For views and creeds which they, forsooth, do not embrace.

XII.

The Church came safe through all these troubles hard.
With brow serene she sees her ranks increased.
For one before a thousand now keep guard
And millions flock to celebrate her feast
And she is mighty who was once the least.
Sure remedies she has for every woe.
She takes the child, the poor, the old, diseased;
O'er all her sacred mantle doth she throw.
She is the Nation's friend, the Nation's foe her foe!

XIII.

With joy and thankfulness this festal day
She calls around her children old and young,
To tell them how the Lord had led the way,
How o'er her work His mercy ever hung
And grace and blessings on its progress flung.
Yet of that ladder which the angels climb
She only stands upon the lowest rung.
A century is but a day of Time
While she the ages through pursues her work sublime!

XIV.

For Thy protection, Lord, our thanks receive
And for Thy favors great and manifold.
Thou didst our fathers cherish and relieve,
Didst rescue them from pains and griefs untold.
Grant us that we their faith and virtue hold
As sacred legacies no price may buy—
"Regard the vineyard thou didst plant of old;
Lead thou thy children to perfection high"
So they may keep Thy law and keeping it may die!

XV.

'Twas thus the mustard seed mid shrubs and flowers,
Obscure, unnoticed, forced its upward flight.
A sturdy plant, it quaffed the dews and showers
And made its way from darkness into light.
Anon, it soared to such enormous height
It waved its arms above the forest free.
The birds in flocks sought shelter there at night,
There built their nests and sang right merrily—
So from the smallest seed arose the greatest tree.

A STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

I.

TOLD BY THE MOTHER.

I could never forget that Christmas Eve, even previous to the transpiration of the event which stamped it indelibly on my mind. Often when the green was on the mountains and valleys, and I sat in my quiet home, with my children unharmed about me, I would see the snow-covered landscape, and the poorly-clad stranger, staff in hand, standing at the gateway. We lived in the mountains of Kentucky. Our district had an unenviable reputation for lawlessness, part of which was its due, and the other part the exaggeration of an ignorant, sensational press. A venal press, too! for the politics of the offenders against the law determined the degree of their crime. The mountain country is mainly Republican, and the desire to throw opprobrium on that party by the influential Democratic press has contributed greatly toward bringing the mountain part of the State into disrepute. If this family affair could be kept within the confines of the commonwealth, it might not be so reprehensible; but given widespread advertisement it dishonors all Kentucky, for the rest of the world cannot see the sharp line of demarcation that is drawn between the mountain country and the Blue Grass Belt.

I do not deny that politics is the root of this evil. The war for Southern Independence tore an impassible chasm through Kentucky. War legalized murder, and peace has not been able to nullify his ordinance. In the lowlands men slay their political opponents by slander and falsehood; in the mountains, they take a quicker, though not a more deadly, weapon. All who love the fair name of the State look with sorrow upon the approach of an election. Scarcely can a county Democratic primary pass without trouble. Perhaps if we had the religious and educational facilities of the Blue Grass Belt we would employ our tongues more and our hands less, in the subversion of our foes. We have no schools and we have no churches: all that we have are enemies. Enemies at hand to threaten our lives; enemies at a distance to ruin our character. Even Nature is against us. The priceless wealth that is locked in her mountains is not for us but for the rich speculator from afar; and for our toil in her narrow valleys she gives us a meagre return. We have only our lives which we must maintain in the face of peril from man, and opposition from nature.

My home stood on the edge of the capital town of —— Co. It had been in my father's family for generations, for we are as much a part of the mountain country, as her rocky peaks and narrow valleys. Only two children had been born to my father, a boy and a girl. He was a man in advance of his time, and having a rare appreciation of knowledge, he sacrificed a generous portion of his inheritance to give his children an education. My brother, on graduation from the Kentucky University, had returned to his native place, married, and soon identified himself with the interests of the town and surrounding country. Naturally he mixed in politics, and filled various county offices, as a representative of the Republican party. While yet a school-girl, I had married a young professor of the college which I attended. On the death of my husband, six years later, I returned, with my three children, to my father's house.

Soon afterwards, I lost my parents. In view of my helpless condition my brother made over his share of the farm to me, and, by economy and careful management, I was able to support my little family, besides laying aside something yearly for their education.

Every Christmas, since his marriage, my brother was wont to return, with his family, to the old home to spend the holidays. This Christmas Eve, according to my custom, I had driven to the village to make my purchases, and bring back my brother and his wife and children. The winter had set in, and the snow lay deep on the ground, while a fierce wind swept through the pines and hemlocks, and bent the saplings on the mountain side.

"Thank God that we have shelter and a fire waiting for us!" said my brother, as we drove home in the teeth of the rising storm. When I had seen my guests comfortably seated in the parlor, I left them to prepare supper. Presently my youngest child came running to the kitchen, saying that there was a stranger at the gate. I followed the boy to the front door, and, on opening it, I saw him standing in the snow, on the other side of the gate, leaning heavily on his stick. On the walk stood our watch-dog, barking fiercely. I called the dog to me, and then I heard the man ask in a faint voice if he could stay all night. The question proved him to be a stranger to the mountain habits, for an invisible altar to Hospitality stands at each humble doorway. I bade my boy run and open the gate for the man, and as the sunny-haired child walked back to me, clasping the stranger's hand, I felt a peculiar sensation creep into my heart. As he drew near I saw that the man's face was lined by sorrow, and there was an expression in his eyes that chilled me. My husband had worn that look a few days before he died.

"You are freezing!" I exclaimed, drawing him quickly into the house.

"I am very cold, madam," he replied, in a weak voice. I led him into the parlor and left him to the care of my sister-in-law, while I hastened to the kitchen to prepare a hot drink. When I returned I found my brother and his wife chafing the man's hands, while the children stood around with frightened faces. The drink revived him, and seeing him out of danger, I went back to my interrupted meal. As I was laying the dishes on the table, my sister-in-law joined me.

"How is he feeling now?" I queried.

"He is some better, but I think, Aurelia, that you are going to have a patient on your hands. It appears to me that he is taking lung-fever."

"Poor soul!" I ejaculated, trying to recall my mother's remedies for the threatened disease. Bidding her to keep a watchful eye on the cooking, I hastened to the loft to bring down the huckleburr and hoarhound to make him a tea.

"Did he tell you anything about himself?" I asked, on my return.

"Henry put a few questions to him but he was backward in answering them," she replied. "He said that he had been in the Trappist monastery, which is somewhere down the State. He was working for the monks, it appears. They have a large farm and hire men to help them on it. He said that he had grown tired of the place and decided to make a change. Henry asked him why he didn't wait until the spring, and he said that it was fine weather when he had left the monastery."

"Did he tell Henry his name?" I inquired.

"He gave the name of Carrel."

My sister-in-law's tones were distrustful, and I said: "You don't think that his real name?"

"Honestly, Aurelia, I do not," she answered. "There is something mysterious

about him. Do you think that he could be a revenue detective, or," and her face got white, "one of the Glasgow boys?"

There had been some difficulty between a branch of her family and the Glasgows, a generation ago; but we regarded it as settled when the remaining members of the Glasgow line had moved to Kansas.

"If he were one of the Glasgows, he would die on the way before he would claim hospitality from this door," I assured her. "And it does not seem likely that the Federal Government would send an old and sickly man on the dangerous mission of detecting mountain stills. There may be a mystery connected with him, but I do not think that it presages harm for us, or any of our people."

Mr. Carrel ate sparingly of the meal, but drank two cups of coffee. "I am burning up with thirst," he said apologetically, and as I noted his feverishly bright eyes, I felt alarmed. He was silent during supper, unless spoken to, and as he sat, during the evening staring into the fire, his sad and meditative aspect threw a shadow over our festive spirits. Presently, he asked if he might retire, and I escorted him to the spare bedroom, where I had kindled a fire, and, after administering the herb tea, I left him, with the hope that he would be better in the morning. When the children were asleep and we had filled the five pairs of stockings that hung about the hearthstone, we three sat, for long hours, talking reminiscently; then, my brother and his wife sought their room, and I was alone. The minutes passed. The lamp burned low and the fire was dying in the ashes. A sudden wild blast swept about the house, lashing the branches of the cedar against the portico pillars and shaking the window panes. I sprang up, in a panic of fright, for I was conscious that the door leading into the hall had been softly opened. I turned and saw the stranger standing in the twilight of the room.

"I beg your pardon, madam!" he said, hoarsely. "I did not think you were still up. The fire in my room is out. I am much worse and wanted to warm over this tea, in the hope of gaining relief."

I had quite recovered from my alarm and begged him to close the door, for he continued to stand in the cold draught from the hall. I made him sit in my father's chair, while I rekindled the fire and boiled a kettle of water to prepare him a glass of punch and give him a hot foot-bath; for there was no doubt in my mind now that my unexpected guest was taking pneumonia. While I was waiting on him, I noticed that his feverish eyes were fastened on the row of stockings, which were filled with Christmas gifts. When the fire in his room was again burning brightly, and I suggested that he had better return to bed, he thrust one hand convulsively into his bosom, and said:

"I have a gift here for your favorite child."

"Only three of those children which you saw here are mine," I answered. "And a parent can have no favorite child."

"O yes, she can! At least," he added, "fathers can. It may be different with mothers."

"I believe it is," I answered, remembering suddenly that my husband had almost worshipped our youngest baby.

"If you have no favorite among your children, then give this to the one, who, you think, may have greatest need for the service of a friend, in after years." As he spoke, he held towards me a locket of yellow gold. "Take this," he said," and put it in that child's stocking. Tell him that he must not open it until the hour when he finds himself surrounded by foes, and all succor from friends is unavailing or cut off. Then, let him open it. He will find inside a picture and a name. Let him communicate with the person therein named and tell that person that the

locket was given to him out of my unutterable gratitude to his mother, for her kindness to me, a sick stranger; and that person will cross sea and land, will go through fire and water, yes, to the very door of death to save that child. And that person will save him."

I was clutching the locket so tightly, that for days afterwards, I could see the mark of its carved edge in my flesh. It seemed to me that I was listening to the voice of prophecy. O my darlings! How could I foresee which should need that powerful friend? I went to the line of stockings blindly. When the locket had slipped from my fingers, the mist cleared from my eyes, and with a moan of pain, I turned to the watching man.

"It is my baby!" I cried.

"The child that met me at the gate? It is well. Now, madam, may I trouble you to help me to bed. I am very sick."

I could not sleep that night, but divided the hours between the room where the stranger lay and the one where the stockings hung. His slumber was fitful and towards morning he grew delirious. At daybreak he was in a high fever. I called my brother and sent him for the doctor. For days we fought for his life, and during all the time, unconscious of our efforts, as he tossed and moaned, he called constantly for a woman named Rosamund. Sometimes he addressed her as one might address a beloved child; again, he spoke her name with the deference of a man for a woman he loves; but it was always, Rosamund. On the morning of the ninth day he died, with her name on his lips. We buried him in our family graveyard, and over his grave, I caused a stone to be placed, with the name which he had given engraved thereon. We had found no papers in his clothes to lead to his identification, nor was ever inquiry made of us concerning him.

II.

TOLD BY THE MOTHER.

From that night to the chapter of my life's story that smote me with old age, there is a lapse of ten years. My two older sons were married, and I was alone in the old home with my youngest child, now in his eighteenth year. He was a reckless youth and had caused me much anxiety; but as he possessed a strong sense of honor I never entertained any fear that he would come to grief. He was his own enemy only. That year brought to us one of our bitterly contested elections. My brother, then in the plentitude of his powers, was a candidate to re-election to office; but one of those political landslides occurred, and he was defeated, dishonestly defeated he and his supporters claimed. My son Harry, hot-headed at all times, had distinguished himself, during the campaign, by the bitterness of his fight, and with one of the Democratic leaders he had had, on several occasions, angry disputes; but when the election was over, and the matter past remedying, he dismissed it from his thoughts. Others were not so wise. The defeated candidates refused to accept the result of the ballots, and demanded an official count, to which the Democrats refused to accede. The press throughout the State took up the matter, fanning our political difference into fanatical hatred. One evening, returning to his home in the country, this Democratic leader was shot from ambush and killed. He had been a contentious person, and his private enemies were many; but in the ensuing fever of excitement and frenzy of passion, his friends would not take this into consideration, and unhesitatingly declared that he was a victim to the hatred of his political opponents. Because of their frequent altercations during the campaign suspicion was directed toward my son. And circumstances appeared to confirm that suspicion. The day of the as-

sassination, Harry had been in the town, and, mixing with his wild companions, he had partaken of liquor. He had left home intending to ride to his brother John's to spend the following Sunday; and the first intimation I had of the tragic event was when the officers entered my house to arrest my boy for murder. I was horror-stricken, but I told them where they would find him, never doubting that he could prove an alibi. But at the preliminary trial, it was shown that he had not reached his brother's until daybreak. The liquor having stupefied him, he could not say where he had spent the night. All that he could tell was that, regaining consciousness, he had found himself lying at his horse's feet, a mile from his brother's house.

It was in vain that the boy pleaded his innocence; in vain were my tears and prayers; in vain the efforts of his brothers and uncle: the political enemies of my brother declared him guilty and the public demanded his death. The partisan press of the State denounced him as the tool of the opposing party; reporters hounded his waking and sleeping hours, trying to wring from him a confession, and his nervousness and misery were portrayed, in vivid language, as the unconscious betrayal of guilt. Our friends, goaded past endurance by the injustice meted out to the boy, were driven into rash acts and rasher expressions, and, pleading that justice could not be secured from a mountain jury, his enemies secured his transfer to a distant county for trial. As the train bearing my last child away from me sped down the valley, I cried to God, in the presence of the people, to deliver him from the hands of his foes; and standing there, on the little wooden platform, with a suddenly awed crowd of people regarding me, I remembered the stranger whom I had sheltered that Christmas night and the gold locket which he had given me for my youngest child. I clapped my uplifted hands, with an exclamation of joy. I suppose they thought that grief had demented me, for friends hastened me away to my home. My sister-in-law was with me, for my brother and other sons had gone with Harry to his new prison. I told her the cause of my sudden joy, and together we took the locket from its place in my trunk. It opened readily and we saw the face of a young girl. On the opposite side was her name, "Rosamund Hughes," and her address was the town in which my son's new trial was to be held. We kneeled there, two old, gray-haired, sorrow-bowed women, a gratitude too large for words showering our faces with tears.

"The hand of God is guarding you, Aurelia," at length my sister said. "Get ready and go to —. It is not a large place. You will have no difficulty in finding her."

"Hughes, Hughes," I kept repeating. "I have heard that name." Then I clutched her arm. "Hughes is his lawyer!" I cried.

"The hand of God is in it!" she repeated, solemnly "O Aurelia, He will give our innocent child back to us unharmed. Never doubt His justice!"

To escape the reporters, many of whom still lingered in the town, one of my nephews drove me to a station ten miles away. I went from there, by rail, to —— and entered the town undetected. I inquired of the post-master about Rosamund Hughes, and he informed me that she was the adopted daughter of Attorney Hughes, and directed me to her home. A negress met me at the door, and, ushering me into the parlor, left to call Miss Hughes, without asking my name. In a few minutes, a young woman, tall of form and fair of face, entered the room. Evidently she had expected to see another caller, for she paused an instant; then, advancing, with outstretched hand, she said:

"I am pleased to meet you—. Pardon me, but Sallie forgot to give me your name."

"I am Mrs. Brayfield," I said. I noticed that her cheeks got a shade paler, at the name. She pressed my hand, half-drawing it to her bosom, while she muttered: "Oh, you poor mother!"

"I am indeed to be pitied!" I replied brokenly. "For not only is the life of my child threatened, but he is innocent."

"Father believes that firmly," she said.

"And you?" I inquired. She looked into my eyes, and her glance seemed to penetrate my very soul. If there had been falsehood hidden there, or doubt, those dark eyes would have drawn it up, as she asked:

"Is he innocent?"

"He is!" I replied.

"Then, I believe in his innocence as firmly as my father—and you," she answered, and led me to the sofa. When I had recovered from my emotion, I said:

"Miss Hughes, I come to you, bearing a message from the dead."

"The dead!" she exclaimed. "Who, of the dead, could send you to me?"

"He to whom this belonged," I replied, holding out the locket. She stretched forth a slow hand and took it from me, and looked down on it, without a word. Now I studied her face. I saw that its beauty was cold, frozen, I might say. It reminded me of a white rose which I had once seen enveloped in a veil of ice. What grief had turned the woman into a statue? What sorrow had silenced the laughter on the scarlet lips, and chased joy of life from the dark eyes? Breaking from the thought of her concealed misery, I began my story, and, though I told it in detail, she never moved, or lifted her eyes from the face pictured in the locket. When I ceased speaking, there was silence, for a while. When, finally, she turned her white face and still eyes toward me, and said, "He is dead!" I took her in my arms and wept the tears that she could not shed. She lay quietly on my bosom, and, because I knew that she desired it, I talked to her of him. I told her how all that human aid could do for him had been done; how the kindly mountain people had watched through the hours of those eight days and nights with me; how untiringly the physician had worked to save him, and, by his attention and skill, rendered his last moments painless. I told her of the burial in our family graveyard; how the sun had thawed the Christmas snow, and how blue and sunny was the sky that morning; how the people had left merry-making and occupation to pay the tribute of their respect to the departed, and how sweetly our village choir had sung, as we laid him down, under the pine trees. But I spoke longest to her of his hours of delirium, when the name of Rosamund fell constantly from his lips.

"How did he speak to—to her?" she asked.

"Sometimes as if she were a child; again, as if she were a woman; and always as to one loved with a great, abiding love," I answered.

"And there was never any doubt expressed of—of her fidelity?"

"Never, my child! Shortly before he died, he made as if to fling himself from the bed, saying, 'All the world has forsaken me!' then, he leaned back quietly on his pillow, and whispered, 'Not all! Rosamund is true!'"

She shook in my arms, under the heart-breaking sobs, then lay quiet for a few minutes.

"You are good!" she said, lifting herself from my embrace. "Only the great heart of God knows how good I hold you to be!" But controlling her emotion, she said: "You must leave town immediately. It must not be known that you visited me. I shall send you over to Paris, where you can take the train home. I don't know what I am going to do. I must have time to think. What did he say? Repeat his words, when he gave you the locket!"

I obeyed. When I had finished, she half moaned:

"'Through fire and water'—Oh! oh! How well he knew me!"

Then, she said, quietly: "Your boy is innocent; he must be freed. And if he were guilty"—she stopped at the thought, and looked into my eyes, appealingly: "If he were guilty, would you want him to be freed?"

"But he is not guilty!" I cried.

"But if he were guilty?" she insisted.

"I am his mother!" I replied.

"You would want him set free?" she questioned.

"I would want him set free!" I replied. I thought a new light shone on her face.

"It is always so—with us—for we are women; and we brought them into the world; but—but they never understand, and—and they condemn us."

After that she conducted me to the dining-room and sat with me, cool and collected, while I ate. As she kissed me goodbye, she said:

"Leave your fears and grief in this town! Your son will be saved." And I laughed in my heart, at the words.

III.

NOT TOLD BY THE MOTHER.

Mr. Hughes walked the floor of his office, his iron-gray head bowed, his face set in hard, inflexible lines. On the chair before his desk, sat Rosamund, her dark eyes following him in his long walk. Finally he said, without pausing or looking at her:

"His condemnation is a foregone conclusion. It is not only a murder to be avenged. There is the animus of party spirit and there is also the desire to intimidate the mountaineers, to teach them to respect law and human life, and lift dishonor from the name of Kentucky. The public believes the boy guilty; the jury believes it: and the evidence is such as to warrant that belief. I do not know how I am going to break down that evidence, and convince the jury that the boy is innocent."

"But you will do it," she asserted, confidently. He walked twice the length of the floor before replying; then, he paused and looking down on her with a beautiful light in his eyes, he said, "I will do it." He continued his walk and again there was silence; then, again he stopped, and said: "Rosamund, I will not ask you to swear, for I know that to save the universe you would not utter an untruthful word; but tell me is there the shadow of doubt in your mind concerning the boy's innocence?"

"No, father, none," she answered.

"We have gone over the evidence frequently. Do you not think there is a possibility that we may be mistaken, and that Harry Brayfield may have killed Mark Davidson, in a fit of drunken anger?"

"No, sir," she said. Again he bowed his head and began to walk.

"The jury has been impaneled," he said. "They are honest men. They will try to do their duty, and they go into the box with the conviction (unconscious perhaps) that it is their duty to adjudge that boy guilty of murder. I might hope to destroy that conviction, if Bennet Morgan were not one of those twelve men. He hates me too well to be amenable to my reason-the old man, of himself, as he strode ing. And why does he hate me?" asked down the carpeted floor.

At the name of that man the blood crept slowly into her face, until cheeks and brow were crimson. When it receded, leaving her paler than before, she had made her decision.

"I will help you, father," she said. He stopped and she went to him.

"I must accept that help, Rosamund," he said, helplessly. "The life of an innocent boy demands it; and—"

"And the debt laid upon me by the dead must be paid," she said.

"Even so!" he answered, drawing her white face to his kiss. She let her head rest on his shoulder for a moment, then left the office.

Dr. Bennet Morgan was riding home, the evening of the day that the jury for the trial of Harry Brayfield had been drawn. His selection was not of his seeking, but, having been chosen, he made no protest. He was a man of good family and some fortune. Without retiring from the practice of his profession, he had interested himself in political affairs, and was now a candidate for the Democratic nomination of State Senator, from his district. Further on in the sky of his future shone the faint star of a hope of a higher office in the commonwealth; and his mind's eye was on it, as he rode slowly homeward that summer evening. At a place where the lane crept down into a grove of beeches, his horse gave a start. Reining him in, Dr. Morgan peered through the twilight, and discerned, a few paces ahead, a woman, on horseback, waiting under a wide-armed tree. His heart felt a swift contraction of pain. On one occasion she had met him there, a rare October afternoon. He saw again the sunlight pouring down on her pale face, the slender figure in the blue riding-habit; again he heard her voice.

"Rosamund!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is I," said the waiting horsewoman, faintly.

"Why—why are you here at this hour?" he asked, blindly.

"To see you," she said.

His mind groped feebly over her answer. To see him, after the parting which she had said was final!

"Rosamund, you are in trouble?" He knew nothing else could send her here. He saw her bow her head, in the dim light; then, leaning toward him, she said, her lustrous eyes meeting his in the dark:

"Bennet, Harry Brayfield is innocent! He did not kill Mark Davidson—"

"Rosamund!" cried the young man, lifting a pleading hand. Unheeding his appeal, she continued:

"You must listen to me!"

"Then, I must withdraw from the jury."

"No! no! Bennet," she pleaded, "If ever you loved me—"

"Hush, Rosamund, for God's sake!" he cried. His words silenced her. When next she spoke, her voice was calm.

"I have gone over the evidence carefully. I have heard the worst that can be brought forward; yet nothing has convinced me of his guilt. Bennet, you must show the jury that Harry Brayfield did not kill that man. I know that he is innocent; if not"—she stopped abruptly, for before her swept the picture of that deathbed in the mountain home. "Through fire and water." She bowed her face before his eyes: "If not—O Bennet! I still must have come to you to-night to say, if ever you loved me, set Harry Brayfield free!"

"I have loved you well and long. Rosamund, I love you still!" But when he rode onward, his head was sunken on his breast.

During the trial Dr. Morgan sat with his eyes fixed steadfastly on the young prisoner. Though Mr. Hughes made a powerful argument there was little doubt in the minds of the public as to the verdict. They anticipated a speedy announcement, but the hours wore away, and still that closed door stood between the prisoner and his fate. When the evening was far advanced, the jurymen, haggard and pale of face, appeared. In reply to the demand of the judge, the foreman stated that the jury had failed to convict on evidence so entirely circumstantial, and remanded the case to the judgment of the court. There followed an electric pause. For a moment, the judge's face wore a dark expression; but,

smothering the feelings of the man, he rose to the dignity of the office.

"If twelve men can find no evidence of guilt in the case, one cannot undertake to both discover that guilt and pronounce its punishment. The prisoner at the bar is dismissed!"

In dead silence the words were received, and while the boy and his friends and counsel retired, the audience continued to sit in silent astonishment. Someone whispered "fraud and Republican gold," and an electric current seemed to dart through the assembly. They hurried from the courtroom, angry, excited crowds, denouncing judge and jury, and prophesying that the State would be hurled forward to destruction by that verdict. The printed and spoken utterances against their rectitude stung one of the jurors into revealing the secret source of their failure to return a verdict of guilt. Others reluctantly confirmed his statement, and when the public learned that the conviction of eleven men as to the guilt of the prisoner had been defied, and finally overthrown, by one, though that one was known and honored in the community, its indignation poured over him in a lava stream. Populace and the press openly denounced him as a traitor to the sacred cause of justice, bought by Republican gold, to betray the trust confided in him. Old friends avoided him, his very kindred turned away; but, hiding what suffering this brought, Dr. Morgan pursued his daily avocation, calmly and silently. He had foreseen this attitude of men toward him when they should learn what he had done. He knew that his career was ruined, but he did not regret his course. She had said that the boy was innocent; she was always right; he had forced the law to sanction her opinion.

On another evening, as the sun was going down behind the hill, he saw her waiting for him under the beech tree. He rode forward quickly to meet her, but the sight of her face brought anguish to his heart.

"Rosamund!" he cried. "What is the matter?"

"I have been ill since that day," she said. "If it were not so, I should have come before this to thank you."

He tried to interrupt her, but she passed over his words unheedingly. "To thank you and to tell you all."

She drew away the ribbon from her throat, as if it were choking her; then began; in an unfamiliar voice:

"Two men loved my mother. One she loved and married. The other—you know him!—made himself an exile from his native place, for her sake. There were several children. I was the youngest. When I was about fourteen, my father was accused of forging a note for several thousand dollars. He was convicted, and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. He was innocent, but only I believed in his innocence. Even my mother doubted, and it killed her. I did all in my child's power to save him; failing, I helped him to escape from jail. My action made me amenable to punishment by the law, but through the legal efforts of my mother's old lover I was not prosecuted. My people, feeling that I had brought double disgrace on them, disowned me; then this man took me to his home and legally adopted me as his daughter. Now you know," her voice went gaspingly over the words, "why I refused to marry you. I did not want—the cruel world—sometime to tell you—that your wife—was—a forger's daughter."

He bent his head and kissed the white hand that clutched the horn of the saddle, murmuring, "O Rosamund! to doubt my love!"

"Ten years ago, on Christmas Eve, a sick, old man knocked at the door of Harry Brayfield's home. His mother took the stranger in. For eight days she nursed him as if he were her own flesh and blood. When

he died, she buried him, with respect and reverence, in her family graveyard. Before he died, he gave her a locket, and told her that if ever a child of hers needed a friend to find the person whose picture it contained, and bid that person to repay his debt of gratitude to her, by befriending her loved one. I was the person whose portrait was in the locket, that dying stranger was my father, and the hour of payment came when Harry Brayfield stood in the dock, charged with murder. He said to that woman that I would pay that debt —'through fire and water'—and I did! I did!" she finished, her voice broken by sobs, while the tears ran down her white cheeks. "For I—I—have destroyed your future! And that future was all that remained to me, in life. Oh! I loved you so well, I would not marry you,—because, —because they hold my father guilty, and I was afraid it might injure your career. And I let you go out of my life—let you go thinking that it was Mr. Hughes who opposed you, for I couldn't tell you,—and now—and now—"

"Rosamund!" he cried, "You love me!" and the twilight fell about them like a veil, and in the deep heart of the silence and the night, they found that the meaning of their lesson of pain was great joy.

. . . . . .

Years later, the arrest and trial of a noted mountain outlaw developed the fact, that he, because of a private wrong, was the murderer of Mark Davidson.

CHRISTMAS VIOLETS.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

I sighed to give you flowers bright,
  Tho' vanished sweet the summer's glow—
The violets heard my longings deep,
  Oh, way down 'neath the turf and snow.
They were not due till April fair,
  Yet, in December's wilderness
They felt the warmth of Friendship's Spring
  And robed themselves in royal dress.

A DAUGHTER OF SAINT BRIDE.

BY ALICE FURLONG.

The folk dwelling upon the hill said that Morna talked with angels. Well, it might have been so. When this word went through any company, no one said against it. It must be a true word that passes contradiction, especially in a gathering of people.

The look of innocence was upon the countenance of the girl, though she was a woman grown since the grass of the pastures shot up tall and green at Beltainé. Offers of marriage had been made for her, because she came of decent people, and had a good appearance upon her. But the family, that had the rearing of her, smiled, and said that Morna was not for the marrying. Sure, the priest himself could have told them all about it, had they asked! She was made for the company of saints, those saints that bear the lily in their hands. So her people said to them that came asking her for their sons.

She went up the hill-roads, and went down. Her eyes were gray and deep. They were like clear water in the shadow of rushes, when the twilight is without a star. They had not the fire of passion in them. They were still and dreamy, just the same as the twilight water when all the winds are asleep.

She went up the hill-roads, and went down. The smile was on her lip, whether the voice was there or no. Sometimes she came in under the lintel of a dusky cabin. There would be a mist and a fragrance of blue smoke in it, and a spot of brightness where the core of red fire burned within the hollow of the hearth.

"Is that yourself, Morna deelish!" the vanithee would ask, then. "Th' blessin' o' God be about ye noon an' night!" There was always a welcome for Morna.

"Th' thirst is upon me, an' th' hunger!" Morna would always make answer, sitting down by the hearth, where the glow shone into her eyes and showed how deep and still they were.

With that she would be given of the best that house had, both in food and drink. Not that she knew, or minded. She took the mother of milk, and the wheaten cake spread with fine golden butter, and she drank and ate without remark, saving for thanking you. If she got a cold potato, which was many a time the best a lone woman's house could afford, she had the same appetite for it, and the same thanks. It was well-known she took no account of these things. The ears that listened to the words of angels were not concerned with the cry of the poor mortal body.

She was an orphan. Her father, Teig O'Daly, got his death by a storm of snow, on a winter's night. He climbed the hill to reach his home; but he never put a foot over its door-stone, for he missed his road, and went wandering into the whirling white mist. God knows how long he wandered, and how long he was in dying. But they found him in a drift, a mile off the track, and the snow was his winding-sheet. That happened before the child was born. When it drew the breath of life the mother knocked at the doors of death, and was not denied her going in. So Morna began her day under the hand of sorrow, and the hand of sorrow is the hand of Heaven, as all can tell.

The Poor-house was a bad name to them in the high hill-country. A neighbor, who was related as well, took the infant. She reared it with her own children. These were hardy boys and girls, with ruddy cheeks and flaxen heads. Murdoch, the eldest, and Grania, the white-skinned

girl, were patterns for strength. Eileen and little Con were stout-built children. Morna was not like any of them, though she was of their blood. She was slender as a reed, and her complexion was like the transparency of the early spring snow.

She did not play with Honor O'Daly's flock, when they were young to play. She did not work with them, when they were old to work. Murdoch followed the horses, ploughing the steep red field. Young Con dug the turf out of the bog. Grania milked the cow and the two goats, churned the milk, and made the butter. Eileen kneaded the bread, and washed the linen, beetling it white in the mountain stream. No one ever thought of Morna, the poor relation, putting her hand to work; not even Grania, though it was said of her that she did not let her bone go with the dog.

For the matter of that, the keep of Morna was no great thing upon them. She ate at the table of others, oftener than she ate at Honor O'Daly's. It was not to be laid to their blame. They would have shared their last crumb with her, and welcome. But if the field did not know her, nor the dairy, neither did the warm corner of the chimney. In sun and in rain, summer and winter, Morna went up the hill-roads, and went down. She made her pilgrimages to the lone grey chapel down the glen, to the Holy Well that was east, and to the Holy Well that was west. When the desire of food came upon her, she asked for it at the nearest cabin. That is how she made the acquaintance of Tirlough Morrissy.

He was on his door-step one day, reading out of his book. He had the learning. He could even make verses when he liked. But he counted that as idleness and said his prayers instead. He was reading his book, and had his spectacles on his nose, when Morna came walking by.

She had never traveled so far before. She was just at the mouth of the glen where the hazels gathered in a thick copse, as if they wanted to hide the world outside from the mountain-people. Beyond stretched the broad plain that was like the wide sea itself; so smooth and green at hand, like the sea where it is shallow against the shore; so blue in the distance, just as the same sea, when it goes rolling up against the rim of Heaven. The little grey chapel was behind her, a long way behind her, on the rise of the ground. She had hardly thought there was any world beyond the little grey chapel. But, in her hearing, a neighbor had spoken of a Holy Well that was to be found outside the glen. A Patrick's Well, and a Kiaran's Well, were within it, one in the east and the other in the west. The bushes by them were all hung with rags and tatters left there by folks who came and prayed, and drank the water. By the flag-stone of each, where the knees of the people had worn deep hollows, Morna daily said the round of her beads.

"I'll be lookin' for that other Well today," said she, the morning after the neighbor had told them of it. They were all out of the house, but the vanithee. She was turning the cake on the griddle, keeping it from burning.

"An' bring some o' th' wather home with ye, lanna," said she. Murdoch can spill it over the field before he rolls the oats tomorrow. The' crop is very backward, an' that's what it is."

"There should be great blessin' in the water," said the girl. She put away a bottle in her wallet, to carry some of it home.

She went down the mountain-track, and down the glen. The high green ferns grew by the road-side. They were so high and thick that the dew lingered in the grass under them, though it was noonday. The foxgloves stood tall and rosy among the rocks and stones. There was no wind

to shake their speckled bells, and ring out dim fairy-music more faint than the moonlight itself. It was a hot June day. The cattle, seeking the cool, trod the marshy places in the bowl of the glen. Elsewhere, on the brow of the mountain, they drowsed in the sun. The air was all quivering with the heat, and rippled like a wave where the hill cut its own shape against the blue sky. That was a sign of great weather for the cutting and saving of hay.

The thirst fell upon Morna, and dried her throat. Then she saw a house by the side of the road. It was the house of Tirlough Morrissy, the scholar. It had a window stuffed with a wad, and a big hole in the roof for a chimney.

Tirlough, the old white-headed man, sat by the door-stone. He was reading. His stool was a creel turned upside down. The shadow of the strange slender girl fell upon the book.

"God save ye, young woman!" said he, looking up. He was not from the mountains. He did not know it was Morna O'Daly was in it.

"There's a great dhrouth upon me," said she. She put up her light fair hand to her throat. It was so slim and white, like a fine pillar of marble! And her countenance was so innocent! Old Tirlough, the scholar, felt a kind of pleasant awe fall on his soul.

He began to think of visions of the saints that were sometimes granted to them loved by God. He had no great thought about himself, but he knew that the things of good repute had a savor for him. He rose to his feet, as if he had been in the presence of the holy priest, Father Canice O'Clery, that had his chapel in a green hollow of the waves of the plain out there.

"Tis no more nor a vessel o' skim-milk I have within," said he. "But you're welcome to it, an' I wish it was th' Spanish wine."

She drank of the milk, and said:

"God send ye th' like when you're in want of it!"

She was going her way then to seek the Well, which was the Well of Saint Bride. But the scholar held out his hand, with the old brown book in it.

"Tis th' Lives o' the Saints," said he. Her face seemed to grow brighter, like a flower when the beam of the sun falls upon it. Her eyes deepened.

"And 'tis yourself that can read it?" said she.

"Aye," the scholar made answer. "God's truth, but I can." He had the one little blemish that he was proud of his learning. Well, it was no great fault.

"I'm goin' to the Well o' Saint Bride," said the girl. "Read me somethin' concernin' her." A sudden thought came running into the old man's head.

"Who are ye at all?" said he to the girl.

"I'm Morna O'Daly from the mountain," she made answer, with her meek look upon him. "I never set my foot on this road before."

"Ah, that indeed," said Tirlough, the scholar. He was only a little less reverent towards her, than when he had thought to be speaking with holy Saint Bride, or the Virgin Mary, herself. For sure and certain, Morna from the mountain was a walking saint, and no mistake about it.

"I have an old rhyme about Saint Bride," said he. "I'll say it for ye." And he said this rhyme:

"More blessed than Patrick or Kiaran,
More blessed than white Columbcille,
Was Bride, the Virgin of the church of the oaks,
The noble daughter of Dultach."

"Against the wizards, the children of Danaan,
Patrick could bring snow, and disperse it,
Against the wizards in the magic green groves,
Patrick could raise fire, and quench it."

"From the lone rocky islands of the north,
Where the gray seas are shaking their beards of foam,

The boat of Columba sailed the waters
Without sail, without oar, it brought a dead
Monk to Erinn."

"More blessed again was Bride, a noble branch
On the high tree of the Gael: with joy she carried
The King of the Seven Heavens in her arms,
Christ, the Son of Mary, the Lord of the Elements."

That was the rhyme old Tirlough, the scholar, had about Saint Bride.

When he had made an end of his discourse, Morna O'Daly went her way. The sun was on her hair, it threw beams of gold deep into its brownness. The smile was on her lip, and she was speaking with herself. Her slim snowy hands were folded upon her bosom. Tirlough Morrissy drew himself back.

"For sure an' certain she's holdin' talk with the angels," he said in his own mind. He had heard that said of Morna.

She found the Holy Well, a grey cup of water with the stones built up high round about it. In every crevice and cranny, a green plume of cranesbill sprang out and shook over the Well: the pink blossoms smelt like the spice of incense in a monastery; the stalks and veining of the leaves were as red as wine. Old grey thorns were dreaming by the esker of a forgotten rath. It had once been the dwelling-house of kings.

Morna O'Daly took the brogues from her delicate small feet, and it was the barefoot prayer that she made round about the place. And that was a powerful prayer to draw the Heavens down.

She filled the bottle with the blessed water, and brought it home. Murdoch O'Daly sprinkled it upon the oats the day after. It was a plentiful crop they reaped that year. As for the girl, she had a new pilgrimage put upon her with the finding of the Well of Saint Bride. Every seven days, she used to be turning her back on the lone grey mountains, and seeking the mouth of the glen, and the border of the blue plain. Coming or going she stayed her feet by the door of Tirlough Morrissy, that had the learning; and he turned up a creel for her to sit upon, and he read out of his books. So the time went with them, until the cold winter came.

In the days before Christmas, an east wind blew snow into the sky. It was there without falling, when Morna went on her weekly pilgrimage to the Well on the margin of the plain. It began to drop and wind down the air, and lie white upon the frozen ground, when she was setting her face for home. Tirlough Morrissy had heard the story of how Teig O'Daly had got death upon the mountain. He gave his company to the daughter up the hill.

They walked the road, a silent pair of people. It was their way. Except when he was reading off the dog-eared page, or reciting old ranns of the saints of Erinn, the old man was shy of loosening his tongue with a woman who certainly was one of the holy people. And Morna was listening to the angels. They came by the door of the little grey chapel, the little grey chapel that was not the place where the old scholar used to hear the Mass read every Sunday. The door was standing open.

"We 'll not be without goin' in, to say a prayer." said Morna O'Daly. They went in, then, and prayed.

As they were coming out, they saw a great confusion of straw and holly boughs in a corner at the end of the chapel. The green spiky leaves of the holly glistened, and the berries were all scarlet-dyed. The priest, Father Malachy, and the woman that kept the chapel, were busy among the confusion of straw and boughs. They were hammering boards together and laying them end to end, and propping them to the wall.

"Ah," said Tirlough Morrissy, smacking his lips, "a crib."

He stood at a distance, and watched the work. Morna did in like manner. She had no eyes for anything but the image

of the Infant Jesus, with His sweet smile upon Him, and His little arms stretched out, just like any other little child that wanted to be lifted up into its mother's bosom.

The priest turned himself about, when he heard the words of Tirlough, the scholar. He had a knowledge of the old man.

"We cannot be always letting you get the better of us, down there," said he. They were always boasting of their crib, the folk who went to the chapel on the plain. They threw it in the face of the mountain-people that they had not the like of it up there. It rose the spirit in the woman that minded the chapel on the hill.

"We'll be as good, an' betther again nor them," said she, and she washing the altar-linen for the Christmas. She spoke her mind to Father Malachy. "Why cannot we have a crib?" said she.

"Why not, indeed?" answered the priest. So the crib was to be in the mountain chapel on Christmas Day. And there were the two at work when Morna, the girl, and her old comrade came to say a prayer.

"Ye never had one before?" said old Tirlough. "Tis a heavy job. Not every chapel can have a good Crib!"

"Ye think not!" said the chapel-woman. She got red in the face. She did not like it in Tirlough Morrissy to speak after such a fashion. Only that she was where she was, she would have made answer to him in another way.

"God send ye will get it right!" said he, piously. But his head tilted itself up. At that, the chapel-woman turned her back on him.

Morna and himself went out on the door, and continued their journey. He saw the girl safe to O'Daly's threshold. The fire was red upon the walls of that house; red and warm was the glow upon the hearth; the Christmas cheer was in the place. But outside, the fine small snow was dropping and winding down the air. There was a yellow sky, and not a breath of a breeze.

That was a white Christmas. Early in the morning, the chapel-woman came to open the door. Her feet sank deep in the snow, and cut silvery lines in their own shape with every step she took. When she got in, and kindled one of the lamps, she put her eye on the crib. She took pride out of it, for it was her own work. Father Malachy had not been much use except for hammering in the nails, hard. There it was, a delight to her looks: the holly stiff and bright, with its glossy dark leaves marking the redness of the plentiful berries. She had broken those prickly branches with her own two hands, as she had many a thorn in them to show. And there was the Virgin Mary and Saint Joseph, on their knees; and the ox and the ass would be looking into the manger where the holy Infant was lying among the warm golden straw. That was all very good until she drew close to the crib: but it happened that when she did, there was neither sight nor light of any Infant to be seen!

"Mother o' God! What at all is th' meaning o' this!" cried the chapel-woman. She flew to the priest's house. Father Malachy was rising in the dark. He was cold and tired enough, poor man, after a sick call in the very early morning. The chapel-woman battered with her fists upon his bed-room door.

"Oh, your reverence, come quick! Someone has been committin' a sacrilege! Come quick!" The priest's heart was in his mouth, as he made haste after her. It was still dark, and the stars shining in the sky.

He found the chapel-woman, and she standing by the crib, weeping, and wringing her hands.

"Th' holy Infant stolen away—nothin' less," said she. "Oh, how did ye let Him to be gone on ye? Sure, He wasn't much to hould between th' whole of ye!" This

was to the Virgin Mary and Saint Joseph, and to the ox and the ass. Well, they made no answer, good or bad, any of them. As for Father Malachy, his fright left him, he was so glad to find it was nothing worse. For a priest has always one awful care on his mind.

"I saw Him th' last thing, an' I leavin' th' place last night," said the chapel-woman, through her tears.

"I was here about five this morning," said the priest. "Maybe someone slipped in along with me. Indeed, I thought I heard a foot, but when I turned my head, I could see nothing."

"An' who'd be prowlin' about for thievery at that hour?" asked the chapel-woman. For nobody was ever next or nigh the chapel before Morna O'Daly, who was often sitting on the flag-stone for an hour before the door was opened at six o'clock. "Except Morna O'Daly," said the chapel-woman. "An' I'm sure she wasn't goin' to disturb the Holy Image."

Father Malachy looked thoughtful at that. But he made no remark.

He had to read his three Masses, anyhow, and it was one o'clock when he was eating his breakfast of rashers and eggs in the parlor of his house. As he was thus, he heard that Tirlough Morrissy, the scholar, was looking for him. He made an end of his eating, and went down to the kitchen. The old man was there, sitting warming his toes by the big fire. He got on his feet when he saw the priest drawing nigh.

"I'd like you'd be comin' with me, your reverence," said he, and fingered his old hat, worn red with wind and weather. "'Tis a matther of importance, an' th' Bishop might be wantin' your testimony by-and-by."

"What is it?" asked Father Malachy, rubbing his forehead.

"I'd be more satisfied, if ye would come yourself," said Tirlough, the scholar.

The priest was an easy-going man. He said he would go with him. He put his things about him, and the two stepped down the road. All around, were the white large mountains, seamed with black where the streams ran, or where walls and hedges divided the pastures. The yellow sky had changed to still, icy blue. It was cold and bright. It held the hollow silence, like as if it were a bowl of glass turned down upon it. That was the white Christmas Day.

The priest and the scholar walked the road, and they had no words between them. It was not long until they came to the mouth of the glen. The branches and twigs of the hazels there were laden with snow; wonderful glimmering things they looked with the pale sun sparkling upon them.

Beyond, there was the snowy plain, broad, black-ridged by dyke and ditch.

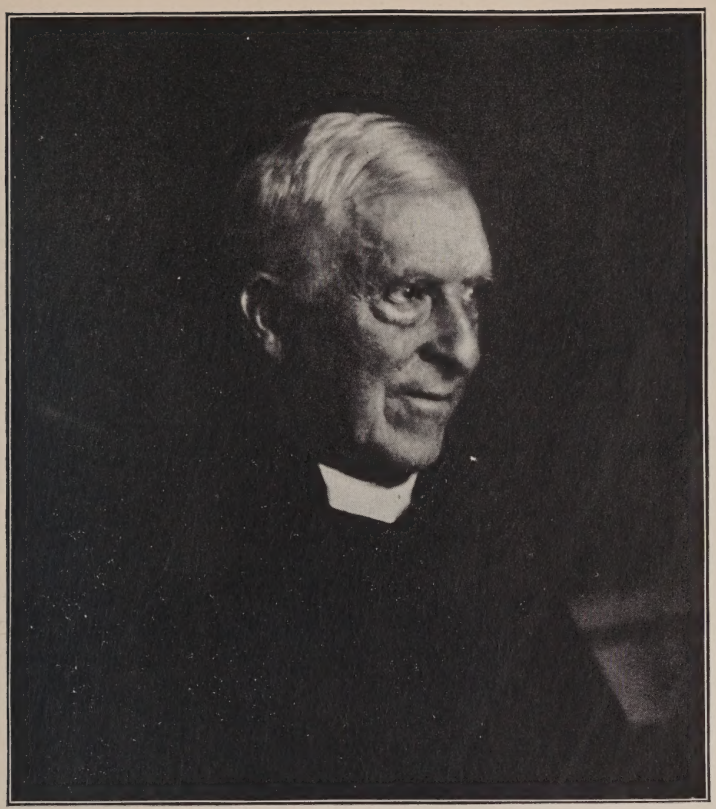
The travelers gave their right hand to the cabin of Tirlough Morrissy, and pushed past it without delay. They had never a word between them. Crunch; crunch; went their feet in the snow. They came to the Well of Saint Bride.

By the esker of the rath, in which old kings had made their dwelling, it was the grey thorns that rose in a ring. The snow upon every bough of them was more white and beautiful than their summer blossom. Hard-by, the Well was dark in its cup of stone.

It was the biggest of the trees that stood nearest to the Well; and by its foot sat Morna O'Daly, the girl who talked with the angels. Upon her lap lay the lost Image of the Infant Jesus. Her arm was under His neck. Her face was bent over Him, as if she were looking for the smile of His Countenance.

She was stone-dead.

"It might be just Saint Bride, herself," said Tirlough Morrissy, the scholar, and dropped on his knees in the snow.



VERY REV. W. KELLY.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The Rev. William Kelly, now living in well-earned retirement in the parish house of St. Theresa's pro-cathedral, Omaha, Neb., has lived under seven popes, from Pope Pius VII. to Pius X.

When Father Kelly was born, in 1818, in Ireland, Pius VII. was Pope; when he was five years old, Leo XII. succeeded to the Papacy, and when he was eleven, Pius VIII. assumed control of the Church's affairs, to be in turn succeeded, two years later, by Gregory XVI., who, though he wore the ring of the fisherman for fifteen years, yet died before Father Kelly had left his native land for the United States. It was during the reign of Pius IX., who became Pope in 1846, that Father Kelly came to America. He went almost directly to Omaha, and there, two years before the great civil war, he was ordained a priest and placed in charge of the first Catholic church established in that city.

The church was a poor little wooden structure about forty feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and stood on the present site of the Burlingtone freight depot on Eighth street. The whole population of Omaha was then but 1,800 souls, and the congregation was necessarily small and far from rich, but Father Kelly labored hopefully, untiringly, and with a contagious enthusiasm and energy to build up the little congregation. So successful were his labors that he was at length sent into the then western wilderness to build up new outposts for the use of the Christian army.

Father Kelly's life has been actively identified with that of Omaha, as he was ordained there in 1859, being then in his forty-second year, and has since devoted the major portion of his time to work in that city.

When the first train into Cheyenne pushed its way over the union Pacific, just completed, Father Kelly was one of its passengers, and a short time later, in 1868, he had built the first Catholic church in that little town. In the fall of 1869 Father Kelly accompanied Bishop Gorman to Rome, where he attended the great

Vatican Council. Returning, he was assigned to work in Lincoln in 1871, remaining there for four years, when he was called back to Omaha, where he has been stationed ever since.

Though retired from the regular duties of the priesthood, Father Kelly still takes an active interest in parish affairs, and is always ready to give a helping hand towards promoting works of charity.

A certain column in that admirably edited paper, the Catholic Standard and Times of Philadelphia, has for years attracted attention by the originality of thought and cleverness of expression marking its contents. It has been one of the most interesting features of this popular Catholic weekly, and great will be the pleasure of many to learn that "The Busybody" has come out of her Corner to invite the children into a veritable palace of delights, "The Story Book House." "The Busybody," who is Mrs. Honor Walsh, leads the visitors to a colonial mansion with a background of mountain scenery, and a garden which loses itself in a tangle of roses rioting over a thorn hedge. Charming people dwell in the mansion, and gather on the wide veranda, in the lofty ceiled rooms, or on the back porch, and here the children come to them, to rest and to listen to the stories told by Nana, the Uncle Papa, and the Student, all born story-tellers. While Estelle and Frank and Brose and Nellie and hosts of other children listen entranced, we can readily imagine an audience of grown-up folks stealing up softly and smiling with pleasure as the capital tales unfold. Fun and pathos, adventure and achievement, mark the stories told. After hearing them no one wonders that Estelle's dreams of some day writing a story herself came true, or that "Laurie's Lily" is so dainty and sweet, so worthy of taking form in the young mind, pure as the blossom's waxen petals.

Photograph by Gilbert, Phila.

MRS. HONOR WALSH.

Mrs. Walsh knows how to tell a story, and at the same time to elevate the thoughts of young readers. She also places before them a model of style in composition. In writing this book, of children and for children, she

has conferred upon the Catholic public one of the greatest favors accorded in recent years by the producers of juvenile literature.

Little did the choir boys of St. Joseph's Church, Boston, in 1887, think that one of their number, Joseph Sheehan, would have the honor of being the first to sing in English—in America—Giuseppe Verdi's opera, "Othello." Yet such is the case. Mr. Sheehan recently made his debut as the Moor in the first performance, in English, by Mr. Henry W. Savage's company, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn. New York and Brooklyn critics accorded him warm praise. The following month the Boston tenor duplicated his success in his home city, and later on in Chicago.

When "Othello" had its original Italian production, Mr. Sheehan was a boy singer in Catholic church choirs in Boston. During a Press Club entertainment in that city, about that time, he met the late Alexander Salvini, then on his last tour of America. On that occasion, Mr. Salvini was so pleased with the young man's voice that he predicted for him an operatic future. Farther than that he declared that some day Mr. Sheehan would sing Verdi's "Othello" in America, and to make his prediction the more pointed, he then and there presented his Boston friend with a Moorish scimetar that had been given him by the late Lawrence Barrett. Mr. Sheehan kept this blade religiously among his collection of swords and used it for the first time in making his debut as the jealous Moor. No greater praise, probably, could have been given him than that of Signor De Steffani, who witnessed his first performance in the part. Signor Steffani had sung with Tamagno, in Italy, and said: "No tenor, except Tamagno, ever sang the Verdi role as well as Mr. Sheehan sings it."

Before going on the operatic stage, Mr. Sheehan sang in various choirs in Boston, and was in the Government service as a postal clerk. While thus employed he devoted his evenings to diligent study under a vocal teacher. His voice is a robust tenor; very sweet, and capable of great dramatic fervor. He has a repertoire of more than a hundred grand opera roles.

Mr. Sheehan has had repeated offers to sing in Italian and French grand opera companies, but his education has been exclusively American. His large repertoire is wholly English.

JOSEPH SHEEHAN.

He will be heard in "Othello" in New York city, during the coming metropolitan engagement of his company.

Through the courtesy of a friend we are permitted to publish late photographs of two literary women whose work has won renown on two continents, Mrs. Alice Meynell and Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. The rapt listener seated by Mrs. Meynell is her godson, Master Theobald Henry Tynan Hinkson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tynan Hinkson, who already gives evidence of inheriting his parents' love of books. He is given to much reflection, has decided ideas of his own, and at times reaches startling conclusions, as when he announced recently that "the devil is only a pome." His brother, Giles Aylmer, best known to his friends as "Bunny," claims Miss Guiney as his godmother, and is evidently on excellent terms with her.

Reared in such an atmosphere and favored

by intimate association with famous literary people, great things may be expected of these boys, the sons of a gifted father and mother.

No doubt these young people have been the inspiration of Mrs. Hinkson's later poems on children. Her mother love breathes in the lines of "The Desire," a beautiful word picture of home felicity centered in the unfolding life of a little child "Just four years old."

Give me a little boy all mine
Just four years old.

Give me no gold and starry crown,
Nor harps nor palm branches unrolled,
Give me a nestling head of brown
Just four years old.

Give me a cheek that's like the peach,
Two arms to clasp me from the cold,

Photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London.

MRS. ALICE MEYNELL AND HER GODSON, "TOBY" HINKSON.

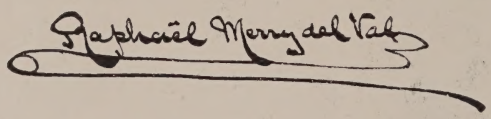
"Give me no mansions ivory white,
Nor palaces of pearl or gold;
Give me a child for all delight,
Just four years old.

Give me no wings of rosy shine,
Nor snowy raiment, fold on fold,
And all my heaven's within my reach
Just four years old.

Dear God, You give me from Your skies
A little Paradise to hold,
As Mary once her Paradise,
Just four years old."

Photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London.

MISS LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY AND HER GODSON, "BUNNY" HINKSON.



THE PAPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

BY MANUEL DE MOREIRA, PH.D.

After the office of the Pontiff himself, the most important position in the Church is that of the Secretary of State. Through this official all intercourse with foreign nations and all important dealings with the regularly constituted hierarchy are transacted. For many years under Leo XIII., this post was filled by Cardinal Rampolla so ably that he stood out as a leader in Church circles, as the spokesman

of the aged Pontiff to the world at large. With the death of Leo, Cardinal Rampolla, as might naturally be expected, decided that it would be better for the new Pope to have another Secretary of State who, unhampered by the policy of the late pontificate, would be perfectly free to carry out the plans of Pius X., whatever changes they might involve. Hence arose the question in diplomatic and governmental circles, "Whom will the Holy Father select?" The names of several prominent Cardinals were mentioned, but an appointment was not made.

STONYHURST COLLEGE.

While the press was suggesting reasons for this unexpected delay, the Pontiff, breaking through the tradition of centuries, had resolved to appoint a young ecclesiastic,—not yet a Cardinal but destined to be raised shortly to that dignity,—to this delicate and difficult office. The choice had fallen upon Mgr. Merry del Val, not yet forty years old. That the selection is an unusual one goes without saying, but a careful study of the new Secretary's career will convince even the superficial that his personal qualities and his previous training have combined to fit him in a pre-eminent manner for a career requiring ability, tact, and the utmost integrity.

Mgr. Merry del Val was born in London on the 10th of October, 1865. His father, the Marquis Merry del Val, was a Spaniard, his mother an English gentlewoman, of Irish descent, whose family came originally from historic Waterford. Whatever has been said by the press about

his father's family, it is certain that the Marquis Merry del Val is not of Portuguese origin. The del Vals are and always have been Spanish. The new Secretary of State seems to have inherited from his parents the finest qualities of the English and of the Castilian race. His English traits were developed by his early education in London and by his splendid training in the most renowned English

STONYHURST CADET CORPS.

Catholic College for noble youth, Stonyhurst.

What pleasant memories cluster around Stonyhurst! It is the finest Catholic educational establishment in Great Britain, for it embraces broad lands and has the largest college building, under one roof, in England, if not in the whole world. It is situated in a most picturesque part of northeast Lancashire, 381 feet above the level of the sea, and is environed by mountain ranges and woodland scenery. It has been the Alma Mater of a multitude too vast for mention, and from its doors has emerged a continuous line of men well known in every department of life.

lects of the strongest type, hearts of the sincerest character, powers of the finest mould, have been trained and developed there. In historical association, in religion, science, art, literature, that by which education is promoted, Stonyhurst stands supreme in England.

From England, Mgr. Merry del Val went to Belgium, where his father had been appointed Spanish ambassador at the court of Brussels. It was here that I had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance

of this able and affable man, who though still young is already great, and from that time dates a friendship most precio

The Jesuits possess in Brussels a flourishing college. It was the mansion of the Counts d'Egmont and de Hornes, who were decapitated in the public square in Brussels at the time Spain ruled over Flanders. I was a student in this home of learning when, one day, a cheerful looking lad of about fifteen or sixteen years arrived. He was of light complexion, of slight build, but even at that age showed firmness and character. The new student was Raphael Merry del Val. His brother Alfonso, now a diplomat, was already a student in the same institution. With Raphael came his brother Pedro, who did not follow the Latin courses, but bent his energies towards the mastery of the commercial course, as he had selected a business career.

Merry del Val entered a class corresponding to our freshman. From the start he was a favorite with everyone. His masters soon realized that here was one of God's elect, and that he was destined to accomplish great things. Among his school-fellows he promptly won all hearts by those generous, frank traits which boys so highly prize, and although we thought he was, in school boy phrase, a terrific grind, still we overlooked his intense application to his books because of his keen interest in all our games. His appearance was far from being that of a Spaniard, and, quite the opposite of his brothers, who were of the pure type of the Castilian; he bore a striking resemblance to an Englishman. In his character the Saxon qualities seemed to predominate. We boys were vividly impressed by his coolness, composure and self-reliance. He was absolutely fair and square in everything and for these traits we revered him. He seemed to lack entirely the impulsiveness of the Spaniard. Yet his was not a cold nature. On the contrary, he was extremely warm-hearted and enthusiastic, but that warm-heartedness was always under control. His career in after life showed us that the qualities which were very prominent during his college life had been greatly developed and were of great service to him in the difficult positions he had been called upon to fill. The combination of the characteristics of the English race allied to the Spanish instinct for diplomacy has made of him one of the ablest diplomats of the Catholic Church. My acquaintance with him during college life and afterwards enabled me to know intimately his singularly upright and frank nature. Always trying to do his duty earnestly and perfectly, he stood well in his class, and his conduct, like that of his brothers, was always above reproach. Not only did he lead in class but in play also he more than held his own. Brought up in England he was naturally very fond of athletics, and we considered him one of our best players.

Trained from the cradle by a very devout mother, he showed even in boyhood a spirit of devotion rare for one of his years. The devotion to St. Aloysius Gonzaga was especially dear to him and our sodality elected him to a responsible office.

In our day a boarding school gives few opportunities to know thoroughly the sterling qualities of a fellow student, except for those with whom he associates continually, as each has his own room and leads a life somewhat apart from the others. Boarding schools as they were conducted in my youth afforded many opportunities to study the character of every pupil. With the exception of class hours, during which each one went to his respective class-room, we were thrown together, sharing a common study hall, dormitories and refectory; we went out to walk in bands, and from constant companionship

learned the true worth of our companions. The discipline under which we lived would be considered extremely rigorous in this country. Nevertheless it formed our character better than the so-called independent way now in vogue, a way which to me seems nothing more than absolute lack of discipline. I cannot now recollect any occasion during all our stay at college when Raphael Merry del Val was found wanting in the strict observance of the rules of the establishment.

His brother, after graduation at St. Michael's college went to the Catholic University of Louvain to prepare himself for the diplomatic service, a career marked out for him by his father. A deep impression was made upon Raphael by this separation, and the St. Michael student became more and more serious and sedate. It was evident that although young, his mind had been formed, and that he weighed the future in a manner unusually thoughtful for a boy of his age. The result was that after finishing college he did not hesitate as to the path of life he wished to enter on. He immediately turned his steps towards the Eternal City, where he enrolled himself as a member of the well known Gregorian University, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. There, as at Stonyhurst and at St. Michael, he won by his sterling qualities not only the esteem of all those who like him were preparing for the holy ministry, but also the highest appreciation in church circles. In this manner the eyes of our late beloved Pope were drawn to the quiet recollected, brilliant ecclesiastical student.

Scarcely had he finished his theological studies when he was honored by the Queen Regent of Spain in being selected as a tutor to the King Alfonso XIII. Later he was appointed to an office which brought him into close contact with Leo XIII. He fulfilled the most complicated duties with so much tact and ability that he was soon selected for a higher and more difficult task. The non-Catholics of Canada were making a great outcry because the Catholics were receiving, in some places, governmental support for their schools. The matter led to controversies so heated and bitter that the Holy Father resolved to send a delegate to represent the Catholic interest. The choice fell upon Mgr. Merry del Val. The young Papal Delegate acted in this embarrassing affair like a veteran diplomat, and arranged a compromise which, while upholding essential principles, settled the Manitoba School question in a manner agreeable to both parties.

Even before Mgr. Merry del Val had been entrusted with the solution of the complicated Canadian question, he had filled positions of the highest trust. Among several important missions we must notice his appointment to represent the Holy See at the jubilee of Queen Victoria.

The Pope, as a reward for his work, nominated him Titular Archbishop of Nice.

It is no wonder that the Pope continued to employ his services in those places wherein knowledge and ability were needed. Thus it happened that Mgr. Merry del Val was well known in Roman circles, and when on the sudden demise of Mgr. Volponi,—when it became necessary to have a new secretary to the consistory,—the thoughts of the Cardinals were instantly directed to him and he was chosen by all to act as consistorial secretary.

Upon the election of Cardinal Sarto to the papal chair, Pius X. dropped his Cardinal's biretta (sure indication of future elevation to that high honor) upon the head of Mgr. Merry del Val, thus showing by his first act a thorough knowledge of men and their worth. This knowledge has now been emphasized by the Pope, in elevating the Titular Archbishop of Nice to one of the highest positions of the Catholic world.

His elevation to the Cardinalate was announced in the first consistory of Pius X., on November 9, 1903, when Mgr. Merry del Val became one of the princes of the Church.

The rumors published in several papers that the appointment of the young Secretary of State had met with violent opposition from several prelates have been forever silenced, by the Holy Father himself, who, in a letter given to the public, declared that the appointment had not been made until he had taken counsel of the cardinals and that their unanimous verdict had been that under the circumstances there was no one in Rome better qualified to fill the position than His Eminence, Mgr. Merry del Val.

Free from party ideas, trained by his father to deal with diplomatic problems, having in mind the example of Leo XIII., the greatest diplomat of the century, and one of his best friends, uniting in one nature the Saxon and Latin characteristics, His Eminence, Cardinal Merry del Val, will indeed be of the greatest service to the Church, and will help Pope Pius X. to carry out the great designs he has for the spread of religion and for the uplifting of the human race.

A NEW BETHLEHEM.

BY REV. HUGH F. BLUNT

The idol worshipers who had fallen prostrate before Norman Valenta when, on the opening night of the opera, he had been declared one of the world's greatest tenors, would have been astounded the next day had they seen him ringing for admission to the Home for Aged Poor. He was a handsome man. That alone made him admired, but nobility of bearing joined to a magnificent voice had elevated him to those half-mythical regions where the public makes its great artists seem quite divine.

He stamped his feet impatiently. The biting December air made every moment of delay almost unbearable. Besides, the great Valenta was accustomed to being obeyed promptly, owing to his reputation of being a czar even with his superiors.

At last the door was opened, and a little, old sister stepped aside to let in the visitor.

"Good morning, Sister. Will you be kind enough to tell Sister Hildegarde I would like to see her?"

It was the tone of a dictator to which the little sister did not take too kindly.

"Sister is very busy," she replied, her French accent predominant. "She is getting ready for Christmas. Is it important?"

"Yes, tell her that Mr. Norman—here"—he drew out his card—"hand this to her, please."

The sister took the card, showed the visitor into the reception room, and silently slipped away, delighted at being freed from this regal personage in his fine cloth and furs.

The tenor shrugged his shoulders as he took in at a glance the simplicity of the room, its plain furniture, its extraordinarily white walls, whose whiteness was even intensified by the several gaudy prints that were meant to adorn it. Valenta sneered at it involuntarily. It was oppressive to him, who was accustomed to the luxury of the best hotels, who was continually besieged by society to accept of its hospitality, and who had as his companions artists of world-wide celebrity. Little wonder if after five years of such continued adoration he was rather bored

at being compelled to wait in a narrow cell which was dignified by the name of reception room. A feeling of relief came to him as he heard footsteps in the corridor without. One would fancy that the handsome face took on a smile, if the singer could smile in such environments. He arose to his feet and waited for the sister to appear. His hands trembled more than in all his scenes of simulated passion.

"Sister!"

A tall, beautiful woman in the garb of a Little Sister of the Poor stood in the doorway.

"John!"

They clasped each other's hands. Tears were in the eyes of the great tenor. He was not sneering now, nor was he acting. The face of the sister did not change, beyond an increase in its wonted pallor, as she relaxed her clasp of the strong hands.

"Why, Johnny, what a surprise!"

"Johnny! Great Cæsar! If anybody heard you call me Johnny I'd lose my reputation. Norman Valenta at your pleasure."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. But how did you ever turn John Smith into Norman Valenta?"

"By force of circumstances, Kitty. I'll let you call me Johnny on condition that you let me call you Kitty. That's what I knew you by before you took that fairy tale of a name you have now. Imagine a plain John Smith as one of the world's great tenors! Preposterous! But to you I'm the same little brother you used to cuff so often when he persisted in waking up his poor, sick mother. Poor little mother! She's dead eighteen years this Christmas."

"You don't forget, John. Yet you were young, then, and you've been away from home so long."

"Ten years abroad. It's a long time. How strange you do look in that regalia. And to think of your coming to a place like this. Why, Kitty, I was dumbfounded. It's eight years now and I'm not used to it yet. How can you stick to it, taking care of old men and women, doing all that is disagreeable, oftentimes disgusting, and saying you are happy at it? It's beyond me."

"It's the vocation, John. We all may be old some day and abandoned. It's a blessed work to do for these poor old souls. If our humble dwelling receives His own will He not also come and make it a New Bethlehem?"

"What a preacher you are, Kitty. If it runs in the family that way I think I've mistaken my vocation."

"I hope not. Yours is to be a good representative layman. How do you like our churches?"

Valenta laughed.

"Well done, sister. Which means 'Did you go to Mass?' Candidly, no. Travelled long, tired, slept all last Sunday."

"Do you ever go, John?" Sister Hildegarde's voice trembled with emotion.

"To make an open confession,—something I have not done in any shape for a long time,—no. Oh, it's a long way off, my piety. Art has taken all my time. Fêted and flattered I have been obliged to put off all my duties. I'm a bad pill, sister, so people say, but I never denied my Faith."

"I hope it isn't that bad, John, but you are near to it."

She was pained at the indifference of one who to her was not the great Valenta but ever the boy whom a dying mother had confided to her care. Had she done her best? When he had been a clerk at Marston's she had been successful in making him attend to his duties,—but then that fatal voice! Even as a boy he had had a phenomenal voice, and the after years brought to it a beauty which captivated every one. So it was that old Marston had sent him to study abroad. She had objected, but the boy was determined. Then came to her the

call of religion, and she created the second sensation by leaving all, and entering the humble quarters of the Little Sisters. From time to time she heard of her brother's success. He was the rage in Berlin, had astounded Paris, had sung before royalty—so he wrote in glowing terms about his great conquests. Many a time had she feared the evil results of all this. Today she knew her fears were realized.

"Now don't begin to lecture me," he protested, laughing. "Let's talk of old times. Why you ought to be honored by my visit. I fear you're not appreciative."

"You're the same old bantering boy. Come and see the Home. We can talk as we go."

She conducted him through the institution, made him kneel in the chapel longer than he would have done had he been the guide, and finally brought him back to the reception room. The tenor's joking mood had disappeared. He had been impressed.

"It is a great work, sister. I do think you are happy, happier than the frivolous women whose sole ambition is to be beautiful and captivate. I must send you a check for a Christmas present."

"Why not bring it, John? Will you come to sing for the old folks? It will make them—and me—so happy. We haven't been together on Christmas for ten years. It may be the last."

Valenta hesitated. He remembered his invitation for the morrow to society's first family. There flashed before him the vision of handsome women, distinguished men, and he would be the lion of all. The alternative was a group of old men and women, and a few sisters. He was almost yielding to the seductive picture when he looked at his sister's pleading face. That decided him.

"I will come tomorrow," he said.

"God bless you, John. It will bring you a blessing."

He knew the blessing she craved for him, and he was tempted to say "I hope not." Life was sweet. Young and handsome, he was afraid to be too good; time enough when old age came. Till then—? He said good-bye, and was soon in his carriage driving back to the hotel. He was disturbed. He tried to think of the new role in which he was to shine in the evening, but the voice of his sister dominated all, and made him almost sorry that he had promised to sing at the home. He went to his room and sat down to write to her, begging to be excused. But the voices of the poor reproached him, and he wrote instead to the queen of society, a note of regret which greatly disappointed that lady.

It was late the next day when Valenta rose. The night before he had achieved the greatest triumph of his career. His reputation in his native land was assured. He smiled gratefully as he read the flattering criticisms of the papers. The "peerless Siegfried" to sing in an old folks' home! He almost laughed at the prospect, as he ordered a carriage, and selected a few sheets from the pile of music on his piano. They were Christmas pieces. He would trust to the inspiration of the moment for other selections.

Sister Hildegarde greeted him at the door of the home.

"Merry Christmas! sister," he said joyously.

"I wish you many, John. I'm so glad you came. The old folks are in a fever of excitement. We have only an old harmonium in the refectory. You must be content without a concert grand today. Come!" She led him into the refectory, where the old people, who had just finished their Christmas dinner, were waiting for the treat which the sister had promised them. Without delay Valenta sat at the harmonium. He selected one of the pieces he had brought. It was "Noel," the hymn of the Holy Night. Often had he sung it, but never before under the

same circumstances. Again it was the night divine, with the stars gleaming, angel voices singing, angel faces shining, the night of the dear Saviour's birth. He felt it all as he felt everything he sang. It was the reason of his great success, this power to feel, and make others feel, what he expressed. He felt with his audience, felt the poverty of it, all the simplicity of the holy night, and the lowliness of Him who came to save. To such as these had Christ come, not to the frivolous, the proud, the worshipers of the world.

The old faces beamed as the overpowering voice greeted them. It seemed like the heavenly voices of the first Christmas. It thrilled the old bodies now nearing dissolution, and brought the soul beaming to their eyes. "God bless you!" was the murmur that came to Valenta as he finished his song. Was it not better than the smiles, the huzzas, the thundering plaudits of those who would despise the ability of his present audience to appreciate music? His heart beat more kindly than it ever did before. He sang again, one of the old Christmas hymns of his boyhood. Once he glanced at Sister Hildegarde. He saw tears in her eyes and knew the reason. It disconcerted him, and he nearly stopped singing, in his efforts to keep back the tears. He sang for an hour, all the old hymns, the old melodies. He had never been happier. The joy of his audience communicated itself to him. Surely Norman Valenta was on the way to lose his reputation as a czar.

He finished, arose from his seat, and without a word, followed Sister Hildegarde to the refectory.

"Here is the check I promised, sister. Your Christmas box."

"God bless you for this treat today, John. The old folks had the time of their lives. You have given us so much, and we can give you nothing."

"Kitty—Sister Hildegarde," there was a tremor in his voice, "you have given me everything. You have made me realize what faith and life are. He came to me in those little hymns, and I must receive Him. Is it not a Christmas like the old ones?"

Sister Hildegarde bowed her head, not trusting herself to speak. Her heart was filled with the peace which is not of earth, for Christ had come again and in the soul of the great tenor had found a new Bethlehem.

"THE FAITHFULNESS IS ALL."

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

Our merit is not in the work
  We do from day to day,
For discontent doth often lurk,
  In some deceitful way,
To spoil the excellence that should
  Upon our labor wait,
And mar the circumstance that could
  Be ours to elevate.

"Not what we do, but how 'tis done";
  This motto let us take,
And may each action, well-begun,
  Be finished for the sake
Of pleasing Him Who watches us,
  And holds us lest we fall;
Our days will be far sweeter thus,—
  "The faithfulness is all!"

OUR TRUE POSITION.

THE TURK IN EUROPE.

BY REV. JOHN F. MULLANY, LL.D.

XXIV.

What a dreadful contrast this country to-day presents to what it once was. How faded in its religious glories! How debased in its morality! How fallen from its exalted position! What lessons are taught the nations of the world by its sad history! The research of the antiquarian, the imagination of the poet, the investigation of the scholar, the classic taste of the student, the reflection of the legislator, may all here find ample room for employment. Here too, the fragments which have escaped the unsparing hand of time and the ravages of the barbarian still display models for an age which boasts of its progress beyond those which have preceded it. Upon this consecrated soil liberty once had its noble defenders. Themistocles and Miltiades and Leonidas are no more. Demosthenes has long been silent. The productions of Apelles have vanished, and where are the valiant men of old? They have passed from this world of ours, to be judged according to the manner in which they corresponded with the opportunities afforded them. It would be rashness and presumption to pronounce judgment upon others, but in studying the sad history of Turkey in Europe, we may learn a most instructive lesson for ourselves. We will glance at the leading facts in this dreadful page of the world's history.

I.

The Apostle St. Paul was, in all probability, the first Christian missionary in Greece. We read in Acts of the Apostles, (Chap. XVI.) that when St. Paul was at Troas in Lysia, he saw, in a dream, an inhabitant of Macedonia inviting him to go thither and help them; on which account he sailed from Troas, and passing the Island of Samothracia he went to Neapolis, which was upon the confines of Thrace in Macedonia; thence he went to Philippi, and subsequently to Amphipolis, Apollonia, and Thessalonica, whence he was sent to Beroea, whence he sailed to Athens, where he preached in the Areopagus; subsequently, he established the church at Corinth.

After having left Greece in the year 53, churches having been established in those several places just mentioned, he remained for some time in Asia; but in the year 57 he again sailed from Troas for Macedon, to revisit his Grecian churches; and having written from this city his Second Epistle to the Corinthians, he complains of some divisions and irregularities amongst them, answers some questions proposed by them concerning marriage and celibacy, (Chap. VIII and XI.) complains of some wrong practices at the time of receiving the Holy Eucharist, and states that upon his arrival he will make a regulation upon the subject. (Chap. V. 34.) He was at Corinth in the year 58 when he wrote his Epistle to the Romans; and St. Augustine informs us that it was then he made the regulation that no person should receive Holy Eucharist except when fasting, unless in case of danger of death; which regulation was immediately adopted by the whole Church, as a general rule, which has continued unchanged to the present day. In the next year St. Paul left Greece, and the bishops whom he had

established in the various churches zealously followed up his labors, and soon spread the light of the Gospel throughout that country. Among the bishops who governed those churches, the most remarkable in the first and second centuries were St. Denis, the Areopagite, first Bishop of Athens, appointed and consecrated by St. Paul to that charge A. D. 51; St. Denis, Bishop of Corinth in the time of Pope Soter, about the year 170; Publius, who was bishop of Athens in the year 150; and his successor Quadratus, who was one of the first Apologists for the Christians, also Athenagoras, an Athenian philosopher, who had been converted to Christianity.

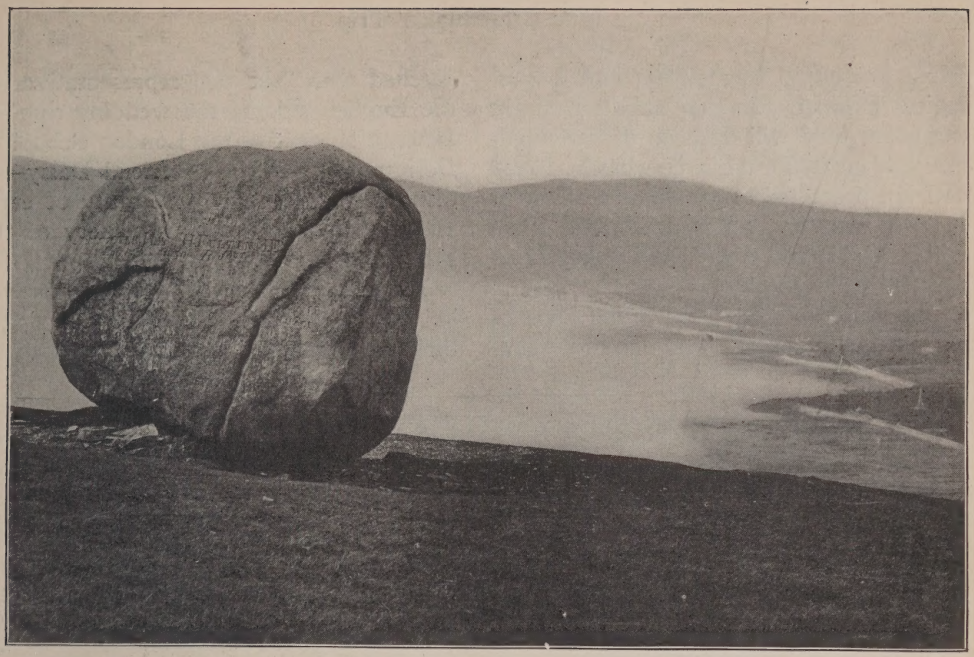
Greece gave many martyrs to the Church in the succeeding ages, the blood of martyrs fertilized the soil for Christianity. In the year 323, by the defeat of Licinius, Constantine the Great found himself at the head of the Roman Empire: and in that year, at Byzantium in Thrace, he had determined to become a Christian. He had been pretty well instructed by his pious mother, St. Helena. Upon his arrival at Byzantium he was waited upon by a deputation of pagan philosophers, who represented to him the great evils that would flow from innovation, and the folly of changing from the faith of his fathers, and the possibility of serving God with a good heart under any system of religion. Alexander, Bishop of Byzantium, was called before the emperor and asked if he could answer their arguments. The bishop requested one to be selected to speak for all; and after he had commenced his train of reasoning Alexander interrupted him and stated that he was no great logician, but the servant of a God of might who could confound human pride, and then he commanded the philosopher in the name of Jesus Christ to be silent. He was struck dumb. Constantine immediately afterwards published edicts favorable to the Christians; and upon the site of Byzantium he built the city which he called Constantinople.

It was then that Arius, the author of an impious and blasphemous heresy in Alexandria, the capital of Egypt, came to Constantinople to try to interest the Emperor. Alexander refused to receive him into communion, but Arianism spread rapidly throughout Greece, and caused great misery. Often the emperors and their courtiers upheld the Arians and persecuted the Catholics. After the time of Constantine, Constantinople was raised to the dignity of a Metropolitan See. An attempt was made in the Council of Chalcedon, in 451, to elevate its rank above every other See except Rome: and by the contrivance of the clergy of Constantinople, a canon to that effect was passed; but St. Leo, who was then Pope, gave his sanction only to the first 27, thereby excluding the 28th and a number of others which were passed after the departure of the legates.

In the year 553, the Second General Council of Constantinople was held, and a new attempt was made to raise that See to the patriarchal dignity and to extend its jurisdiction. This was scarcely resisted, and Constantinople thenceforth ranked next in dignity to Rome.

We have in the history of the Greek Church, which may be said to consist principally in the history of the See of Constantinople, one of the strongest and most melancholy evidences of the fatal consequences of the domination of worldly power over the affairs of the Church: and in the sad state of this lovely country to-day, we have the confirmation of our assertion. *If religion be made to depend for its support upon worldly means or the power of the princes or states, it will become the sport of human folly and the prey of human passion.* Constantinople

(Continued on page 609.)



CLOUGH MORE.
THE BIG STONE FLUNG ACROSS THE BAY BY THE GIANT FINN MACOOL.

THE BRIDESMAIDS' TRIP.

BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.*

In the days that we went gypsying
A long time ago.

I.

Not only had the whistle sounded, but the Ballynahinch train had already begun to move, when a slim, blue-eyed maiden skipped along the Belfast platform, and crying to the guard in a voice of silvery sweetness: "I've the children's tickets!" was welcomed rapturously by a trio of anxiously expectant girls, and swiftly launched with them into an empty carriage by the smiling official.

"What made you call us children? Where are Cora and Flora?" asked in a breath the agile Nora, who looked all sunshine and brightness, though demurely attired like her three companions in a plain mohair dress and a brown straw hat.

"Cora and Flora just ran into Donegal

*Our contributor will allow us to mention that she is also the only surviving daughter of William and Mary Howitt, who were prominent among the writers of England fifty years ago. Mary Howitt will best be remembered by "The Spider and the Fly." Miss Margaret Howitt, the biographer of the great Catholic painter, Frederick Overbeck, became a Catholic early in life; her mother, a Quaker by birth, entered the Church in her 83rd year. When the Duke of Norfolk presented her to Leo XIII. of glorious memory, on the 10th of January, 1888, His Holiness told her they would meet soon in Heaven. She forestalled him, dying twenty days later, within a month of her 90th birthday.—EDITOR.

Place to supply themselves with a geological hammer. As they have not caught the train, they will dash on to Downpatrick and overtake us in Newcastle. And as I am promoted to the dignity of leader I term you 'my children.' Methinks it will be best to travel as Miss Lindley Murray and her five pupils."

She was, in fact, Dora Adair, one of four Irish cousins, who on the previous Thursday had attended their young and beautiful Aunt Kathleen to the altar. The large family gathering of four generations, which had assembled under a hospitable roof in the North of Ireland to celebrate the marriage of an English bridegroom and an Irish bride, had again dispersed after much merry-making. Dora, Nora, Cora and Flora, were now, however, by the overflowing generosity of the head of the house, re-collected and dispatched with "the two representatives of the English side of the wedding-ring"—Janet, a student of the London School of Design, and her special friend Daisy—to disport themselves in the beauty of early June, amongst the grand scenery of the Mourne Mountains.

The four bridesmaids seated themselves in the corners of the railway carriage; their light wraps, hand-bags and umbrel-

NEWCASTLE, COUNTY DOWN.

las scattered about them. Nora buried her pretty face in the pages of *Harry Coverdale's Courtship*. Dora, with a winsome smile, and desirous to assume a matronly mien, knitted a long stocking. The English visitors intently gazed out of the window, studying the features of the country.

"What an undulating land, one smooth oval-shaped hill succeeding the other!" exclaimed Janet, the artist.

"Like eggs in a bowl," explained Dora. "'Tis the peculiar feature of County Down!"

"And what numbers of deserted homesteads on the hill-sides and in the dales!" cried Daisy, the philanthropist, in a distressed tone.

"It is not quite so sad, as you suppose," answered Dora, "for when a cabin is out of repair, it is simpler and easier to leave it to its fate and erect a new one."

TOLLYMORE PARK, NEWCASTLE.

"Here is Larry, our first cousin one remove God bless him; and Ailsie, his wife, and her mother, Mrs. Maguire, and the babies, the bonnie wee things," cried Nora exultantly, flinging down *Harry Coverdale*, as the train steamed into the little station of Ballynahinch. She gleefully ran to a smiling family, who pressed around her and her companions.

"A hundred thousand welcomes! And how is your own health since we parted after the wedding?" The baby was kissed, and toddling little David, who wished the ladies "good luck" was hugged. Lamentations were exchanged that there was no time to spare for the partaking of boiled mutton and capers at The Myrtles.

Larry, whose boyish countenance beamed with kindness and hilarity, led the way to a low-backed car, guarding with care a bottle of Marsala which with biscuits and a pork-pie, produced by his wife, he consigned to the well of the vehicle as a contribution to the good cheer.

Janet and Daisy were complimented by Mrs. Maguire on their form and easy bearing on the car—"Not like so many of their country women clinging to the rail." And her daughter added in a tone of entreaty: "But when you return to England don't report that the Irish, from always

riding on cars, take one-sided views in their journey through life!"

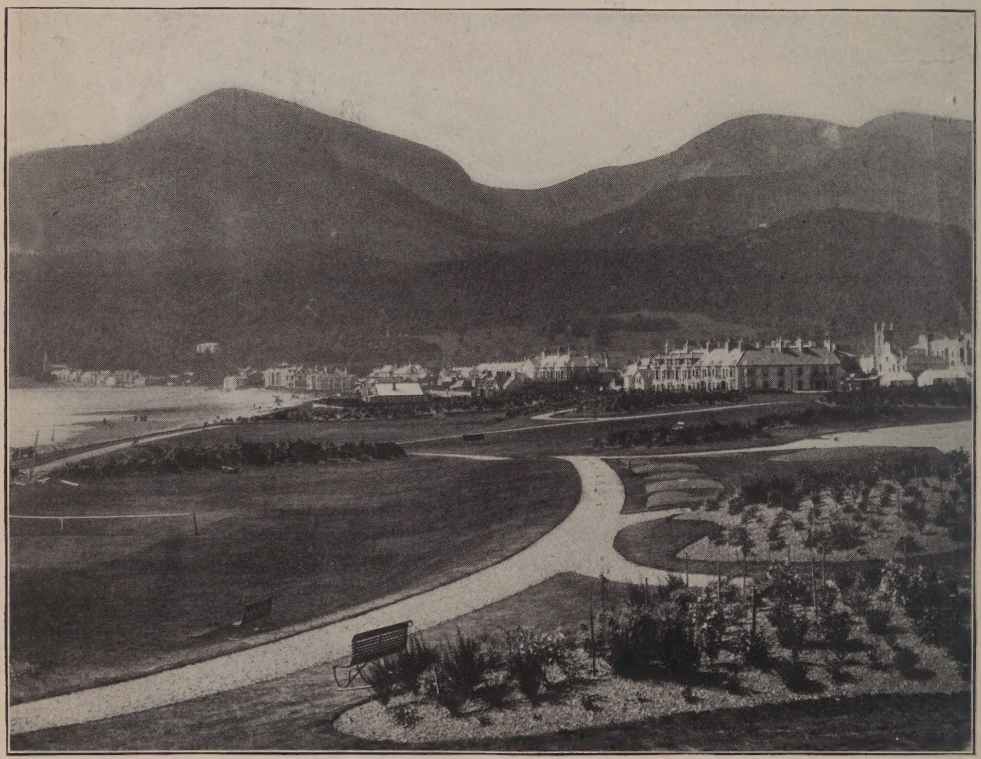
"You will climb Sliev Donard, and you will visit Lady Annesley's demesne; and spend an hour or two at Lord Roden's place, which is, in my opinion, the finest park in the North of Ireland," put in Larry. "Then you will sleep a night at Rostrevor to become acquainted with the beauties of Carlingford Bay, which is our Bay of Naples. Then you'll run on to Newry and so back to Belfast. And God speed you!"

"Cousin Larry is more an angel than a man," exclaimed Dora, as with her companions she was borne away on the jaunting car.

Her eye rapidly scanned the placards in the vicinity of Ballynahinch—announcing where the best flaxseed might be bought; and rice—the great flax plantations, with the keen interest of a connoisseur.

"The family still spins its own flax at my grandsire's in County Antrim," she explained to the English guests. "The hackler comes regularly to dress the fine fibres of the flax stem. He stays a day or two. When I was a child, it was an odd little man in a blue striped shirt and such a rosy face, that I imagined it painted, and that he must certainly be a merry man; or to use your English phrase, a clown!"

The bridesmaids bowled along, by a great sheet of water produced from the turf dug out of a bog. Squares of peat were piled on the edges for the summer sun to dry for winter use; by more boggy land, with geese waddling amongst the white flossy cotton grass which gave a silvery sheen to the expanse; by long rows



SLIEVE DONARD AND NEWCASTLE

BARBICAN GATE, BRYANSFORD, COUNTY DOWN.

of willows and straggling poplars; by sterile hillsides where the graceful little flax struggles for its existence among huge stones, turned up by the plough.

Churches and chapels of a debased style of architecture were dotted here and there over the sombre landscape. "The ministers," explained the young Orangeman, who drove them, "are men of the Old Light and of the New Light. The Old Light believe in Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I sit under an Old Light, a nice, plain man."

In the drive of fifteen miles, the tourists encountered nine individuals: a gaunt old man sedately stalking forward with a leathern wallet slung over his shoulder; a brisk little lady shielded by a bright red cotton parasol; a bare-footed lassie in a velvet mantle trimmed with bugles carrying a pail of milk on her head; a weather-beaten old crone in a man's coat with a sickle on her arm; two men in their shirt sleeves thatching a roof; two girls filling their coarse blue aprons with the yellow flowers of the wild mustard growing rampant in their cornfield (and on all other arable land); and finally a bare-footed matron with a red shawl thrown over her head driving before her three lean cows.

It was, however, impossible to count the goats. They were legion; they were tethered in couples and tethered alone—one fore-leg fastened with a cord to the corresponding hind one. Goats on the road-side; goats amongst the golden gorse scattered over the poor land, which counted as meadow and was enclosed with low turf walls; white goats, black goats, brown goats, venerable goats with tawny hair and pointed beards, and sleek, smart little kids with the grace of miniature gazelles.

Suddenly the sky grew overcast, and some lofty hills on the right became shrouded in dark, heavy clouds. The bridesmaids were evidently driving out of fine into very wet weather. On they

ROSTREVOR, FROM REAR OF PROTESTANT CHURCH.

drove in a fine drizzle. The noble line of the Mourne Mountains, when at last in sight, was speedily veiled in portentous gloom. The long, straggling village of Dundrum, with a lough running up between sand-hills that hid the sea, presented a dark, dreary appearance, and even the adjacent and otherwise most attractive Newcastle, now looked plain and prosaic, lying at the foot of Sliev Donard: the object of their proposed pleasurable toil, having his gigantic form enveloped in sable wrappings.

Angry, white crested waves broke impatiently on the beach.

"What a lumpy sea!" exclaimed Nora.

"Yes, and it was in this *unfortunate* bay," added Dora with a sigh, "that The Great Britain ran aground!" The car discharged them at the Annesley Arms, where a hearty welcome from the landlady, and the bright fire soon burning in their sitting room, speedily reconciled them to their fate.

At eight in the evening, in the midst of heavy rain and blustering wind, an omnibus, the horses sleek with wet, rattled up to the inn door. There was a general rush to the entrance. Cora, the one arrival, her bright eyes sparkling under her brown straw hat, leaped into Nora's open arms. Landlord, landlady, waiter and chambermaid, bowed, smiled, bobbed and rubbed their hands in glee. Nothing evidently could be more delightful to witness than a meeting which in joyful satisfaction was worthy of a long and cruel separation.

"I give you my sacred honor and word," cried Cora, "that Flora would have come too if her godmother had not dropped in quite unawares from the Giant's Causeway. Sure, it is sunstroke we'll not be getting in this weather! However, it rained in Belfast and it rained in Downpatrick, but for all that, I've enjoyed myself extravagantly; for I was just dying to see you, and I traveled to Downpatrick with a real baronet!"

In the morning the sun actually shone on the spire of Newcastle Church. It shone on the lower slopes of the mountains; on the snug lodging houses facing the beach. It shone on the stately villa, visible on its terrace and backed by mantling woods, which the visitors justly concluded must be Donard Lodge.

Dora, however, shook her head at Nora's prophecy of brilliant weather. White mists, she pointed out, still encircled Sliev Donard, and the smoke was most provokingly blowing down from the chimneys of Newcastle.

"I'll just consult the grand little servant standing at the front door," cried Cora, and she was instantly followed by Nora, who had discarded *Harry Coverdale* in favor of her more congenial cousin.

"Lady Annesley's park will plase your attention betther," was the prompt reply. The speaker looked appealingly to an old woman resting on the doorstep, and who was attired in a long cloak made of a big patterned calico print, a large rusty black velvet bonnet with lappets and having a big, round hole conspicuous in the centre of her apron.

The ancient dame raised a hand in warning: "Not for th' wurruld should the young misses mount Sliev Donard without a proper guide. But iv they were so bint on riskin' their lives they could hazard the ascent as far as the Bloody Bridge; a step further and 'twould not be their own flesh and blood would iver see them more unless carried out as corpses!"

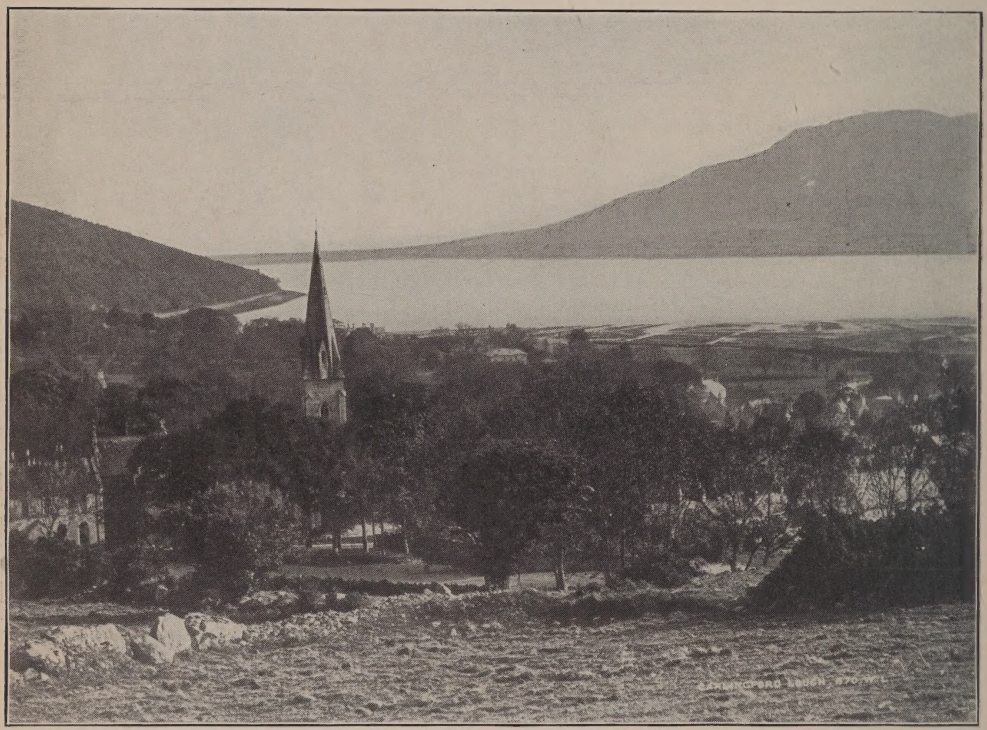
"You only make me more anxious to dare the ascent!" replied Cora, swinging her hammer. A prudent majority, however, voted for Donard Lodge. Speedily reaching its entrance, the five found the gates thrown back and read on a board: "The Demesne is open to the Public except on the Sabbath."

"'T is very attentive of a lady of title," remarked Dora, "admitting her fellow-subjects free of fees and attendance, on all lawful days."

The merry girls, their hats gracefully adorned with ferns and great ox-eyed daisies by the artistic Janet, sped hither and

DUNDRUM, COUNTY DOWN

thither through the romantic grounds so generously placed at their disposal. The sun likewise contributed to the entertainment by lighting up the tender green of the larches, glinting on the glossy foliage of the luxuriant evergreens and casting rainbows amongst the rushing waters of the fine cascade. At the end of a long walk screened by tall laurel hedges, they came upon a tenement, which, originally intended for a pleasure house, was now evidently occupied by some of the laborers on the estate.



ROSTREVOR AND CARLINGFORD BAY. CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE FOREGROUND.

The door shot wide open and gave access to a small room containing four inmates, who, with innate courtesy, offered the visitors a kindly welcome, and, after placing at their disposal every available piece of furniture which could be used as a seat, continued their previous occupations undisturbed.

A middle-aged woman, addressed as "Nanny," wearing a bonnet and with a small red plaid shawl over her shoulders, took her former place by the open door and resumed her knitting. A white-haired man placidly reposed in an easy wooden chair at the side of the peat fire; and opposite to him was seated a tall, well-built peasant, with a healthy, ruddy complexion and a frank, intelligent countenance. He busily whittled a short, white staff. Near him, seated by the small window, shaded by bushes, which grew on the mountain side, was "Mary," his quiet-looking wife, clad in a dark stuff gown and blue apron, intently embroidering a fine muslin collar stretched over a small wooden hoop. The bridesmaids bent over the delicate work in unfeigned admiration.

"Like many another woman in these

parts," she explained, "I have the pattern from the flowering warehouse, or as the gentry call it, the embroidery warehouse. I have to get this flowering done by to-morrow and the pay is small. Still I'm a quick hand." The whittler volunteered the information that he was whittling: "A bit of a rod. I am going to varnish it by summer (N. B., it was already June) for the ladies to use climbing the mountain. I do many such!"

His wife, evidently proud of his handicraft, made him take down a twisted, well varnished walking-stick, hanging on the wall behind him. It proved a stout branch of gorse, curiously gnarled. It was kept near the fire that it might become light from the warmth drying up the sap.

Mary was communicative. "'Tis th' ould frail man by the fire that raised the flowers, formed the roads, and planted all the trees about. Good Lady Annesley, God Almighty bless her! she who puts clothes on all the children in the school and is a real jewel of a lady, used formerly to work with him among the flowers. Now she keeps him and gives him plenty: free house, potatoes some, and the milk he wants."

"And I," said James proudly, "I have been in London City. 'Tis just a race course for us Irish, and where few are the winners. But bless you, young ladies, you should see the gay time we've here in the autumn, when the gentlemen come down shooting to Donard Lodge. There are plenty of phaysants, young hens and rabbits in the plantations. Och! and then there are the goold and silver phaysants near the house, which the young ladies must see, for I doubt whether they'll iver have such another chance."

"Do you stay here in winter?" asked Daisy.

"'Deed do we. And the wind comes roaring down the shooting pads and last winter at one fell swoop took eighteen inches of brick and stone off the roof!"

"Cannot we go up the mountain to-day?" queried Cora, swinging her toy hammer.

James shook his head. "'I've know folks lost for hours and hours in such a mist on the mountain and not knowin' of the lights we put out for them."

"It is now or never!" sighed Nora, as the bridesmaids rose to leave. Mary laid down her flowering and followed them to the door. "Come! if ye want to go a step up the mountain, I'll go with you. Straight ahead by the side of our cottage! Och the ladies could not have a better pad only it was so drachy!" Mary steered them through great tussocks of wet grass amongst the brilliant green larch trees out upon the boggy land.

The girls leaped lightly from stone to stone across the morass and speedily reached the steep, bare mountain side. By this time Mary entered heartily into the pleasure of the climb; and although fearing to make too free, overcame her scruples and shared in their provision of sandwiches, seated under a shelving rock. "It always does me a world of good being out on the mountain. In troth this is a lovely scene. And cannot ye smell the sea?" she said.

The inland horizon was bounded by mountain ridges. At the foot of an eminence, she pointed out an important block of buildings with the white spire of a church tapering near it, as young Lord Annesley's fine place, Castle Wellam. Overhead and on opposite mountains hovered grey clouds such as Janet was sure Constable would have enjoyed painting. Once more they started onward. "Straight afore ye, Dora!" cried Mary, for she had instantly caught their names, and employed them in perfect good faith.

On and on they clambered over the rug-

ged stones; the mist came gently down upon them until they were shrouded in ever denser and damper clouds. "You're like figures on a transparent slate!" Cora's voice was dimly heard to exclaim. The melancholy bleating of invisible sheep increased the weird, lonely character of the Ossianic scene.

"The wisest course would be to return!" said Dora, authoritatively.

"'Deed it would. Makes me creepy to have you up here in the cowld," replied Mary. "Although ye are within five perches of the summit!"

"What! of Sliev Donard?" exclaimed a quartette of voices eagerly.

"Faith! no, of Mountain St. Thomas!"

After such a climax, they were willing to turn and speed down the declivity. Sooner than they anticipated they were out of the cold, clinging mist, and beheld Cora in warm noonday sunshine, seated amongst a chaos of granite rocks at the side of a trickling streamlet.

"I was determined not to be mastered by a hammer head," she exclaimed, "so I struck on the first opportunity, and with this result!" producing some specimens of splintered granite in the folds of her fine lawn handkerchief.

At the cottage door Mary said, "I've a parting favor to ask. The next time ye're all in Newcastle ye'll just let me guide ye to the very summit of Sliev Donard!"

"It is granted!" cried Nora. "We are now the Meeting of the Bridesmaids' Association! When we next come it will be with all the six members and with half a dozen husbands, thus conclusively forming the Bridal Association."

(To be continued.)

"IF DREAMS CAME TRUE."

BY GRACE KEON.

Father Laurence had received bad news—exceedingly bad news for Christmas time.

He sat with his head bowed upon both hands, his eyes fastened on the sheet of paper, his brows contracted as if under stress of keen emotion.

"We did not write," they said, "because we knew you could not get here before the end. She died very peacefully,—very peacefully, indeed, and your name was the last upon her lips—coupled with that of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Be comforted. Pray for her."

Pray for her!

Father Laurence felt a rush of tears that suddenly blinded him. His heart ached. Natural sorrow insisted upon recognition. Pray for his mother! Was there ever a single day of his life on which he did not do so? Pray for her! . . .

The outer bell rang—a loud, insistent peal. A neat little girl came into the room, with soft steps, hesitating at the door as if afraid to disturb or annoy him.

"What is it, child?"

"Mrs. Duncan, Father."

Father Laurence sighed. At best Mrs. Duncan's visits were trying—to-night more of a trial than usual. But he rose, and folding the letter with the careful preciseness habitual to him he put it into his pocket. Then he made his way to the vestry. Perhaps his step was a little feebler than usual, his shoulders a little more bent, his head a little more bowed. The compact-looking woman, short of stature, with beady black eyes and florid cheeks, noticed none of these things.

She stood waiting, tapping her foot impatiently on the floor. Her time was precious. Father Laurence seemed much slower even than usual, and "dear knows he never hastens" she was saying to herself with a frown. She extended her hand when he came in.

"Ah! Father Laurence!" She was brisk, business-like. "Glad to see you. Only have a few minutes, but thought I'd run in and let you know how things look for Christmas."

"Brighter, I hope, than they did last week," said Father Laurence.

"Yes. Er— Seems to me you are not looking well."

"No?" said Father Laurence.

"No, indeed. Don't break down until after Christmas. You should be like me. I am never sick, never. Always well. Always on the go. Always hustling and bustling, and striving and stirring."

"Yes," said Father Laurence. "Yes. I know that."

"Mrs. Lennox says she does not understand how I do it. She is actually, I think, envious of my good health."

Father Laurence smiled a little wearily.

"Anyone in Mrs. Lennox's position might well envy another who is as strong as you," he said. "She has a heavy cross to bear. We must pray for her."

"My prayer lies more in the doing of what good works I can find at hand to accomplish," said Mrs. Duncan, who had perused several books on theology.

"Yes?" said Father Laurence. He did not feel able for argument to-night.

"Yes," said Mrs. Duncan. "Mr. Dodson has promised to contribute twenty-five dollars toward the fund for the orphans. Mr. Dodson, Father!"

"Yes?" again asked Father Laurence. "That is good."

Mrs. Duncan looked disappointed.

"You know how hard it is to reach Mr. Dodson," she said in a slightly aggrieved tone. "I've been working him up for the last three weeks."

"God has rewarded your efforts," said Father Laurence, gently now.

"It seems so," said Mrs. Duncan, with a sigh of satisfaction. "You're too easy-going, Father. You should get after them. They'll listen to you, and give more, perhaps. You should be more strict on the money question."

"Yes—perhaps I should," said Father Laurence, absently. "Perhaps—I should."

"But when you have a few good workers it is not so bad," she went on, encouragingly. "I never begrudge any time I give to the church—or any trouble or annoyance. In fact, I think I like the bother. That's why I say I believe in the prayer of good works."

"Dear child," said Father Laurence, humbly. "Good works are well—success in them is well, and God approves, since faith without works is dead. But, oh! my dear, dear woman, the humility of the bended knee, the outpouring of the heart alive to its own weakness, the rising up of the soul striving after perfection—"

He hesitated, remembering that pure soul, that brave heart, that humble woman who had loved him so as to bring his name with her to the very brink of the grave. His voice failed him.

"God bless you," he said, brokenly. He made the sign of the cross above her, and she bent her head, a sense of shame compelling her to cast down her eyes. "God bless you, and keep you, and reward you for your kind efforts to help my poor little orphans. I will pray for you."

Mrs. Duncan did not say another word. She had never felt as she did now—never in all her self-sufficient life.

"He is really a saint," she whispered. "He is a saint." She had not learned that God's gentle finger, tracing human

sorrow on that work of His, man's soul, makes it broader of comprehension, more loving, more tender.

"I lack something," she said, within herself. "I lack something, and Father Laurence knows what it is. How can I ask him such a thing? Where shall I find what I am lacking in? Where shall I find the light that shall lay bare myself to me?"

Father Laurence could have told her, indeed, had the proud woman stooped to question him. She did not. She went away, and Father Laurence, moving very softly, went into the church where the dim light burned.

. . . . . .

That night, sleeping, she dreamed. she thought she stood in a beautiful meadow, green and glowing with flowers of many hue. She was striving to erect a little building in the middle of this beautiful place. All about her lay blocks of crystal, shining in the sun, touched with countless iridescent points of light. Filled with a keen sense of pleasure she knelt, lifting block after block of the beautiful stone. Under the touch of her finger they grew and shaped themselves, and her heart swelled with exultation as she noticed the glory of this building that was of her own labor and no one else's. But suddenly, without warning, a keen sense of dissatisfaction filled her. Her hands fell idle. She sat and looked at the gleaming structure, at the material all about her. How cold it was, despite its shine and sparkle! How could she ever have dreamed it beautiful? There was no life in it—it lacked something. What was it?

The tears came to her eyes. She would not look at that of which she had been so proud, but bowing her head upon her hands sat there, weeping disconsolately.

A low voice reached her—the voice of one in prayer. . . It was the voice of Father Laurence. "I will pray for you," he had said. "The humility of the bended knee, the outpouring of the heart alive to its own weakness. . ."

That was it. She had prided herself on her strength, her purpose, and she was weak—weak, feeble, frail. That was why her beautiful building lacked warmth; that was why she had lost interest in it. Because she had been erecting an edifice built upon her pride of soul and not upon its meekness. And the memory of that dream stayed with her.

. . . . . .

He heard the bell ring again, and waited to finish the last Hail Mary of the decade before coming back to the sacristy.

"Is it you, Mrs. Lewis?" he asked. "And you have brought—How do you do, Mr. Lewis?" He held out his hand to the man who, red and shamefaced, stood before him with head sunken, his old hat in his fingers.

"How d'ye do, Father?" he mumbled. He gazed at the priest's outstretched hand a moment. Then he straightened his shoulders.

"No, Father," he said. "No. I ain't a man now—I'm a beast, an' a beast ain't fit to touch what belongs to God, Father. Wait. Mebbe some day I will be able to do it. Mebbe, some day I'll ask you to let me shake hands with you."

"God be praised!" said Mrs. Lewis, sobbingly. "God be praised, Amen. He's come to take the pledge, Father, for Christmas week."

"Only for Christmas week?" asked Father Laurence, sorrowfully. "Only for Christmas week?"

"I dassen't trust myself beyond that," said the man, in a low voice.

"You dare not trust yourself not to make your home unhappy, miserable, your children poor, your wife worse than

widowed? Oh, man, man, man, God open your eyes!"

"It's but a little drop I'm able to take, Father; a little sets me off; 'tain't as if I was a hard drinker," said the man, half-apologetically. "There's worse crimes than that in the world. I know it's wrong, but I'm not as bad as them that sneer at religion, the turncoats, and talk about the priests and the church! I always respect my religion. I always stick up for being a Catholic."

"You do?" asked Father Laurence. "When were you to confession last?"

Silence.

"When—were—you—to—confession—last?" insisted that calm, compelling voice.

"Two years since, Father."

"Two years!" said the priest, and again his voice was sorrowful—and when Father Laurence took that tone it was harder to resist than any command. "Oh, what good is it to boast of your religion when your heart is far from God? What good is it to say you are a Catholic when every action of your life shames the faith you profess? And why? Oh, man, with your little, innocent children clinging to you for support and help, for guidance and for comfort, how can you stoop to so vile a thing as that which steals away all sense of right and wrong?"

Silence still, save for the woman's bitter sobbing.

"You would not touch my hand because I am a priest of God," went on Father Laurence. "Ah, let me touch yours, because you are a wandering son of God. Come, come with me, my friend, let me hold yours and lead you by it." He took it even as he spoke, and held it. "How long will this last, think you? How long can your brain and your heart and your body stand the decaying process? The end will come. Sooner or later you will go as all other men go But you before your time. You will go. Five years, ten years, what matter? At most it will be a very short while. And then—

"Man, are you following me? You will die. In mortal sin . . . You will be damned, for drunkards shall never see the face of God. It is promised—it is written. Drunkards shall never see the face of God! Look at yourself. I am leading you to a coffin. In it lies the body of one who has died in fearful agony—who has died a drunkard's death. Look upon that face. It is you, you, you! That is your bloated countenance. See your wife. Your children. They weep a few tears—tears are customary. Can they regret? Can they pray? God in heaven, man, can they pray for that miserable human being who has defied his Almighty Creator, who has—"

"Oh, Father, Father!" said the man, dropping on his knees. "Oh, don't! Oh, Father, hear me—I swear—hear me, Father, hear me, God! God, hear me. Give me the pledge, Father—now, now, forever—"

The priest bent over him tenderly.

"Yes, I shall, and my blessing with it. May my blessing go with you, overshadow you, keep you, this Christmas time and forever."

He listened to the faltering words of his penitent. When they were finished he took the woman's trembling hand and put it in her husband's.

"Go, and peace be with you," he said. "Peace be with you, my children. I shall pray for you."

. . . . . .

He ushered them to the door, admitting, as they left, a slender girl, who preceded him into the sacristy, a beautiful girl, with a face like a rose in its freshness and delicate contour.

"You wished to see me?" asked the priest, courteously.

"If you are Father Laurence—yes," she answered, in a musical voice.

"I am Father Laurence," he said. "I do not seem to know your name, although your face is quite familiar. You come to this church, do you not?"

"Oh, yes, Father, to ten o'clock Mass on Sundays."

"I thought I recognized you. You do not belong to my Sodality band?"

"No, Father, I—" she hesitated. "I do not do very much church work."

"You are not compelled to do much church work to belong to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin," said Father Laurence, with a half-smile. "What is your name, my dear child?"

"Mary Traynor."

"Mary—the sweetest name in the world! That was my mother's name—Lord have mercy on her," he added, as an after-thought. It was so hard to get used to that after-thought! "And the name of the Mother of God. You should be a good girl with that name, dear child."

"I don't think I'm very bad, Father."

"No?" He laughed under his breath. "Well, then, I'm glad of that. You wanted to see me about anything in particular?"

"Well, Father—" she blushed, and hesitated and blushed again, and dropped her eyelids, and twisted her fingers, nervously. "I'm thinking of getting married."

"That's good news," and now Father Laurence laughed outright. "Getting married? Well, now! And who may the young man be? A member of the parish?"

"No, Father."

"No? Where does he come from?"

"He lives uptown, Father. We—we want to get married a week from Sunday."

"A week from Sunday! Dear child, the following Friday is Christmas Day."

"Yes, Father. We want to get married before Christmas Day."

"This is the forbidden time—surely you know that? Marriage cannot be solemnized in Advent. These weeks should be filled with preparation for—"

"I'd have to get a dispensation, Father?"

"You would, certainly."

"Would the one dispensation do?"

"The one dispensation do? You mean—what?"

"He isn't a Catholic, Father."

Father Laurence drew a deep breath, looking at her as if he did not comprehend.

"That's pretty bad, child. What is he? What religion does he profess?"

"Oh, none, Father. He believes in every religion." She looked at him with her bright eyes, her lovely face full of animation. "He believes all men are brothers. He believes in humanity. Oh, he is so very clever, Father—very clever. I often wonder how in the world he can like me."

"But of course you do not agree with him?"

"In what way, Father?"

"Believing in every religion?"

"Oh! I am very liberal, Father—very liberal. A great deal more so than most Catholics whom you meet every day. I think each one is right in his own way, all roads lead to heaven."

Father Laurence turned aside, his eyes seeking the gas-jet.

"Why did you come here?" he asked quietly. "Why did you come to me tonight?"

She did not understand him.

"Why—because we want to get married."

"Oh, you do? And whom do you wish to join you in Holy Matrimony?"

"Why, you, Father."

"I? I am a Catholic priest, dear child."

The point was lost on her.

"Yes, Father. He thinks the Catholic religion all right—he can't see, of course, the meaning of a good many things—he calls them superstitious and all that. But he has no feelings against it."

"That is kind of him," interrupted Father Laurence. "You, out of your own mouth, admit that you are one with him. You don't believe in your own religion!"

"Oh, Father—I *am* a Catholic—certainly, I'm a Catholic! I go to confession every three months. I receive—"

"Why, why, why?" he asked, insistently. "Since every religion leads to God why bother about the Catholic religion—the idolatrous, the superstitious? Why are you a Catholic?"

She looked at him, anxiously.

"We are all Catholics," she began. "My mother—my sisters—"

"But why are *you* a Catholic?"

She hung her head. She did not know how to reply.

"Have you ever attended Sunday school?"

"Yes, Father."

"How long?"

"Until I made my First Communion, Father."

"Of course." He spoke dreamily. "Until she made her First Communion! A year of religious instruction to last a life time—to outlive the storms and buffets of the unfaithful world! what wonder, what wonder, that such things come to pass?"

He roused himself, sighing.

"It is against every law of the Church to bind together a Catholic girl and such a man as you describe," he went on, addressing her. "Of course you are aware that he must pledge himself to bring up all children granted to your union in the faith of the Church. Did you know that?"

"I—I thought that could be overlooked, Father. His promising, I mean," she added, hastily. "Of course, I would not permit my children—"

"You are ignorant of the first rules of your faith. Even with that promise on his part such a marriage as you contemplate is permitted only as the very last resort. Did you know that?"

"I knew priests didn't like it, Father—"

"Priests, child? The Church, rather. Your great, wise Mother, the Church, who loves each little lamb of her flock so dearly as to wish to guard it on every hand from straying into forbidden paths. You are trying to drift away from your own Mother—a Mother, whom Christ, when He came on Christmas Day, came to leave for you. Look what you are doing, beloved child! Two weeks from now is the anniversary of that day when the great Creator came to earth a helpless infant—came to the cold of Bethlehem, the sneers of the world, the agony of His cross, to establish this Church, this fold for you. For your dear sake, He came. And what are you doing? You are thrusting His priceless Christmas gift away from you. You are putting Him out of your life—making His heart to ache worse than when the spear transfixed it. Child—named after His beloved Mother—you won't do that? Surely, surely you do not want to go out into that dark country beyond the Catholic faith where all is unbelief and indecision? Let me show you what you are doing. Let me prove to you what a heritage you are relinquishing, you, who are named for Christ's Mother. You know, just as surely as you stand there, that this man will never become a Catholic?"

"Yes, Father," she answered, humbly.

"Can you prove to him the beauty of your faith? The reasons why you believe? Child, you have need to learn them yourself before you can teach another. Be wise, be wise. You would want to drift

away from us? You would want never to come to church?"

"Oh, no, no, Father—"

"Yet what gift of grace are you so sure of that this will not happen to you? Listen to an old priest who has seen greater, stronger holds on faith than yours give way beneath the carping criticism of those who did not understand. Listen to me now."

"Yes, Father." His voice was so grave and gentle—and so sad. "I will listen."

"Put off your marriage to this man for six months. Come to me, then, for instruction, say just one half-hour a week. Let me show you why you are a Catholic. Join the Sodality. Ah! You don't want to lose Mary for a Mother? You don't want to lose, from out your life, the glorious presence of God upon the altar? Now, do you?"

"No, Father."

"I thought not—I thought not. You are my own good little lamb, who will not drift away from us. I will pray for you."

He put his hand upon her shoulder, gently.

"God be with you, little struggling soul!" he said.

She left the sacristy. With kindly words he followed her to the door. She went away from him—down the steps. He stood looking after her.

"God be with you all, my people," he said. "God be with you all, and hear my prayers for you. There are worse things than death in this world, mother," he went on, raising his eyes to the star-studded sky. "And while I make petition for them—and you—do not forget, when it is God's will, to do the like for me, and those who are given to my charge."

He went back again to the light that burned before the hidden Christ. And there he knelt. The heavy burden at his heart grew less. He saw the woman puffed with her own conceit grown humble. He saw the clouded home made bright, and those in it made happy because one man could conquer his besetting sin. He saw the dormant soul of the girl, fragrant and fresh as a flower with devotion and love for God. All this he saw. And the heart of the priest beat high.

If dreams came true!

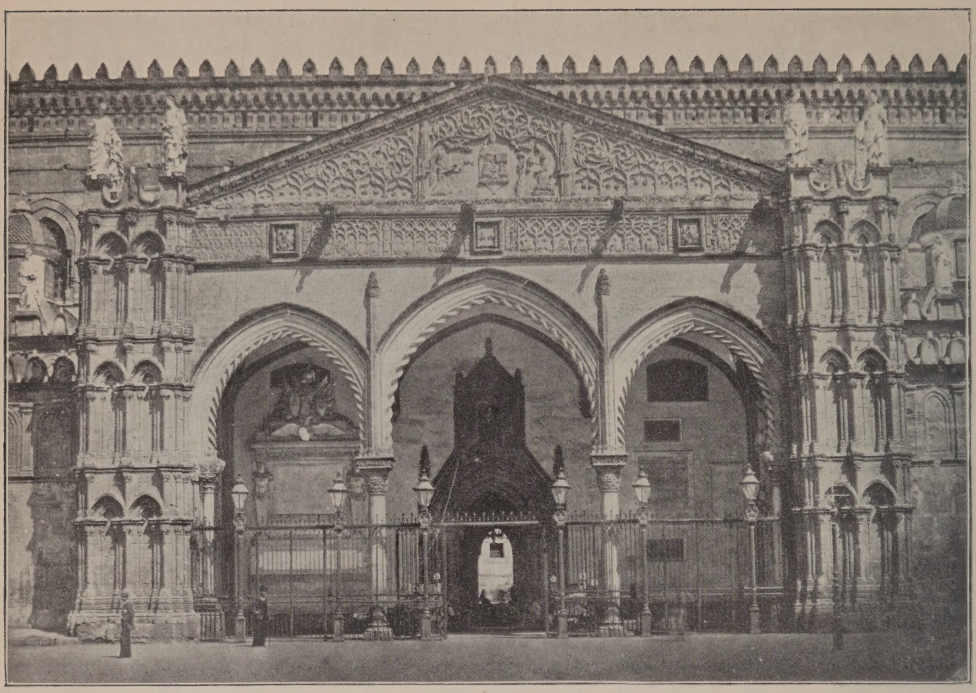
. . . . . .

You know Father Laurence, you people who read these lines. We all know him. He has come to us, every one of us, when most we needed him.

Let us be prodigal. Not of our good works, our alms, our love alone—but of our prayers for our priests, for those who daily win God's grace for us.

God be with them! Let us pray for them.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL



GREAT DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, PALERMO

A ROMAN SOLDIER SAINT.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

At the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in Palermo, the traveler may buy a *photograph* of the martyr, St. Expeditus. There is an anachronistic suggestion about the sun-picture of an early Christian; but, no doubt, the original of the photograph is a fresco, or a canvas copy of a fresco. It has been so cleverly treated, however, that the portrait has all the appearance of having been taken from life. It represents a young man,—indeed, almost a mere boy, a youth—in the garb of a Roman soldier. The saint of this picture has the typical "classic" features:—aquiline nose, short upper-lip, level brows, broad forehead; in other words, a much-idealized head of Napoleon I. The saint is represented as holding aloft a cross in his right hand. His left foot pins a raven to the ground. The arms of the cross bear the letters, HODIE (today;)—a word which is said to give the sound of "the cooing of the dove." The raven has closed his beak upon a scroll, upon which other letters appear, to wit: C. R. A. S. Now, cras, is the second syllable of the word, procrastination; and it is (in Latin), *to-morrow*. The word *cras,* if pronounced aloud, "recalls the ugly voice of the raven"; and is abased by the saint, while he exalts "Hodie," "The which is a figure." The saint has a wide-spread (and growing) reputation for helping those "in pressing necessity, whether temporal or spiritual; and he is specially invoked on behalf of those palterers with Divine Grace who defer their reconciliation 'till tomorrow'."

The saint's palm of martyrdom is conspicuous in all his pictures. In the pam-

phlet, "Scenes from the Life and Martyrdom of St. Expeditus, our benignant Intercessor in cases of Urgent Need," Father Giovanni Bonifetti tells us that, today, great numbers of Catholics, in many parts of the world, invoke this soldier-saint. No doubt, soon after he won the martyr's crown, the faithful greatly venerated Expeditus; and again, in recent years, in South Germany, the devotion rose up, fresh and ardent. The Church of San Rocco, in Turin, is one of the North Italian centres of the devotion to *Sant Expedito*, as he is called there. Milan, also, has done much to show its piety towards this martyr of Dioclesian. The South of France is growing in fervor, too, towards our saint. Thus, it will be seen that the devotion to this martyr has traveled far, although but a little while ago, Expeditus was commemorated and invoked only just as much (or as little), as Hermogenus, Caius, Rufus and Galatus.

Father Bonifetti, while regretting the absence of information regarding our saint's earliest years, declares that the few words of the Roman martyrology suffice to show that an exceptionally holy life had, as it were, *earned* the glorious favor of a martyr's death.

The saint was born in Armenia towards the close of the second century of our era. It is not known if the parents of Expeditus were Christians, or if he were converted by the preaching of some zealous missionary. His fatherland was amongst the earliest of the countries to embrace Christianity, and has furnished great numbers to "the noble army of martyrs," whose blood is "the seed of the church."

It is recorded that Expeditus entered the Roman Legions at an exceptionally early age, and that he gave a brilliant example of courage to the men of whom he was the leader while yet quite young. There is a tradition of the great beauty of his face, which was said to mirror his perfect probity, and his many great gifts of heart and mind:

"For, of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

as Spenser sang.

PALERMO CATHEDRAL.

A FONT IN PALERMO CATHEDRAL

Father Bonifetti says that the saint drew his comrades to him by the bonds of love and admiration. That he won the esteem of his superiors is evident from his attaining so early to the rank of commander of a Roman Legion—and his rank may be inferred from his "uniform."

In the year A. D. 303, Dioclesian put forth an edict against the Christians. Churches were demolished; confessors were burnt at the stake; and all the Faithful were punished, in one way or another.

Later, a fiercer persecution raged in Nicomedia. All Christians, without distinction of rank, age, or sex, were declared amenable to the death-penalty, unless they would offer sacrifice to the pagan gods.

On the 19th of April, A. D. 304, at Metilin, the capital of Armenia, St. Expeditus gave his life in testimony of the Faith. When he was denounced as a Christian, he displayed his characteristic high-heartedness. He answered, when brought before the judge to be examined, "with a noble firmness, and perfect confidence." He well knew the fate that awaited him; and his biographers say that it seemed as if the Heavens (so soon to receive his soul!) had already shed a ray of celestial light upon him, for his calm and happy countenance was brightly illuminated during his trial.

The martyrology records St. Expeditus' decapitation; but, as the other martyrs of the time were put to the torture before they were killed, it is certainly unlikely that our saint was merely executed, without first enduring the customary torments. Moreover, a capital sentence was always preceded by a flogging where the offender was a Legionary; and again, Expeditus was ordered, several times, to burn incense before the images of idols. Now, it is told of him that, each time, he "energetically refused," and "professed his firm belief in Christianity." Is it probable that

the "argument" of torture would be omitted in the case of so combative a prisoner, when it was the rule to apply it to Christians in general?

Five of the saint's comrades were executed with him, namely: "Ermogenus (or Hermogenus), Cocus, Aristonicus, Rufus, and Galatus," according to the Martyrology.

Father Bonifetti thinks that Divine Providence would seem to ordain an increase of the glory upon earth of this martyr, at the present time; for wonderful graces, and signal favors have been lately granted to those who have begged the saint to intercede for them. Thus it comes about that the devotion to St. Expeditus grows apace,—not in Germany only, where, as already recorded, it sprang up freshly in recent years; or in Sicily; or in Italy; but in many independent centres. A warm hope is entertained that the next centenary of the martyr's death-day—April the 19th, 1904—will be made the occasion of a wide-spread, enthusiastic religious demonstration on the continent of Europe;—a celebration to give pause to the scoffers, and to the many who are indifferent; a heart-whole public Act of Faith, emulating the spirit of early Christian times. In these sad days of indifferentism (and worse!) an ardent manifestation of Faith, such as would have seemed, among Christians, *most natural spirituality,* and the merest "common piety," in our saint's time, might easily be productive of the happiest effect on the public mind.

ST. EXPEDITUS.

ANOTHER VIEW OF PALERMO CATHEDRAL.

TWO TYPES.

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

It wasn't much of a thing to start a train of thought—just a bit of canvas daintily traced, and all unfinished, a needle with its silken thread still clinging to it thrust through the heart of a rose that had once glowed crimson. Only the Gentle Presence that the novelist loved could have fashioned this womanly conceit with its buds and leaves and trailing sprays. Who can tell what roseate dreams were woven into the pattern as the needle-woman plied her womanly art! She dwelt in quiet ways, this Gentle Presence that owns no part of our day, but the novelist loved her well, and sought her out and brought into her presence lovers, suitors worthy even of her, brave men who grew strangely quiet under the spell of her sweet, grave eyes, and scarce had courage to gather into a firm yet tender grasp the slim, white fingers that held in their rosy tips such magic skill.

She was pensive, too, this gentlewoman of other days, and delved into the lore of books with a seriousness of purpose that might well put to the blush the student of today. No levity of mind marred the perfection of her character, or urged her down from the heights on which the novelist had placed her, as on a pedestal, remote from the touch of the unworthy.

Whether she read or broidered or dreamed, she caught the rapt fancy of poet and painter and gave to their work inspiration, and was always the Gentle Presence.

Well for her indeed that she lived in those other days; that the slim, white fingers relaxed their grasp on the things of earth—such as the dainty, flowered bit of

canvas—before Progress strode in and brought with him another type, the woman of the present, an active, cheery, useful mortal with practical ways and ready tongue and vast stores of worldly wisdom. The poet and the painter avoid her, but the photographer keeps on her track, and

Yet, if not a Gentle Presence, she is still a gentlewoman with, at odd moments, strange suggestions of resemblance to the sweet, coy women of the past. Perhaps if the conditions were different, she, too, might walk in quiet ways, and dream roseate dreams. For the nobler part of the

instead of illuminating pages of poetry, her alert face gleams out of newspaper columns. Long indeed would a lover wait for her to droop her long-lashed lids in pensive mood as she wrought dreams in silken strands.

Gentle Presence stirs within her. Though of the world, the things of the spirit move her, and into her work-a-day life come thoughts and aspirations reaching upward even to the City—"itself of pure gold like to clear glass,"—walled in jasper.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

(Continued from page 584.)

was elevated to an exalted dignity by human power and worldly intrigue, and those same causes have also dragged her down to her present degradation.

Before the death of Alexander, Bishop of that See in 340, Paul, a native of Thessalonica, who had been a deacon of his church, was recommended by that prelate as his successor. He was regularly appointed and consecrated, but the Arian party were desirous of having one who would favor their views, and accordingly they raised up Macedonius, one of their partisans, to be his competitor. The Emperor Constantius banished Paul and Macedonius, and invited Eusebius, Bishop of Nicomedia, to govern the See. Thus we perceive how soon the worldly domination began to influence the conduct of the emperors towards the faith, and how quickly they found amongst the clergy willing instruments. Paul took refuge with St. Maximinus, Bishop of Triers, whence he proceeded to Rome for the purpose of laying his case before the Pope: here he found St. Athanasius who had come for a like purpose, having been driven, under similar circumstances, from his See of Alexandria in Egypt, by the Arians.

At the time Pope Julius was holding a synod which was attended by eighty Bishops; and after examining the cases of Athanasius and Paul he restored them to their Sees and sent them back with letters of injunction to their flocks. Eusebius, however, kept forcible possession of the See of Constantinople until his death. The Arians had in the meantime gained considerable sway over Constantius and again procured the banishment of Paul.

Hermogenes, his General, was ordered by Constantius, who was in Antioch upon his way to Thrace, to pass by Constantinople and to drive Paul out of the city. The people resisted the general and he was slain. Constantius came to the city, pardoned the people and banished the Bishop. Paul upon his own application, and at the request of the Pope, received, in 344, letters from Constans, the Emperor of the West, to his brother Constantius, requesting he would suffer the Bishop to remain in his See for the government of his church. Thus he was enabled to remain until 350, when, Constans dying, his enemies succeeded in procuring his banishment, and he died in 351, having been shamefully treated.

Philip, the prefect of the Pretorian band, was the officer commissioned to remove Paul from his See, and knowing the facility of exciting a tumult in Constantinople, he, though an Arian, privately sent for Paul and showed him the order of his banishment, requesting that, to preserve peace, he would quietly obey. Meantime a crowd had assembled outside the bath where the bishop and the prefect conversed. The bishop, seeing contention useless, consented, and the prefect caused a passage to be privately broken through the rear of the building, through which the bishop escaped. He lay concealed in the palace until he embarked for the place of destiny.

Philip next proceeded to fulfil the other part of his commission, and took Macedonius in state to be installed in the Cathedral. The Catholics and the Novatians, united in their opposition, blocked up the passages, and refused to make way: the military were brought out and upwards of three thousand persons were killed on both sides. The prefect con-

ducted Macedonius into the church and placed him in possession of the Episcopal throne. The intruder now turned his attention to annoying the Novatians, and finding that they were numerous in Paphlagonia he procured an order from the emperor to have four regiments sent to compel them to embrace Arianism. They prepared for an encounter, and the soldiers were nearly all cut to pieces.

Upon another occasion he was opposed by the people in an attempt to remove the body of Constantius from the Church of the Apostles to that of St. Acasius, which caused dreadful carnage in the churches. The emperor weary of the repetition of these scenes, at length undertook to depose him. Macedonius now hated the Arians equally with the Catholics. The former denied the divinity of the Son of God, the latter believed in the divinity of the Father and the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Macedonius, in order to oppose both, asserted the divinity of the Son and denied that of the Holy Ghost, thus forming a new sect, called Macedonians and Marathonians: the first name they derived from their founder; the second from Marathon, Bishop of Nicomedia, who was the principal champion of their errors. They were condemned in the first Council of Constantinople, in 381.

The perpetual interference of the emperors and their officers, together with the restless spirit of the people, caused the greatest disorders and irregularities in the Church of Constantinople. St. John Chrysostom and St. Gregory of Nazianzen, two of the brightest ornaments of the Christian world, were bishops of this See, and suffered the greatest persecutions and afflictions for their heroic attempts to preserve Church discipline.

At the Council of 381, the title of St. Gregory of Nazianzen to the See of Constantinople was recognized; but finding that he could not preserve the peace of the Church he resigned, and was succeeded by Nectarius. The emperor wrote to the Pope, requesting that for the sake of peace, he would confirm these acts.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF MANY YEARS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY REV. LAWRENCE C. P. FOX, O.M.I.

The next place to which I will ask you to accompany me is the manufacturing city of Leeds in Yorkshire where there are thousands of Catholics, chiefly of Irish nationality. The Bishop of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Briggs, had requested our Provincial, Father Cooke, to take charge of a parish in the centre of which was the church built by the celebrated Dr. Pusey, who had placed there six or eight clergymen of his own way of thinking. Though calling themselves Anglican priests these men parodied the services and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and even misled some of the more ignorant among the poorer Irish by pretending that they were really priests. Being well supplied with the riches of this world they succeeded in doing some harm until the little colony of Oblate Fathers settled in the city. Thus they had confessionals, an altar with its crucifix and candlesticks copes, chasubles, gold and silver chalices, a catafalque, and every other requisite for

Roman Catholic services, everything in fact but the one real source and centre of all these articles, the Real Presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Their Diocesan, the Bishop of Ripon, refused to perform the ceremony of dedication, because the founder, Dr. Pusey, had caused to be inserted within the porch a large brass plate on which were engraved the words, "Pray for the sinner who built this church," and had refused to remove this plate, though the Bishop said "that it was equivalent to asking prayers for the dead, as the donor could not expect to live forever." So Dr. Pusey had to go through the ceremony of blessing the church himself, assisted by upwards of fifty clergymen of his own way of thinking. As I have related in my "History of Conversions," all the clergymen of this church with one solitary exception—as well as their sacristan, came over to the Catholic Church in a body. In the meantime the Oblate Fathers, with the help of some of their friends, had purchased, a deserted public-house or saloon together with a large room which had been used for a concert room, a dancing hall, and purposes of a similar nature. The public-house was transformed into a residence for the Fathers, and the hall into a temporary chapel. It was here, not long afterwards, that I took part in our first mission in Leeds. It was crowded to the utmost capacity. All those who had been led astray through the ministry of the Puseyites returned to their holy mother, the Church; but on account of the great scandal they had given the Bishop ordered that they should all make a profession of faith together, and should be then publicly absolved from their apostasy. It was a very impressive scene, and the congregation wept audibly.

The necessity of a large and permanent church was unmistakably evident, and the entire hill, at the base of which was the provisional chapel, was purchased, to be hence-forward called St. Mary's Mount. To show the extent of this property at the present time it may be mentioned that there are now on the hill a large church, a presbytery, a convent for the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, a branch of the Holy Family Nuns, whose mother-house was at Bordeaux in France, two schools, an orphanage, a house for the Young Men's Society, and other confraternities and a large field for processions. As little time as possible was lost before the foundations of the new church were laid. The corner-stone was blessed by the Bishop, and the sermon, one of the most eloquent I ever heard, was preached by His Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster. Leeds, though quite a Protestant city, was *en fete*. All the mills and most of the shops were closed. Flags and banners were suspended in all the principal streets, and at the banquet which took place in the afternoon, the Cardinal was supported by several Bishops, the Mayor, and the most respectable of the citizens of all creeds. A wealthy manufacturer Mr. H—, had his own grand carriage emblazoned with the arms of the Cardinal. He purchased four beautiful cream-colored horses, and had them bedecked with silver harness, decorated with the Cardinal's crest. Two postilions drove the horses, and two tall footmen with silver staves and dressed in the Cardinal's livery stood behind the carriage. His Eminence was driven slowly through all the principal streets of the city, followed by scores of private carriages, and was everywhere saluted with shouts of welcome. It is worthy of notice that this marvelous demonstration took place only a few years subsequent to the passing of the notorious "Ecclesiastical Tithes' Bill," after the famous letter of His Eminence from the "Flaminian Gate, Rome."

The erection of the new church proceeded rapidly with the help of large donations from the wealthy Catholics and

the never-failing pence of the poor. All seemed to be progressing satisfactorily, and the walls and roof were already soaring towards the sky, when it was discovered that certain ominous cracks had made their appearance in the walls, and that in some places the ground was evidently sinking beneath the weight of the superstructure. Some old inhabitants of Leeds then informed the architect that there was an extinct coal mine in the centre of the hill, beneath the very place where the church was being erected. Mines were immediately dug ,and these reports were verified. Huge pillars of masonry had to be built, at considerable expense, to support the roof of the old coal mine, and the injured walls above ground were pulled down and rebuilt. Meanwhile the nave and sanctuary were being rapidly completed, so that services could be held, as the old concert hall or temporary chapel could no longer hold a moiety of the increasing congregation. No sooner was this accomplished than the transepts, the aisles, and the side chapels were put in hand without delay. The transepts were scarcely finished when one of them collapsed and disappeared in the coal mine below. Several workmen were carried down in the ruin; amongst these many were seriously injured, but only one fatally. His back was broken. As it was evident he could not survive for more than a few hours the Fathers, with the sanction of the doctors who were present, had him carefully carried into their own house. He then begged to be received into the Church, saying that he would like to die a Catholic. Everything was done for him, spiritually and bodily, and he died peacefully within a few hours of the accident. The other sufferers were taken to the hospital. One of them was hovering between life and death for several weeks, during which he also became a Catholic. In course of time they returned to their labors in the erection of the beautiful church of St. Mary's.

At last the large church was ready for dedication and Cardinal Manning, the saintly successor of Cardinal Wiseman in the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster, was invited to preach on the occasion. I was delighted to meet this holy man again, as I had known him from the time when he had been ordained a priest but for a few weeks. We met at Abbotsford soon after my ordination. We became great friends and he asked me to make a contract with him whereby he would say Mass for me on a fixed day once a year, if I would do the same for him. When we had agreed to this he chose the feast of the Immaculate Conception for his Mass for me, and I, knowing that he was about to introduce the Oblates of St. Charles into England, selected the feast of St. Charles Borromeo, on which to celebrate my Mass for him. Some years later on when I was stationed at Tower Hill in London he came to our church of the English Martyrs to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation, and asked me if I had kept to my agreement with him. I told him I had never failed on my part, but added that I sometimes feared that he himself had not done so. He appeared surprised and asked me why I suspected that. Ireplied that since he had become such a great man, an Archbishop and a Cardinal, I could not expect that he would remember so humble an individual as myself. He said at once, "I have never forgotten my share of our agreement. When I was consecrated a Bishop I found that among the days on which I should be obliged to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for my flock was the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and I applied to Rome for a dispensation so that I could transfer that obligation to the following day and thus keep my compact with you."

Cardinal Manning's sermon at the dedi-

cation of St. Mary's, Leeds, was much admired. It was, like all he ever wrote, or uttered when preaching, eminently pious and practical, teeming with a sublime yet simple devotion. Every one who heard him when speaking, or who had read any of his pastorals or other writings, was convinced that he was one of those who practiced what he preached, in one word, that he was a saint. He was no orator like Wiseman, Father Tom Burke, or others that I have known or heard, but no one could either see or hear him without longing to become more like unto him. Cardinal Manning was delighted with our magnificent church at Leeds, and pronounced it to be the most cathedral-like Catholic edifice that he had yet seen in England. Fully five thousand people listened with rapt attention to his discourse, which lasted for an entire hour. I had the distinguished honor of being appointed to preach the evening sermon to a crowded audience.

Amongst the seven or eight altars in the church is one in honor of the Penitent Thief. Its history, which I will now relate, is both interesting and edifying. Mr. H—, Jr., the son of the silk manufacturer who had done so much for the reception of Cardinal Wiseman at the date of the laying of the corner-stone of this church—was a young man of high spirits and good faith, but the temptations of the world were too strong for him, and while he had the command of ample means he neglected to practice his holy religion even to the assisting at the Holy Mass, and the reception of the sacraments. So when he told his afflicted parents that he would like to travel they gladly encouraged his project, hoping that a change of scene and removal from his dangerous companions might prove beneficial to him. Being a great lover of sport he chose the wild west of the United States as the scene of his adventures. He found himself one day in the depths of a large forest. He had lost his guide, and after a day and a night of ineffectual search, having neither food to sustain his failing strength nor ammunition wherewith to shoot game, or to announce to any who might be in search of him where he was, he was tempted to despair until memories of his faith returned to him. With confidence in the love of an all-seeing and merciful God he knelt down and, fervently praying for deliverance, he made a vow that if Almighty God would hear his prayer and release him from danger he would return home at once and have an altar in honor of the Penitent Thief erected in the new church in Leeds. Scarcely had he risen from his knees than he heard a distant shot. He was too weak to give any audible evidence of his being near at hand, but creeping forwards towards the spot from which other shots were heard he was soon rescued from the danger in which he had placed himself. He returned home without delay. He kept his vow, and within a few weeks a beautiful and well-nigh unique altar was erected. It was surmounted by a large cross on which was suspended the dying Saviour, with the crosses of the two thieves, one on either side, and the Mother of Sorrows, the beloved Disciple, and the penitent Magdalen on foot in the foreground. All these figures are carved in wood and are life size. They are admirably painted. Cardinal Manning knelt for some time before this altar before he left Leeds, and there were some sufficiently near him to remark that he wept profusely.

(To be Continued.)

THE SOPRANO OF ST. LUKE'S.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.

(Continued.)

"No. Why should he tell me? It is no affair of mine!" answered the girl proudly, but she felt herself blushing crimson.

"I guess it's three years now since it happened. It was all in the papers at the time. Made a big sensation—funny you never heard—that he never told you."

"I wasn't here three years ago," replied Dorothy, "and there was no reason for his telling me about his private affairs."

"Well, I don't call a divorce private affairs, not by any means," said Mrs Hart. "And you wouldn't either if you'd read the papers about it. Jimmie Moylan was selling 'Dispatches' then, and he said he sold double during the divorce. He was willing for her to have the divorce—was glad enough of it, I expect, but he wanted the boy."

"Oh, has he a child?"

"Why, yes, two of them, a boy and a girl. He was willing to let her have the girl."

"What was the trouble about?" asked Dorothy, in honest acknowledgment of her interest.

"It was just another case of not suiting one another, I reckon. She said he neglected and abused her, but nobody believes about the abuse. He ain't that sort. Incompatibility and too much mother-in-law, I guess it was. She got the divorce and alimony and the children, and has gone back to her folks in Chicago. It made lots of talk. Clayton ain't rich compared to some of the Vanderventer Place nabobs, but he's a way-up society man; and those sort gets talked about more than other folks." Mrs. Hart was not particular about the details of grammar. "There's lots of couples divorced these days," she went on. "I don't believe in it myself. I don't believe the Lord ever intended for folks to change husbands and wives just like a person changes houses, because a flue don't work, or the furnace gets out of order. I think He intended for them to stick to each other, and make the best of their faults. And faults ain't ever all on one side, I can tell you," she continued, with the magnanimity of a widow whose concessions could have no practical bearing.

"I do think he ought to have told you. He hadn't ought to make love to no young girl without telling her about his wife."

"He hasn't made love to me, Mrs. Hart," said Dorothy in the level tones of a rising but controlled resentment.

"Hasn't he? Well, I guess that's what it's coming to," returned the widow jocosely, and Dorothy said good night for the second time, and went upstairs. The girl undressed and went to bed, but sleep refused to come to her eyes. Reginald Clayton and his divorced wife filled every corner of her brain, and sent a thousand conflicting emotions through her heart.

She was not in love with Clayton—how could she be in love with a man who had never spoken a word of love to her in his life! But why had he been so attentive, so kind, why had he sought her society so constantly, why had he been the most fascinating man that had ever come into her colorless life! She closed her eyes and tried to picture the woman who had been his wife, their home, the children. How could a man give up his own children? She fancied the words of love he would say, and the tones of his voice in saying them. She tried to imagine the scenes of their domestic life, and the gradual steps which had culminated in the tragedy of

divorce. The idea of divorce was an unusual and strange one to her. She had no religious scruples about it exactly, for she had no exact religion; that is, she was not a member of any church. She had been baptized when an infant and her aunt belonged to the Presbyterian church until a quarrel with the pastor divided the congregation; and after that she had attended the Episcopal church, partly because she liked the services, liked the rector, who was fond of hearing himself described as a man of liberal views, and also because many of her friends went to that church. Dorothy had gone with her aunt, and in the last years of her stay in California had belonged to the Episcopal choir. Divorce had never been presented to her young mind doctrinally or otherwise. Nobody in Los Angeles was divorced except some low people whom it was quite impossible to know.

She had vague ideas that if a couple were not happy they could go to a judge, have lawyers, and witnesses, and pay out a great deal of money, and get unmarried; just as a minister and witnesses and friends had married them. Was it right? Was it wrong? She had never questioned. Now her thoughts were in a maze. Of one thing she was sure, as she told herself, Clayton's attentions had been merely those of a gentleman and music-lover to a lonely girl with a voice.

Twelve o'clock chimed from a distant steeple before Dorothy fell asleep, and then her dreams were troubled. Again she was singing for Clayton, but his wife, a woman, tall and haughty and cold, was standing by the piano, and there was a wail in her voice as she sang:

"Happy days gone by, happy moments fled,
Ne'er to come again, nought but memory in their stead."

It was more than a week before Clayton again called at Mrs. Hart's. In the interval Dorothy saw him several times walking on the Boulevard with a handsome stylish blonde, at the theatre with the same blonde, and in Forest Park driving with a man, and again walking briskly down a bridle-path alone. When Dorothy next saw Clayton, it was after an evening rehearsal at the church where she sang. She had come out into the vestibule with the other singers, and was looking around for Cyril, whose duty, not always performed with absolute willingness, it was to escort her home. The contralto and the tenor were supposed to be engaged, and came and went together as a matter of course; and the basso was a married man whose wife usually came to the rehearsals.

"Good evening, Miss Vance," said the well-known tones of Clayton, as he emerged from the shadow of a column where he had been smoking and advanced towards the girl. "I have taken the liberty of offering myself as a substitute for Cyril, and that youth has gone to a fire," he explained, throwing away his cigar.

There chanced to be no one in the parlor when they reached Mrs. Hart's, so Clayton went in, hardly knowing why he did so. He had never before permitted himself to remain after ten o'clock.

There was something in Dorothy's treatment of him which made him vaguely uncomfortable. The change was not marked enough to be called a change, there was nothing tangible to which he could object. He could not even say that the variation from her customary reception of him was not all in his imagination which converted fatigue after a long and tiresome rehearsal, and consequent lack of spontaneous gaiety, into a discordant note in her usual sweet cordiality.

The effect was that he called again after two evenings, on the pretext of leaving a new song. He remained only a few moments, but long enough to touch a chord he had not before attempted, a subtle

blending of the tenderness of the lover with the kindness of the devoted friend.

A few days later Dorothy received a sumptuous bunch of American-Beauty roses, and a note from Clayton saying that he was called out of town for a week.

Although there were only some half-dozen lines in the note the girl knew by some sweet instinct that the man who wrote it loved her. Did that mean that he intended to ask her to be his wife? She blushed at the unbidden thought as if she had been detected in something unwomanly. She buried her face in the velvety petals of the roses, her thoughts in a tumult, and from that hour tried to put the hateful divorce from her mind. She temporized and finally capitulated with her own higher nature. Divorce—well, what of it? Other men had been divorced, and other women who had married again and lived happily. A man had only one life in this world—if he made a mistake in marriage, a mistake which must inevitably spoil his life, why not rectify it in the one way the laws of the land and of society recognized and allowed—the divorce court? Marriage was intended to be a union of hearts, of souls, a sweet companionship, the seal of a mutual love to make an Eden of a weary world; not a bond to be endured, a burden to be borne with moanings and lamentations and prayers for strength, as one might cry out in direst woe. Clayton had been her loyal, devoted friend, a benefactor who had lifted her into a higher, more refined atmosphere than she could have dreamed of for many a day without him. If a woman had won such a prize in the lottery of marriage and had not known enough, or cared enough, to keep the love so royally given her, she deserved her fate. Whatever the trouble, Dorothy would never believe that Reginald Clayton had been to blame.

Clayton remained away somewhat longer than he had intended. By the time he returned to his old haunts the green was beginning to show in the parks, the tiny buds to swell on the trees which lined the boulevard, and the crocuses to peep their heads above the bosom of Mother Earth, so lately captive to snow and sleet. The breeze which swept across the Mississippi, and over the ancient, dingy warehouses—homely relics of that older St. Louis which had patronized Chicago as an unpromising younger sister—brought new life to sluggish pulses and tired brains. The nesting sparrows twittered in the trees, and the grateful robin caroled joyously of the coming spring. Clayton, whose life had had its spring, a spring touched and ruined by a killing frost, had quite determined during his little outing to force a second spring, or to have, at least, a long, bright summer. He was hastening back after a warfare of doubts and conflicting emotions, to ask Dorothy Vance to be his wife.

(To be Continued.)

CHRISTMAS VISION.

BY MARY WEST.

Oh, seek and ye shall find, at Christmastide,
The Beatific Vision.
Knock, and the Heavenly gates will open wide,
That hide the realms Elysian.

Ask and you shall receive,—at Christmas dawn,
The Star, whose glories shine,
From hence will guide thy dearest dreams if born,
Like Christ, of Love Divine,

Unto the realms of God—the Prince of Peace—
Where never shall the Christmas Vision cease.

CHRISTMAS MYTHS

AND

THE PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE IN THEM.

BY MARY HARDING.

"Do you b'leev' in Santa Claus?" There are occasions when tact will help one out, when a dexterous use of English will tide over a crisis without sacrificing truth or ruthlessly dispelling illusion. But th was not such an occasion. The moment was critical. I felt that on my reply hung the happiness of the sceptic. While I wavered the question was put again, in another form .

"Do you b'leev' he's just a feller's faver or muver?"

There was no getting away from the doubter. His character was marked by great firmness that suggested intellectual depth. One felt intuitively that no idle dallying or weak evasion would be tolerated when he asked a question. The sceptic was very young, so young that he held one's skirt firmly to assist his own progress through the crowded street, but in his round blue eyes there was a gravity beyond his years and—just now— a wistful expression. He was pleading to be saved from himself. Through all his four winters he had believed implicitly in the good saint, had been his grateful beneficiary, and with fine impartiality had credited to him the tin engine, the piebald horse and—least important acquisition of all—the baby sister who came last Christmas eve.

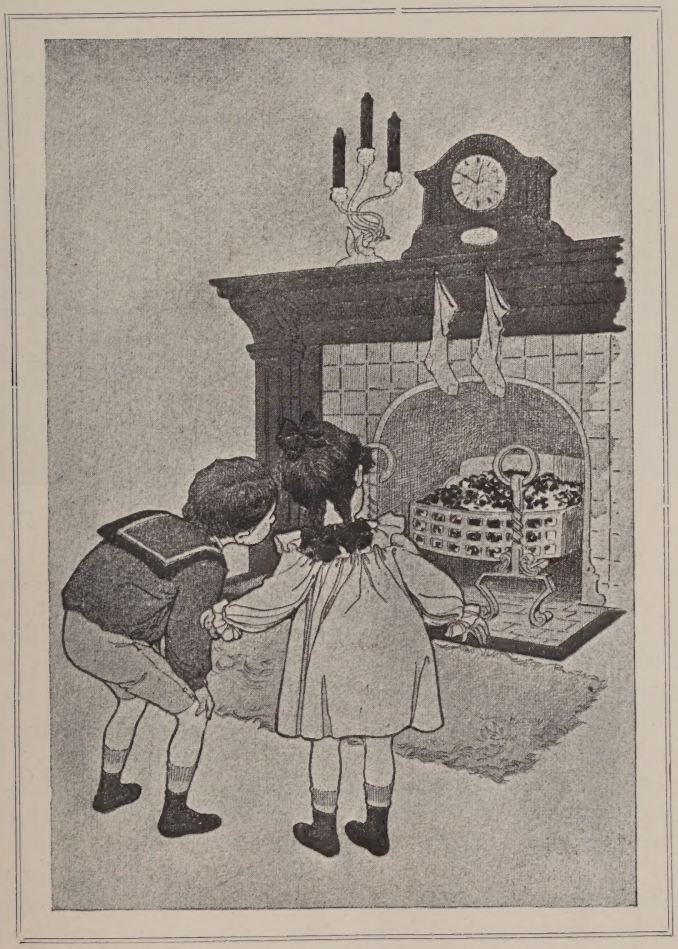
But that was a year ago, before his career as a person of affairs had actually begun, before he had ventured down to the sidewalk, unattended, and from thence to the street, that highway to disbelief in many things. He had fallen on evil ways

and into the company of cynics one of whom had lived a whole decade of life, and outlived the interests of childhood. Under his baneful influence youthful minds grew doubtful, and speedily rejected carefully inculcated beliefs, such as that in the bogey man and other myths supposed to exercise a salutary discipline.

yearned to do likewise, for his wants were many. But pride of intellect forced him back. For the third time he put the question, again varying the form:

"Is he truly a Christmas fing? Speak the troof," he added sternly, in admirable imitation of the maternal manner.

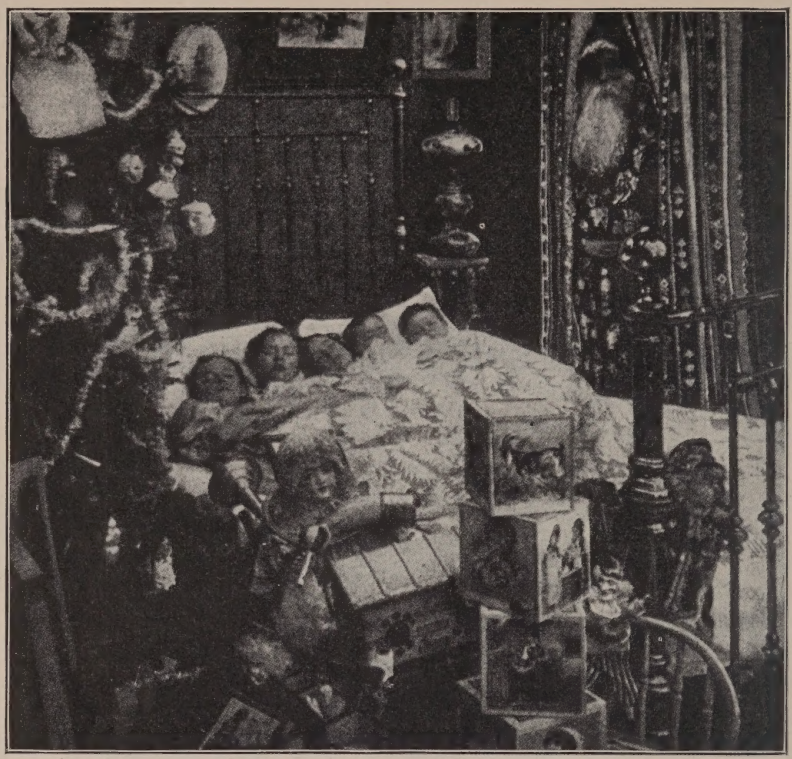
Speak the truth! So say the rigid mor-



EXPECTANT.

And now the worst had happened! His victim was losing faith in Santa Claus, and Christmas was close at hand! Infantile mortals prattled about the expected guest, and, thrusting their flaxen heads up capacious chimneys, boldly issued large drafts on his exchequer. The doubter

alists who would banish the myths of childhood—the fairies, and dwarfs and giants; goblins and sprites—and even the good old saint, who travels the wide world over to thrill millions of young hears with the joy of his coming. Nobody seems to know when he began his



THEIR WANTS WERE MANY.

rounds, for every country claims him, and many are the guises under which he appears. He is the St. Nicholas of Holland, the Holy Man of the Tyrol; the beautiful maiden of Alsace, who bears the gifts of the Christ Child to the children of earth. The tinkle of her silver bell has been heard on many a hearth, but mortal eye has never seen her, so dazzling is the sheen of her golden crown with its encircling rows of gleaming tapers.

In Belgium the children make elaborate preparations for the coming of their Santa Claus. They polish their little shoes, and filling them with hay and carrots and oats (to refresh the white steed of the midnight visitor), they set them in orderly array in the fireplace or on the table. The door is locked and though never a soul crosses its threshold until the children come again with the dawn a great change takes place. The door is unlocked, thrown open in the presence of the family, and lo! the floor is trampled, the furniture thrown about in great disorder, and hungry indeed must have been the steed for oats and carrots and hay—to the last wisp—are gone! But the shoes are not empty; they overflow with gifts, not just any kind of gifts, but, curiously enough, the very things the little people asked for.

France keeps a vigil for the coming of the Christ-Child with a convoy of angels bearing books and toys for the expectant ones; and in northern Germany tables are spread that the Christmas angels may enter in and eat, for long is their journey, winged messengers though they are. Wonderful are the tales told about them and the deeds they do on Holy Night. Indeed, it has been said that they have been heard chopping in the forests, and once

upon a time one of their band was seen thrusting a tree laden with gifts and blazing with lights down a yawning chimney. And from that day to this day the Christmas tree has grown for children, reaching out its branches in generous abandon so that no one may be forgotten at Christmas-tide. Perhaps the self-same angel winged its way across the ocean to bring the tree and its gifts to the Christmas revellers of the new world But be that as it may, they possess it. Many a weary head has nodded into sleep under the spell of its pungent fragrance, and many an inert form has fallen across the treasures stacked at its foot in riotous profusion—horses and carts and freak-like things worked by springs; dolls beautiful and dolls grotesque; regiments of soldiers, and men-of-war that loom up threateningly out of the shadows as if menacing the fractious mortal who wouldn't go to bed yet couldn't keep awake, so fell asleep at his post.

And the animals that cease to be dumb on Christmas Eve, and kneel in adoration, at the midnight hour, so say the legends, when the world rings with the message from Bethlehem! Are they too myths of childhood? Is the "Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts" to be taken from the shelves of the children's library along with Lang's tales and Carroll's Wonderland and all the rest of the gorgeous-hued literature dear to little dreamers? Is the time at hand when "make believe" will be played no more, when Santa Claus will be coldly received, if not altogether repudiated, and the white steed and the reindeer find no provender in waiting shoes? Happily, no.

ON HIS TRACK.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE ANGEL

"THE CATTLE SPEAK NO THIS NIGHT OF WONDERS."

As long as there are children the good saint will make his rounds, drop down chimneys, steal into rooms and out again, lightening his pack at every turn, and overlooking none, not even the tiny thing that drifted into the family circle only a few hours ago. It wasn't to be expected of course that the Christmas saint knew anything about him, but he did, and glided into the chamber with a wealth of Christmas gifts for the stranger who slept so tranquilly under a silken canopy.

Leave the children their Christmas myths, their beautiful Christmas idyls. They bring young hearts with them to the scene in Bethlehem, and are forever hallowed by their association with the coming of the Christ-Child. All lead to the Crib.

The pity of it is that a material age is robbing childhood of its heritage, forcing mature convictions on budding intellects, and in the name of knowledge ruthlessly insisting on gradgrind facts. My friend, the sceptic, is a sad case in point. The ten-year-old unbeliever has poisoned his mind, passing on to him the teaching of another prematurely-developed Intellect. I capitalize the word for Intellect is the fetish that has dispossessed the powers of heart and soul. We all bow before it.

My poor little doubter! He is older than I because his childhood is over, and mine still lingers, or, to be strictly correct, returns to me on occasions like this.

I love the things that belong to Christmas, the noise and bustle, the crowded streets, the shifting throngs in stores and market places, the toy counters and the tiny things that swarm about them, yes, even the discomfort of being hustled about like a human shuttle or wedged into a jam that threatens to be permanent, but suddenly gives way under the impetus of a progressive shopper, who hasn't a moment to spare. Such scenes are part of the season, and to enjoy them is to prove one's self superior to the efforts of life to take

MORE WORK FOR SANTA CLAUS.

from one the zest of living. But I have forgotten that I must do my duty by the doubter. I must put him back where he belongs, that he too may have memories to cherish of midnight visitors, and bulging stockings, and lighted trees, and little children watching by open hearths or sleeping in little white beds round which cordons of angels silently assemble. Such memories are his by right. And so to answer his questions:

"Do you b'leev in Santa Claus?"
"Is he just a feller's faver or muver?"
"Is he a truly Christmas Fing?"

ON HOLY NIGHT

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB OF MONTREAL.

(Continued from page 542.)

of course, that a cheery, well-fed and well-clothed toiler of the deep is never seen, but as a rule the youth who on Wednesday evenings pours forth touching melodies of a "far distant home" has never known a better one than the haunt of some Liverpool dock; the mourner after "mother, friends, companions" has been a waif from infancy; and the bewailer of the "scenes of his childhood," a runaway son long given up for dead. But because of these things, because the Catholic Sailors' Club strives to gather together the less fortunate sojourners in the city of Montreal and give them, as far as lies within its means, a few of the pleasures and home comforts they have missed in life, its work deserves to be known and imitated.

Although many persons assist in the maintenance of this charity, a work of such magnitude could not be successfully carried on without the personal attention of some one individual. That individual the Club has found in Mr. F. B. McNamee, the present president, who devotes almost his entire time and thought to the furtherance of plans tending to the welfare of the seamen and their home. A fact of interest to Bostonians is that a former worker under Mr. McNamee, Mr. Alfred Ayer, was sent by him to Boston to give the benefit of his long Canadian experience to those undertaking a similar effort in the New England city.

The chief officers for the year of 1903 are as follows:

President.....F. B. McNamee
1st Vice-President.....C. F. Smith
2nd Vice-President..F. J. Hackett, M.D.
Treasurer.....B. McNally
Secretary.....M. A. Phelan

LADIES' BOARD.

President.....Lady Hingston
1st Vice-President.....Mrs. McNamee
2nd Vice-President.....Mrs. Casgrain
Secretary-Treasurer.....Mrs. Thompson
Asst. Secretary-Treasurer.....
Miss Flora Macdonnell

A glance at the figures of the last report will also be interesting to show the proportions which the Club has reached:

Number of men visiting rooms..	23,516
Letters written.....	4,158
Packages of reading matter distributed	4,239
Prayer books distributed.....	493
Prayer beads distributed.....	463
Scapulars distributed.....	440
Carpet hand protectors for firemen	5,953
Ditty bags.....	222
Total abstinence pledges.....	301
Car tickets.....	690
Interments	2
Outdoor relief—Meals.....	80
Beds	40
One railway ticket.	
Weekly concerts.....	31
Money held for safe keeping....$279	74
Money sent to seamen's families. 352	34

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Life and Labors of Pope Leo XIII. A scholarly and complete biography by Mgr. Charles de T'Serclaes. Edited and extended by Maurice Francis Egan. New York, Rand, McNally & Co. 1903. Price, $4.50.

Every Catholic should be familiar with the leading incidents in the lives of the Popes and with the general traits of their character. This knowledge is best gained from those books which portray vividly and accurately (both in their public and in their private activities) the illustrious men who have filled the throne of St. Peter. This Mgr. T'Serclaes, the Rector of the Belgian College at Rome, has done for Leo XIII. In a striking manner and with a master's hand, Leo's life is sketched for us—his ancestry and his boyhood; his school-days and college training; his priestly, episcopal and Pontifical rule; his zeal and energy for the spread of the Faith and for the healing of discord. The striking figure, the thoughtful words, the vigorous plans of Leo XIII are placed before us so impressively that we grow to revere the Pontiff for his wisdom and to love him for his goodness. We are sure that this volume will be warmly received by loyal Catholics.

The Great Encyclical Letters of Pope Leo XIII. Translations from approved sources. With Preface by Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J. New York, Benziger Bros., 1903. $2.00.

The consummate wisdom of the late lamented Pontiff has been extolled in written article and in spoken oration. Few, indeed, among the Popes of recent times have so won the admiration of friend and of foe for exalted personal character, for lofty gifts and for unselfish motives as Leo XIII., and no Pope has ever treated social questions as he treated them. It was, consequently, to be expected that some fervent Catholic would give us, in practical form, the thoughts of this illustrious churchman, as embodied in his encyclicals. This the energetic Fr. John Wynne, S.J., has admirably done. From the vast number of letters which emanated from the busy pen of Leo, Fr. Wynne has chosen principally those which deal with modern life and the complicated problems that confront us. Glance only over some of the titles: "Socialism, Communism, Nihilism; Christian Marriage; The Christian Constitution of States; The Chief Duties of Christians as Citizens; The Condition of the Working Class; The Study of Holy Scripture; Anglican Orders; Christian Democracy; The Biblical Commission." What a mine of religious instruction is herein contained! Why could they not be taken as the basis of several series of Advent and Lent Conferences? Explaining, as these Encyclicals do, the position of the church with regard to the crucial questions of the day, we are sure that a calm explanation of Pope Leo's views would do much to spread correct ideas and to provide a sure remedy for the misfortunes which are fast crushing our social and industrial life.

Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holy Days. By M. S. Dalton. St. Louis, Herder. 1903. Price, $1.00.

A book of comforting thoughts and of wise suggestions for our spiritual life. It aims to show us the blessings that spring from a sincere following of the church in her yearly course of worship. We all know the blessing of sympathy, the joy of sharing thoughts, interests, pleasures, with those we love. This is exactly what our Lord offers to us through the Church's worship. He even allows Himself to be reminded, if we may venture so to express it, of some event in His human life, and asks us to share with Him and with each other this joy or sorrow, that we may be partakers also in the interior grace and consolation that flow from it. That the author may guide many earthly pilgrims along this delectable path is a wish which we hope to see fulfilled.

Sick-Calls, or Chapters of Pastoral Medicine. By the Rev. Alfred Manning Mulligan. New York, Benziger Bros. 1903.

This work will be found extremely useful to a priest on the mission, and it should be included in that goodly bundle of books which loving friends are wont to present to God's newly anointed. It gives valuable hints how to act in the sick-room and how to deal with doubtful cases of sickness. We re-echo most heartily these words of the author, "It is to be regretted that the acquirement of a knowledge of at least the elementary principles of medicine is not included in the curriculum of ecclesiastical studies in our seminaries. A few lectures delivered by a physician, say in the last year of a student's course, might be feasible, and certainly would be invaluable; a priest is not expected, nor is it advisable for him to enter too deeply into medical science; nevertheless there is much that it is well for him to be acquainted with."

What the Church Teaches. An Answer to Earnest Inquirers. By Rev. Edwin Drury. New York, Benziger Bros. 1903. 30 cents.

This is a lucid explanation of Catholic dogma. It is an excellent work both for those

who wish to know their religion thoroughly and for those who seek enlightenment upon the leading points and practices of our faith. We are delighted to see a chapter upon *Dispensations*. How pithily Fr. Drury explains the manner in which dispensations are to be regarded: "Catholics asking for dispensations are called upon to give proof of their devotion to the church and of their reverence for ecclesiastical law and authority. For this purpose any pious or religious act may be prescribed. Ordinarily they are asked to give an alms, which must be applied to the support and propagation of religion. *The giving of this alms is not buying or paying for the dispensation.* The dispensation, if granted at all, is granted gratis. Nor is the alms exacted as a fine or penalty, but as an evidence of reverence for and submission to authority." This is a point about which many Catholics have, as a rule, extremely cloudy ideas. Fr. Drury's book will drive away the clouds.

A Spiritual Consolation and other Treatises. By the Blessed Martyr, John Fisher. Edited by D. O'Connor.

The Four Last Things. By Blessed Thomas More. Edited by D. O'Connor. St. Louis, Herder. 1903.

We are often at a loss what to present to religiously minded people and to Nuns. Here are two exquisitely printed booklets, admirably suited for this purpose. Apart from their value as memorials of two great Englishmen, they have a worth peculiarly their own, for they contain those solid thoughts, that virile piety and that ardent devotion which stamp an ascetical work with the mark of permanency. The form adopted is most convenient. They can be placed in a corner of our prie-dieu or of our traveling bag, to be consulted when we lift our souls in prayer to the Eternal. The price, too, is so moderate that even the poorest can provide himself with those useful aids to devotion.

Benjamin Disraeli—An Unconventional Biography. By Wilfrid Meynell. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1903. $3.00.

Benjamin Disraeli was one of the most prominent of English statesmen. In a land which prides itself upon race and blood, wedded to precedent and averse to change, in a land which boasts of its alertness and keen insight, this scion of the Jewish race reached the highest pinnacle of power next to the throne, made the peers enthusiastically embrace the boldest innovations, and led the nation into measures of action, the final outcome of which was clearly discerned only many years after Disraeli's death. Vain and sensitive by nature, intensely arrogant and extravagant, bold and venturesome in action, with the dream of brilliant success as a leader constantly before him, Benjamin Disraeli ploughed by sheer force of personal ambition and of dauntless perseverance his way through the thorny paths of British politics until he won a position of unparalleled strength and security and became the director of the British crown and the arbiter of British destinies. Under his rule English influence rose rapidly in many quarters of the world, old disputes were satisfactorily settled, refractory savages were reduced to subjection, colonial projects were widened, and the title of "Empress of India" was added to the many others borne by the English sovereign. In his treatment of Ireland Disraeli's policy was marked not by principle, but by expediency and by a truckling to English prejudice against Irish just claims. Yet, strange to say, his first speech was on an Irish subject, and O'Connell was his first patron. The two men publicly quarreled afterwards in a manner creditable to neither of them.

Whatever may be our view of this Sphinx-like character, we must be interested in his life, for his public acts embrace a great portion of the History of the reign of Victoria. Still more interesting must be an attempt to analyze his character, to plumb the undercurrent of thought and of motive which formed out of elements most unpromising a strong and commanding personality. Shall we find the key-note to Beaconsfield's life in his education, in his environment, in his resistless ambition? or does the advice of the apparition in Tancred give us the ground-stone of his phenomenal success: "Fear not, faint not, falter not. Obey the impulse of thine own spirit, and find a ready instrument in every human being."

This is the problem which Wilfrid Meynell strives to solve in a volume excellently written, beautifully illustrated, and printed in the highest form of the book-maker's art. It is, we are told, an informal study of temperament. The author has gleaned from many sources, several of them original, the conversations and letters of Disraeli, and thus, allowing the man to speak for himself, he has woven a story, neither biographical nor entirely autobiographical, which gives us the portrait of Disraeli, not as others saw him through colored glasses, but as he was in himself. The silence of many years has been unsealed, and we behold the inner life of a truly remarkable man. Would that all celebrities could find a loyal and frank friend like Wilfrid Meynell! The book can be sincerely commended as a charming piece of literary workmanship and of abiding interest.

Castilian Days. By John Hay. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903. Price, $3.00.

This work, published for the first time many years ago, is now re-issued in a holiday edition with illustrations from the deft pen of Joseph Pennell. It is an account of the travels in Spain of Secretary Hay, whose power of description is too well known to be dwelt upon here. As far as the book-maker's influence extends, the volume is perfect. Yet we must deeply regret that certain points were not changed in the re-issue. Thus, for example, it seems strange to read in a book bearing date of 1903 the following: "The graceful lady who, in ascending the throne of France, has not ceased to be a thorough Spaniard, etc." But what will strike a Catholic with unspeakable regret is the tone of flippancy and of bigotry manifest throughout the book. Thus on page 69, we read: "The richest possessions (the Christians) carried into the inviolable fastnesses was a chest of relics—knuckle-bones of apostles and splinters of true crosses."

On pages 69, 70 we have: "The Spaniards were poor and ignorant and credulous. The priests stimulated their hate of the enemy. They taught them that their cruel anger was the holy wrath of God, . . . the least symptom of rebellion in thought or action was punished with swift death and the doom of endless flame."

On page 43,, "(The Empress Eugenie) is a firm believer in relics and keeps a choice assortment on hand in the Tuileries for sudden emergencies."

On pages 46 and 47 "it needs but a glance at the vile manual of confession, called the Golden Key, to see the systematic moral poisoning the minds of Spanish women must undergo who pay due attention to what is called their religious duties. . . . It would, however, be unjust to the priesthood to consider them all as corrupt as royal chaplains. It requires a combination of convent and palace life to produce these finished specimens of mitred infamy."

On page 261: "In his long life of osseous enthusiasm (Philip of Spain) collected seven thousand four hundred and twenty-one genuine relics—whole skeletons, odd shins, teeth, toe-nails, and skulls of martyrs,—sometimes by a miracle of special grace getting duplicate skeletons of the same saint.

The sacristan will show you also the retable of the miraculous wafer. . . . This has always been one of the chief treasures of the Spanish crown. The devil-haunted idiot, Charles II., made a sort of idol of it, building it this superb altar."

Could bad taste go beyond this exhibition of offensive party-spirit?

These are a few samples of the general tenor of the book. It shows us a superficial, thoughtless traveler, full of prejudices, of ignorance and of misconceptions. It would be difficult to find anywhere a work which can equal this for vapid generalities and overweening prejudice. How can a respectable firm like Houghton, Mifflin & Co. lend its countenance to literary gossip of this contemptible nature! "Quousque tandem, Catilina, abuteris patientia nostra?"

Love Thrives in War. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. 1903.

A story of brave deeds, of pathetic loves and of ennobling purpose written by a woman of high thoughts, of lofty principles and of unselfish devotion to a great cause. We are brought face to face with the stirring incidents of the war of 1812, and with many famous historical personages of that period. Just the kind of book for a Christmas present from the fair to the brave, or from the brave to the fair.

My Candles and other Poems. By Eliza Boyle O'Reilly. Boston, Lee & Shepard. 1903.

The seer's mantle of John Boyle O'Reilly has fallen upon his second daughter, who in this volume proves herself a worthy heir of an illustrious father. Vivid imagery, polished expression, the harmonious swing of language, and poetic power mark this collection of poems. Notice the O'Reilly vigor in these charming lines:

"A mile of Eastern roses scent one's flask;
A hundred resolutions urge one deed;
He who would here fulfil his daily task
On noblest thoughts must feed—
Grow gardens for a seed."

The following, too, in its calm, majestic sweep reminds us of a voice now silent in the tomb!

WORDSWORTH.

"The olden Prophets bore no loftier name
Than thine, O Poet, of the peaceful hills!
Whose inward eye found bliss in daffodils.
Austerely pure, remote from sordid aim,
The lowly ones of earth from thee could claim
Impassioned contemplation. Thy word refills
The sinking lamp of wayfarers, and stills
Their flickering light to burn a constant flame.

And when the fretting cities warp and bind
With customs, lifeless as the desert sand,
When scentless droop the lily and the rose,
Then is thy 'mountain atmosphere of mind,'
Thy steadfast quietude of heart and hand,
An oasis of luminous repose."

Is not this the outburst of a true poet? Is not this the message of a true seer?

Famous Children by H. Twitchell, Boston. Lee & Shepard, 1903. Price, $1.00.

What a mine of interesting information boys and girls will glean from this volume! It tells the danger-girt lives and the golden deeds, not of grown-up men and women, but of boys and girls, who have won a place in the history of the world. "The Sons of Edward IV," "Napoleon II," "Mozart," "Charles Linnæns," "Gassendi," "St. Genevieve," "Appius," "St. Elizabeth," "The Maccabees," "Joan of Arc" and many other illustrious characters pass before us as heroes and heroines in some pathetic tragedy, which, in many instances, made or marred a kingdom. The stories are reliable, told in choice English, while the illustrations are from masterpieces of acknowledged worth.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. By John Fox, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Chad, the little shepherd, is one of the strongest figures in modern fiction. He is a mountain boy possessed of a resolute, sturdy character that bears him safely through a series of unusual adventures. The plague deprives him of his guardians, and in the first scene he appears, a homeless, friendless child, watching the neighbors lowering a rough coffin into the trench. Beside the boy there is one other mourner, the dog Jack, and rather than be separated from him Chad determines to run away. When the first clod of earth falls upon the boards he turns back to the empty cabin, gathers together a few possessions, and makes his way up the mountain. The perplexity of his childish thoughts is revealed in his prayer. "God," he said simply, "I hain't nothin' but a boy, but I got to ack like a man now." The boy and the dog wander over the mountains seeking a home, and finally find one with old Joel Turner on Kingdom Come. Here Chad meets Caleb Hazel, the schoolmaster, who guides the boy's mind into the ways of learning, and finally leads him to the Blue-Grass College in Lexington, where he acquires not only learning, but also a knowledge of social forms. Major Buford, a Kentucky gentleman, recognizes in the boy a strong resemblance to the men of his race, a resemblance which is afterwards accounted for most satisfactorily to all parties concerned. Chad's subsequent career is identified with the events of the Civil War, in which he wins distinction. Through all the story runs the thread of a dainty romance in which Chad and Margaret Dean, a high-spirited Southern girl, figure prominently.

Strong in the best elements of fiction, uplifting in its tendency, and replete with incidents that touch the heart, this story of the mountain boy who achieved success through nobility of character invites the attention of readers who want something higher than is furnished by many novelists of the day.

Songs by the Wayside. By William J. Fischer. The Gorham Press, Boston, Mass. $1.25.

This volume of verse promises much for the literary future of its author, a young Canadian, whose name has appeared in DONAHOE'S and other Catholic publications. Charles J. O'Malley, the able editor of the New World of Chicago, and a poet and literary critic as well, has written an appreciative foreword from which we take the following well-deserved tribute to Dr. Fischer's first book:

"If the truest poets are they who sound every chord, then Dr. Fischer is a true poet. More commendable than all, perhaps, is the healthy optimism which pervades his pages—the faith, the hope, the charity, the constant looking toward God, and the inclusion of all beauty, which leads toward the higher life. In this, William J. Fischer is distinct among present-day American poets, and, if he be true to his ideals, he will win a place of which his native land may one day be proud."

The Cardinal's Snuff Box. By Henry Harland. John Lane, New York. $1.50.

When "The Cardinal's Snuff Box" first appeared it immediately won its way into public favor as a captivating love story, marked by freshness and originality of style. Readers who love a handsome volume will welcome the new edition illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst. It is among the holiday books that will find ready purchasers. As this charming romance has been reviewed already in DONAHOE'S it only remains to be said that in its new dress it is more attractive than ever. It is a book to be read with deepest enjoyment of its piquancy, delicate humor, and absurdly amusing complications, combined with that under-current of reverent thought that makes Mr. Harland's books deservedly popular with Catholic readers. The beautiful word pictures he gives of Catholic customs and ceremonies could be drawn only by one thoroughly imbued with the beauty of the Faith.

The Heart of Rome. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

This story of modern Rome combines archæological explorations, experiences with the "lost water" that rises here and there under the ancient buildings, and a romance, which the author aptly characterizes as "a tale without a purpose and without any particular moral." It is a matter for regret that Mr. Crawford did not permit Signor Malipieri and his worthy assistant to pursue their very interesting investigations undisturbed by the pres-

ence of Sabina Conti. Arrayed in the fashionable garb of the modern girl she is an incongruous figure against the background of massive stone-work in the vaults of the Conti palace. Compared with the heroines of the author's earlier work she is a Laura Jean Libby creation, and as such has no part in a story of even modern Rome. It did not require the genius of a Crawford to arrange the situations in which she appears. Any dime novelist could have employed the same means of getting the attention of a certain class of readers, those whose ideals fall below the standards of good taste.

With the exception of the admirable descriptive passages and the artistic dress the publishers have given it, there is little to recommend this book.

The Life of Laura Keene. By John Creahan. Rodgers Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

In this work Mr. Creahan has collected in permanent form much interesting data relative to the life of Laura Keene, who is remembered not only for her art, but also in connection with the assassination of President Lincoln. When Booth leaped back on the stage Miss Keene hastened to the box and held the President's head in her lap, while the attendants ministered to him. This tragedy is the subject of a chapter in which Mr. Creahan embodies several press reports giving Laura Keene's statement and other testimony. The fac simile of the programme of that night's play will also be regarded with interest.

This book, "the result of accident," the author tells us, is a compilation of personal reminiscences, press criticisms, and private letters, that afford much information not only as to the life of the actress but also pictures for us the stage of that period and the people who figured on it.

The Crimson Fairy Book. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Company, New York. $1.60.

Again Andrew Lang has been studying the rainbow as well as fairy lore, with the result that "The Crimson Fairy Book" has been added to the gorgeous-hued volumes issued in other years. The only regret one can feel on handling this beautiful book is caused by the fear that when he has exhausted the colors the author will forsake this line of literature. Mr. Lang is always honest, and insists that he is not an author, but just an editor, and that his business is to hunt for collections of these stories from New Caledonia to Zululand. When the tales are found they are adapted to the needs of English children. But children will not believe that he hasn't invented the stories, and sturdily refuse to consider the preface which he conscientiously prints in each volume. In "The Crimson Fairy Book," many of the stories have been told by mothers and nurses in Hungary; others are from Russian nurseries; Servians are responsible for some; Roumania supplies a peculiarly fanciful set of stories; and others come from the Baltic shores, from Sicily, Finland, Iceland, Japan, Tunis and Portugal. The people who tell the stories differ in color, language, religion and almost everything else, but all love a nursery tale. One thing is certain, and that is that all will be appreciated by the people for whom they are specially intended—the most critical class of readers—the children.

That Mr. Lang never assumes ignorance on the part of his audience is shown by the delicate compliment of including among the characters a King's Council, consisting of the twelve wisest men in the country, each one as learned as a whole college, and also remarkable for always telling the King the exact truth.

Like all the other Fairy Books the text is borne out handsomely by the illustrations, which include nine beautiful colored plates, and thirty-five full-page drawings in black and white.

Denslow's One Ring Circus and Other Stories. Humpty Dumpty and Other Stories. G. W. Dillingham & Company, New York. $1.25 each.

At this season more than at any other one realizes what favored mortals the children are. Toy makers and publishers are alike busy soliciting their trade and placing before them the most alluring attractions, knowing full well that they are the ones who must be suited, though older people may possibly be allowed to advise or to provide the funds. And surely the American child is most favored of all. Even the books for the very little ones display the utmost care in making them altogether delightful. Among the season's books of this character are "Denslow's Humpty Dumpty" and "One Ring Circus," and other stories, gorgeously illustrated and carefully written in words that the tiny reader will not trip over. The pictures tell the stories and we find among them portraits of such general favorites as Tom Thumb, Humpty Dumpty, Little Red Riding Hood, The Three Bears, who, by the way, do not look a day older than when they thrilled us with fear for Golden Hair as she tried in turn each of the three chairs. We also find "Old Mother Hubbard and her dog," both preposterously gay, gaining in spirits as the years go on. And the same may be said of the cow with the crumpled horn that performed such wonderful feats in our nursery days, and performs them still, to the delight of another generation.

QUESTION BOX.

What book would you recommend as an antidote to Tom Paine's "Age of Reason?"

Read *Christianity or Agnosticism* by Picard; *Revealed Religion* by Hettinger; *Handbook of the Christian Religion* by Wilmers; *True Religion* by Russo.

What is the position of the Catholic Church with regard to the Bible?

By the Bible we understand those works which were written by men under the inspiration of God Himself. They may consequently be truly styled: "The Word of God." These sacred Books form two sets: those written before Christ constitute the *Old Testament;* those after Him, *the New.* The Catholic Church watches carefully over translations of the sacred Text, because, as we know from experience, the unlettered have frequently published as versions the most absurd parodies. The only translation from the original which the church has formally approved is that called the *Latin Vulgate.* All translations into modern languages must conform to the text of the Vulgate, and must contain explanations of passages liable to be wrested from their true meaning by the ignorant. Much has been written about the *nature* of inspiration. The learned Fr. Coppens explains it as follows: (1) God stirs up the author to compose the book; the technical phrase is, *"God inflames his will."* (2) He furnishes him with the required knowledge, either directly by revelation, or indirectly by guiding him to consult the proper documents; thus the author may have to use much diligence, as St. Luke says he did; technically, *God illumines the intellect.* (3) He guards the author against all error; *"He supervises the work."* In a similar manner a magistrate bids his secretary write a document, furnishes him with the data or with references to books and papers, and looks over the draft before he sends it out as his own message." Many points connected with the Holy Scriptures will be defined in detail, after the Biblical Commission appointed by Leo XIII. has finished its investigations.

Why does the Church forbid Catholics to attend service in a Protestant church? Does it not seem impolite, when visiting a Protestant friend, to refuse to go to that friend's church?

There is a wide difference between the position of a Catholic and that of a Protestant in these matters. The various Protestant sects do not and cannot claim to be the *only* Church of Christ. Hence a logical Protestant must always stand as an inquirer. With Catholics the case is far different. They hold that their church is the *only* true church, the *only* lawful successor to the apostolic organization, the only body which can trace an unbroken series of clergy and of worshippers from the days of Christ to the opening of the twentieth century. Hence a Catholic is absolutely certain that he is in the true church and that, consequently, he cannot conscientiously sanction either the principles or the practices of those who have cut themselves off from the parent stem. While he may sympathize deeply with those who, without fault on their part, are deprived of the true light, he cannot lend favor by word or by presence to those services which belong to those whom he knows to be in error. Disloyalty to conscience is not kindness, and intelligent Protestants are not only not surprised when Catholic visitors fail to attend Protestant services, but they are positively scandalized to see so open a breach of duty in matters which they know to be clearly regulated by the church. Firmness of character and loyal performance of duty, disagreeable though it may be, always win respect and admiration. If the inquirer will read the tenth chapter of St. Paul's first letter to the people of Corinth, he will see in what severe terms the apostle forbids Christians to enter the temples of pagans. When our principle of action is explained to non-Catholics, they readily acknowledge the logical consistency of a loyal Catholic in non-attendance at Protestant services.

What is the most comprehensive and impartial Church History?

We have a number of excellent manuals in the English language. For the sake of brevity we mention three only: History of the Church by Birkhaeuser, published by Pustet & Co.; History of the Catholic Church, by Brueck (2 vols.), published by Benziger of New York; Universal Church History, by Alzog, published by the Robert Clarke Co. of Cincinnati. A letter to the publishers will secure details and price-lists.

What is meant by the chaplet of the Infant Jesus? How is it recited?

The chaplet of the Infant Jesus owes its origin to the zeal of the Ven. Sister Marguerite of the Blessed Sacrament, a Carmelite Religious, who died in the odor of sanctity at Beaune, France, May 26th, 1648, aged 27 years. This worthy daughter of St. Teresa was distinguished for her devotion to the Holy Child Jesus. Inspired from above, she composed a chaplet consisting of three Our Fathers, to honor the Holy Family, and of twelve Hail Marys, in memory of the twelve years of Our Lord's infancy. Before each of the Our Fathers are said the words: *And the Word was made flesh;* and before the first Hail Mary the words: *And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.*

It was made known to the Ven. Marguerite that special graces, especially the grace of personal integrity, would be granted to all who carry this chaplet and devoutly recite it.

MISSION OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

Twenty years ago the Mission of Our Lady of Rosary was established for the care and protection of the Irish immigrant girls, by Rev. Father Riordan of happy memory. During this long period the work of the Mission has been conducted in such a way as to reflect credit upon itself and upon the race whose sole aim it is to serve.

From July 1, 1883, to July 1, 1903, 8,968,046 persons arrived at the various ports of this country; 6,946,383 landed at the port of New York. Of these 565,049 were Irish, the males numbering 266,717 and the females 298,332. Now, as the average ages of those Irish immigrants would not exceed twenty-three years, it is safe to say that nearly *one-half million* of Irish people of both sexes, the *bone* and *sinew* of their *country*, have landed at the port of New York alone since the Mission was established.

What wonder that thoughtful Irishmen of every rank and condition, of every shade of political opinion, having the welfare of Ireland at heart, are having their eyes opened to the sad fact that unless something is done the "Isle of Saints and Scholars" will be but a memory of the past.

It was generally expected that with the introduction of the Land Purchase Bill a material reduction in the number of immigrants would naturally result; the contrary, however, has been the case, as the following figures show: During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, 24,356 Irish people arrived at this port, as against 19,391 for the year 1902, giving an increase of 5,000 more persons this year than last. Of these 12,919 were females. During the last six months 15,086 landed, as against 11,536 for a corresponding period of last year, giving once more an increase of some thousands for the present year. Thus, in spite of resolutions and land bills and royal visits, the tide of immigration still flows unchecked and the work of the Mission must still keep apace. The various American and English steamships carrying immigrants to this port have made during those twenty years 6,114 trips. The Mission has always had one and frequently two representatives on hand to greet the newcomers on those occasions. When the business of the day was over, after meeting, directing and helping those in need, often with a little money—and that not alone in the case of girls, but also of a large number of young men and families. The "Home," at 7 State street, has kept, *free of charge*, a grand total of 75,000 Irish girls. There they remained until called for by their friends, sent to their respective destinations or placed at service.

The work of the Mission has not been confined to assisting immigrants landing at the port of New York; its arm has been long enough to reach across the Atlantic to correct the abuses that had crept in.

In view of the fact that all this work is done gratis, that the Mission has never received a dollar from the State or municipal government, the question naturally arises: How is the Mission supported? Where do the funds come from? The present able Director, the Rev. Michael J. Henry, tells us "the Mission depends simply and solely on the charity of the well-to-do and well-disposed friends. We have an association known as the 'Rosary Society.' In order to become a member of this Society you pay the trifling sum of twenty-five cents a year and you receive a ticket of membership. This is one way of helping the Mission. Better still, you can become a 'collector' for the Mission and dispose of ten, twelve or twenty tickets of membership, as the case may be; or you can induce some wealthy person to give a donation or make a bequest in behalf of the Mission. There is no more deserving charity.

In return, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up every Wednesday morning for the living members of the Association, every Friday morning for the deceased members and every Saturday morning for the authorized collectors."

All communications to be addressed to Rev. M. J. Henry, Director, 7 State street, New York.

His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, not only sent a generous contribution to the Mission, but also wrote a gracious and cordial letter of approval. It gives a glowing testimony of the Mission's worth, as well as a strong endorsement of the Mission's work, and will be read with interest everywhere.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages.. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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On a month's trial. If it succeeds, the cost to you is $5.50. If it fails, the druggist will bill the cost to me.

Don't Wait Until You Are Worse.

Taken in time, the suffering of this little one would have been prevented. Her mother writes:

"Two years ago my little girl was sick continuously for six months. We tried many doctors but they failed, yet it took only two bottles of your remedy to cure her, and she has remained cured. You can tell others of this cure, if you so desire. Mrs. C. H. Avery, Rockdale, N. Y."

The wife of Omer Andrus of Bayou Chicat, La., had been sick for 20 years. For eight years could do practically no work. He writes:

"When when she first started taking the Restorative she barely weighed 90 pounds; now she weighs 135, and is easily able to do all her housework."

J. G. Billingsley of Thomasville, Ga., for three years has been crippled with disease. Now he is well. He writes:

"I spent $250.00 for other medicines and the $3.00 I have spent with you have done me more good than all the rest."

And these are only three from over 65,000 similar cases. Such letters — many of them — come every day to me.

How much serious illness the Restorative has prevented I have no means of knowing, for the slightly ill and the indisposed simply get a bottle or two of their druggist, are cured, and I never hear from them.

But of 600,000 sick ones — seriously sick, mind you — who asked for my guarantee, 39 out of 40 have paid.

If I can succeed in cases like these — fail but one time in 40 in diseases deep-seated and chronic, isn't it certain I can cure the slightly ill?

All You Need Do.

Simply write me — that is all. Tell me the book you need. The offer I make may sound extravagant. But it isn't. It would mean bankruptcy to me, though, were it not for my discovery. That discovery, the treatment of the inside nerves — taught me a way to cure. I do not doctor the mere organs. I doctor the nerves that operate them — that give them strength and power.

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Railroad and other Bonds	168,200.00	Surplus	100,000.00
Loans	2,199,984.30	Profit and Loss	42,528.90
Sinking Fund Bonds	8,500.00	Deposits	2,241,367.70
Cash in Bank	400,342.30	Dividends	10,630.00
Total	$2,894,526,60	Total	$2,894,526.60

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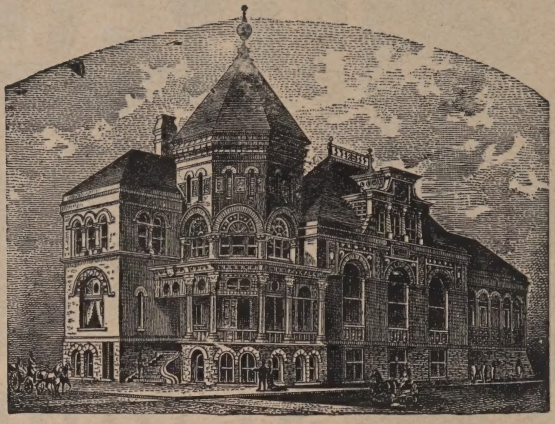

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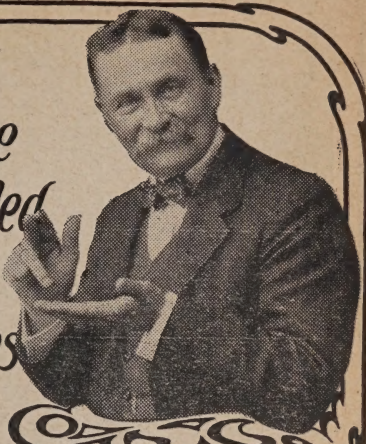

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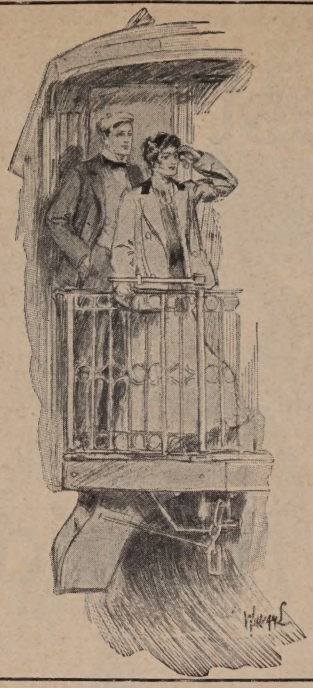

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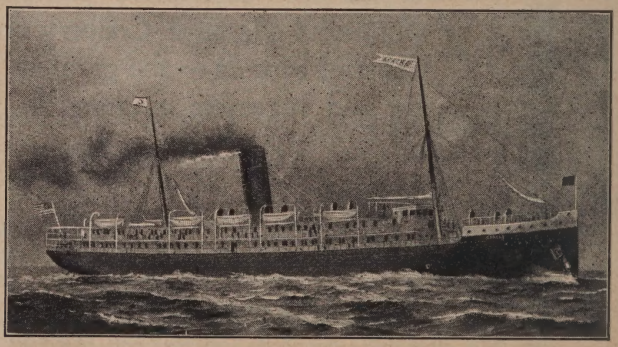

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